

The Chronicles

OF THE

CALEDONIAN SOCIETY



OF LONDON.

1890.

1890 CHRONICLES AS HISTORIC RECORD

Although the author of the 1890 Chronicles made it clear that the volume should not be considered to be a complete history of the Society, it has frequently been treated as such, particularly for the earlier years, despite its occasional ambiguities and a few apparent errors. For this reason, the following historic commentary has been prepared, using all sources available in 2016, and inserted before the original text. An index has also been added, at the end of the volume.

In 1923 the Chronicles for 1837-1905 were published and these included 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 that of 1923.

GENERAL

The 1890 edition of the Chronicles was written by David Hepburn and covers the period from the Society's formation until the end of the winter season of the 1889-1890 session in April 1890. David Hepburn was the son of Robert Hepburn. The latter had joined the Society in 1842, was elected to the Committee, as Council was then called, in 1843 and is recorded as having been President for eight sessions at various times prior to 1855. He remained an active Past President until shortly before his death in 1901 at the age of ninety-one. His brother (and David's uncle), Duncan Hepburn, was a Council member by 1855 but spent much of his working life in Nottingham. On retirement, he returned to London and was again active on Council until 1898. David Hepburn joined about 1880, was elected to Council in 1886 and was President for two sessions at the time that he wrote the Chronicles in the late 1880s. As he records, his main sources were:

- The surviving minute book covering the period from January 1841 until June 1843.
- Hepburn family papers that are no longer extant but seem to have included press cuttings concerning Society events, the manuscript of Michie Forbes Gray's 1853 address in which he described the formation of the Society, examples of Gray's accounts that he maintained as Honorary Secretary and, implicitly for some sessions, documents distributed to members that included a list of Council members.
- Family personal memories and those of other long serving members.
- Notes that he had made during his membership.

Minutes and other records from the late 1870s onwards would also have been available at that time but Hepburn does not seem to have made use of them, see comment on Chapter XIII page 130. Records prior to January 1841 were probably lost when the then Honorary Secretary (George Rose Innes) resigned acrimoniously in 1843 and those from the later 1840s until 1875 in the latter year, see comments for Chapter XI.

More recently, considerable additional material has become available, mainly through online newspaper archives but also from Royal Caledonian Education Trust archives, from the court record of the case raised, in 1844, against the Society by Rose Innes, and by electronic retrieval of a copy of the Society's 1845 rules from the National Library of Australia.

It must be stressed that the volume is not a rigorous history although it does include much historical content. However, there are some factual errors and certain passages, apparently written for entertainment, appear to be historic fiction.

The content of the volume was edited, with some material removed or condensed and other added, when it was republished as part of the 1923 edition covering the years 1837 (sic) to 1905. The nature of the 1923 editing does not allow most of the changes from the original to be readily identified in this commentary but there are significant differences, hence the recommendation that those seeking factual information should consult the original text and not the 1923 version.

Details of tenures of Chairmen and Presidents is incomplete and, even with the aid of recently acquired sources, the best that can be offered for the period from the formation of the Society until the end of Session 1889-1890 is the list at the end of these comments.

FRONT COVER AND PRELIMINARY PAGES

Front Cover, 1st Preliminary Page and 3rd Preliminary Page (Title Page). The coat of arms is the pre-1603 version of that of the Kingdom of Scotland. These arms were also on the cover page of the 1845 Rules and may have been used on other early Society documents.

Frontispiece. A reproduction of an illustration from the Illustrated London News that shows the company entering the banqueting hall for the annual Festival dinner on 19 June 1847 led by Her Majesty's Piper, Mr Angus Mackay, and the pipers of the Caledonian Asylum (later the Royal Caledonian Schools). The depiction is notable for showing the Asylum pipers and also the separation of ladies and gentlemen with the former seated separately on galleries and platforms; this practice would continue until about 1851 when the ladies first joined the gentlemen at table.

Preface. The author makes it clear that the book should not be regarded as a complete history as the available material was insufficient for that purpose. He signs off the record on 1st May 1890.

Chapter I (From foundation until mid 1843)

Page 1. The statement ‘now, in its fifty-second year’, seems to accept that 1837-1838 was the Society’s first session. For the ‘authentic record’ of the Society’s beginnings, see commentary for pages 27 to 31 of Chapter III. The ‘halo of mystery’ surrounding the beginnings may refer to the apparent discrepancies between that record, the 1841-1843 minutes and other sources known to Hepburn that supported the later formation date of 1839.

Beattie’s Hotel may have been the establishment of that name that was then in George Street, Cavendish Square.

Page 2. Concerning the ‘staunchest friends and promoters’ listed:

Name	Remarks
John Boucher	See comment for pages 5 & 6 of this chapter.
Alexander Patterson	Joined January 1841, see Society minutes for 1841-1843
John Gordon of Knockespock	See comment for pages 5 & 6 of this chapter.
Robert Hepburn	See comment for pages 5 & 6 of this chapter.
W Menzies	No other record found – may have been a ‘friend’ but not a member.
George Rose Innes	Earliest known Honorary Secretary (in office by January 1841) but resigned as such in May 1843 and was expelled from the Society in November that year.
Michie Forbes Gray	Involved in the early actions that led to the Society’s formation but was not an original member although he had joined by January 1841. Honorary Secretary for a number of years, from about 1847 until late 1851 or early 1852 and possibly again in 1856-1857. First non-presidential recipient of Gold Badge. Died about 1875.
Sir Charles Forbes, Bart	Probably a member in 1854. Was the seconder of the motion of July 1859 at the joint meeting with the Highland Society that led to the formation of the London Scottish Rifle Volunteers. Died in 1877.
Captain (James) Lamont RN	See comment for pages 5 & 6 of this chapter.

Until the Disruption of 1843, when the Church of Scotland split, the main charitable support was to various parochial schools in Scotland although aid to the Caledonian Asylum was minuted as early as May 1842. By 1845, charitable objects had become Scottish institutions in London and general benevolence connected with Scotland. Support for the (Royal) Highland Schools (Society) and the Scottish Hospital (Royal Scottish Corporation) seems to have started about this time.

The ‘melancholy entry’ refers to the expulsion of a member following the Ball of 1843.

Page 4. The admission of ‘Englishmen’ and an ‘Irishman’ reflects that, at this time, only the Committee required Scottish connections – ordinary members could be of any nationality.

Radley’s Hotel was in Blackfriars and the London Tavern in Bishopsgate. The ‘British Hotel’ is believed to have been the British Coffee House in Cockspur Street, Charing Cross.

A full list of known social functions during the period from January 1841 until mid 1843 is:

- Dinner at the British Coffee House, 27 Cockspur Street, Charing Cross on Monday 25 January 1841. This was towards the end of the session that closed in February 1841 and the toast list included the Society's earliest known celebration of the life of Robert Burns.
- A dinner arranged for 24 May 1841, in honour of the Queen's birthday (although there is no record where it was to be held or that it actually took place).
- St Andrew's Day, 30 November 1841, marked by a dinner at Radley's Hotel, Bridge Street, Blackfriars.
- The Society's first ball on Thursday 2 March 1842 at the Assembly Rooms, Hanover Square.
- The Queen's birthday celebrated by a dinner on 24 May 1842 at Radley's Hotel with an attendance of about fifty members and guests.
- A rural fete planned to be held on 23 June 1842 at Beulah Spa (but there is no indication that it took place).
- A St Andrew's Day dinner held on 30 November 1842 at Radley's Hotel.
- The Ball held again on Thursday 23 February 1843, at the Assembly Rooms, Hanover Square.
- The, now usual, Queen's birthday dinner planned for 24 May 1843 at Radley's Hotel (but it is unclear whether, or when, it took place in the turmoil following the resignation of the Chairman on 18 May 1843).

Pages 5 & 6. The toast list, dated 11 May 1843, on page 5 was that approved on that date for the dinner planned for the 24th of the same month.

Most of the content on chairmen and presidents more properly belongs to Chapter II. The title 'President' seems to have superseded that of 'Chairman' about 1844. Details for incumbents of this period are:

John Gordon is referred to by David Hepburn as John Gordon of Knockespoock, probably Knockespoock House in Aberdeenshire. Listed as an original member with a business address in King William Street, he seems to have been an active supporter before and, of course, during his chairmanship but then stopped attending although remaining a member until at least mid-1843. A pencil note in the minute book suggests that he may have returned to Scotland. However, he seems to have maintained a link with the Society as we are told that he was jointly instrumental in initiating the Society's assistance to the Thom family, of Inverurie, that Gray's address (1890 Chronicles page 30) mentions and can now be dated to April 1848.

It is clear that John Boucher was not only an original member but also the driving force behind the Society from its formation until he ended his term as Chairman by resignation of office in May 1843. We also know that he remained a senior and active member for several years thereafter as he is recorded as having been Vice President at the Festival dinners of 1846 and 1847. His address is given as Chief Barons Sergeants Inn but, otherwise, we know very little about him although, speculatively, he may have come from Cumbernauld – if he is the same 'John Boucher of London' quoted in Scottish archives as having been involved in a Cumbernauld divorce at about this time. He seems to have been one of those who defected to form the Scottish Society, sometime after mid 1847, and did not return.

James Wylie joined the Society in October 1841, when his address was given as Tower Street, and was first elected to the Committee in June 1842. He is believed to have proposed the toast 'The Land o' Cakes' at the St Andrew's Day dinner in November 1842 and also, after his time as President, spoke at dinners in 1846 and 1847. There is no record of his membership after the latter occasion.

Robert Hepburn joined the Society in November 1842 when his address was, and would remain for many years, Davies Street, Berkley Square. He was first elected to the Committee in February 1843. Hepburn was born in Edinburgh in 1810 and educated at the Royal High School in that city. He entered the profession of dentistry in Edinburgh at the age of 17 moving later to Dundee and then south to London in 1831 when he was shipwrecked en-route. After mixed fortunes and much hard work, he successfully established himself in practice and went on to play an active part in the successful drive to establish proper education, training and legally recognised qualification for the profession. He was one of the original surgeons in the Dental Hospital of London, later the Royal Dental Hospital, and its first lecturer in mechanical dentistry, and President of the Odontological Society of London in 1869. His wider interests included seventy years support of the Royal Scottish Corporation – from a supporter in 1832 through seats on the committee of management of the Kinloch Bequest and of the School Money Fund to Vice President in the last twelve years of his life, the latter at that time a rare distinction for a commoner – similar involvement with the Royal Caledonian Asylum, a founder of the Ogle Mews Ragged School, Vice President of the Somers Town Blind Aid Association and one of the instigators in the formation of what would become the London Scottish Regiment. He remained an active Past President until nearly the end of his life. Robert Hepburn died in October 1901 at the age of ninety-one and after nearly fifty-nine years membership of the Society, including eight sessions as President. In 1857, the Society presented him with his portrait, by Daniel Macnee, in recognition of his services until that time; the portrait now hangs in the London Scottish Regimental Headquarters.

James Lamont joined the Society some time after June 1843 but the only session for which we know he was a member is his presidential year of 1848-1849. He was born in 1786, the third son of son of James Lamont Laird of Knockdow, Cowal, Argyll. He joined the Royal Navy at a young age, served in CHARON during the evacuation of the Army from Den Helder in 1799, as a midshipman in HEBE and off Egypt in 1801, was made lieutenant in 1805 and was badly wounded while boarding an enemy ship in 1808 in the Gulf of Mexico. Subsequently invalided, he saw no further service and was retired in the rank of Commander in 1838 ('Captain' seems to have been a courtesy title). By the time he joined the Society, he appears to have been resident in London for some years and to have been active in a wide range of charities, including within the management of the Scottish Hospital (Royal Scottish Corporation) and the Caledonian Asylum. James Lamont died in London in December 1853.

Richard Cull FSA is described as a member of the Ethnological Society and may have been the same Richard Cull who was a professor of elocution and an active member of the Phrenological Society at this time (Phrenology is a, now discredited, theory that a person's personality is linked to the shape of the skull). He joined the Society after mid-1843, is recorded as having been present at a dinner in early 1846 when he was probably a member and is listed as a Committee member in 1855. He was reported as being President at the time of a dinner in July 1851.

Chapter II (Mid-1843 until mid-1847)

In an incident not recorded in this volume but known from court records, George Rose Innes, who had resigned as Honorary Secretary in May 1843, was considered to have used 'menacing expressions' to another member that month and, in August, was invited to apologise. On refusing, he was expelled from the Society. He ignored the expulsion and tried to attend the St Andrew's Day dinner on 30 November 1843 but the Society had a policeman in attendance and Innes was excluded. He subsequently claimed, against the Society and James Wylie as Chairman, for assault and illegal expulsion, the latter on the grounds that some of those who voted to exclude him did so improperly as they had not paid their due subscriptions. The court found in Innes's favour but we do not know if he returned to the Society.

Page 7. The retrieval of the 1845 rules may have given us material not known to Hepburn. The title 'President' seems to have superseded that of 'Chairman' about 1844 and, from at least the start of 1841-1842, election had been for the whole of the coming session and not for any shorter period as the text seems to suggest.

Recent investigation indicates that the dinner referred to at the London Tavern was in January 1845 and not 1844. A list of social functions at this time are now believed to have included:

- A St Andrew's Day dinner at Radley's Hotel on 30 November 1843.
- The Annual General Meeting followed by dinner at Radley's Hotel on 24 May 1844, eighty gentlemen present. Possibly a precursor of Little Dinners.
- An 'anniversary dinner' on 8 January 1845 at the London Tavern with one hundred and thirty gentlemen and seventy-two ladies present.
- The 'seventh anniversary dinner' in 1846 (probably 8 January) at the London Tavern.
- An annual Festival Dinner held on Friday 18 June 1847, the anniversary of the Battle of Waterloo, at the London Tavern. About one hundred and fifty gentlemen and many ladies attended.
- The Ball that is believed to have continued annually (reports are known for those of 1844 and 1845, apparently held at the Assembly Rooms, Hanover Square and Willis's Rooms in St James respectively).

The London Tavern dinner in January 1845 was the earliest known presence of ladies at a Society dinner. However, they would not have sat at table but would have been accommodated separately, usually in galleries or on platforms, as illustrated in the Frontispiece. They would not be invited to sit with the gentlemen until 1851.

Page 8. The undated newspaper cutting headed 'Seventh Anniversary' is now known, by elimination using on-line newspaper archives, to refer to a dinner in 1846; the inclusion of a 'Memory of Burns' indicates that it was probably early in that year and this timing would also accord with the annual programme laid down in the 1845 Rules; it is almost certainly the dinner recorded elsewhere as having been held on Thursday 8 January 1846. A seventh anniversary, at this time, was consistent with the Society having been 'Instituted February 1839' as stated in the same Rules.

Page 10. The toasts to the Royal Highland Schools Society, the Scottish Hospital (Royal Scottish Corporation) and the Caledonian Asylum (later the Royal Caledonian Schools) suggest that these charities were receiving support from the Society at this time. This is the earliest mention of the Hospital (and also of the Highland Schools).

Chapter III (1847 until 1854)

Page 17. The suggestion that (all?) the twenty members, who remained after the defections to the Scottish Society, ‘remained true’ is at variance with Gray’s account on page 30 that several of the twenty ‘were lukewarm’.

Page 17 and 21. The evenings at the Craven Hotel, Covent Garden may have included some of the early informal suppers that eventually developed into the Little Dinners. The genesis of these events may have lain in the January 1843 change, recorded in the minutes, that moved Committee meetings from the Secretary’s office to the tavern at which dinners were held thus providing opportunity for members to dine together following such meetings. The reference to ‘numerous reunions’ at the top of page 21 could also relate to these functions.

Page 18. The speech on Sir Walter Scott illustrates that although the Sentiment would not be formally introduced at dinners for many years, the various toasts often gave ample opportunity for similar addresses in much earlier sessions. See also comment below.

Page 20. Other sources tell us that social functions between 1847 and 1854 also included the November 1848, July 1851 and May 1853 annual Festival dinners at the London Tavern (all with ladies present who, in 1851 and 1853, sat at table with the men rather than on separate galleries as was then customary on such occasions) and the July 1854 Festival at the Artichoke, Blackwall with an attendance of sixty members and friends (no mention of whether ladies were present). The Ball is believed to have continued to be an annual event (there are reports for 1849, 1851 and 1852, all at Hannover Square) and a further conversazione, additional to the 1853 event described in the Chronicles, was held at the Hannover Square Rooms in April 1854 when Mr Charles Mackay delivered an address on the ‘History and Antiquity of the Highland Language and Highland Garb’.

The addresses at these conversaciones connect with a report, in the Banffshire Journal, in which an account of the 1853 Festival dinner, written by a correspondent who may have been a member of the Society, states that the Society was considering the introduction of short essays on matters of interest, to be delivered at the ordinary meetings. This may have been the spark that eventually, more than forty years later, led to the inclusion of the Sentiment at Little Dinners.

Pages 27 to 31. This is the full transcript of the manuscript of the address given by Michie Forbes Gray in which, inter alia, he describes the formation of the Society in 1837-1838. When his account of these events is compared with the minutes for 1841 to 1843, which do not seem to have been available to Gray when he was preparing his text, and to the 1845 Rules, the following becomes apparent:

- If, as seems likely, the inscription in the Rules reading ‘Caledonian Society of London Instituted February 1839’ is correct, then the first formal session would have been 1839-1840 and not 1837-1838.
- The minutes of a General Meeting on 2 March 1842 state specifically that the Ball that day was the first to be held by the Society. Gray’s description of ‘a ball ending the second year’ does not seem to fit any known dates but could refer to it being roughly two years after the first Festival dinner if the latter had been early in 1840.

- Gray says that the membership grew rapidly after the first dinner when it had been only twelve. The list of members in the minute book indicates that numbers were still only eighteen at the beginning of 1841 but had doubled by the end of that year.
- Gray also states that the second dinner was held in the ‘British Hotel, Charing Cross’. The minutes tell us that the first dinner of their period, on 25 January 1841, was at the ‘British Coffee House, Charing Cross’, presumably the same establishment.

A possible sequence of events is that, after preliminary activity that might have started as early as 1837, the Society was instituted in February 1839, held its first ‘festival’ at Beattie’s hotel a year later in early 1840, a second such dinner at the British Coffee house in January 1841 and the first ball in March 1842. These dates agree with both the ‘Instituted February 1839’ date from the 1845 Rules and the minutes and record of members covering the period January 1841 to June 1843. They are also in line with Gray’s general narrative and sequence of events but not with all his dates.

Gray was an early member, although apparently not one of the originals - the register of members in the 1841-1843 minute book does not show him as a ‘first member’ but lists him in sixteenth place, possibly in order of joining, of the eighteen who were members before January 1841. Thus he may not have joined formally until towards the end of 1840 despite his earlier involvement, and his knowledge of the Society’s formation and of its first dinner may have been largely second hand. His dates are unexplained but may be simply incorrect, or he may have used dates loosely in what was essentially a narrative account prepared for non-member, and he commented that no early records were available. Other notable points made in the address were:

- The early charitable support provided by the Society was to the parochial schools of several Scottish parishes. After the Disruption of 1843, it changed to ‘the furtherance of the Scottish Charitable Institutions in London, and other objects of charity connected with Scotland’. A press report amplifies the nature of the original educational support by saying that it was achieved by the provision of prizes for award to meritorious pupils.
- Dinners were held at Radley’s Hotel until the move to the London Tavern (probably in January 1845 and not in 1844 as stated by Gray).
- The Society Balls had been held in either Willis’s Rooms in St James or the Hannover Square Rooms.
- Excessive ambition by the group of members who lead the management of social events, resulted in several otherwise very successful Balls, before 1847, being run at substantial loss. The situation was made worse by poor account keeping. Remedial action seems to have been put in place before the Ball of 1847, that was profitable, but also about this time (apparently some after the middle of 1847) the Scottish Society was set up and ‘many of our best members were decoyed away’. Only twenty members remained and Gray states that some of these were lukewarm; it is clear that the Society nearly became extinct. Happily, between 1847 and 1853, the Society successfully re-established itself, with some departed members returning and, not only was the debt of more than £300 paid off, but a further £400 was disbursed to various charities, probably largely due to the success of the continuing Balls (£300 was the cost of 286 Ball tickets; the same number of tickets for the Caledonian Club Ball of 2008 would have cost more than £54 000).

Chapter IV (1855 & 1856)

Andrew Maclure seems to have been President for sessions 1855-1856 and 1856-1857, and probably also in 1857-1858.

The author seems to have had little material for this chapter as much of its space is taken up by a reconstruction of a Society evening in the company of the artist Sir Daniel Macnee who is believed to have attended as a guest and was clearly a great character.

Page 32. The names quoted in the second paragraph on this page seem to have been taken from a list of office bearers and other council members for the year 1855 and is consistent with the list for that year added in the 1923 edition of the Chronicles covering the years 1837 to 1905. Those surviving as members from before mid 1843 are Robert Hepburn, Michie Forbes Gray and George Brock while Professor Cull was a name from slightly later in that decade.

Chapter V (1857)

This chapter is devoted to the Society's 'Annual Banquet' held at the London Tavern in January 1857 and to the portrait of Robert Hepburn, commissioned by the Society and painted by Daniel Macnee, which was presented to Hepburn that evening.

Page 42. The statement, in the press report, that Robert Hepburn had, at that time (January 1857), filled the office of President for eight years, refers to the years prior to the start of Andrew Maclure's tenure.

Chapter VI (1859)

Pages 49 to 54. David Hepburn points out that, accepting early 1838 as time of the Society's first dinner, the dinner of 26 January 1859 was its twenty-first birthday although there is no record that it was recognised as such at the time. Publically, the evening marked the centenary of the birth of Robert Burns.

Robert Marshall is believed to have been President from 1858-1859 until 1860-1861 inclusive. An on-line press report tells us that he was still in office at the January 1861 dinner held in the London Tavern – the last recorded use of that establishment.

Page 57. The short account of the formation of the London Scottish Rifle Volunteers, later the London Scottish Regiment, is somewhat uninformative. The exact circumstances of this event are far from clear but our 1921 President is reported (Chronicles 1961-1967 page 329 and 330) as having written to the editor of the London Scottish Regimental Gazette in March 1921, to point out that it was in Robert Hepburn's home that the matter was first discussed by members of the Caledonian Society and it was decided to form a regiment; the Highland Society was then asked to join in and readily agreed. There is now no trace of what might have backed this statement but Jessie Hepburn Starey, sister of David Hepburn and last of the Hepburn family when she died in 1922, remained active in Scottish affairs in London at this time and Hepburn family papers may have again been the source. If it is accurate, the Society seems to have initiated the formation even although the Highland Society's greater financial muscle and military influence allowed it to become the more senior partner. Subsequently, both Societies jointly called a meeting at the Freemasons' Tavern on 4 July 1859 where it was proposed by Lord Elcho (Highland Society) and seconded by Sir Charles Forbes (who Honorary Historian William Will tells us was a Caledonian Society member – see document attached to minutes of Council meeting dated 14 November 1947) that the unit be formed.

Chapter VII (1863 until 1868)

Page 59. The author notes that the membership limit of one hundred was first applied about 1863.

The names listed in the penultimate paragraph seem to have been taken from a list of officer bearers for 1863 and is consistent with the list for that year added in the 1923 edition of the Chronicles covering the years 1837 to 1905.

David N Chambers FSA was a member of the Edinburgh publishing family of that name who moved to London in 1853 and was an active supporter of the Scottish Hospital (Royal Scottish Corporation). He seems to have been President in session 1862-1863 and may also have been so in 1861-1862. He ceased to be a member about the start of session 1870-1871 and may have died at this time.

Pages 60 & 63. A banquet of the Scottish Hospital in November 1863 was attended by the Prime Minister, Lord Palmerston. Robert Hepburn (believed to have been the Society's Vice President at that time) responded to the toast to the Caledonian Society of London and the press cutting records his speech.

Pages 63 & 64. David Hepburn states that John Young was elected President in (late) 1866. However, the full range of information now available indicates that this event was probably in December 1863 (a press report states that he was President at the January 1864 dinner in the Freemasons' Hall, the first time we know of that venue being used) and that his time in office was sessions 1863-1864, 1864-1865 and 1865-1866. The other changes in Council that are mentioned seem to have been taken from a list of officer bearers for 1866 and are again consistent with the list for that year added in the 1923 edition of the Chronicles covering the years 1837 to 1905. Ex-officio members of Council (Past Presidents and other Gold Badge holders) are listed separately for the first time (although Past Presidents had enjoyed such status in the 1845 Rules).

Page 68 to 71. The detailed account of the Society published in the London Scotsman of 5 October 1867 includes five points of particular interest:

- The date of establishment of the Society is quoted as 1839 (and an online press archive records the Vice President claiming the same date in a speech in January 1868). Thus the tradition of 1839 as the formation date remained strong at this time.
- The limit of one hundred members did not include members of Council.
- The elected office bearers were President, Vice President, nine elected Committee members, Honorary Secretary, Treasurer and two Auditors. There were also five ex-officio members (described as 'Past Presidents').
- At that date, a general (presumably the annual general) meeting was held in every year in December. Council met quarterly, or as required (if accurate, this was somewhat less often than in the early 1840s, or in many later years when Council meetings preceded most Little Dinners).
- The entrance fee was two guineas and the annual subscription one guinea.

Chapter VIII (1868)

Page 73. The apparent dating of Dr Charles Hogg's accession to the Chair as the autumn of 1868 seems incorrect. The following chapter makes it clear that Hogg received the Gold Badge, in recognition of his Presidency, in January 1869 and an online archive press reports record him as being President in at the beginning of December 1867 and again in January 1868. Thus he was probably President in sessions 1866-1867 and 1867-1868. Dr Hogg died during session 1896-1897.

No record has survived of the changes made to the constitution at this time.

Page 74. News of social functions during 1868 included:

- Press report records the 'annual dinner' on Saturday 25 January at the Freemasons' Tavern with Dr Hogg in the Chair as President and nearly one hundred gentlemen present (no mention of ladies but they were probably represented).
- A press report records the Society's 'annual whitebait dinner' at the Ship Hotel, Greenwich on Saturday 6 June.

Much of the chapter is devoted to a brief history of the Royal Caledonian Asylum (later the Royal Caledonian Schools).

Chapter IX (1869 until 1871)

Dr FW Ramsay was a medical doctor who hailed from Inveresk, near Edinburgh, and had qualified FRCP Edinburgh. He seems to have been well known for his support of Scottish causes and charities, and these included the Royal Caledonian Asylum and the Scottish Hospital. He was also a member of the Highland Society. President for sessions 1868-1869, 1869-1870 and 1870-1871, Dr Ramsay is believed to have died, or left the Society, in the late 1870s.

Page 82. The dinner of 25 January 1869 was recorded as a further occasion at which ladies joined the gentlemen at table for dinner (rather than being accommodated separately on galleries), following earlier precedents in 1851 and 1853. However, on this occasion, and for many later years, the response to the toast to the ladies would be given by a gentleman speaking on their behalf.

This is the earliest record of the presentation of a Gold Badge.

Page 84. This is the first record of the term ‘Caledonian Honours’ although the significance of its use is unclear; it may have been merely another term for the traditional Highland Honours or it could be something closer to Caledonian Honours as recognised today. Given that ladies were at table, the latter seems quite likely as full Highland Honours might have been considered discourteous with ladies present.

Page 86. Hepburn’s reference to a meeting ‘thirty years ago’ is consistent with the Society having been instituted in February 1839.

Page 91. Note the press report of the Society having been established in 1839.

Page 97. The earliest recorded playing of the reel (as it was originally termed) or Strathspey ‘The Caledonian Society of London’. Usually attributed, in its modern form, to Pipe Major George MacClelland (1884-1929), it may have been composed originally by one William Mackay (see Chronicles for 1945-1952, page 283). Otherwise, nothing is known of its origin or naming.

Page 101. News of other social events during the period included:

- A comment in a press report of the Festival dinner of 1869 tells us that the Ball of that year would be held in the Hannover Square Rooms on 26 February 1869.
- The 1870 Ball seems to have been at Hannover Square on 5 March.
- A press report records that the Society’s anniversary was celebrated at the Freemasons’ Tavern on Wednesday 25 January 1871.
- In 1871, the Ball was held at Hannover Square on Friday 3 March.
- The next record, after the 1844 AGM, of members and friends dining together informally after a business meeting is that of a supper following what seems to have been the AGM on 10 December 1868 at the Freemasons’ Tavern. On a similar occasion in 1870, the President (Dr Ramsay) proposed the main toast (apparently to the Society) and there was singing finishing with Auld Lang Syne.
- A report of the 1871 AGM, also at the Freemasons’ Tavern, does not mention dining but does say that guests were present suggesting that supper did follow.

Chapter X (1872 until 1875)

Page 102. We know little else about William Thomas Morrison other than that, in the early 1870s, he was with the Bank of Mexico and South America. President in sessions 1871-1872 and 1872-1873 (and also later in 1881-1882), he probably died during 1908-1909.

Page 105. David Hepburn seems to suggest that the exclusion of Council members from the one hundred member limit, hence allowing the Society to expand further, took place in 1872 or a little later. However, the account of the Society published in the London Scotsman of 5 October 1867 indicates that the exclusion of Council members from the hundred limit was already in force then.

Aeneas McIntyre was President in sessions 1873-1874 and 1874-1875.

Other sources tell us of Festival dinners of the period:

- A notice published in a newspaper called the 1872 anniversary festival dinner for Thursday 25 January at the Freemasons' Tavern with the meal on the table at 6 pm. A press report of the dinner records that over two hundred ladies and gentlemen attended and that Mr Thomas Morrison, the then new President, was in the Chair.
- The dinner of 24 January 1873 had a (press report) estimated attendance of about three hundred ladies and gentlemen (this seems a little high as other accounts suggest that the normal limit at this venue was about two hundred).
- The 1874 dinner was held at the Freemasons' Tavern, apparently on Monday 26 January.

We also have brief reports of the Balls of 1872, 1873, 1874 and 1875 with attendances in the order of three hundred to over four hundred.

Page 112. The cutting from The London and Scottish Review of February 1875, describing the Festival dinner of 26 January 1875, is the earliest record of an evening closing with the National Anthem as well as Auld Lang Syne, although this may not be significant as rendition of the Anthem may have been taken for granted at the time. The 'Chairman', President Aeneas McIntyre, is quoted as saying that the Society was established in 1839.

Chapter XI (1875 until 1878)

Pages 118 & 121. David Hepburn deals with the major loss of Society records that apparently occurred shortly before J Shiress Will took over as President at the end of 1875. Hepburn clearly knew the circumstances but states ‘over this unhappy incident it is well to draw the veil’. Thus the loss seems to have been two years or more before the destruction of the premises of the Royal Scottish Corporation with which it is sometimes linked. Conjecturally, it may have been connected with the resignation then death of the Honorary Secretary that is also reported at this time. The extent of records lost at this time is unknown but they may have covered all or much of the period back to the close of the surviving minute book in mid 1843.

Page 122. J Shiress Will was President in sessions 1875-1876, 1876-1877 and 1877-1878 and seems to have died during session 1909-1910.

A press report tells us of the dinner held at the Freemasons’ Tavern on Tuesday 25 January 1876 and attended by about two hundred ladies and gentlemen.

Chapter XII (1877)

The chapter is an account of the destruction of the premises of the Royal Scottish Corporation in November 1877.

Page 124 includes the comment ‘Caledonians assembled in council under the sheltering roof’ and on page 126 is the statement ‘Caledonians ---- in which they, by the courtesy of the directors, have spent many profitable and pleasant hours’. This may infer that some Society business meetings, perhaps restricted to those of the Council, were held in the Corporation premises.

However, the comment on page 126 that ‘how substantially its funds have been added to by Society as a body from the year 1841’ appears misleading. The minutes from January 1841 until June 1843 make no mention of any support to the Corporation and Gray, in his 1853 address, makes it clear that, until the Disruption in the spring of 1843, the Society’s charitable giving was directed at parochial schools in Scotland. Thus contributions to the Corporation do not seem to have started until sometime after mid-1843.

Chapter XIII (1879 until 1881)

Page 129. The appointment of Dr Charles Hogg as Honorary Secretary seems to have been the earliest occasion on which an officer post was filled by a Past President (although there had been previous cases when a Past President became Vice President).

James Lawrie was President in 1878-1879, 1879-1880 and 1880-1881 and seems to have died during session 1900-1901.

An on-line press report describes a January Festival dinner, in 1879, which commemorated Robert Burns. James Lawrie was the then recently elected President, the attendance was more than one hundred and fifty and the company enjoyed dancing after dinner.

Page 130. David Hepburn's comment makes clear that although minute books, from late 1875 onwards, were available, he did not intend to refer to them.

Chapter XIV (1882 & 1883)

Page 133. WT Morrison returned for a third session as President in 1881-1882 and was followed by Alexander Milne Dunlop for 1882-1883 and 1883-1884. Dunlop is a President of whom we know little. He was a surveyor and land agent by profession and would later become Senior Vice President of the Surveyors' Institution. He represented the Manchester Ship Canal Company and was also responsible for several large rural estates but still found time for considerable involvement in public affairs. He maintained a home in Wales. He first served on Council 1879-1880 and is believed to have died in January 1897.

The number of Auditors seems to have been reduced from two to one at the 1882 AGM.

An online archive press report records the Festival dinner of 1883 that was held at the Freemasons' Tavern with about a hundred and sixty ladies and gentlemen present, most of the men being in Highland dress.

Chapter XV (1884 until 1887)

Page 141. James Nisbet Blyth (President 1884-1885 and 1885-1886) presented the handsome table snuff mull that is our earliest known item of Society property and is illustrated on page 149 of these Chronicles. He is recorded as having been an active Past President and is believed to have died during session 1909-1910.

Note re-titling of informal suppers as Little Dinners and expansion of elected members of Council (the Committee) from nine to fifteen.

Page 142. Robert Barclay Brown (President 1886-1887) was a shipbuilder hailing from Montrose, an impressive looking man in his kilt with a fluent command of the Doric and well able to provide contributions in song. He was described as a hearty, kindly Caledonian and was a Committee member by 1879-1880. He seems to have remained an active Past President until his death in February 1895.

Page 145. The historic menu seems to have been a flight of the author's imagination rather than a realistic re-creation but it may reflect the range of typical Scots dishes once favoured.

Page 146. The earliest known example of a Society menu.

Page 149. This, the earliest known, illustration of the 'President's Medal' (Gold Badge) is notable for appearing to have no foundation date engraved on it. However careful examination shows that the date on it may have been obscured when the photograph was taken and we know that such badges engraved '1839' were being presented as late as 1903. Based on an example from the early 1900s and also by examination of photographs of it being worn in the nineteenth century, early badges seem to have been a little smaller than those presented today.

Other sources tell us that Michie Forbes Gray and John Kilpatrick were not the only non-presidential recipients of the Badge by that date. We must add David Budge (awarded December 1868 for about five years' service as Honorary Secretary) and J Seton Ritchie (awarded December 1871 after three years as Honorary Secretary – he subsequently completed seven years in that office).

As previously mentioned, the snuff mull illustrated on page 149 is that presented by Nisbet Blyth.

Chapter XVI (Session 1887-1888 – W Hutton Inglis President)

Page 150. The date ‘December the 8th 1877’ is an error – it should be ‘December the 8th 1887’.

This seems to be earliest record of the use of the Selkirk grace.

Page 157. The original member’s badge illustrated here is notable for bearing the inscription ‘50th Anniversary 1888’. Presumably, this refers to the fiftieth anniversary of the first dinner in early 1838 and, if so, is the earliest known acceptance of Gray’s claim (see comment for pages 27 to 31 in Chapter III). An example of this badge is in the Society’s possession and is rather smaller than those used later.

Chapter XVII (Session 1888-1889 – David Hepburn President)

Page 159. The term ‘President Elect’ occurs only in the last two chapters of these Chronicles and is used to describe the Vice President. It may then have been the custom to vote the Vice President into that office and subsequently appoint him to the Chair without further formality when his predecessor demitted office. In this way, the Vice President was free to prepare for his year, or first year, in the office of President without the threat, however remote, of not being elected. Arguably, this was important when the first Little Dinner of the new session immediately followed the AGM on the same evening.

David Hepburn, son of the eight years in office Past President Robert Hepburn, was born in London in 1851 but was sent to Scotland for his schooling. He returned to become a student at the Dental School, then in Soho Square, qualifying LDS in 1873. He received an appointment at the Hospital the following year and remained there until 1888. For the next eight years he held a teaching post at the London School of Dental Surgery, and also served as Chairman of the Medical Committee of Management. Later, he was elected to a vice presidency and was a member of the Committee of Management. For more than thirty years he was a member of the Odontological Society, being President in 1895, and he was an early member of the Publishing Committee of the British Dental Association. A man of wide talents and interests, he was, at various times, a Managing Governor of the Royal Scottish Corporation, a Director of the Royal Caledonian Schools, Honorary Treasurer of the piping organisation Comunn Pbiobairean Lunnain and a member of the Highland Society. Of Norse blood, he delighted in travelling in areas such as the Faeroes and Iceland. He joined the Society about 1880 and first served on Council in 1886. His first presidency was to last two years, this session and next, and he would be recalled for a third term in 1905-1906. Of at least equal impact to the Society as his years of office was his authorship of the 1890 volume of the Chronicles, written while President, that covered the years from formation and set the example without which it is most unlikely that the Society’s history would have been recorded. David Hepburn died in January 1907, less than three months after finally demitting office and at the age of only fifty-six. Photographs face page 84 of the Chronicles for 1837-1905 and page 2 of those for 1905-1921.

Page 160. Hepburn’s description of himself as ‘a chiel amang them takin’ notes’ indicates that one of his sources for this volume were the reminiscences of older members that he had met during his membership.

Page 163. This is the earliest account of the ceremony of the dirks, once an integral part of the Salute to the President. A more detailed description is on pages 28 and 29 of the 1921-1930 Chronicles (reproduced in the electronic archive for session 1922-1923). The reference to Donald Mackay as the ‘the beadle of the Society’ and ‘carrying his silver-headed staff of office’ is mysterious but Mackay was the name of the Beadle of the Royal Scottish Corporation about this time and it seems probable that the Society borrowed his services on formal occasions.

Page 167. The decision not to hold the Ball, probably the first time it had lapsed since introduced in 1842, may have reflected changing tastes and also, perhaps, a less central role than had once been the case now held by the Society in the London social scene. It was not held again until 1891-1892 when it reappeared for three further years before being discontinued permanently.

The summer meeting was at David Hepburn’s home in Portland Place and may have set a precedent for we know of a number of other examples of Presidents extending similar hospitality over the next twenty years or so.

Chapter XVIII (December 1889 until April 1890 – David Hepburn President)

Pages 178 & 179. The description of the Little Dinners reflects the increasingly important place these were now taking in the Society's life.

End Pages and Rear Cover

Pages 180 to 182. We are not told at what date the ‘List of Members 1890’ applied. It might have been at the time of the AGM in December 1889 or at the close of the dinner season in April 1890 when the account of these Chronicles finishes. The following earlier lists can be compiled from the 1841 to 1843 minutes, those believed to be founder members being shown with an asterisk:

- Members at beginning of January 1841

Thomas Barbour	Michie Forbes Gray	Captain Lobban*	William Pickering
John Boucher*	Alexander Hay*	James Mortimer	Captain PJ Reeves
Henry John Garrod	Thomas Hogg	Dr John Palin	William H Rose*
John Gordon*	George Rose Innes*	S Phillips	Henry Thornton*
Donald Grassick*	George Liberty		

- Members mid-1843

Thomas Barbour	John Forbes	James Kidd	S Phillips
Charles Berry	John Gordon*	NR Lavers	William Pickering
John Boucher*	Donald Grassick	Captain Lobban*	James Porter
Alexander Boyd	Michie Forbes Gray	William Shand Low	Thomas Ramsay
James Brand	J Hampson	James McDonald	Alexander Rose
George Brock	Alexander Hay*	Charles Maltby	William H Rose*
George Brown	James Alfred Hay	RC Maywood	Richard Sewell
D Bruce	Robert Hepburn	James Mortimer	George Taylor
Colonel Carmichael	Thomas Hogg	P Morrison	Greig Thomson
William Challis	George Rose Innes*	George Oxx	Henry Thornton*
George Clapham	Patrick Rose Innes	Dr John Palin	Joseph Vickers
Thomas Clapham	Dr CJC Johnstone	Alexander AW Patterson	James Wylie
William Edgcomb	FN Johnstone	Joseph Payton	John Yerbury
Henry Finlayson			

In comparing this version of the Chronicles with their edited counterpart for the same years republished as part of the 1923 edition covering the years 1837 to 1905, the material at the end the 1923 volume includes two major items not present in the 1890 version. They are:

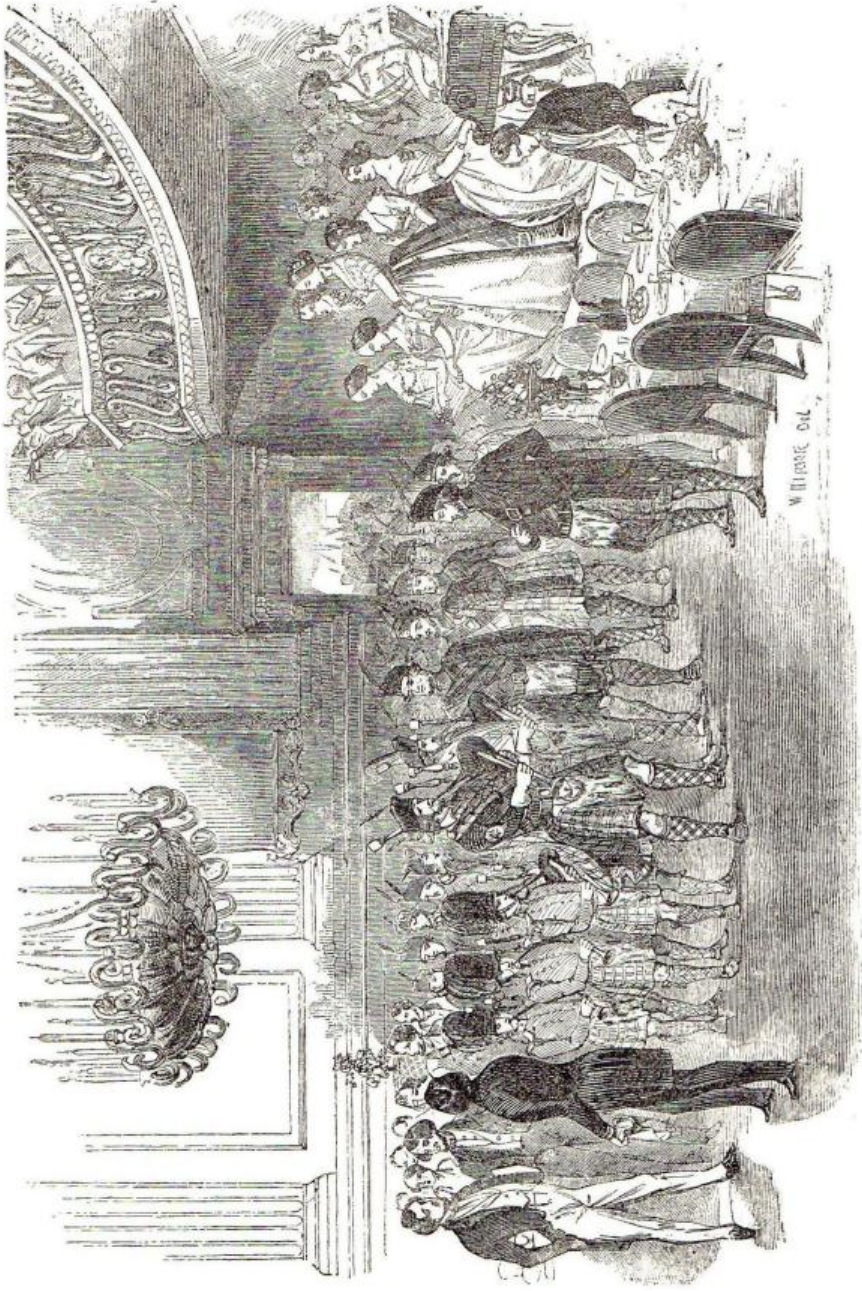
- Lists of members of council for various years between 1855 and Session 1889-1890. These are consistent with names listed by, or commented, on by David Hepburn in the texts of the various chapters of the 1890 version and appear reliable.
- A list of Presidents from 1837 onwards. Examination shows that this list is not reliable and its content for the years before 1870 should be disregarded. The following reflects the best and latest available information:

Session	Chairman or President	Remarks
Before 1841-1842		Not known
1841-1842	John Gordon (Chairman)	
1842-1843	John Boucher (Chairman)	
1843-1844	James Wylie	
1844-1845	James Wylie	
1845-1846	Robert Hepburn	
1846-1847	Robert Hepburn	
1847-1848		Probably Robert Hepburn ¹
1848-1849	Captain James Lamont	
1849-1850		Probably Robert Hepburn ¹
1850-1851		Probably Professor Richard Cull ²
1851-1852		Probably Robert Hepburn ¹
1852-1853	Robert Hepburn	
1853-1854	Robert Hepburn	
1854-1855		Probably Robert Hepburn ¹
1855-1856	Andrew Maclure	
1856-1857	Andrew Maclure	
1857-1858		Probably Andrew Maclure
1858-1859	Robert Marshall	
1859-1860	Robert Marshall	
1860-1861	Robert Marshall	
1861-1862		Probably David Chambers
1862-1863	David Chambers	
1863-1864	John Young	
1864-1865	John Young	
1865-1866	John Young	
1866-1867	Dr Charles Hogg	
1867-1868	Dr Charles Hogg	
1868-1869	Dr FW Ramsay	
1869-1870	Dr FW Ramsay	
1870-1871	Dr FW Ramsay	
1871-1872	WT Morrison	
1872-1873	WT Morrison	
1873-1874	AJ McIntyre	
1874-1875	AJ McIntyre	
1875-1876	J Shiress Will	
1876-1877	J Shiress Will	
1877-1878	J Shiress Will	
1878-1879	James Lawrie	
1879-1880	James Lawrie	
1880-1881	James Lawrie	
1881-1882	WT Morrison	Returning for a third session
1882-1883	AM Dunlop	
1883-1884	AM Dunlop	
1884-1885	J Nisbet Blyth	
1885-1886	J Nisbet Blyth	
1886-1887	R Barclay Brown	
1887-1888	W Hutton Inglis	
1888-1889	David Hepburn	
1889-1890	David Hepburn	

¹ We are told that Robert Hepburn was President for eight sessions before the start of Andrew Maclure's tenure, thus he was probably in office for these four years although confirmation is lacking.

² Professor Richard Cull is reported as having been President in July 1851.





THE ANNUAL FESTIVAL OF THE CALEDONIAN SOCIETY, JUNE 40TH, 1847 (*Illustrated London News*).
THE COMPANY ENTERING THE BANQUETING HALL, PRECEDED BY HER MAJESTY'S PIPER (MACNAY) AND THE JUVENILE BAND OF THE CALEDONIAN ASYLUM.

THE CHRONICLES
OF
THE CALEDONIAN SOCIETY
OF LONDON.

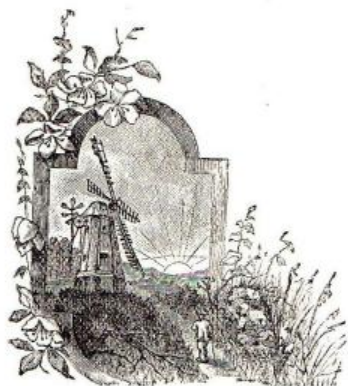
BY DAVID HEPBURN.



London:

PRINTED BY WATERLOW & SONS LIMITED,
LONDON WALL, E.C.

—
MDCCCXC.



TO
THE MEMBERS
OF
THE CALEDONIAN SOCIETY OF LONDON
THESE CHRONICLES
ARE CORDIALLY DEDICATED BY
THEIR PRESIDENT
DAVID HEPBURN.





Preface.

IN 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.

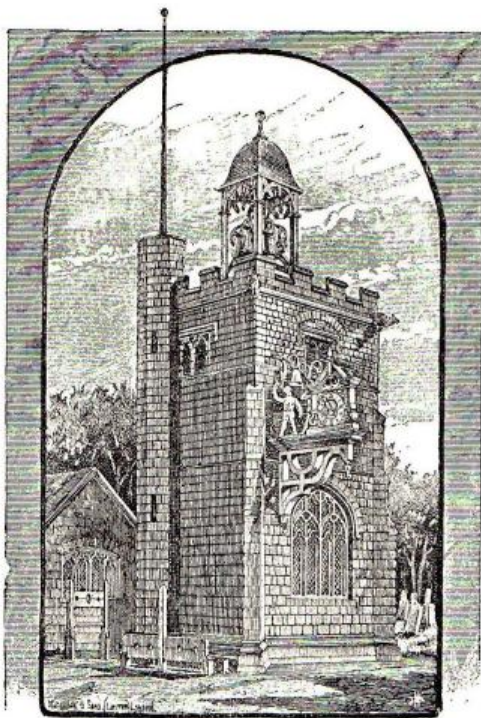
That many names and facts are omitted there can be little doubt, but memory and tradition having both alike at times failed me, these shortcomings must be overlooked. The Chronicles have mostly been written during the wee sma' hours; so if the diction be now and then a wee bit hazy and unclassic, may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





CHRONICLES OF THE CALEDONIAN SOCIETY OF LONDON.

CHAPTER I.

HALF-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, which will appear in full later on, 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 promoters may be named John Boucher, Alexander Paterson, John Gordon of Knockespock, 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 their 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 realize 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,

May 11th, 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 efforts 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. Amongst these 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 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 these early by-gone 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 less 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.

There is something fascinating about these old cuttings. Age seems to have toned them down into a pleasing æsthetic yellow tint that raises them somehow above the ordinary cuttings of the present day. Some are not the shape of modern newspaper columns, time appears to have thinned them down, or flattened them out, giving them an old-world look. There is a subtle, indescribable charm about their proportions.

Patches of gum too, turning brown with antiquity here and there, impart the interest that belongs only to a bygone age. All this I cannot reproduce, but the interesting matter they contain I will give "verbatim," for they tell their own story infinitely better than could be done by your humble chronicler.

The first, very yellow, but printed in a type so clear that it would make the *Daily News* blush and the *Scotsman* tear itself to bits (no very difficult task by the way), refers to the Seventh Anniversary of the Society, but what paper it is from I am unable to say; the date, however, may be fixed at 1845 or 1846.

Seventh Anniversary.

THE ANNUAL FESTIVAL of this Society was celebrated on Thursday evening at the London Tavern, and was attended by a highly respectable and numerous presence of its friends and members. We believe this is its seventh anniversary, and, from its increasing strength, we augur well for its being now thoroughly established. 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.

A great many gentlemen appeared in the costume of the Gael, among whom 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, &c. 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., &c.

The galleries were filled with elegantly-dressed ladies, and the hall was beautifully decorated with emblematical devices, and hung with scarfs of various clan tartans, which gave a lively description of the enthusiasm of this body for its "home manufacture." At the head of the hall the royal arms of Scotland were displayed on white satin, embroidered in gold.

The President was marshalled to the chair by the stewards, headed by Mr. Angus Mackay, her Majesty's piper; and after an excellent dinner, characteristic of Messrs. Bathe & Beach,

The PRESIDENT, in proposing the health of the Queen and her Royal Consort, Prince Albert, said:—Gentlemen, When I look around this large assembly and see so many happy and joyous faces before me, I feel it almost impossible to enter upon the proceedings of the evening without first simply expressing to you the great satisfaction I feel at beholding you all once more around this our anniversary table; and allow me, at the same time, to congratulate you on thus meeting

you together under such cheering circumstances—circumstances not only peculiarly favourable to the general interest of the Caledonian Society, but to that to which it is also connected, that which is the firmest basis, the surest foundation, of every good institution, the cause of Christian knowledge and charity. To the many friends who have honoured us with their presence, and who we rejoice to see amongst us on this occasion, I am sure no apology is necessary for any display of national feeling we may exhibit this evening, for on such a Scottish festival as this, when we are surrounded on all sides by so many emblems of our native Caledonia—when the claymore again seems to glisten, when the tartan of every clan meets the eye, the sound of the war-pipes bursts upon the ear, and reminiscences of auld lang syne crowd upon the memory—surely it cannot be wondered at if, in the midst of these, we should, like weary travellers meeting on a bright green refreshing spot in the midst of a great desert, forget present cares, and bestow a wandering thought on “the land we left behind us;” the more especially when imagination, aided by these associations, draws aside the curtain, and again we behold the hills and vales of “puir auld Scotland,” the land of our birth, the home of our childhood, the grave of our fathers—

“When again we see
The broom wi’ its tassel on the lea,
An’ hear the lintie’s sang o’ our ain countrie.”

If I were an Irishman, I should say to the ladies who throng the platform, and who throw such a bright colouring into this Highland picture, “Cead mille failte,” but being only a plain Scotchman, I can only give that which is given in sincerity by every one here—a heartfelt Scottish welcome.—(Cheers.)

Air, “The Royal Anthem,” by Mr. Sinclair.

The other loyal toasts followed in succession, and were received with cheering, and Highland honours.

The “Army and Navy” were given in eloquent terms by the CHAIRMAN, who said that, in Campbell’s words,

“England needs no bulwarks,
No towers along the steep,”

while she had her gallant defenders by “sea and land,” the “army and navy.”

Captain LAMONT, R.N., returned thanks on behalf of the naval branch of the service, and dwelt on the efficiency of the officers and non-commissioned officers comprising that body.

Captain FORBES thanked the company for the welcome manner in which they testified their esteem for the army, and he could assure them that nothing pleased soldiers better than to hear such encomiums given them by their countrymen. He would reiterate the assurance on their part that his gallant friend gave of the navy, that the British army never was in a higher state of discipline than at present, and when an honourable opportunity presented itself they would maintain the high standard they had hitherto held among the nations of Europe.

Air, “Rule Britannia.”

The VICE-PRESIDENT rose to propose a toast that he was sure

would be responded to in a manner worthy of its merits—"The land we live in."

Mr. SHAND LOW trusted that the company would show their attachment, their love, and sympathy with their sister island; for in doing so that evening they would at least prove that they all esteemed the kindness, the talent, and the honest bravery that was so characteristic of their brethren of Ireland; and remembering the sentiments of a favourite poet, whose stirring effusions had been quoted, exclaiming,

"Is there a son of generous England here,
Or fervid Erin?—he too, shall join
To pray that in eternal union dear
The rose, the shamrock, and the thistle twine."

They were all types of a race who would the invader scorn, and in this great metropolis they all lived as brethren. He would propose to them, "Long may the shamrock be entwined with the rose and the thistle."—Drunk with all the honours, the piper playing "St. Patrick's-day."

Mr. MURRAY rose to propose "the Health of the President," who had so ably and eloquently acquitted himself in the discharge of his duties. He had been resident in London for many years, and took great delight in institutions such as they were that evening met to countenance. He belonged to those men who came from the "hill-side," where honesty and singleness of mind were characteristic of them—where the men of "God's own aristocracy" were to be met with; and, therefore as a Highlander, he called upon the company to dedicate a bumper to Mr. Hepburn.—Drunk with the Highland honours.

Mr. HEPBURN returned thanks.

Mr. BOUCHER was called upon to propose another toast, and in doing so he dwelt upon the services of his countrymen in both the civil and military departments, and referring to the glorious deeds of the Highland regiments whenever they were called upon to defend British honour, he instanced Alexandria, Corunna, and Toulouse, down to the crowning victory of Waterloo, as battles in which they were mainly instrumental in not only checking, but in defeating, the "tried soldiers of Napoleon." He would announce to them a toast, in which all, he was sure, would join—"The Land o' Cakes."—Drunk with Highland honours, and every demonstration of enthusiasm.

Mr. Sinclair followed this national toast by singing "Auld lang syne," the company joining in chorus.

Professor CULL rose to propose prosperity to two kindred institutions, and dwelt upon their use and assistance to natives of Scotland—"The Royal Highland School Society, and the Scottish Hospital."

Mr. THOMPSON, as Honorary Secretary, returned thanks for the former institution, to which he more immediately belonged, as did Major Adair for the latter.

Mr. WYLIE reminded the company that there was another institution worthy of their consideration, and one, he was sure, all of them were acquainted with. Its object was that of educating boys and girls, the sons and daughters of soldiers, sailors, and poor men, natives of Scotland—"The Caledonian Asylum."

Captain FORBES returned thanks on behalf of the governors and friends of that benevolent institution. He was thankful for their kind

notice of this useful and benevolent society, and he was proud to say that its merits were worthy of their extensive patronage.

The PRESIDENT gave "Prosperity to the Highland Society."

GEORGE BAIN, Esq., returned thanks. Before sitting down he proposed "Success and prosperity to the Caledonian Society of London."—(Cheers and Highland honours.)

The PRESIDENT then, in an impressive and highly eloquent speech, gave the "Memory of Burns." In concluding his address, the President said that, instead of drinking to his memory in silence he proposed that it should be done with acclamation.—(Applause.)

A Highland Reel was then danced by Captain Forbes, George Bain, Esq., James Davidson, and Mr. Bruce, to a strathspey played by Mr. Angus Mackay. After which, by an unanimous call from the company, the Sword Dance, or "Gillie Callum," was skilfully performed by Mr. Davidson, to the delight of all present. 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. The greatest hilarity prevailed throughout the evening, and the Caledonian Society were unremitting in their attentions to their friends and visitors, who will all remember with lively pleasure the evening of their "Festival." We cannot finish our account of this entertainment without mentioning the delight felt by the company with the charming singing of Miss Birch, whose talents and graceful manners are well known to all. Her songs drew forth loud applause, and her willing acquiescence to an encore showed her anxiety to please. She was relieved by Miss Lucombe, who also sang several favourite ballads with considerable taste. Mr. Sinclair was in excellent voice, and we only regret that he does not favour his admirers more frequently. Mr. Guinness, with his excellent band, occupied the orchestra, and played several appropriate airs during the evening. They were occasionally relieved by her Majesty's piper's thrilling gatherings and marches from the national instrument.

The next thing of Caledonian interest that greets me in my scrap book is a faded picture from the *Illustrated London News* of June, 1847, representing "The Annual Festival of the Caledonian Society of London." It depicts the company entering the banqueting hall, preceded by Her Majesty's piper (Mackay) and the Juvenile Band of the Caledonian Asylum. (*See Illustration facing title page.*)

The President and Office Bearers and Members look decidedly imposing in the national costume, so do the juvenile pipers, adorned, as they are, with plumed bonnets and extravagant epaulets. Her Majesty's piper struts proudly, as pipers are wont to do. The ordinary evening dress of the guests savours distinctly of Thackeray's novels. The ladies' costumes and "coiffeurs" recall those of our great aunts. The famous and talented Miss Birch, her sister, and Miss Lucombe, are

represented on the platform near the piano, while a band of stupendous numbers, with trumpets outstretched, are poised like herald angels on an abnormally high gallery. Here is the cutting which accompanies this pictorial record.

From the ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, June 19th, 1847.

ON FRIDAY, the 18th of June, this Society, whose objects are to aid and promote Scottish charities in London and elsewhere, and also to preserve the national costume, held their annual festival at the London Tavern; Robert Hepburn, Esq., the president, in the chair, supported by B. Bond Cabbell, Esq., M.P., and Capt. Charles Forbes; and John Boucher, Esq., the vice-president, acted as croupier, supported by Capt. Allan and Capt. Middleton. There were also present Mr. Rose, Mr. Hastie, Mr. Burnie, Mr. Low, Mr. Ross, Mr. Marsden, Capt. Kerret, Capt. H. Smith, R.N., Capt. Brett, Dr. Bury, Mr. George Bain (the hon. secretary of the Highland Society), Mr. Mackie (secretary of the Royal Highland School Society), Mr. Hector Rose, Rev. Mr. Fisher, Professor Cull, Mr. J. Murray, Mr. Mowatt, Mr. Wylie, Mr. Gray, Mr. Paterson, Mr. M'Lure, Mr. Johnston, and numerous other staunch friends and supporters of the Society.

About 150 gentlemen in all sat down to an excellent dinner provided in Messrs. Bathe and Breach's best style; the fare was of the best and choicest, especially the "haggis," to which full justice was done. The hall was appropriately decorated with shields and spears, with various armorial bearings, and draperies of clan tartans; the tables were ornamented with vases of beautiful flowers, conspicuous amongst which were the emblems of the three countries; while the platforms, crowded with beautiful and elegantly dressed ladies, enhanced the attraction of the scene. Her Majesty's piper, and the juvenile band of the Caledonian Asylum, preceded the company to the table, playing "Highland Laddie;" they also, in the course of the evening, played several pibrochs and strathspeys, to which Highland reels were danced by some of the gentlemen present, and four of the juvenile pipers in Highland costume. During the evening, also, Mr. Guinness' excellent band played favourite national airs, and Miss Birch and her sister delighted the company with a selection of Scottish Ballads. After the usual loyal toasts, several appropriate to the occasion were introduced by eloquent speeches from Mr. Hepburn, Mr. Boucher, Mr. B. Bond Cabbell, &c., and at a late hour the company separated, delighted with the evening's agreeable entertainment.

We were pleased to hear the president allude to the prosperous state of the Society's affairs; most heartily do we wish them success in their laudable endeavours in the support of charity, and the preservation of national characteristics.

Next follows a cutting from *The Sun* of June 21st, 1847, which contains many names of Caledonian interest, and gives a full and detailed account of what must have been a most brilliant and successful gathering.

From THE SUN, June 21st, 1847.

ON FRIDAY, the 18th of June (a day well known and cherished as the anniversary of the glorious victory won by the troops under the command of Wellington), this Society held their annual festival at the London Tavern; Robert Hepburn, Esq., the President, in the chair, supported by B. Bond Cabbell, Esq., M.P., and Captain Charles Forbes; and John Boucher, Esq., the Vice-President, acted as croupier, supported by Captain Allen and Captain Middleton, Mr. Rose, Mr. Hastie, Mr. Burnie, Mr. Low, Mr. Ross, Mr. Marsden, Captain Kerrett, Captain Brett, Dr. Bury. In addition to these we observed among those present Mr. George Bain (the Hon. Secretary of the Highland Society), Mr. Hector Rose, Rev. Mr. Fisher, Rev. Mr. Redpath, Professor Cull, Mr. J. Murray, Mr. Mouatt, Mr. Wylie, Mr. Gray, Mr. Paterson, Mr. M'Lure, and other staunch friends and supporters of the Society. At seven o'clock the President, accompanied by the members and officers of the Society, dressed in their costume, preceded by her Majesty's piper, and the juvenile band of the Caledonian Asylum, playing "Highland Laddie," entered the room, which was elegantly fitted up for the occasion, and tastefully decorated with shields and spears, bearing various armorial bearings, the drapery being of clan tartan. The side tables were ornamented with vases of beautiful flowers of every description, among which appeared more prominent above the rest the emblems of the three countries. The galleries were filled with elegantly dressed ladies. Altogether the hall had a most splendid appearance. About 150 gentlemen sat down to an excellent dinner, which was placed on the table in Messrs. Bathe and Breach's best style, the fare being of the best and choicest, especially their "haggis," to which full justice was done. Mr. Guinness conducted a band of excellent performers, who played during the evening selections of Scottish Music.

The cloth having been withdrawn, and grace said,

The PRESIDENT proposed the "Health of her Majesty the Queen and her Royal Consort,"—drank with all the honours.

Air—The National Anthem—band.

The next toast was, "The Prince of Wales, Lord of the Isles,"—drank with Highland honours.

The next was the "Queen Dowager and the rest of the Royal Family."

"The Army and Navy" followed, Captain Allen returning thanks for the former, and Captain Smith for the latter.

The CHAIRMAN again rose, and said—Having now, like leal and true subjects, faithfully done our duty to our Queen and country, I think we may draw nearer home, and begin the evening in the "guid auld" Scottish style, and, previous to proposing the next toast, allow me to say that I am delighted to have the pleasure of meeting the members of the Caledonian Society once more. I am delighted to have the honour of finding myself surrounded by so many gentlemen distinguished not less for talents, position, and attainments, than for their philanthropy and benevolence, and who are warm supporters of Scottish charitable institutions, and amongst them I am glad to see so many English and Irish friends, who, I hope, will find an excuse for Scotch nationality at a Scottish festival; and, gentlemen, I am still more delighted to see so many of our fair friends around us. I have great pleasure in congratulating you on

the present aspect of our Society, and I do so with sincerity, because I have narrowly watched its steady progress. I have seen that its objects and interests are duly appreciated, and that all your laudable endeavours to keep alive the national characteristics of your country and your efforts to promote charitable objects have been truly successful. The strongest of our peculiarities is our love of country, and is it not a country worth loving? Is it not famous for its mode of education, and its diffusion of religious instruction, famous for its promotion of all the liberal arts and sciences, famous for its encouragement to agriculture and industry in its thousand different forms, famous for its conservation of patriotic principles,—are these not the best criterion of its national strength and security? Who is there would not love his country, under whatever circumstances he may be placed? What can be more ennobling than a love of the land of our birth—the land of our childhood—the land of our fathers? Yes, dear to us is the land of mountain and of flood, with all her wild and romantic scenery; dear to us her heather-clad hills and the music of her cataracts; dear to us her rocky peaks, where many a time and oft the blue banner has waved, upheld by the sons of freedom; dear to us 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. On that turf I have seen the fallen tears glistening like dewdrops, while the fervent wish has been that our dust might mingle with kindred dust. We have loved our country from our birth—we will love it till our death; and I know of no better means by which this feeling may be kept alive than through the instrumentality of such a Society as this. I am sure, gentlemen, we can all join in the feeling expressed by the bard of Caledonia—

"O Scotia, my dear, my native soil,
For whom my warmest wish to Heaven is sent" &c.

I will, therefore, with your permission, propose a bumper to the toast, which is "The Caledonian Society."

The CHAIRMAN begged of the company to accept the next toast he was about to propose, and when he said that it was "Prosperity to the Scottish institutions in London," he was sure that their claims were such as demanded a hearty reception; and he would beg to attach the name of Charles Forbes to the same.

Received with immense cheering and Highland honours, the juvenile pipers marching round the room, playing piobaireachd "Dhonnail Du."

Captain CHARLES FORBES returned thanks for the cordial feeling of good-will which those present had expressed towards the Caledonian Asylum. It was among the most valuable of their institutions, its object being to provide for the offspring of those who devoted their best days in the service of their country.—(Cheers.) It was the especial aim of the managers of the asylum to provide for the education and maintenance of the children of soldiers and sailors, at the same time taking care that they were trained in such a manner as that they should inherit the national virtue of their country. Therefore it was that he said that it was one of their most valuable institutions, and he would repeat that he knew of none possessing so many and so peculiarly interesting claims to the

notice of Scotchmen as the Royal Caledonian Asylum.—(Cheers.) He regretted that the duty of thanking them for the sympathy they evinced in the institution had not fallen into abler hands, but he would say that he felt more than ordinary pleasure in expressing his humble but fervent thanks to this Society for their valuable support to the parent institution, and to the company for the flattering reception they gave the toast.

Mr. MACKIE briefly returned thanks for the Royal Highland School Society.

Song—"Charlie is my darling"—Miss Birch.

The Vice-President, Mr. BOUCHER, rose to propose the toast placed in his hands, which required very little introduction, as it was sure to meet with a warm reception. On former occasions it was their habit to make three distinct toasts, "The Land we live in," "The Land of the Shamrock," and the "The Land o' Cakes," but on this occasion he was requested to join these in one, and propose as a toast, "The Rose, the Thistle, and the Shamrock." The feeling which directed this change he considered a good one, for, on occasions such as these, we experience a thrilling feeling of joy on recalling to our memory the endearing image of our native land, and the scenes in which our infancy was passed; for it matters not where the Caledonian wanders, neither time nor distance, prosperity or adversity, can efface the love for his country. But though the *amor patriæ* is a characteristic feature in him, it has its effect more or less on the natives of other countries, for cold indeed must the heart of the Englishman or Irishman be who could look down from his native hills upon the splendid and varied pictures presented to his view, without being ready to exclaim with the immortal Scott—

"Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said—
This is my own—my native land."

He was proud to see among them so many gentlemen of both countries; and, with the emblems of their countries on the tables, he would call upon their representatives to join him in pledging a bumper to the "Rose, Thistle and Shamrock."

Mr. WYLIE, in a very clever speech, proposed the "Health of Benjamin Bond Cabbell, Esq., M.P.," alluding to this gentleman's well-known benevolence and unbounded liberality, and, in the name of the members of the Society, thanked him for his politeness and courtesy in honouring them with his company on that occasion.

Mr. CABELL, in returning thanks, remarked that, although unexpectedly called upon to address the company, yet he felt no difficulty in doing so, inasmuch that his knowledge of the Scottish character, for a period extending over forty years, gave him confidence that they would lend him their indulgence. He also was associated with Scottish institutions, and it gave him infinite pleasure to be able to say that the esteem and respect in which he first held them continued to this day. He was happy in being allowed the pleasure of being present among them that evening, and begged them to accept of his cordial thanks for their kindness.

The VICE-PRESIDENT proposed the next toast, "The Pipe and the Banner," which reminded him of the days when Highlanders stood shoulder to shoulder in many a deadly breach, and gathered on the

field the prize of unquestioned gallantry. But it was not to those sanguinary times that he wished to call their attention; it was to the band committee of the Caledonian Asylum, of which their gallant and highly-respected friend, Captain Lamont, was chairman. They had much to admire in the character of that man, who had spent the summer of his life in the service of his king and country, and now devotes his autumn to the protection of the orphans of those who have fallen in defence of their country's rights. The youthful pipers who afforded them so much satisfaction that evening were part of a band lately established at the Caledonian Society by Captain Lamont, Captain Forbes, Mr. Rose, Mr. Bain, and other warm friends of the present institution. He much regretted the absence of the chairman of the committee, but he would take the liberty of introducing the name of Hector Rose, Esq., in connection with the pipes, so warmly patronised by those gentlemen, and the banners, under which some of them had served.

Mr. ROSE thanked the members of the society and their friends for their kindness and the expression of approval of their band they were pleased to make. He also regretted the absence of his gallant friend, who was more able to thank them than himself, and it was always a source of satisfaction to his friends and himself when they found that their efforts in this cause gained such approbation.

Many other suitable toasts followed of less interest.

Miss Birch and her sister delighted the company during the evening with ballads, chiefly Scottish; indeed the society are under deep obligations to this talented lady for her exertions to entertain, and the willing response she gave to the encores of the company. She sang the song of "Auld Robin Gray" superior to anything we ever heard, and Miss E. Birch also executed her songs very tastefully. Highland reels were danced by some of the gentlemen present. The entertainments throughout the evening were most agreeable and pleasant, and the arrangements reflect great credit on the committee of management.

Mr. Higgs acted as toastmaster, and discharged his duties very efficiently.

This is a most pleasant way of writing a book. I feel, so long as this scrap book holds out, I could write volumes!





CHAPTER III.

HITHERTO 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 battled 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 reunions 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, "Of 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 seems to have been honoured also in this wise, as will be seen from the following reprint of a speech made by Mr. Robert Hepburn, which, as far as I am able to decide, was delivered either in 1848 or 1849, and which I consider, as indicating this phase in the Society's tenets, of sufficient interest to insert:—

GENTLEMEN,

It has been our usual custom, on these occasions, to dedicate a bumper to the memory of one of the departed sons of Scotland, one whose talents and genius have always shed a lustre over the age in which he lived, and who, by his productions, has done much to uphold the national characteristics of his country. On the last occasion we had the pleasure of pledging a cup to the memory of one whose name is and will ever be dear to us, whose memory will be cherished by succeeding generations, and whose grave has been watered by the tears of a repentant people: I allude to poor Robert Burns. I now beg to propose to you the memory of a man whose name will enkindle all your best, your warmest feelings, for it is not only revered in this land, but throughout the whole of the civilised world; a man who has distinguished Scotland, were it only for having given him birth, and whose works will be read and admired until the latest ages of time.

I am not yet, gentleman, what may be termed an old man, but I am old enough to remember the time when a great mystery was solved in Scotland, which introduced to the world the name of one of the greatest men who ever lived in any age or in any country. I well remember the year 1827, when the Theatrical Fund Dinner took place at Edinburgh, a dinner remarkable for the extraordinary number of the most talented men of that day, who assembled on that philanthropic and benevolent

occasion. Our most eloquent and highly gifted countrymen, Lord Meadowbank, presided, and during the evening proposed the health of a gentleman present, which produced the most wonderful sensation not only in that assembly, not only in Scotland, but throughout all Europe. In allusion to that gentleman, he said, "the clouds have been dispelled, the darkness visible has been cleared away, and the great unknown—the minstrel of our native land—the mighty Magician who has rolled back the current of time, and conjured up before our living senses the men and the manners of days which have long passed away, stands revealed to the eyes and the hearts of his affectionate and admiring countrymen." Need I tell you, gentlemen, they drank to the health of Sir Walter Scott. We now drink to his memory.

Only twenty years have elapsed since that time ; and what a change has come o'er the spirit of the scene. Where, now, are all the old familiar faces ? where are all the men who ranked in that bright phalanx of literature ? where are the men who at that time sparkled brilliantly in the poetical hemisphere of Scotland ? where are Hogg, Laidlaw, Nichol, Motherwell, Cunningham, Campbell ? All gone ; and where is Scott ? Gone too. In the most hallowed spot of his own romantic scenery, in the quietude and stillness of Dryburgh Abbey, he rests from his labours, but he rests in peace.

Were I capable, gentlemen, of giving utterance to my feelings, I would endeavour to express to you my sentiments respecting the wonderful and towering talents of this great and truly illustrious man. Had I the power, and possessed the horn of his own Rhoderick Dhu, I would blow a blast that would instantaneously place before you a vast living picture, in which would be embodied all those characters his fertile imagination created, and with which you have been for so long familiar ; but as my voice is but the faintest echo of many who have sung his praises, and having no such power, I know I draw largely on your indulgence.

From the moment Scott burst into fame he shone like a meteor, and the highest and the noblest in the land strove to secure his friendship. Wealth, with all its power to do good, was his ; and he attained a summit which I believe no author ever gained before ; but, as you are all aware, mercantile transactions, in which he unfortunately was engaged, plunged him into difficulties, and he became suddenly a ruined and an altered man. Still, his untiring zeal and persevering industry never forsook him, his noble spirit was aroused, and from that hour the desire to liquidate claims and to become the founder of a family took complete possession of his soul, and made him totally unconscious of everything else. Led on by the power of his most honourable ambition, he was haunted by the strongest incentives to pursue his darling theme : they were of his own fancy and creation, but they propelled him with powerful though unseen hands. They were below him, like the ocean that upheld him, though he could not fathom it ; above him, like a star which he saw, though he could not grasp it ; behind him, like a rushing wind that impelled him forward, though he saw it not ; before him, like a spirit which beckoned him onward, though he could not overtake it ! Impulsively, resistlessly, did he labour on ; on went his magic pen, volume after volume issued from the press, and within the space of ten years he realized, by individual exertion alone, a sum of not less than forty thousand pounds, a fact I believe

wholly unparalleled in the annals of literature. And what was the result? Scott sank into a premature grave ere his end was accomplished, and within the past two months the family vault has received the last remains of the Scotts of Abbotsford.

In his native city a grateful people has erected a monument to his memory, whose towering pinnacle points to heaven, and which, for beauty of design and architecture, I believe is unrivalled—within its vaulted roof sits, as it were asleep, in calm dignity the great Magician, in all the semblance of reality—a monument also of exquisite artistic skill. This week I have read that an immense block of native granite, whose adamant qualities will for generations defy the corroding efforts of time, has just been placed over his ashes. But the elements may shatter and destroy these works of man, time will corrode them, they will crumble into dust and be scattered to the four winds of heaven; but the name of Scott will not pass away: it will live even after we cease to hold a place among the nations of the earth.

But I trespass on your time. 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 reunion, an account of which occurs in the following reprint:—

From THE BANFFSHIRE JOURNAL, February 8th, 1853.

AN OLD TOWNSMAN sends us a late number of the London "Morning Advertiser," from which we extract the following account of a *conversazione* of the Caledonian Society, which numbers among its members several "Banff loons," and who therefore thinks this sketch of the exertions of some "brither Scots" in London, in behalf of their less fortunate countrymen, may not be altogether unacceptable to our readers. Our correspondent adds that the several charitable institutions alluded to in the report, are well known in London, and well worthy of the encouragement and support of every Scotchman, both in and out of the metropolis, 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 reunions throughout the year for social purposes, constitute it one of the most desirable societies for Scotchmen 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 strewn 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.

The suite of rooms above were laid out for the purpose of refreshments.

"The tables they groaned with the weight of the feast," composed of every delicacy in profuse abundance; the next room was supplied with every variety of wines and other liquors.

The company arrived soon after eight o'clock, when they were complimented with "the freedom of the house." After coffee, they descended into the drawing-room.

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 Caledonian Society, and its oldest member, gave a very interesting account of the origin, rise, partial declension, late progress, and present triumphant success of the Caledonian Society. He described in eloquent terms the unanimity which pervaded that Society in its *nucleus*, and the success which attended the exertions of a handful of patriotic Scotchmen. He gently touched on the discord which had crept into their councils and crippled their operations, while he joyfully described the return of that ancient harmony and unanimity, by means of which the Society had now arrived at an unexampled pitch of prosperity.

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 school-master 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.

In perusing the foregoing extract, 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 on 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 characterized him in his honourable city career evidenced itself in all he did—so unostentatiously

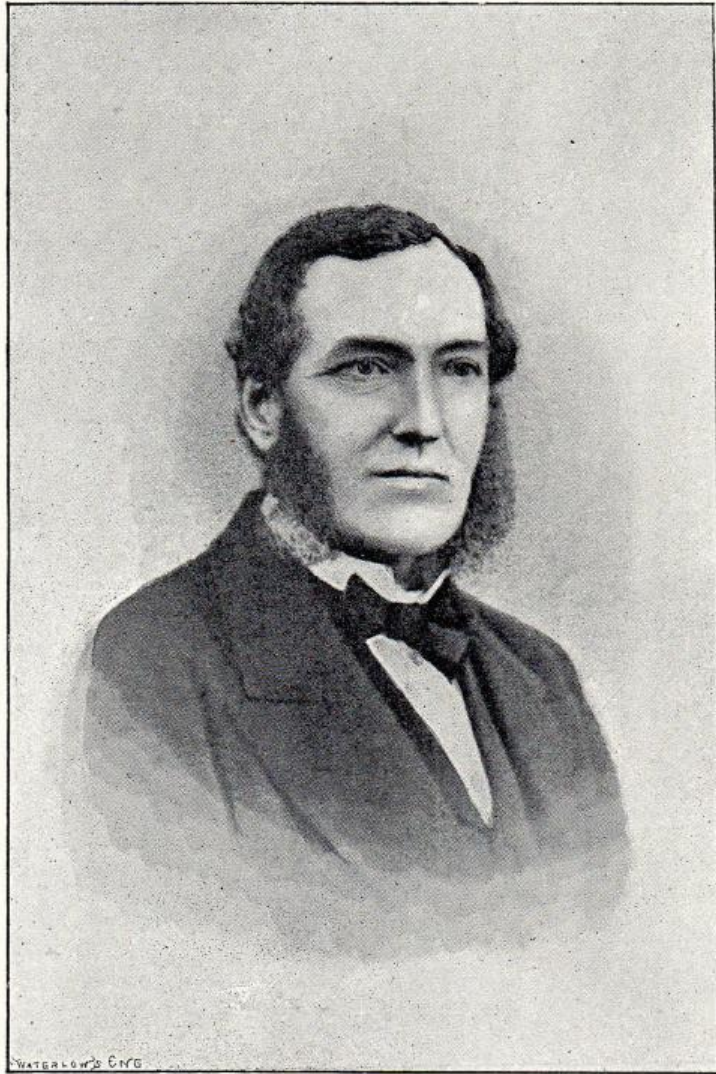
for his brother Caledonians. Even his great domestic trials (and they *were* great, two of his sons being taken from him in their early manhood), did not suffice to make his love for the Society grow lukewarm. Amongst its members he had many friends, and in their heartfelt sympathy he had much consolation.

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.

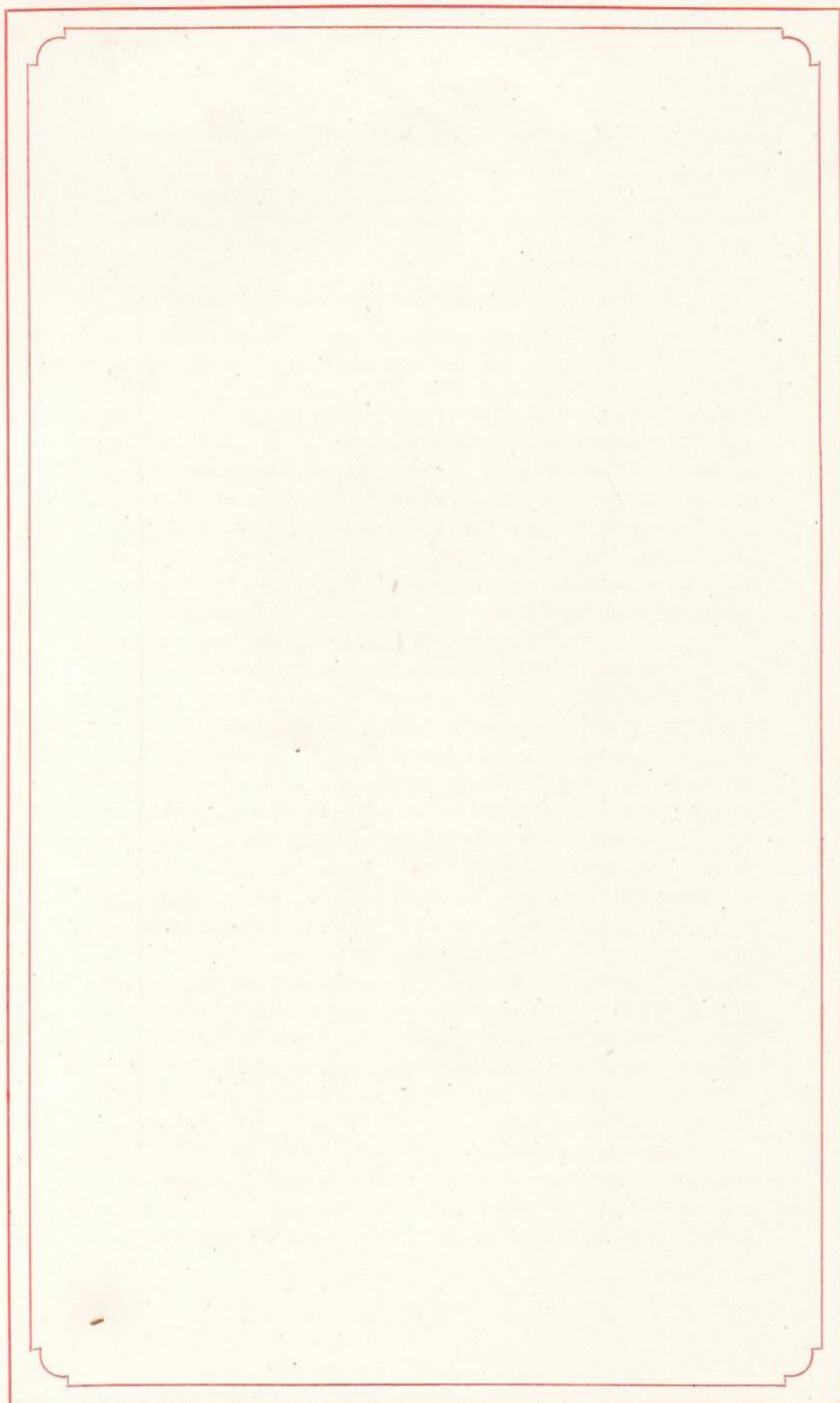
A notable gift possessed by Mr. Brock, was his marvellous ability in all sleight-of-hand tricks. The long lithe fingers, which appeared disproportionately long when compared with the small body, seemed capable of accomplishing any feat of dexterity, and a Caledonian evening was considered incomplete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



From a Photo, by Disderi & Co.

MICHIE FORBES GRAY, ESQ.,
HON. SEC.

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be found on Scottish tables, such as haggis, black puddings, sheep's head, shepherd's pie, &c., 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.

And now let me once more refer to the *Banffshire Journal*. In the extract already quoted mention is made of the origin, rise, partial declension, late progress, and present triumphant success of the Caledonian Society, as narrated by Mr. Gray at that date. Being happily in possession of the original manuscript of the address delivered by Mr. Gray, on the occasion of the conversazione in Davies Street, I feel that I cannot do better than transcribe it in full in these pages.

MR. GRAY'S ADDRESS.

IN GIVING you a brief sketch of the Caledonian Society of London, it may be as well, first, to state the reasons which gave occasion to its formation; and in alluding to this particular part of its history, I am compelled to speak personally, for I am now the only one of the members, connected with its formation, remaining on the list, and I suppose it is for that reason that you have made me your mouthpiece on the present occasion. There are many amongst the members present who could have done much more justice to this interesting subject, but

I may with perfect confidence say, that to a more zealous or more sincere friend of our little Institution it could not have been confided, and I feel it no ordinary pleasure, as one of its originators, to look back on its infancy, and give you a faint idea of its early trials and struggles in its efforts to take its place among our National Institutions in London; which with good management it has done, and it now stands in matured vigour, with great capabilities of doing much good and promoting much good feeling, if its principles continue to be properly directed and encouraged.

In the early part of 1837, I had the honour of dining at the hospitable board of the Highland Society, and about the same time at that of a society (now extinct I believe) called the Society of True Highlanders; on both occasions I met three or four gentlemen with whom I was acquainted, and in talking over the merits of these excellent institutions, we seemed to feel that something was wanting—in fact, that we did not belong to the members of either, and in consequence not so much at home as we could have wished; and in course of the chat, during the adjournment, it was suggested that a Society might be formed, having somewhat similar objects to the two mentioned, but confined as much as possible to the class, *called the middle*, to which we considered ourselves as belonging; at the same time not to confine the membership or the name to any particular part of Scotland or our countrymen: on the contrary, to put it upon as broad a basis as it could possibly be, to retain its character as a Scottish Institution. The idea was readily entertained by some other gentlemen to whom we mentioned our views, amongst whom were Mr. Boucher, to whom, although no longer connected with this or, I believe, any other Scottish Society in London, I must in all sincerity give every credit for the zeal and earnestness which he displayed in carrying out our views, and, in fact, making the Society. To him was entrusted the duty of framing the rules, etc., as he might judge best for our guidance, and to submit such plans and objects as might best tend to its success and usefulness. It is with much regret that I cannot lay before you on the present occasion, the rules, etc., so framed, and which existed for several years, or the early minutes of the Society's proceedings. Like many other mementoes of the olden time, they have been lost in the revolutions which take place in friendly societies, as in nations, and nothing but tradition is left. I may mention, however, that the rules for the transaction of business, etc., were somewhat similar to those which at present exist, but there were two important rules which the present regulations do not contain—one of them nevertheless *exists in fact*, the other is entirely abandoned. 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. And it must be evident to you all how beneficial to the Society this rule has been, from the way in which our *present* and past Presidents have identified themselves with the Society, both as regards the objects, the members, and also its prosperity; and I think you will all agree with me that, although there is no positive rule binding upon us, the precedent has proved so good in securing to us so valuable a President, that it would be most inexpedient to seek or permit a change, if we can help it.

The second rule, which is now abandoned, 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 the parochial schools for competition at the annual examinations. The disruption in the established Church of Scotland, however, sent its baneful effects to London, and many of our members who previously were quite agreed on this rule began to evince symptoms of disagreement, and it became evident to the Directors that if this rule was carried out, we should have to contend against the same differences of opinion amongst our members as existed in similar institutions in Scotland, and therefore it was, I think, wisely 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.*

In the beginning of the year 1838, the first dinner of the Society took place at Beattie's Hotel, when there were present twelve members (the whole muster of the Society) and twenty-two guests. Things were so nicely arranged and managed, and the objects of the Society so clearly and forcibly explained, that a great accession of members took place; and by the time the next dinner came round, we had to look out for greater accommodation, and we selected the British Hotel, Charing Cross. Everything now was going on like a marriage-feast, fresh members came pouring in, great harmony and good feeling prevailed, and at the end of our second year we had made a considerable stand; our Ball with which the second year closed was successful beyond our most sanguine expectations, and had the demon of discord not broken loose amongst us, our greatest hopes would have been realized, and a great amount of good done; but notwithstanding this and several other drawbacks, the Society continued to prosper as to numbers, although not in usefulness, and our dinners had (for better accommodation) to be removed to Radley's Hotel, where they continued to be held until 1844, when we moved to the London Tavern. At the first dinner held there, one hundred and thirty gentlemen and seventy-two ladies were present, and I may safely say, for harmony, appearance, and everything that could give eclat to the entertainment, nothing could have been more complete or more satisfactory to all present. The dinners have been held at the same place since that year. Our balls have continued to be held annually at Willis's and the Hanover Square Rooms, and with more or less success—latterly with a decided success as to the profits arising from them, and consequently with greater advantage as to the objects of the Society.

Most of you are familiar with what has taken place in the Society within the last few years, and it therefore only requires a passing observation from me. At the same time it is with much regret that I cannot pass unnoticed the various causes which have so much tended to impede the prosperity of the Society, and the carrying out, as we could have wished, the excellent objects which it has in view; but I hope the knowledge of the evil they have inflicted may in future, as it has for some years past, enable us to avoid falling into the same mistake. The first of these causes was internal discord (which happily no longer exists); the second was a restless desire for change, principally on the part of

the gentlemen who had the leading management of the Society's balls and dinners; and, as a natural consequence, led the Society into expenses far beyond its means, and thus our most successful balls, which should have left us a handsome surplus, in reality left a most disagreeable deficiency. Coupled with which, our Secretary at the time was exceedingly remiss in making up the Society's accounts, and we were in total ignorance of how we stood. The withdrawal of Mr. Boucher, the resignation of the Secretary, and the election of our valued and valuable President, Mr. Hepburn, to the chair, dispelled the mystification which had so long been practised; and, when the accounts were made up and old arrears cleared off, we found that we had to encounter a debt of upwards of £300. The Scottish Society made its appearance at this time, and, to add to our misfortunes, many of our best members were decoyed away from us by its splendid attractions. Old friends threw cold water upon our exertions to redeem the credit of the Society: of the twenty members who now remained with us, several were lukewarm, and it became a serious question—the possibility of keeping the Society in existence. Few of you know the trials and difficulties that had to be encountered and overcome, and the weary and disheartening evenings passed by some of the Directors in forming and maturing plans to keep it going; but, thanks to the noble efforts of our past and present Presidents, the Society was maintained. Their untiring earnestness and zeal inspired the few remaining members with confidence and interest in the Society in the face of every opposition, fairly and unfairly used. Our balls became successful and profitable; the great object of our anxiety, the debt of £300, was paid off, and we were thus free to use our further efforts to promote the charitable objects of the Society. Past experience had taught us to rely upon united, not individual efforts. Harmony and concord has prevailed at our meetings, the greatest kindness of feeling and forbearance has been shown and practised amongst us; the credit, honour and respectability of the Society has been maintained; the Society is increasing fast in its number of members. Our balls and dinners have been most successful. The little craft has been brought safely into port again, manned by many of the old crew, who had left the staunch little ship to embark in a larger, and, as they thought, a safer bottom, but which they soon found out had the dry rot in every plank, and, being deserted as unseaworthy, has since been broken up.

I cannot close this paper without drawing to your notice the present financial position of the Society, which, I am happy to say, is most satisfactory. Since 1847 we have, as I before stated, paid off the debt due by the Society, and by care and economy we have also had at our disposal, and which I think you will admit has been most judiciously disposed of, a sum of upwards of £400. The disposal of a portion of this amount, I am sure, must give you all great pleasure and gratification. I mean that portion appropriated to the fitting out and putting forth in the world the family of Thom, the Inverury poet. But for our timely aid, the "mitherless bairns" might have been wandering the streets of London in destitution.

I shall leave it to the members of our charitable institutions in London, some of whom are here present, to say how far our exertions have been useful to them, but this I must say as they may perhaps not

be aware of it, that through the instrumentality of this Society they have received many fresh subscribers to their valuable institutions; and, if our aid as a Society has not been so great as we could have wished, we have endeavoured to make up for it by individual exertion in their behalf, and it has been a source of much gratification to us to find that our motives have been fully appreciated.

This document I consider of infinite value, as an authentic resumé of the leading facts in the first fifteen years of the Society's existence, and with it I conclude this somewhat lengthy chapter in our Chronicles.





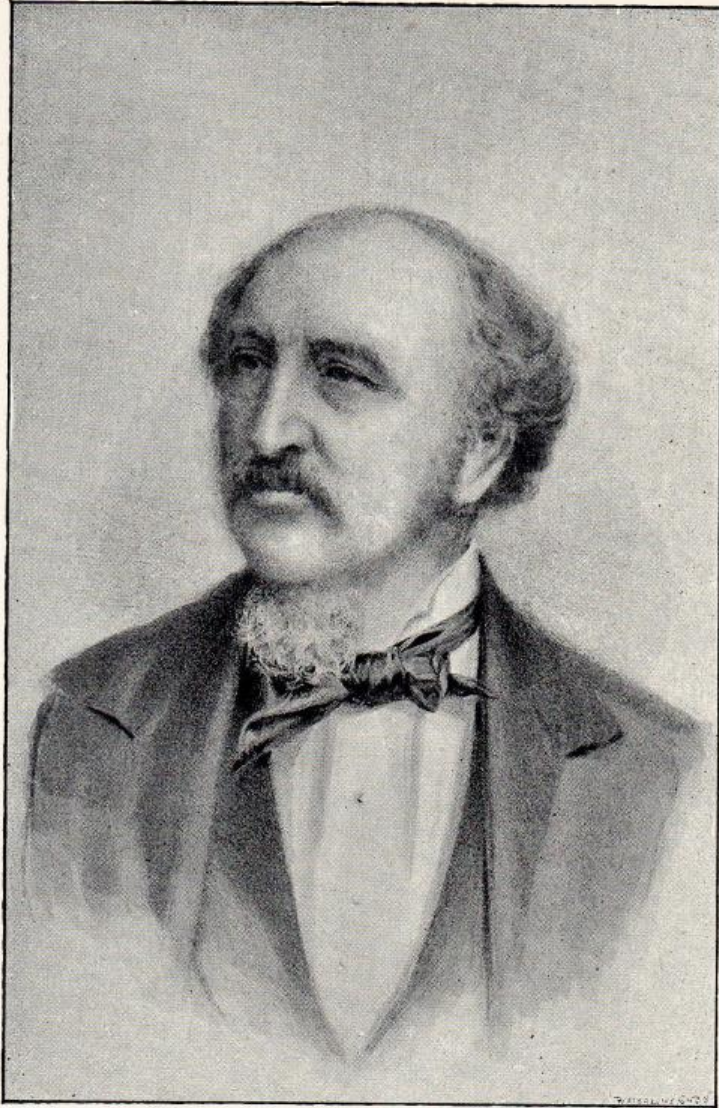
CHAPTER IV.



OUR CHRONICLER is now forced to make a leap, and, taking his readers along with him, fly 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.

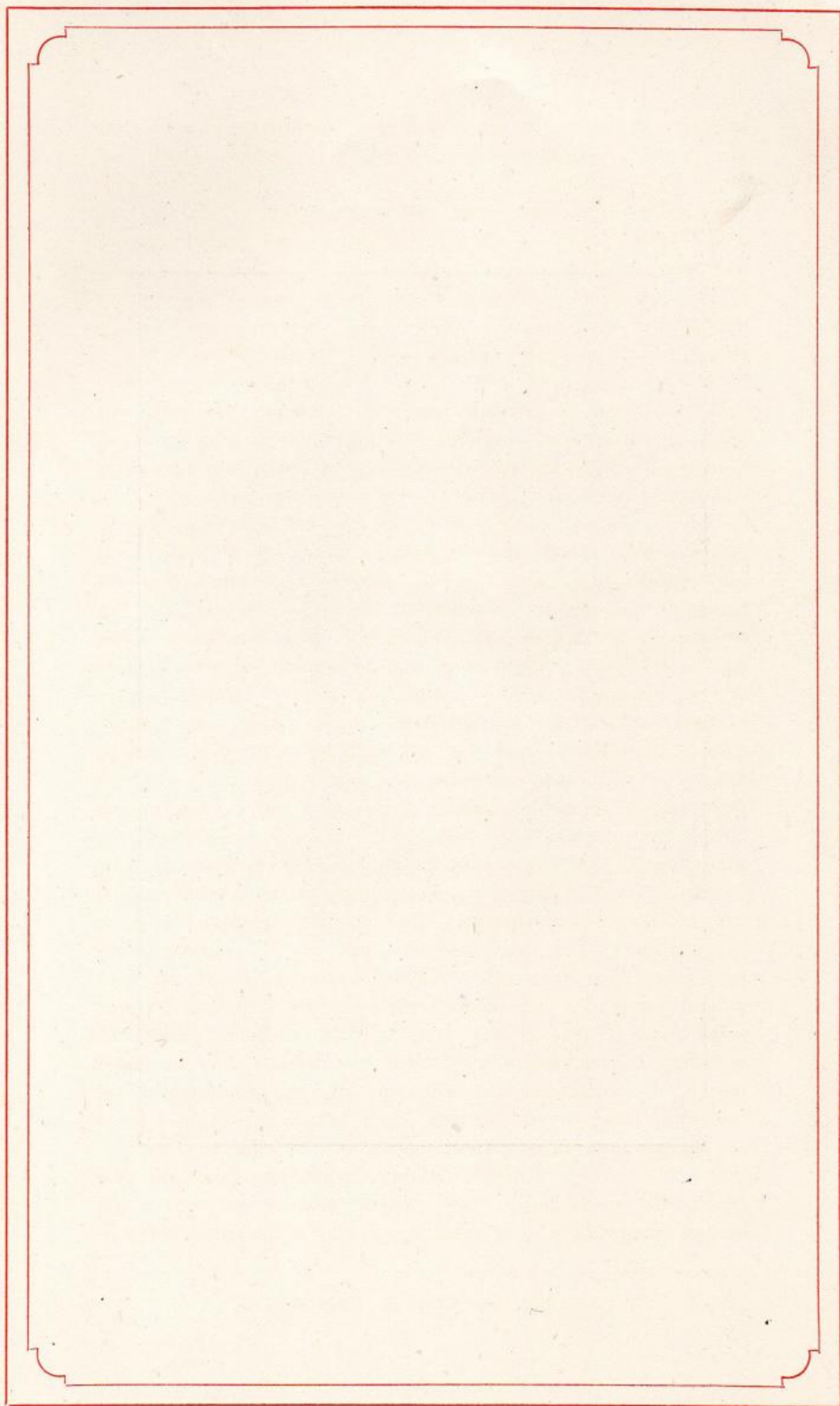
Mr. Maclure's presidential reign seems curiously to link the past with the present, for, associated with him in office, I find the names of Robert Marshall, Robert Hepburn, Professor Cull, Michie Forbes Gray, Duncan Hepburn, James Lawrie, Dr. McLaren, George Brock, John Kilpatrick (Treasurer), and last, 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 terminate with his retirement from the presidential chair. No, it lasted right on until one sad day, towards the end of the year 1885, when he was gathered to his fathers, and laid amongst his own highland hills, in the little cemetery at Auchtertyre,



ANDREW MACLURE, ESQ.,

PRESIDENT.



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 retold his simple experiences, lending them an interest which kept his hearers spellbound. Some few became traditional, and were retold 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. These, I think, led Sir Daniel to let his hair grow white, which, in a great measure, destroyed the illusion. Dare I venture to draw upon my imagination and recall one of those 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 disemburdened 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 "biding 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 Macdonald, 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 whatsoever, 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?”

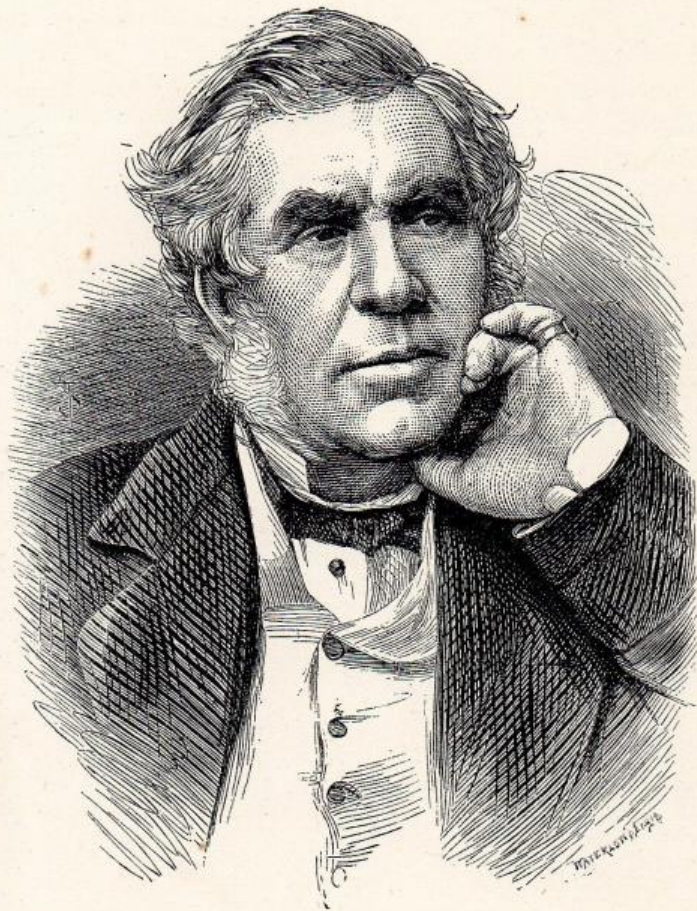
“‘What’s wrang wi’ them?’ Ye may ask that. I mind ae Sawbath day sitting here, here on this verra stane, readin’ my Bible and ponderin’ on the great warks o’ the Creator, when doun there cam frae Glesca ane o’ they same steamboats. It was an awfu’ sicht. Doun she cam’, belchin’ forth fire and smoke. 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.

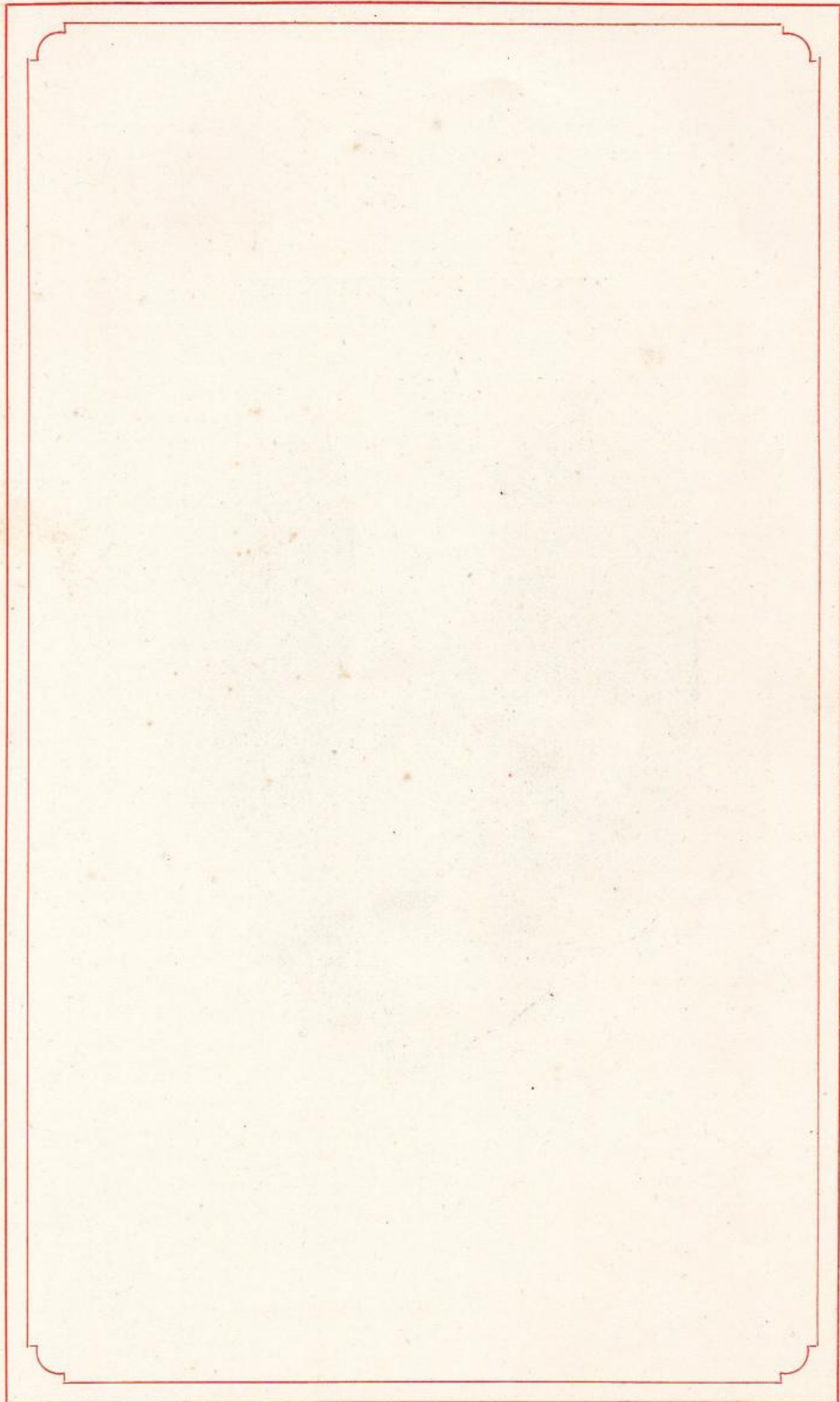
“Things was verra deefereent whar I was brought up. I belang to the parish o’ Dundinle. May-be ye’ll ken Dundinle?”

“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 doun 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 has missed the Saturday’s boat, what dae ye think he was daein’?”



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



"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 they 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 mony 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, "The Corn Riggs" 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.



CHAPTER V.

THE YEAR 1857 finds the Society still prospering under the rule of the genial Andrew Maclure, and at its Annual Banquet, held on Thursday, January the 29th, 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.

The following account, taken from the *Morning Herald* of that date, gives some interesting details concerning this meeting, and the presentation:—

From THE MORNING HERALD, January 29th, 1857.

THE CALEDONIAN SOCIETY commemorated the anniversary of Burns by a splendid banquet and ball in the London Tavern, on Tuesday evening. An additional interest was added to the proceedings of the evening by the presentation of a portrait to Robert Hepburn, Esq., late President of the Society. Mr. Hepburn filled that office for eight years; and to his exertions the Caledonian charities in the British metropolis owe much of their success. His countrymen resident in London were, therefore, desirous to present him with such a testimonial of their respect and esteem as should be both national and enduring. In accordance with this desire, they commissioned Daniel Macnee, Esq., A.R.A.E., to paint a three-quarter length portrait of Mr. Hepburn, in full Highland costume. The portrait is life-like, and as a work of art does very great credit to Mr. Macnee's pencil.

At half-past six o'clock about 250 ladies and gentlemen sat down to dinner, all the members of the Society wearing the Highland dress, which was varied, *selon les régles* of the different clans to which the respective wearers belonged. The great apartment in which the banquet was served exhibited an extremely picturesque appearance, being decorated with banners, battle-axes, and plaids innumerable. At the entrance was stationed a pair of stalwart Highlanders, and a Highland piper discoursed

music most wild on the national bagpipes. The arrangements made by the proprietors of the London Tavern were such that the ladies and gentlemen could not have felt more at ease in the best-regulated private establishment. Amongst the gentlemen present were:—Andrew Maclure, Esq., in the chair; John Campbell, Esq., Nathaniel Cook, Esq., Alex. 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; Robert Marshall, Esq., Vice-chairman, supported by W. Rennie, Esq., George M'Donald, Esq., Dr. Rae (Arctic Navigator), Dr. Maclaren, Thos. Underwood, Esq., etc.

The usual loyal toasts having been given and responded to.

The CHAIRMAN gave, "The Health of Mr. Robert Hepburn," and in the name of the Society presented that gentleman with his portrait.

The toast was received with great enthusiasm, and drank in Highland fashion, with "nine times nine and one cheer more."

Mr. HEPBURN returned thanks in feeling and eloquent terms. In the course of his observations, he said—"Gentlemen, though fully sensible that this is the free and spontaneous gift of friends with whom I have for many years associated, and to whom I am indebted for much pleasing and happy intercourse, yet I look upon it also as an earnest of their love for the good cause that unites us all together, and as a proof of the appreciation of the efforts made by our Society in preserving those nationalities so dear to the hearts of every true Scotchman, and which enchain them so much to their own native land (cheers). I believe that Scotland will never again be called upon to defend her individual rights or liberties. I believe that the tie which binds us to dear old England will never again be broken, neither shall we ever sever from the lovely green isle which sparkles like a gem in the midst of the ocean. I believe that internal warfare will no more disturb the peaceful serenity which now reigns within our borders. No more at midnight shall the fiery cross summon chieftains or vassals to arms, or contending clans meet each other again in hostile array; no more at morning's dawn shall be heard the clash of the spear, the clang of the claymore, the cheers of the victor or the groans of the vanquished; no more shall we be compelled to worship the God of our fathers in dark caverns of the rocks, or the bleak mountain side, or on the lonely seashore; and never again shall the blood of the noble and brave stain the bracken or saturate the heather. But for all this it is our sacred duty to cherish the same principles which animated the breasts of those who have gone before. Their bodies have long since lain in the silent tomb, but their spirits are alive and still hover around their hallowed graves. In fancy we depict their wraiths in the rugged ridges of our craggy mountains, in the gathering mists which roll along their sides, and in the tempestuous clouds which float above their summits. They beckon us to follow the same good path which they trod, and they tell us, in a warning voice, to maintain intact that independence which they so long struggled and fought for; that civil and religious liberty which they gained, and which we now possess; and to hand down unsullied to posterity the records of a race who never felt fear or knew dishonour (great cheering). Gentlemen, for nearly twenty years our Society

has been instrumental in cherishing those patriotic feelings. It may be said that they are simply reminiscences of days gone by—the recollections of scenes passed away—the recapitulations of heroic deeds done by our ancestors in the olden time. Be it so; but ever let it be remembered, that to those scenes of former years, to those men who lived in the days of yore, “stern and wild Caledonia” is indebted for that greatness which has enabled her to keep abreast of other nations; and, depend upon it, generations yet unborn will be influenced by their ennobling and self-denying patriotism. 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. It is my sincere wish that the Caledonian Society may long continue to enjoy its present prosperity.”

After coffee, dancing was commenced, and Highland flings, polkas, quadrilles, &c., were indulged in for several hours.

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

And now, at this stage of the Society's history, your chronicler feels that he ought to say something concerning Robert Hepburn, the man who, to this day, is known as “The Father of the Society,” by which patriarchal title we modern Caledonians delight to greet him.

But not only is Robert Hepburn the father of the Society, he is, by a curious coincidence, also the father of your chronicler.

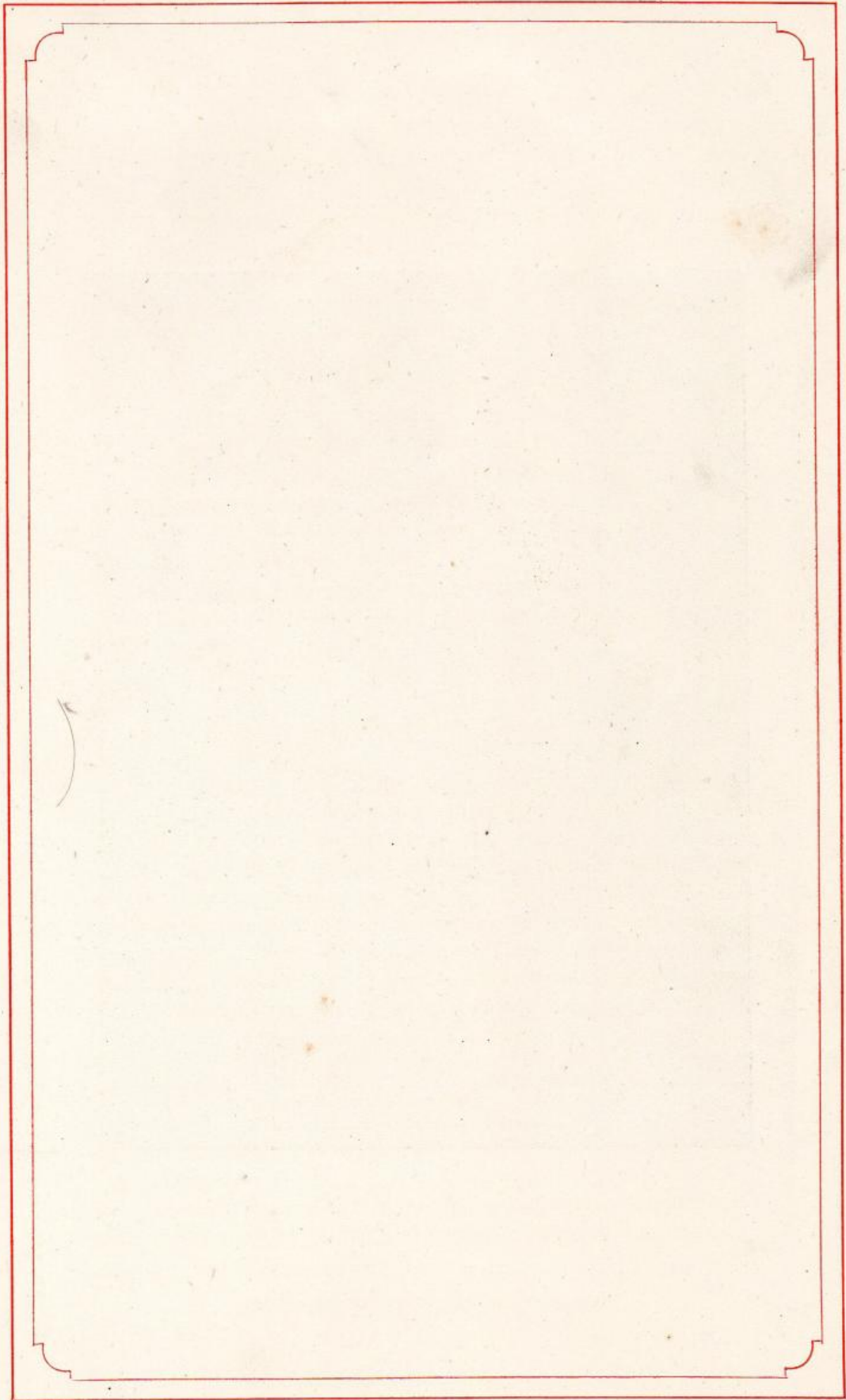
I sit writing in his very presence. An almost guilty feeling creeps over me as I begin to think how I am to describe this patriarchal Caledonian.

Will our relationship, in delicacy, prevent me from doing him full justice, or will it lead me into extravagances of too fulsome praise? Neither would be satisfactory. My mind is much exercised. I pause, and meditatively bite the ends off two pens. I am just about to make a happy start, when suddenly “the Father of the Society” asks me what I am doing. All my ideas scatter like chaff. I wish he would doze off to sleep. He often does so when he isn't wanted to. Rumour has hinted that he has even been known to sleep in the kirk itself. I believe I could dash off something smart, brilliant, and to the point, helped on by a cutting or two from the scrap book, if he would only take forty winks. It might not be exactly poetical, although some talent in that



ROBERT HEPBURN, ESQ.

PRESIDENT.



way exists in the family, but I feel inclined to run the risk of his saying afterwards, in the words of Burns, as he reads the Chronicles—

“O, Davie lad I’m red ye’re glaikit,
I fear the muse ye hae neglecket,
And gif it’s sae ye sud be licket,
Until ye fike.”

But no, it’s no use. My pen won’t work. “The Father of the Society” is ostentatiously cheery and chatty, and I can’t write a word. In despair, therefore, I can only advise my readers to judge of the influence this man has exercised on the Society by studying its history as revealed by extracts copied from the writings of other hands than my own.

By the way, apropos of the presentation portrait, an amusing incident occurred some few years ago. An old Scotsman, calling at our house, greeted my father, when he went to interview him in the dining-room, with “Whar’s yer legs, whar’s yer legs.”

“My legs,” replied my father, pointing down, “They’re here.”

“I dinna mean they legs,” said our friend. “The ithers, whar are they?”

“I never had any others,” said my father, “These are the only ones I ever had, and I got them oot o’ the parritch pat: What legs do ye mean?”

“The legs in the picture,” said the visitor, pointing to the presentation portrait, “Whar are they?”

“Oh,” replied my father, “There wasna room for them on the canvas, but they’re continued up the back.”

“Na, na,” said the old man, “Dinna tell me that, I’m nae gowk, but this I will say, that the man wha painted yon picture didna ken what he was aboot. Figure a Hieland-man wi’oot his legs! Noo, the man that painted our friend James Lawrie’s picture kent fine what he was daein’. Faith, he made the legs the maist prominent pairt o’t.”

When I first saw that presentation portrait, which is now one of our most valued possessions, it was hanging on the walls of the Royal Scottish Academy in Edinburgh, having previously been exhibited in London. I was but a bairnie at the time, but I can distinctly remember seeing an old

Highland lady standing before it. She was "greeting." That old Highland lady was my grandmother. Why was she thus affected? Was it pride in her "boy" that caused the tears to flow? May-be it was. As I look at that portrait now, a thousand sunny memories spring once more to life. Memories of bygone associations, of old friends, of happy gatherings. Memories, too, of leal and true Caledonians long since passed away.

"The Father of the Society" has changed, too, since his old friend, Sir Daniel, put him on that canvas. He stood six feet two inches when he sat for that portrait—excuse the Hibernianism—now he is just a wee bit smaller, but when a man passes the four-score years—what am I saying? He's keekin' ower my showther —



"THE FATHER OF THE SOCIETY."



CHAPTER VI.

WE 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 reunions 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.

I will not attempt to enlarge on the theme of this celebration; the faithful and concise record, which I here insert, will tell the story in authentic words.

From THE TIMES, January 26th, 1859.

ON AN OCCASION so interesting to Scotchmen as the centenary of the birth of their most distinguished poet it would have been singular, indeed, had a body so thoroughly national in its character as the Caledonian Society of London remained silent amid the festivities by which that event has been celebrated. When the first note of preparation for commemorating the birth of Robert Burns was sounded in the north, it was taken up by the Caledonian Society of the metropolis with characteristic warmth and energy, and preparations were made to do all due honour to the memory of the poet. The largest room of the London Tavern was fixed upon as the place of meeting, and there, accordingly, a very numerous and representative company of ladies and gentlemen sat down yesterday to dinner,—a considerable number of persons anxious to be present having been disappointed from want of accommodation. The room was very tastefully decorated for the occasion with flags and insignia of various kinds. 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 has 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. M'Laren, Rev. W. H. Gray, etc. Grace was said by the Rev. Mr. Gray. The dinner, which was served up in the usual style of the London Tavern, embraced some favourite Scottish dishes, among which worthy of special notice appeared a huge haggis, sent from the neighbourhood of Kirk Alloway, "warm, reekin', rich." During dinner the company were solaced with the sounds of the bagpipe, and when it is mentioned that not fewer than five pipers, blowing might and main, marched at one time round the tables, some idea of the harmony that prevailed will be conveyed to the readers.

The CHAIRMAN gave in succession, prefaced with appropriate observations, "The Queen," "Prince Albert and the Royal Family," "The Army and Navy," for which Major Adair returned thanks; "The Caledonian Society," the characteristics and social qualities of which he briefly described to the meeting.

Mr. HEPBURN, one of the Vice-Presidents, proposed "The memory of Burns." After some prefatory observations he said,—You are all aware that we are met here to-night to do honour to the memory of one who

has long since passed away,—who now lies slumbering silently in the “Auld Kirkyard,” in that grave which has been so often watered by the tears of a repentant people. (Hear, hear.) We are met to do honour to the memory of one of whom a distinguished writer of the present day (Thomas Carlyle) says “he was the greatest soul that lived in all that 18th century;” we are met to do honour to one of the most gifted sons of Scotland, her own immortal bard, Robert Burns. (Cheers.) To-night “ayont the Tweed,” in the modern Athens, in the Western Capital, and in nearly every town and village from “Maiden Kirk to John o’ Groat’s,” vast numbers are at this moment assembled, commemorating the centenary of his birth. The sentiment I am about to express has already been enthusiastically responded to by all ranks and classes; it now resounds throughout the length and breadth of Scotland, it finds a genial and an almost universal echo on this side of the border, and it is re-echoed from across the eastern and western waters. Methinks it now falls on the ears like the murmuring of winter winds, the rustling of autumnal leaves, the rushing of mighty waters, and the sound of distant thunder; and strange would it have been had Scotchmen not have assembled to-night in this great metropolis to swell the lofty strain (cheers); strange, indeed, would it have been had this Society, which has ever been foremost in the cause of nationality, not have assembled to-night in such large numbers, to do honour to the natal day of Scotia’s poet; stranger, indeed, would it have been had this assembly not been graced by the presence of those who have better feelings, warmer affections, and kindlier hearts than ours, to testify thus their sympathy with the cause that brings us together. Is it not pleasing to find around this festive table men who are highly distinguished in the literature and arts of our country—men of kindred spirit, who have come nobly forward to assist us in binding fresh laurels around the brow of our great national poet? Is it not pleasing, sir, to see Englishmen here to-night offering that homage at the shrine of Burns which we have ever offered at the shrine of Shakspeare? (Cheers.) Is it not pleasing, sir, to find Irishmen here, paying that honour to the Bard of Coila which we have ever paid to the Bard of Erin? (Cheers.) We are all met here to-night to join heart and hand with thousands upon thousands of our fellow-countrymen and others throughout the world who are now proclaiming with a loud voice, which rends the air as it is wafted from shore to shore, their respect for the memory of Robert Burns. It has been my privilege to visit lately that corner of the land for ever hallowed by its association with the name of Burns. I have sauntered with delight along the “Banks o’ Doon.” I have stood in rapture on that spot where “Ayr gurgling kissed its pebbled bed.” I have climbed the “Braes o’ Ballochmyle;” and I have wandered through the woods that “skirt the castle of Montgomery.” I have looked with emotion on that humble cottage wherein he first drew breath. I have gazed in sorrow on that lowly chamber whence that breath for ever fled. I have followed him in his chequered career from infancy to manhood—from his cradle to his grave—and time will never efface the impressions made upon me while in the midst of those scenes. Were it possible that I could carry you there now in imagination, would we not conjure up the manly form of the Heaven-inspired poet, truth and honesty engraven on his heart, independence

and nobility stamped upon his brow; throwing off once more his uncongenial husk, would he not stand forth erect in all the pride of manhood, the image of his Maker, one of God's own aristocracy? (Cheers.) In fancy would we not behold him on that classic spot where "the poetic genius of his country found him, as the prophetic bard Elijah did Elisha, at the plough," when "she threw her inspiring mantle o'er him, and bade him sing the loves, the joys, the rural scenes, and rural pleasures of his native soil and in his native tongue?" Would we not look with reverence on the poet who sang his native "wood-notes wild" with a power and a pathos never surpassed, probably never equalled? Would we not call to our remembrance much that he has said and sung? Gathering inspiration, would we not think of the poet who, in glowing but truthful language, portrayed so faithfully that touching picture of a humble Scottish fireside, where sat the old man with "lyart haffets, wearing thin and bare," in the midst of his family, offering up thanks for daily mercies and for daily bread? (Cheers.) Think of the poet who, with one stroke of his magic pen, stripped from off the gem its superfluous dross, and revealed it in all its simple purity when he said:—

"The Power incensed, the pageant will desert,
The pompous strain and sacerdotal stole,
But haply, in some cottage far apart,
Will hear, well pleased, the language of the heart,
And in his Book of Life the inmates there enrol."

Think of the man who, teeming with fervid nationality, said that "the story of William Wallace poured a Scottish prejudice into my veins which shall boil along there until the flood gates of life shut in eternal rest." (Cheers.) Or, when as a humble reaper, toiling for a scanty pittance under the heat of the noonday sun, he suddenly saw before him the hardy emblem of our country, with the same veneration with which Mungo Park gazed on the little gowan in the desert, so did he upon the

"Rough-burred thistle spreading wide
Among the bearded bear,
He turned his weeder clips aside
And spared the symbol dear."

(Cheers.) Think of his exquisite sensibility and deep-rooted affection when, in thrilling words that burn, he depicts his taking his last farewell of his "ain dear Highland Mary" on that spot where—

"Too, too soon the glowing West
Proclaimed the speed of parting day;"

on that spot where he gave her, as a parting gift, that sacred relic, the little Bible, which now contains a lock of her auburn hair, murmuring in bitter anguish, while thinking of his early love in Heaven—

"Still o'er those scenes fond memory dwells,
And fondly broods with miser care;
Time but the impression stronger makes,
As streams the deeper channel wear."

Think of the innate nobility and glorious independence of the man who wrote the memorable words—

"A king can mak' a belted knight,
A marquis, duke, and a' that,
But an honest man's aboon his might:
Gude faith! he canna fa' that."

"For a' that and a' that,
Their dignities and a' that,
The rank is but the guinea stamp,
The man's the gowd for a' that."

(Cheers.) Think of the ardent patriotism of the man who wrote that spirit-stirring address—

"Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled."

But I fear I tire you with quotations. The patriotic spirit which Burns breathed was as pure as his own mountain air; that spirit of his fathers he had by inheritance. Well did he preserve it, and hand it down as a rich legacy to posterity. I am certain that, before we bid farewell to the shade of the mighty genius we have ventured to call forth, every Scottish heart will join with the patriotic poet in his prayer for the weal of auld Scotland—

"O thou that poured the patriotic tide,
That streamed through Wallace's undaunted heart," etc.

Many a time and oft we have met to celebrate the natal day of Caledonia's favourite minstrel—once, and only once, can we meet to commemorate the centenary of his birth—shortly, very shortly, will the unerring hand of time proclaim that 100 years have passed since he was ushered into existence. Brief though that existence was, he has left behind him an imperishable name. Another 100 years will float rapidly down the stream of time, century will succeed century, generation after generation will pass away, all the monuments that have been erected to his memory will be passed away, and be scattered to the four winds of Heaven, but his name shall live to remotest ages, it will live long after the language he has spoken in shall have ceased to be spoken, it shall live so long as pure loyalty, honest worth, manly independence, and Heaven-born genius hold any sway among the nations of the earth. Drink to his memory, then, not in sorrow or in sadness, but in all the plenitude of joy. Let there not be a wail of the coronach, but a song of triumph. Rejoice that such a man was ever born, and still further rejoice that Scotland gave him birth. Surrounded as we are by much that is emblematic of our native land,—cheered by much that reminds us of "Auld Lang Syne," with Scottish feelings awakened, and with hearts attuned to do honour to the memory of one who, "Take him all in all, we ne'er shall look upon his like again," let us drink with acclamation the undying memory of Robert Burns! (Great cheering.)

The toast 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.

Mr. Templeton, the celebrated vocalist, who has now retired into private life, favoured the company with several of the songs of Burns, and Miss Lizzie Stuart gave her professional assistance—all the songs of

the evening being taken from the works of the Ayrshire poet. An excellent instrumental band was in attendance, and the duties of toast-master were discharged by Mr. Higgins.

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.

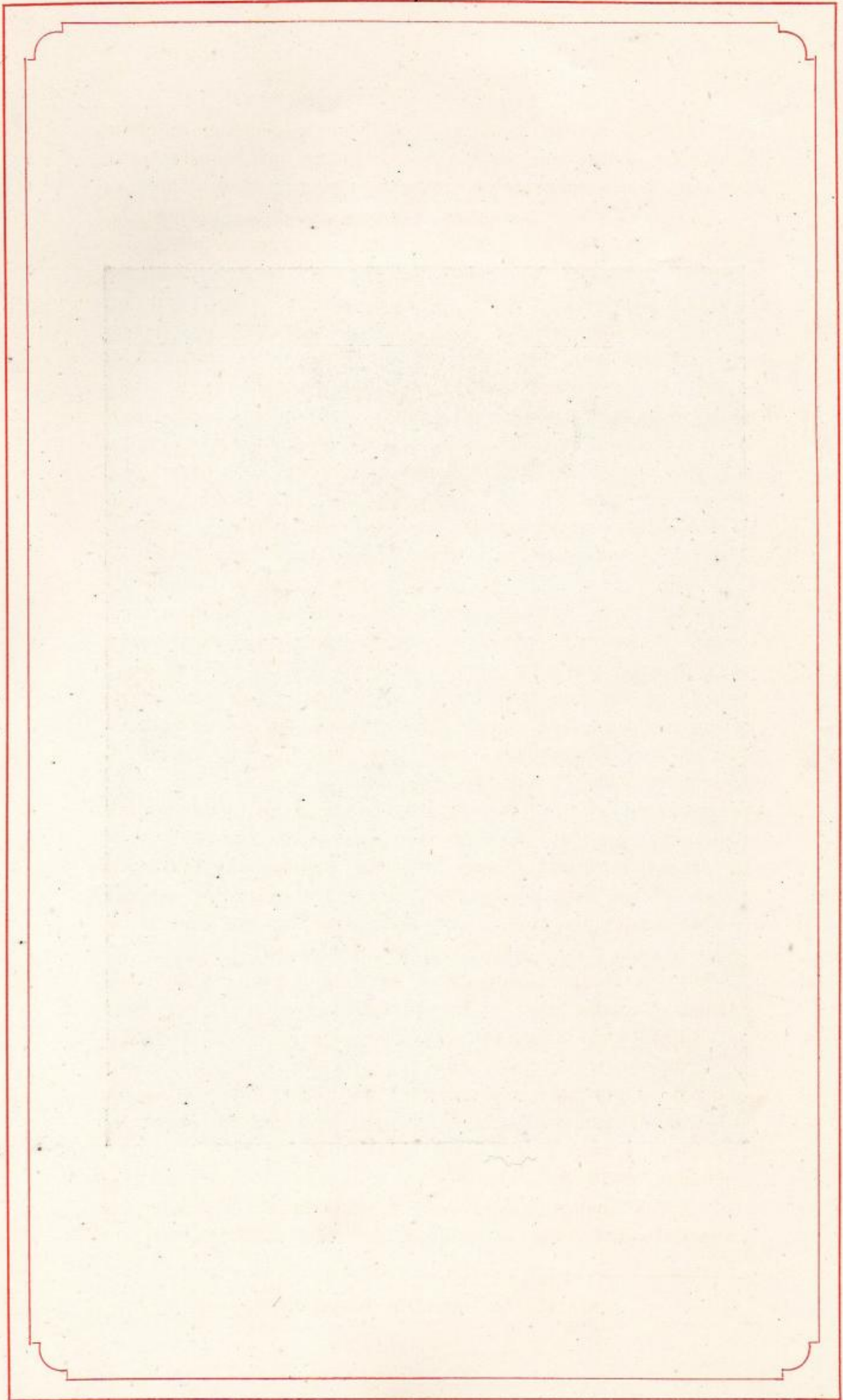
A grand Scotsman was Robert Marshall, not only in mind and in nature, but in body. The recollection of his rugged features and colossal proportions, the rich doric of his accents, and the many evidences of his genuine sympathy in all Caledonian affairs, will not easily slip from the minds of those who 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.



ROBERT MARSHALL, ESQ.,
PRESIDENT.



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 every-day 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 Nottman, 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 organization which sprang into existence mainly through his

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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.





CHAPTER VII.

WE 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' successful tenure of office. To show, however, the cordial relations which existed between our Society and kindred institutions in London at this period, I publish the following speech, culled from a daily paper, and delivered in reply to

the toast of "The Caledonian Society of London," proposed by Lord Palmerston, at the Banquet of the Scottish Hospital, held on St. Andrew's Day, 1863:—

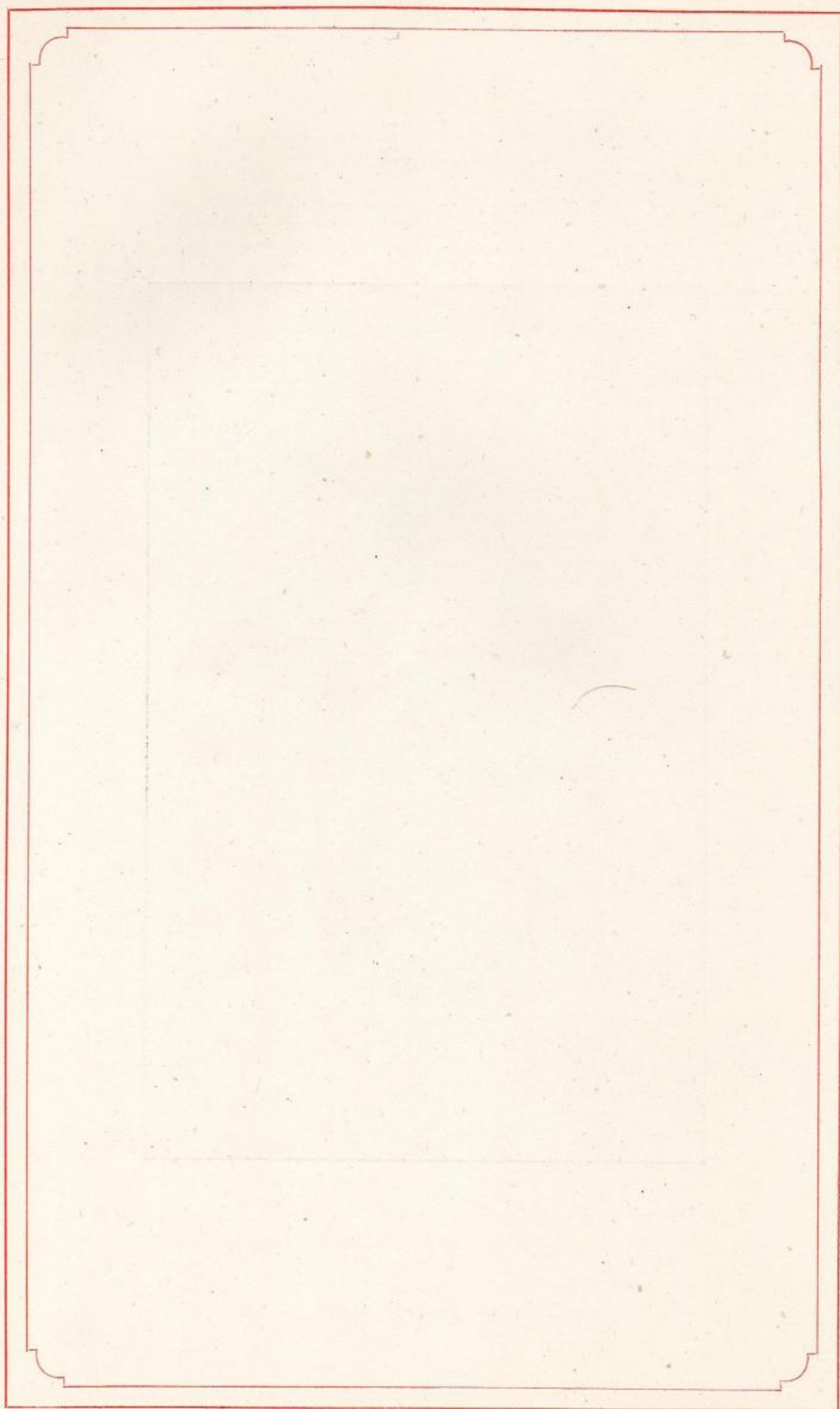
From THE WEEKLY REVIEW, December 1st, 1863.

MR. HEPBURN, in reply to the toast of "Prosperity to the Caledonian Society of London," said: My Lord Palmerston, my Lords and Gentlemen,—In the names of the members of our Society now present, allow me to return you their heartfelt thanks for the honour you have done them in dedicating a bumper to the prosperity of the Caledonian Society of London on this most interesting occasion. I beg to assure you that although it has frequently been our privilege to have been present at this great annual gathering of the friends of this good and ancient charity—the "Scottish Hospital"—yet at no meeting have we ever experienced more pleasure than we have done to-night. This has arisen principally from the fact that we have in the presidential chair one whose name is not only highly honoured in this country, but in every corner of the civilized globe. So thoroughly has Lord Palmerston entered into Scottish feelings and Scottish interests this evening, that the question has been mooted at this end of the hall, more than once, whether his lordship is not in reality a Scotchman? I think the same answer may be given to this query as was given the other day, in Edinburgh, by one of our countrymen, who tried for a length of time to prove that Lord Palmerston was a Scotchman, but being at last forced to give up the argument, said, "Weel, weel, if his lordship is not a Scotchman, he has abilities enough to warrant him in being one." Be this, however, as it may, his lordship has drawn together this night a large assembly of our countrymen—men who have come nobly forward to assist this great charity in its philanthropic work of aiding those who from old age, infirmity, or misfortune can no longer keep themselves. In these utilitarian days it is a fine sight to see in this great metropolis such a number of distinguished Scotchmen met together in so good a cause; it proves that the old national feeling has not yet departed. We know that great changes have come over the length and breadth of our native land; old things have passed away, and many have become new; time, with his all-powerful arm, has levelled feudal systems and feudal days; the age of chivalry has gone, and the days of the olden time, the days of the chieftain and vassal, have almost become like a tale that is told; but the free, unfettered, independent, and undying spirit of our ancestors, which we have by inheritance, like our own everlasting hills, remains the same as ever—that spirit which led them forth to fight on many a battle-field for that civil and religious liberty which we now enjoy. If proof of this were wanting, I need only remind you, that not long since there was a sound not of "revelry by night," but the tramping of armed men. It seemed as if once more the fiery cross gleamed along our mountain top, and sped like lightning through our lovely valleys. Every hill and glen sent forth its tributary stream; onward they marched to our northern capital, and at morning's



D. N. CHAMBERS, ESQ., F.S.A.,

PRESIDENT.



dawn no less than three and twenty thousand of the bravest of Scotland's sons rallied around the royal banner, as it waved over the plain of Holyrood, and there testified their fealty and loyalty to one of the best and worthiest of Queens that ever graced or dignified a throne. Finally, my Lords and Gentlemen, something of that same spirit animates the hearts of many now assembled here, and surely it augurs well for the interests of this excellent charity, that so many of our countrymen have come together for the purpose of assisting it in its praiseworthy endeavours to do good; and on perusing the list of subscriptions handed in by our Caledonian Society, I think that every Scotchman has reason to feel proud that such a national and truly patriotic Society exists.

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."

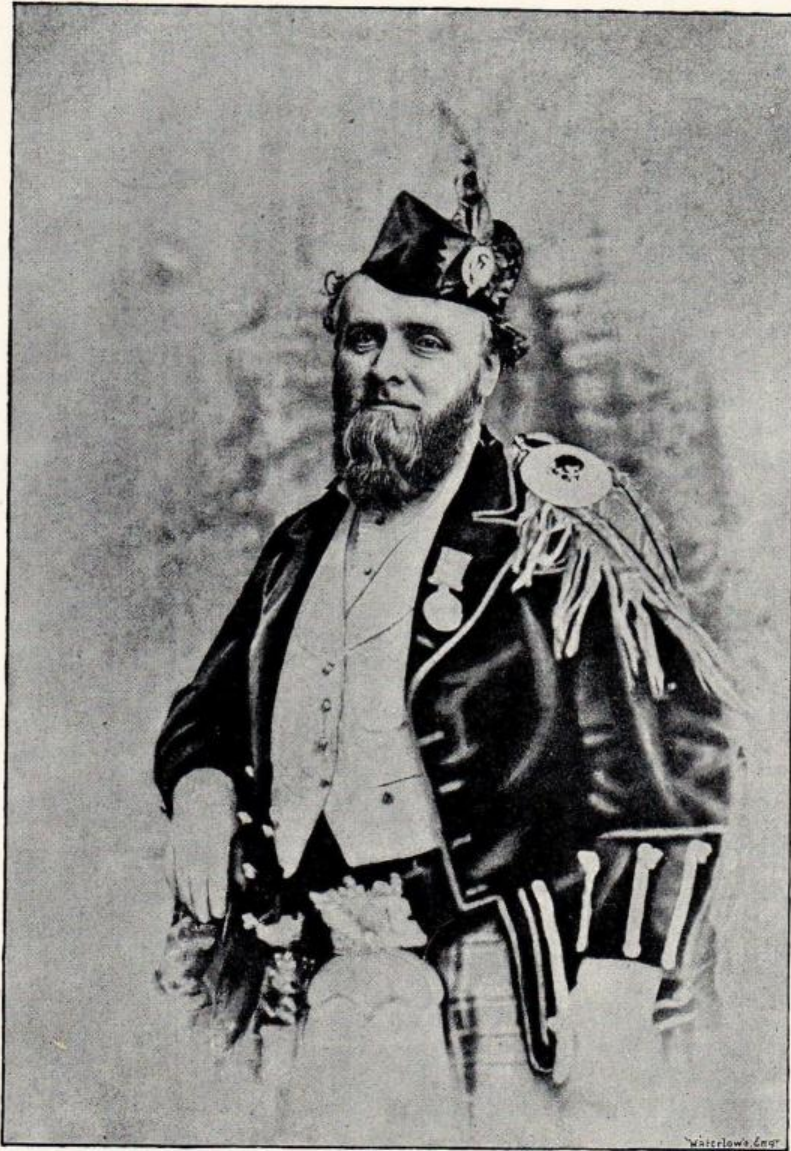
But to proceed. Three years later, namely, in 1866, Mr. John Young, of honoured memory, was unanimously elected to fill the presidential chair, in which he was ably supported by Dr. Charles Hogg as Vice-President. By this time the Society is giving itself airs, putting its frills on, so to speak, though 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.

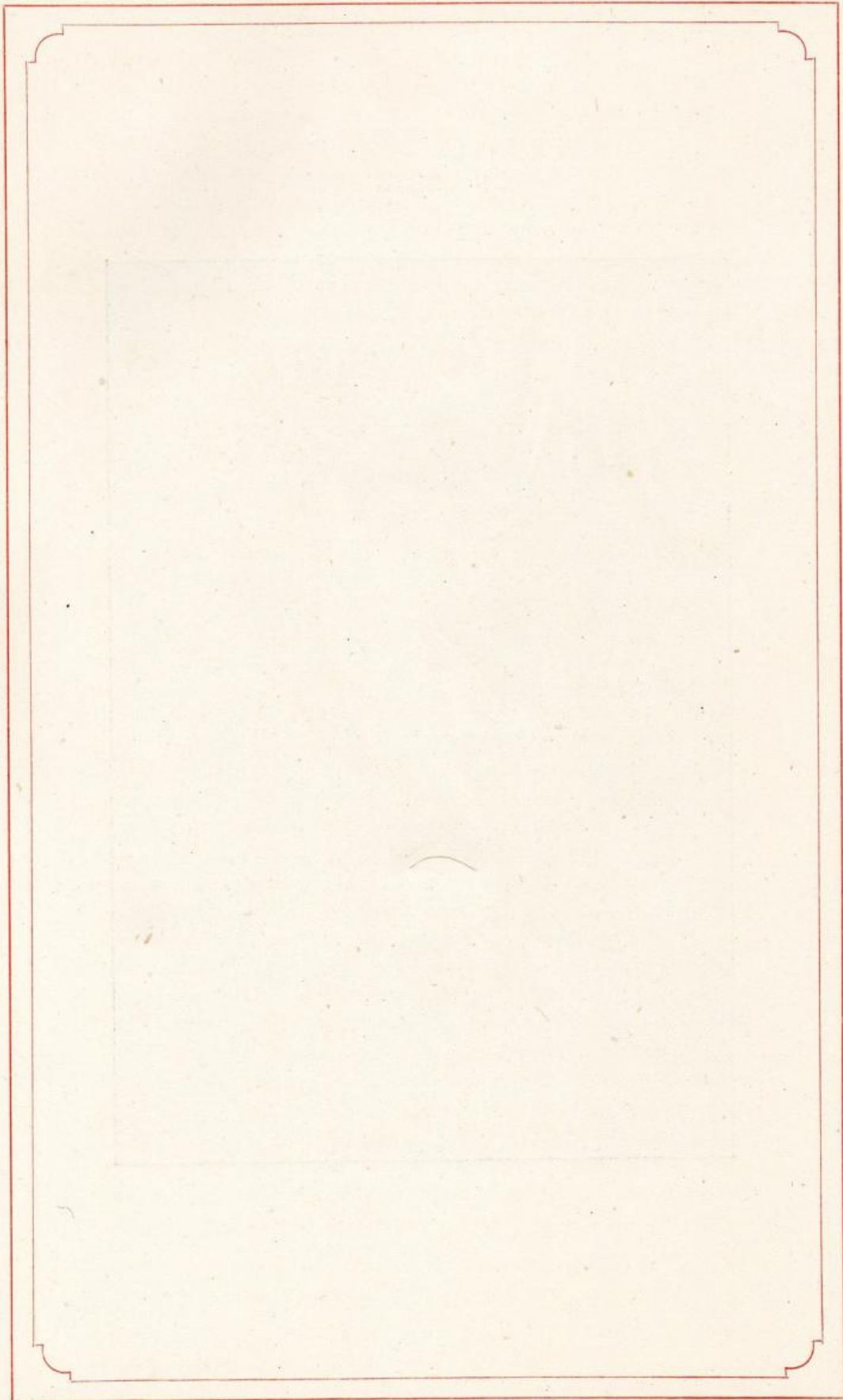
From all accounts, the balls of this period were memorable ones, and were kept up with an amount of spirit unknown in the present generation. The first one I personally attended was in 1869, and, I must confess, my youthful mind was much impressed with the brilliancy of the scene as it presented itself 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



JOHN YOUNG, ESQ.,

PRESIDENT.

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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.

I saw all this, and noted it from the little gallery, which was a well-known feature in the old rooms. I was not the only occupant of that gallery; an old Scotch servant of ours was there, who was privileged, on some pretext, just to come and have a peep.

When Janet was asked the next day what she thought of the ball, she said: (I see the "Father of the Society" is dozing over his cigar) "Eh, it was a gran' sicht tae see a' they braw leddies, and a' they bonnie men, but the maister, he was by far the bonniest o' them a'."

"How so, Janet?" we enquired.

"O," said she, with characteristic promptness, "there was nae question about it ava, a' the ithers had sic sma' feet!"

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 better do than by reading 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.

From THE LONDON SCOTSMAN, *October 5th, 1867.*

THE CALEDONIAN SOCIETY presents, in some respects, a contrast in its rules, constitution, and objects to some of the other London Scottish institutions. Its roll of members, for instance, is limited to a hundred names, whereas the Scottish Corporation and the Corporation of the Caledonian Asylum fish in all waters, and catch all they can. There is, on the other hand, a contrast in the width and freedom of range, in favour of the Caledonian Society, in the objects to which its attention may be directed, and which its influence may be employed to promote. The two associations named are incorporated for specific objects, and their action and the application of their funds are properly restricted to the promotion of these objects ; but the Caledonian Society knows no such restriction, and is free to take up any theme, object or cause of a national character, whether poetical or practical, patriotic or philanthropic. The benevolent associations referred to only indulge in sentiment, in so far as it can be made to subserve their definite objects ; the Caledonian Society may, as an association, seek its delight in sentiment *per se*, or in practical well-doing ; and here it may be noticed by the way, that if a personal attribute may be applied with propriety to an association of men, the Caledonian Society has from its commencement acted as a worthy henchman to both of the societies referred to, by the donation of considerable sums, and the payment of handsome annual subscriptions to their funds. The members of the Society are, it may be supposed, satisfied with the reasons for limiting their number of members to one hundred ; but the uninitiated may be excused for supposing that the power of excluding candidates for admission by one black ball is a sufficient guarantee for the select character of the Society, and that advantage should be taken of new members for the enlargement of the Society's benevolent designs.

The Society was established in 1839 by a few Scotsmen resident in London, for the promotion of brotherhood and good fellowship, and for combined efforts for national and benevolent objects connected with Scotland. 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 great red-letter days of the Caledonian Society have always been its annual balls and festivals, which have now become established institutions. If we mistake not, this Society was the first to set the gallant example of inviting ladies to their festivals, and thereby interposing a gentle yet effective check upon the tendency in such assemblies to get "talky, then argumentative, then disputatious, then unintelligible, then altogether, then ——" It need scarcely be said that this sliding scale of

festive condition is unknown as a characteristic of the visitors at the Society's social gatherings, which are ever marked by a national fervour controlled by good taste. One of the cherished objects of the Society is the preservation of the garb of old Gaul, to which Highlanders are so warmly attached; and a distinguishing feature of these fashionable assemblies has always been the splendid elegance and exquisite taste displayed in the varieties of a costume which it was once felony to wear, but which is now worn by royal, noble, and distinguished personages, gathered together for social enjoyment and intercourse. The belted plaid is one part of the Highland dress, which proves its efficiency as a "hap" on the mist-covered hills and in the wind-swept glens, in which the herd, the shepherd, and the deerkeeper are clad in almost all weathers; the kilt and philabeg, the short coat and gartered hose, are nowhere more appropriately, comfortably, or effectively worn than at the banquet or the ball; and the variety, richness, and elegance of the tartans, dresses, and equipments of the chieftains and their friends, of the Highland and Lowland ladies, dames, and damsels, at the Caledonian balls and festivals, has always presented one of the most brilliant turns of the social and festive kaleidoscope.

In addition to its munificent benefactions to the Scottish Hospital and the Caledonian Asylum, the Caledonian Society has given a helping hand to various other benevolent and philanthropic objects, and manifested a lively interest in the promotion of education and in the advancement of the material interests of their countrymen. To the zeal of its members the other benevolent Scottish societies of London have been much indebted for their success, directly in their contributions and indirectly in the national spirit which the Caledonian Society has done so much and so well to keep alive, by their popular annual festivals, the fervid and eloquent orations delivered, and the pleasant social intercourse enjoyed thereat. Where many have done so well it may seem invidious to particularise, but we can scarcely forbear from naming as amongst the staunchest friends and promoters of the Society, Mr. Robert Hepburn, Mr. Michie Gray, Sir Charles Forbes, Mr. J. Boucher, and Mr. W. Menzies. The proceedings at many of the festivals have been peculiarly interesting, and the balls are invariably brilliant. There has been plenty of piping and even some dancing at each, even at the festivals, at which, to afford variety and give relief, "Gillie Callum," or the sword dance, has been performed after an eloquent speech by the chairman, and a Highland reel, by four of the members, has followed an oration on the poems of Ossian. Although the Queen's piper, strongly reinforced on these occasions, has with his (in one instance four) helpers, "blawn wi-birr," the "harmony" has not been confined to such music as pibrochs or the "Reel o' Tullochgorum," performed upon the great Highland bag-pipe. Guinness's band has furnished a pleasant variety; and national songs have served admirably the purpose for which they were introduced.

Mr. Robert Hepburn, as before hinted, has been closely identified with the Society from its commencement. One of the most interesting of its gatherings was probably the *conversazione* in Mr. Hepburn's house, given during his presidency. In the drawing-rooms there was an interesting display of Highland relics and ornaments—a splendidly-bound copy of the illustrated description of the clans, numerous specimens of the worsted,

woollen, and lace manufactures of the far north, including tartan and tweeds for kilts and plaids, hose, lace scarves from the Orkneys, etc. A truly elegant and bountiful entertainment was provided by their hospitable host to his guests, above seventy in number, who enjoyed, without restriction, the freedom o' the hoose. Mr. Michie Gray gave an interesting sketch of the origin and history of the Society, touching lightly upon certain elements of discord, happily of transient duration, that had dimmed its lustre and crippled its usefulness, and referred with pride and satisfaction to the triumphant prosperity to which it had then attained. Historical sketches were also given of the Highland Society, the Scottish Corporation, and of the kindred associations, on behalf of which appeals were made. The most imposing and successful public demonstration ever made by the Caledonian Society was on the memorable 26th of January, 1859, on the occasion of the centenary of Burns, celebrated by a festival in the largest room, otherwise suitable, that could be secured—that in the London Tavern. At minor London festivals in memory of Burns, held before then, much inconvenience and disappointment had been suffered from the inadequacy of the accommodation for guests anywhere at command, and on this occasion about as many applicants had to be refused as could be admitted. The most lively interest had been excited, and great expectations had been formed in anticipation of the gathering; and those who had the good fortune to be present were not disappointed. R. Marshall, Esq., presided. The room was appropriately decorated for the occasion with banners, battle-axes, heraldic devices, plaids, and a number of interesting relics of the poet were exhibited, most of them by Mr. W. Chambers, who attended as member of a deputation from Edinburgh. Burns' portrait, by Nasmyth, was displayed behind the chair. Among the celebrants of the day present were Charles Knight, Professor Masson, Dr. W. B. Hodgson, Wm. Chambers, David Roberts, R.A., Calder Marshall, R.A., etc. The "haggis," "warm, reekin' rich" on the board, on this occasion, had been sent from Kirk Alloway, and proved itself in the "prein" the genuine article. Mr. R. Hepburn delivered the oration, in which he displayed a perfect knowledge of the poet's works, and a fine appreciation of his genius and influence. On all such occasions Mr. Hepburn is peculiarly happy in enlisting the sympathies of the English and Irish friends who assist at such festivals, and bespeaks their readily-conceded indulgence in a display of nationality at a national festival, and in manifestations of love for a country which Scotsmen think so well worth loving; possessing for some of them, as it does, its lovely little spot, in a bright green valley, where the ashes of fathers and friends repose in peace, and where the fallen tears of son and friend sometimes glisten like dew-drops upon the turf that covers their quiet home—hallowed spots, where they cherish the hope that their dust might mingle together. On this occasion Mr. Hepburn welcomed Englishmen offering homage at the shrine of Burns, as Scotsmen always offered it at the shrine of Shakespeare—Irishmen paying that honour to the bard of Coila which Scotsmen ever paid to the bard of Erin. Amid universal, warm, and appreciative sympathy, the orator, with tender heart and loving hand, hung a garland of beauty, woven from the poet's own works, around the memory of the bardic hero who now lies slumbering quietly in "the auld kirkyard." An interesting anecdote of Burns and

Scott was narrated by Mr. William Chambers, which is worth reproduction :—

One evening, about April, 1787, Burns was conducted by Professor Stewart to a conversazione in the house of Dr. Adam Ferguson, the historian, at Siennes, near Edinburgh. On this memorable occasion there was present young Walter Scott, a lad of fifteen or sixteen years of age. Scott had heard much of Burns, had read with delight his newly-published poems, and was anxious to be in his company. But this could not be easily managed. Young Adam Ferguson, afterwards Sir Adam, hearing about the conversazione and the probability of Burns being present, contrived to get Walter into his father's house on the occasion. It seems that Burns did not at first feel inclined to mingle early with the company. He walked about the room, looking at the pictures upon the walls. At length one of them arrested his attention, a common-looking print in a black frame. The painter of the picture is Bunbury, and the scene is that of a dead soldier lying in the snow, with his dog watching over him, and near him his shivering wife, with a baby in her bosom—altogether a subject of a most dismal kind. Beneath are some touching lines :—

“ Cold on Canadian hills, or Minden's plain,
Perhaps that parent wept her soldier slain :
But o'er her babe, her eye dissolved in dew,
The big drops mingled with the milk he drew
Sad mournful presage of his future years,
The child of misery baptised in tears.”

Burns was much affected by the print ; he read the lines, but before getting to the end of them his voice faltered, and his big black eyes filled with tears. A little after he turned with much interest to the company, and pointing to the picture, asked if anyone knew who had written those affecting lines. All were silent ; no one knew except the unnoticed lame boy, Walter Scott, who modestly whispered that they were written by Langhorne, in a poem called “The Justice of the Peace.” Scott was rewarded with a look which he never forgot, and also with the words, “You'll be a man yet, sir.”

Another interesting ball and festival was that on the occasion of Mr. Hepburn retiring from the presidency of the Society, which he had held for eight years. The specialty of the evening was the presentation to Mr. Hepburn by his friends of a three-quarter length portrait of himself, in Highland costume, painted by Mr. Daniel Macnee, A.R.A.E. The portrait, excellent as a spirited and characteristic likeness, and valuable as a work of art, was presented in token of the admiration and esteem of Mr. Hepburn's friends, and as a tangible, although inadequate acknowledgment of the zeal and ability with which he had so long discharged the duties of President of the Caledonian Society, and of his earnest and successful formation of the Scottish Charities of London.

In conjunction with the Highland Society of London, the Caledonian Society took the initiatory action which resulted in the embodiment of the London Scottish Volunteers.

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 fête, 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.





CHAPTER VIII.



AND 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.

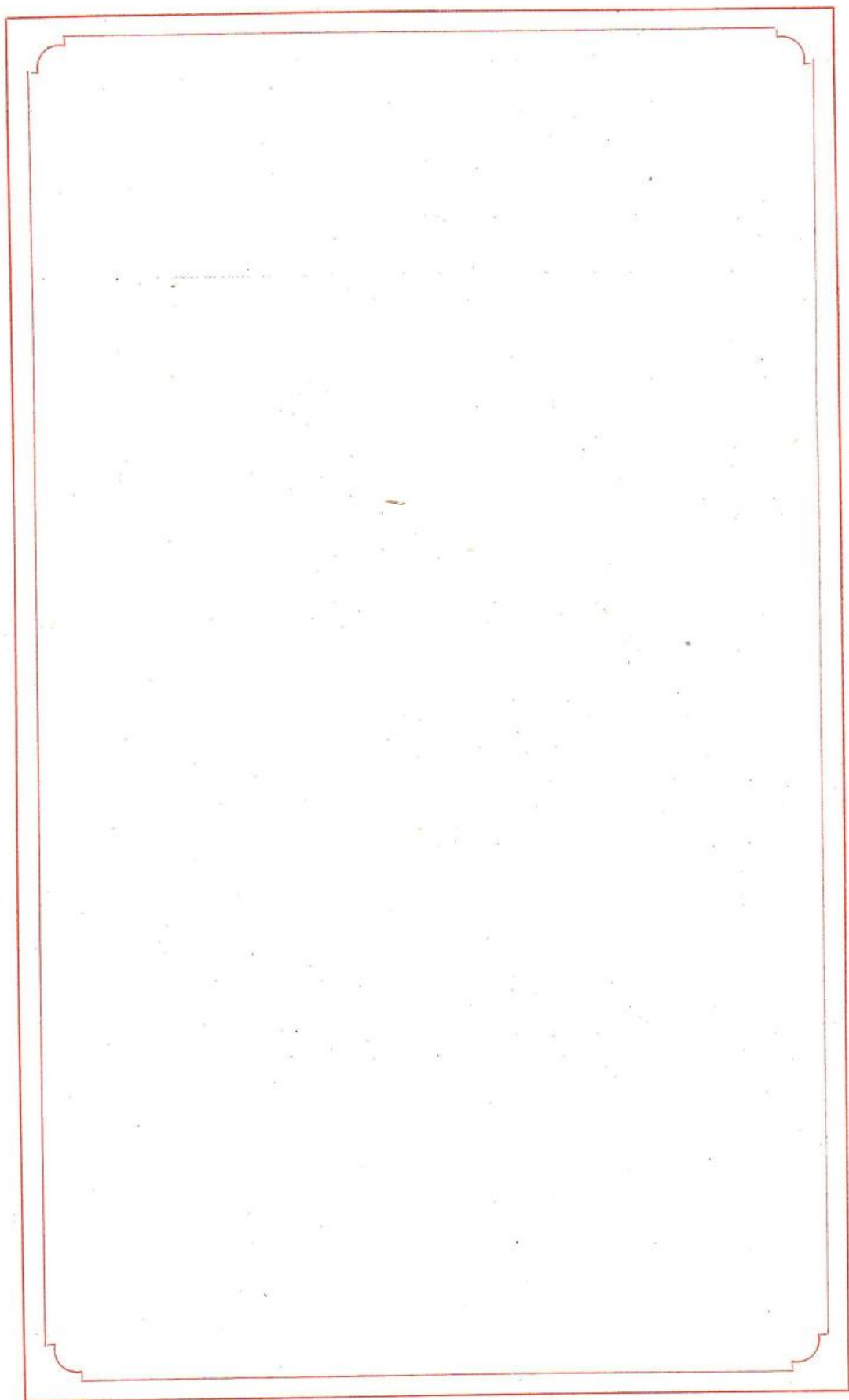
On his retirement from office, Dr. Hogg received the gold medal of the Society as a mark of the appreciation in which his able conduct of the Society's affairs was held. A similar medal, I may state, is presented to all Presidents who discharge their duties to the satisfaction of the members, and is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

It may here not be out of place to give some account of the former of these excellent charities, just by way of reminding modern Caledonians of their duty towards the orphan lads and lasses who find their home in that institution; not that a reminder of this sort is likely to be necessary, for the “bairnies” and their claims are ever before us, and looking over a comparatively recent report of the Asylum, I see that a large proportion of the Directors of the Charity are

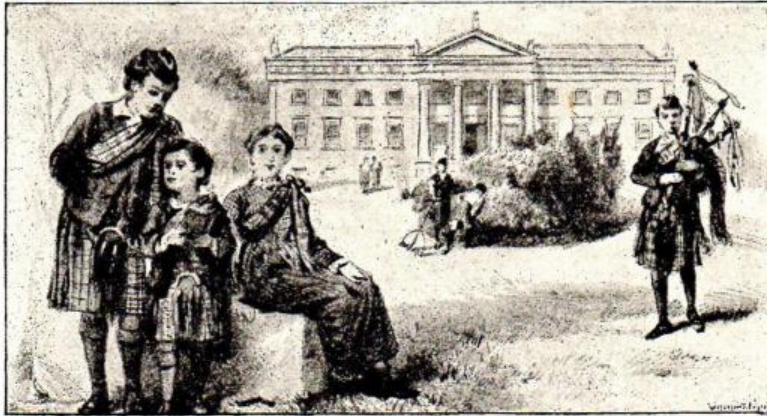


DR. CHARLES HOGG,
PRESIDENT.



members of the Caledonian Society of London, and its excellent and energetic Secretary, Mr. Thomas Inglis, acts as our official Collector, and is consequently in frequent communication with every member.

The following account of the Asylum is culled from the Annual Report issued by the Directors; the illustration from a sketch by Mr. Maclure:—



The Royal Caledonian Asylum.

THIS ASYLUM was instituted for "*Supporting and educating the Children of Soldiers, Sailors and Marines, natives of Scotland, who have Died or have been Disabled in the Service of their Country;* and also the Children of Indigent Scottish Parents residing in London not receiving Parochial Relief.

The protracted and sanguinary wars in which this country had been engaged previously to 1815, and in which Scotsmen bore so distinguished a part, threw upon the country a greater number of the widows and orphans of those brave men who fell in the conflicts than had been known at any former period of our history. The Royal Institutions of Greenwich and Chelsea, although liberally endowed, afforded an asylum but to a limited proportion of the orphan children pressing for admission; and many of these, the offspring of Scottish soldiers and sailors, were wandering in a forlorn condition.

Under those circumstances it was deemed an object worthy of Scotsmen, and the most appropriate monument of the gratitude of their country, to establish an institution in the metropolis of the empire for the orphans and destitute children of those who had devoted their lives

to the service of their country, or who might hereafter stand forward in its defence in the hour of danger.

It had long been a subject of regret that—at a period when the value of education was so universally appreciated; when the natives of so many different countries resident in London, and some even of the counties of England, had establishments for the education of their infant poor—no institution had been formed for the children of indigent Scottish parents, notwithstanding the wealth and prosperity of so many natives of Scotland residing in the metropolis.

To remove this national stigma, and to provide the relief so urgently called for, the Highland Society of London determined, in the year 1808, to adopt measures for establishing an institution to be called the Caledonian Asylum, which should rescue these children from want, and afford them the blessings of education.

A prospectus to this effect was accordingly issued, which was favourably received by the public. Many of the nobility and gentry subscribed liberally, and pledged their future support.

In the year 1813, the Highland Society prosecuted the measure with renewed vigour, and in a short time the subscriptions amounted to ten thousand pounds.

It is but justice to record that the late Sir Charles Forbes, (first) Baronet, with that liberality and benevolence for which he was distinguished, advanced one thousand pounds towards the object, in anticipation of contributions from his friends in Bombay, which anticipation was afterwards more than realized.

In the following year the Highland Society transferred the management of the Asylum to the subscribers, when a committee of their number was appointed, and measures were adopted for organizing the institution; and on the 14th June, 1815, it was incorporated by Act of Parliament.

The institution was not, however, opened for the reception of children until December, 1819, when the Committee procured premises in Cross Street, Hatton Garden, and admitted twelve boys on the foundation. The number was afterwards gradually increased to forty, being the utmost that the building could accommodate with proper regard to the health of the inmates.

These premises having been found insufficient, and, from their locality, incapable of extension, it became necessary to remove the establishment to a more eligible situation.

Two acres of freehold ground were accordingly purchased in Copenhagen Fields, Islington (now known as Caledonian Road); the foundation of a suitable building was laid on the 17th May, 1827, and completed in September, 1828, when the children were removed to the new premises.

The building then erected, although in itself complete, formed only part of a design which could be at any time extended, and was calculated for the accommodation of one hundred children. The establishment was gradually increased according to the means at the disposal of the Directors, until ninety boys were admitted on the foundation. But it was strongly urged by a large body of influential supporters that it would be desirable to extend the benefits of the charity to female children, as coming equally within the scope of the charity, and in themselves not

less objects of compassion, or less deserving the fostering care of the institution. For this purpose it was essential that an addition should be made to the building, and arrangements adopted for separating entirely the two departments—objects which could not be accomplished without considerable outlay—and a subscription was accordingly commenced to carry the plan into effect. The difficulty of obtaining means, in addition to the sums necessary for current expenses of the establishment, might long have retarded the execution of the plan, but for the unprecedented liberality of a gentleman whose name must be recorded as one of the warmest and most munificent friends of the charity. In the year 1843, Sir James Matheson, Bart., of Achany, M.P., offered a contribution of one thousand pounds, provided the Directors would undertake to carry out the object without delay: and the condition having been cordially acceded to at a special general meeting of the Guardians, an addition to the building was commenced in May, 1844, and completed in 1845; so that the house is now capable of accommodating one hundred and sixty-two boys and girls, with adequate playgrounds; with suitable domestic apartments for the Matron, Schoolmaster, Schoolmistress, Sergeant (and Piper); the whole being under such regulations as to ensure a rigid attention to good order and efficient discipline.

Since the opening of the institution there have been upwards of two thousand children educated, clothed, and fed within its walls.

The relations between the Asylum and our Society have ever been of the most cordial nature, and it is the wish of every member that they may continue so.

But your chronicler is getting prosy; how can he bring this chapter to a close? Ah! a little anecdote of Dr. Hogg, which goes to prove the influence of the garb of old Gaul as a moral agent in the treatment of disease.

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 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 absence of other data, I fall back upon my scrap book, which is rich in cuttings of this era, for the paper known as the *London Scotsman* was in full swing, and favoured our Society with lengthy and complete reports of our gatherings. These reports containing, as they do, much that is interesting, and recording the names of many excellent and well-remembered members, some of whom have passed away, I will insert in this chapter, commencing with a short extract

From THE TIMES, January 29th, 1869.

THE ANNIVERSARY FESTIVAL of the Society, which has had upon its lists in past and present times almost all the foremost and enterprising Scotsmen in the metropolis, was held in the Freemasons' Tavern, on the 25th inst., as usual, to commemorate the birthday of Burns. A highly distinguished company, comprising many of the most important Scotsmen in the metropolis, and numbering about two hundred gentlemen and ladies, dined sumptuously in the great hall, which decorated with Scottish banners presented a very brilliant appearance,

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the ladies being seated with the gentlemen, according to the usage originated in the metropolis by this Society. Many gentlemen were in Highland dress, which gave a tone to the meeting, which was added to by many ladies wearing tartan scarves and ribands. The proceedings were enlivened by spirit-stirring strains of bagpipes, excellently played by Sergeant John M'Kenzie, who had led the President to the chair, alternated with music by the band of the London Scottish Rifle Volunteers under the direction of Mr. L. Beck. The President of the Society, Mr. F. W. RAMSAY, F.R.C.P. Edinburgh, well known for his activity in the Scottish cause and charities, was in the chair. The vice-chairs were filled by Mr. John Young (Young, Turquand, and Young), the Vice-President of the Society; by Mr. John Kilpatrick, Treasurer; and Mr. J. Seton Ritchie, the Honorary Secretary. After the usual loyal toasts, the chairman gave the toast of the evening, "The Immortal Memory of Burns," in an eloquent oration. The toast of "The Caledonian Society of London" followed, proposed by Mr. Robert Hepburn, and after Dr. Charles Hogg (who received a retiring president's gold medal), Mr. William Scott, Mr. Daniel, Mr. James Anderson, Q.C., Mr. J. Macrae Moir, barrister, and Dr. Maclaren had spoken, the dinner proceedings terminated with the Chairman giving, with high laudations of his able judgment and sound discretion, the toast of the "Honorary Secretary," Mr. J. Seton Ritchie; to which Mr. Ritchie replied in an enthusiastically-received address, in which he mentioned that a work of high art—a portrait of Burns—which graced the room was the work of Daniel Macnee, Royal Academician, lent to the Society for the evening by Mr. Maclure. He also mentioned, showing the wide-spread interest in Burns, that in the year 1867, 5,503 persons, shown by the lists to be from all parts of the world, had visited the Burns monument in Edinburgh and the relics it contains. The gentlemen subsequently joined the ladies, the whole resources of the house being at the disposal of the Society, in one of the large ball-rooms of the Freemasons' Tavern, where dancing, including two Scottish reels, played by the pipers and danced by gentlemen in Highland costume, was kept up in a spirited style till a late hour. But this was merely a prelude to the Caledonian Society's ball at the Hanover Square Rooms on the 26th of February.

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From THE LONDON SCOTSMAN, January 29th, 1869.

THE ANNUAL FESTIVAL of the Society was held on Monday last, the 25th inst., the anniversary of the birthday of the poet Burns, in the Freemasons' Tavern. A very large number of the numerous body of gentlemen present were attired in Highland costume, and civilisation was recognised in that the hearts of the gentlemen present at the festive board were gladdened by the presence of a number of ladies. It is much in favour of the gallantry of the Caledonian Society that the Lady Caledonians were not banished to the gallery, but graced with their beauty and their wit, first the drawing-room, afterwards

the banqueting-hall, and finally the ball-room. After a pleasanter time spent in the first than the dread conventional half-hour before the dinner usually is, the company adjourned to the banqueting-hall, where a dinner was served which did much credit to the resources of the Freemasons' and the good taste of Mr. Gordon, the manager of the hotel. During the course of the dinner the band of the London Scottish Volunteers, under the efficient management of Mr. Louis Beck, performed a selection of Scottish music, and Pipe-Major Mackenzie, of the Caledonian Asylum, played at intervals on the great Highland bagpipe. The usual clan banners adorned the hall, and behind the President's chair were placed a portrait of Burns, lent by Mr. Maclure, and a bust, the contribution of Mr. Slater.

The chair on the occasion was occupied by the President of the Caledonian Society, F. W. RAMSAY, Esq., M.D.; and JOHN YOUNG, Esq., the Vice-President, acted as Vice-Chairman. Above two hundred ladies and gentlemen were present, among whom were—

Gentlemen—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, Morison, M'Nab, W. T. Morison, W. Scott, Lochhart, Slater, Lawrence, A. Smith, Thomas C. Scott, J. Grieve, Will, J. T. Anderson, W. Tulloch, M'Gillivray, 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, M'Gregor, 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, M'Pherson, 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. etc.

Ladies—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. M'Gillivray, 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. etc.

When the cloth was removed,

The CHAIRMAN (bumpers having been called for) rose and proposed the toast of "Her Majesty the Queen—the health of the first gentlewoman in the land." On ordinary occasions it would have been necessary only to mention their Queen's name, but since on the present occasion they were graced by the presence of so many of the other sex, who exercised as great a sway over the sterner sex as the Queen did over the mass of her subjects, it was necessary for him to say a word

or two more. The Queen was the patron of every good object, and the mother of every virtue. (Loud cheers.) He was sure that the toast would commend itself specially to every Scot.

The toast was drunk with full Caledonian honours—as, indeed, were all the toasts throughout the evening.

The CHAIRMAN again rising, proposed “The Duke and Duchess of Rothesay, and the rest of the Royal Family.” The Duke and Duchess had endeared themselves to everyone, and their lengthened periods of residence in the north had made Scottish hearts warm to them specially. (Cheers.)

The next toast proposed by the PRESIDENT was the “Army, Navy, and Volunteers.” Both the former services had during ages shown their bravery, endurance, and readiness for action; and since these qualities were beyond doubt, he hoped that a rupture of peace would never occur, but that Burns’ words would always be true:—

“May man to man like brithers be;
A man’s a man for a’ that.”

The volunteers, he was sure, if need were, would always be true to their motto.

Captain LEGERWOOD replied very appropriately, referring to the gallantry of the soldier in both senses of that word of double meaning. The sight of so much beauty as he saw around would fire the heart and nerve the arm of the veriest coward, and, duty apart, the knowledge that the smiles of beauty always awarded the victor was one of the strongest incentives to deeds of daring. (Cheers.)

The PRESIDENT then spoke as follows:—This being the anniversary of the birthday of our national poet Burns, the founders of this Society selected it as the most suitable for their annual festival, and one of the toasts on the occasion is that of “The Immortal Memory of Burns.” Ladies and gentlemen, the mention of the name of him who

“Looked thro’ nature up to nature’s God,”

who gathered up the lower thoughts of men, and shed his genius upon them, must thrill in the heart of every Scotsman. This day recalls to my mind the days of my early youth, when first I visited a kinsman of mine who dwelt on “the banks of Bonnie Doon,” when I became familiarised with the beauties of that classic land, with “Alloway’s auld kirk,” with the “auld brig,” and the “humble cottage.” The impression made on my mind then of that place, which has become so celebrated by the native genius and minstrelsy of Burns, can never be effaced from my memory. No finer genius than his ever delineated the natural forms of nature. No one has ever exercised greater influence for good over mankind.

“As the small pebble stirs the peaceful lake,
The centre moved, a circle straight succeeds,
Another still, and still another spreads”—

so did the influence of his great genius extend until it embraced all the world. In my travels I 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 me more than all else was when in

Asia Minor I found an Osmanli gentleman who knew almost by heart some of the finest specimens of Burns' writings, and although his pronunciation was not quite as you would have approved, nevertheless he showed an appreciation of the thoughts and sentiments which would have surprised you. I know he puzzled me more than once, to my shame, I own, by his inquiries as to the meaning of certain phrases, his copy of Burns not having a glossary. I may remark that on my return home, for the sake of my countrymen who might follow me, as well as for the benefit of my friend, I remedied this by sending him a copy of Burns' poems with a glossary. Ladies and gentlemen, can we be surprised that the writings of Burns should exercise such an influence even beyond the natives of his own land when we consider that he penetrated the innermost thoughts of the human breast, and attained the loftiest flights of human thought—that his sympathy was universal, and that by the keenness of his wit and the depth of his pathos he illustrated every aspect of humanity? It is said that

"The poet's pen turns form to shape,
And gives to airy nothings a local habitation and a name."

But Burns did more, because he was one of the great teachers of mankind. He was born, not made, a poet; nurtured, it is true, in some respects by education, but created by the power of God. He spoke as he was moved to speak, and every sentence he wrote shadowed forth the reflection of his own soul. He describes his hopes and fears, his loves and hatreds, with an earnestness which astounds those who do not study the various phases of the human mind. At the same time that he was bold and proud with those above him in position, he had gentle and generous aspirations, deep feelings, and intense susceptibility. But it is his warm, expansive love for all mankind, and womankind too, that has won for him that power over the world. Look at his illustrations of the domestic affections; mark that description of the peaceful home in that matchless poem, "The Cotter's Saturday Night." I shall not, ladies and gentlemen, because it would be presumptuous of me, give you any specimens, because you all know and are as familiar as I am with the ten thousand gems which sparkle throughout his poems, and which will continue to sparkle till time is no more. Like Horace, "he has raised for himself a monument more durable than brass, more sublime than the regal elevation of the Pyramids." But, ladies and gentlemen,

"Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen
And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

It is indeed sad to think that the latter days of that great man were passed without sympathy and in pecuniary distress, knowing as we do that there were hundreds who would have considered it an honour to have ministered to his necessities had they known of them. Yes, truly, it is sad that he who was so large-hearted himself, and who realised in his own person that love of which the apostle speaks, "that love which suffereth long and is kind, which endureth all things and thinketh no evil," should not have had more sympathy shown to him before his great soul departed hence.

"Yet where is the drop of Scottish blood
 That answers not at his name ;
 That pours not along its rushing flood
 Like a tide of living flame ?
 And far as Scotia's sons may stray,
 Where'er young life's bright dream returns,
 Long shall they hail his natal day,
 And raise some free, bold, plaintive lay
 To the memory of Burns."

I call upon you, fill your glasses, bumpers, and, as Burns lives for ever, I give with all the honours—Caledonian honours—"The Immortal Memory of Burns." (Loud cheers.)

Mr. HEPBURN, in rising to propose the toast, "Prosperity to the Caledonian Society of London," said: Notwithstanding the enthusiasm with which the toasts have been received this evening, I venture to say that the one I have now the honour of proposing will find a warm echo in every heart, and a cordial response from all now assembled round this festive table. Thirty years ago, a few leal and true-hearted Scotsmen met in this metropolis for the purpose of founding the Caledonian Society. They were men who felt the great necessity of having a vantage ground on which men of kindred spirit might meet together—men who had an ardent love for the land of their birth, and grateful hearts to feel that to Auld Scotland they were indebted for their success in life, and for the many blessings with which they were surrounded. That evening our Society was formed, and before parting they drank the toast I now give you—viz., "Prosperity to the Caledonian Society of London." Since that time our Society has been instrumental in keeping alive that innate feeling of veneration which all true-hearted Scotsmen have for the country in which they first drew breath, for the home of their childhood, for the green sod which covers the ashes of their fathers—reminding them often of the happy days of innocence, when, seated on a mother's knee, they listened to prayers, earnestly and tearfully spoken, that the good path in life might be kept, and comfort and consolation given in the hour of sorrow, sickness, and distress—reminding them of the days of their boyhood, when they fearlessly climbed the steep mountain side, or trod with bounding step their native Highland heather—reminding them, too, of the men who lived in days long gone by, who by patriotic and valorous deeds, gained for Scotland that glory and independence which have made her the envy of other nations, and of men who have nobly worked their way to the foremost rank of science, literature, and art; those who, by undaunted courage in the battle-field, and profound wisdom and eloquence in the senate, have made Scotland "loved at home, revered abroad." True it is we live in utilitarian times and in a mammon-worshipping age, but in the midst of the cares and troubles of a too-anxious world the members of our Society have never forgotten what is due to Auld Scotland, feeling convinced that her greatness, like her everlasting hills, remains the same, and will never pass away; and whilst endeavouring to keep alive their dearly beloved nationalities, they have not been unmindful of the claims of the helpless orphan or the tottering steps of old age and infirmity. Ladies and gentlemen, if one thing more than another can enhance the value of this toast, it is that the Caledonian Society has ever held sacred this

great anniversary—the anniversary of the natal day of Scotland's bard, Robert Burns. This has been vividly brought before us by the most stirring and impressive remarks of our esteemed President, who so feelingly and eloquently touched some of the finest chords of our hearts when proposing the memory of our immortal poet—the poet who sang in his "native wood notes wild," and with a power and a pathos never surpassed, never equalled, "the loves, the joys, the rural scenes, and rural pleasures of his native land, and in his native tongue"—the poet who, in thrilling words that Burns sang divinely of the virtues, the affections, the genial influence, and noble qualities of that sex which has finer feelings, softer emotions, and kindlier hearts than ours, and when he said "not made by 'prentice hands" said that which all the world acknowledges to be sterling and true—the poet who, with the stamp of God's own aristocracy on his manly brow, dared to utter sentiments of liberty and independence which made men clad in purple and fine linen quake and tremble while he claimed for his brother man, the man clad in hodden grey, that which was his Maker's gift—his own birthright and natural inheritance. I fear, ladies and gentlemen, I am now treading on forbidden ground. I will only say I am sure you all appreciate the efforts the Caledonian Society has made to maintain Scottish interests in London, and give you, with all my heart, "Prosperity to the Caledonian Society of London." Mr. Hepburn's admirable address was frequently interrupted by cheering, and the applause on its conclusion was enthusiastic and long continued.

The PRESIDENT, in very feeling language, proposed the health of the late President (Dr. Hogg), with whom he had been associated as one of the officials of the Society for years, and whom for years he had known as one who

"Did good by stealth,
And blushed to find it fame."

During the term in which he had held office he had won golden opinions from all with whom he had come in contact. All trusted that he would long be spared to do credit to the profession he adorned. It was now his privilege and his honour to bestow upon Dr. Hogg a gold medal, which the Caledonian Society thought it right and proper to confer upon him—an evidence as it was of the excellence of the manner in which he had conducted the presidentship of the Society. (Loud and long-continued cheering, during which the President handed the medal to his worthy predecessor.)

Dr. HOGG returned thanks with much emotion. He considered the honour which had just been paid him as a triumph of humble efforts to attain what he might term a social success. During his double term of office, he had never on any occasion met with anything save the most considerate courtesy and respect from everyone connected with the Society, and while he lived he never would consider time or toil in doing what in his poor power lay to advance its position and prosperity. (Great cheering.)

Mr. W. SCOTT rose to propose the health of their excellent President, Dr. Ramsay. (Cheers.) He said that his election to that honourable office was the highest compliment they could pay to one of their most esteemed and most talented members; and though he had been preceded

in that chair by some of the ablest, most popular, and most characteristic Scotsmen in London, men whose names were familiar to them as household words, he felt assured from what he knew of his earnestness of purpose and general determination to fulfil whatever duties he undertook, that it would not be from want of effort on his part if he failed to leave behind him a reputation as great and as worthy of being recorded in the annals of the Society as any of his predecessors. (Applause.) Dr. Ramsay's name was well known amongst their countrymen in London, being intimately associated with all the leading Scottish institutions. The Highland Society, in which was embodied the very essence of Scottish nationality, found in him an active, ardent, and efficient member; and from the sentiments he uttered the other day at a kindred society he should not be surprised to find him, in his Celtic zeal, trying by-and-by to force the Gaelic language and the Highland bagpipes upon some of their English Universities. (Laughter.) The Royal Caledonian Asylum, under whose wings were sheltered and educated the orphan children of Scottish fathers, counted their President amongst its staunchest supporters. And to that noble charity the Scottish Hospital, where age, poverty, and distress always found sympathy and relief, he was ever prompt to lend a zealous and benevolent co-operation. In short, there were few Scotsmen in London the practical bent of whose sympathies more truly realised that beautiful injunction of Shakspeare:—

" 'Tis not enough to help the feeble up,
But to support him after."

As to their President's professional abilities and accomplishments, it was not his province to speak; but this he might say, that no man in London gave his gratuitous services with more considerate kindness to the poor and necessitous than he, and they had several such men in the Society—men who were the very antipodes of that Bath physician of whom it was told, that a fee had become so much a second nature to him that he could not even prescribe for himself without taking a guinea out of one pocket and putting it into the other. (A laugh.) But, above all, he claimed for their President the unapproachable merit of being a true-hearted Scotsman—one who, while loyal to the land he lived in, carried about with him, like an atmosphere, an intense love of his native country. He asked them to join him in drinking his health with Caledonian honours. (Applause.)

Dr. RAMSAY briefly responded. He was aware to the full of Mr. Scott's candour, having been associated with him for many years, and he did not doubt for a moment, therefore, that, flattering as were that gentleman's remarks, they had at least been dictated by conviction. The manner in which the company had received the toast had given him inexpressible gratification, and he could only assure them that he had devoted his best energies to the success of the festival, and was extremely glad to draw the augury from cheers and smiling faces that they had enjoyed and were enjoying themselves. (Loud applause.) Dr. Ramsay concluded by thanking the company for their indulgence to him individually, and for their consideration for the office which (he feared somewhat inadequately) he filled.

Mr. DANIEL proposed the health of the Vice-President, Mr. John Young, who responded with some most sensible and humorous remarks.

Mr. MACRAE MOIR gave, "The Land we Live in," and in doing so referred to the legal celebrities of Scotland who had made their mark so ineffaceably in the history of "the land we live in;" and as regarded Anglo-Scottish clerical celebrities, he need only mention Archibald Campbell Tait, late Bishop of London, and now Archbishop of Canterbury. (Cheers.)

The PRESIDENT very briefly proposed the toast of "The Visitors," which was duly responded to.

Dr. MACLAREN: Mr. President, the toast which I have the honour to propose is that of "The Land o' Cakes." Sir, I know that in such an assemblage it is unnecessary that I should attempt to illustrate this toast or to amplify its sentiment, yet I am sure that on such an occasion as this, when Scotsmen are supposed to glorify themselves, it is expected, nay, demanded, that the theme should be expatiated upon—that the banner of the old country should be held aloft and unfurled, its emblazonment displayed, and its proud motto vindicated. Its emblazonment consists in the heroic services of our historic sires, its motto—"Nemo me impune lacessit"—is the manly sentiment of a brilliant people who have dared to do and to die for liberty and independence. Oftenest this toast is given, in a way, summarily, and perhaps in no way better than when using the words of our immortal Scott. We apostrophise the old country as—

"Caledonia! stern and wild,
Meet nurse for a poetic child;
Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,
Land of the mountain and the flood."

Next from the roll of our worthies we cite the names of Wallace and of Bruce as foremost of patriots. Further, from every department of the human mind, and in every walk of human conduct, we quote examples of those who have been famous in their lives and glorious for their country. Such is the jubilant side of the toast, sir. Let me present the other. 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 response to the toast of "The Ladies," said that however highly he might regard the honour of being the exponent of the thanks of the ladies on an occasion so interesting in every respect as the present, yet he could not help feeling how much more satisfactorily one of the ladies themselves could have acknowledged

the toast. He had that day seen in our Scottish bard's own bold hand-writing those admirable verses on the rights of the fair sex :—

" When Europe's eye is fixed on mighty things—
The fate of empires and the fall of kings;
While quacks of State must each produce his plan,
And even children lisp the rights of man:
Among the mighty fuss just let us mention,
The rights of woman merit some attention."

Not to dwell, however, on their rights, he had it in special command from the ladies to thank the members of the Caledonian Society of London that they had so properly conceded the right of ladies to sit beside the gentlemen at a public festival like the present, and share the whole enjoyment of the feast, instead of being mere spectators from a distant gallery. How much the gentlemen were the gainers thereby it would be difficult to estimate, but this he would say, that the festival would have been deprived of more than half its attractions to all had the ladies been absent. In nearly every part of the world where Scotsmen were to be found—and they were congregated almost everywhere—there were meetings being held to celebrate the anniversary of the birth of Scotland's greatest poet, whose name served as a bond of union amongst Scotsmen abroad, and whose poems and essays recalled the memories of childhood's home. He had accordingly in remembrance of those friends at a distance to ask the company to dedicate a cup to all who were like themselves celebrating the day. Across the Atlantic he could see in mental vision an assembly of Nicholsons, Straitons, Robertsons, Perkyns, and hundreds of the most devoted admirers of the bard in the United States, met lovingly and reverently to pay their homage to the memory of the bard. In connection with this toast he would couple the name of Mr. Robert Marshall, one of the respected ex-presidents of the Caledonian Society—(cheers)—whose temporary absence was felt as a blank among them. He trusted, however—and he had no doubt about it—that in his wanderings in other lands across the ocean, he would be enabled to celebrate this day with that genuine Scottish enthusiasm which he always did when amongst them, an enthusiasm which was the result of an ardent and intelligent appreciation of the genius and patriotism of the bard of the people. (Cheers.)

Mr. SETON RITCHIE replied to the toast, "The Honorary Secretary," given by the President. He said that the office-bearers of the Caledonian Society, who had nursed it in its infancy, watched over it in its earlier years, and reared it to its maturity, had ever been characterized by true, warm, earnest zeal. It was with unfeigned satisfaction that he witnessed the success of the meeting that evening, and was amply rewarded by that success for such exertions of his as might have helped to contribute to it; and when he recollected that 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 3,000,000 inhabitants of Scotland, presumably because they were the earnest, zealous, pushing, enterprising men they were, it was not too much to say that this, the Caledonian Society of London, might

fairly be held to be representative of the zeal and energy of upwards of 3,000,000 Scots. In thanking the company for the honour done him, Mr. Ritchie referred to the long and able services of the late hon. secretary, Mr. David Budge, and the pleasure which he was sure they all felt at seeing him there that night, recovered from the distressing accident which had been the means of depriving the Society of his services. In conclusion, Mr. Ritchie mentioned that in the year before last 5,503 persons had visited the Burns Monument in Edinburgh, and inspected the relics it contained. The visiting-book showed that America was largely represented. But the visitors were from all parts. Europe, Asia, Africa, and America had all yielded visitors to pay their respects at the shrine of Scotland's noble bard. (Cheers.)

On the conclusion of the toasts, the gentlemen followed the ladies into the drawing-room, and a general adjournment took place to the ball-room, where dancing was kept up with great spirit for several hours.

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From THE LONDON SCOTSMAN, January 29th, 1870.

THE ANNUAL FESTIVAL of this Society was celebrated on the evening of Tuesday last—the anniversary of the birth of the poet Burns, that anniversary having been so commemorated ever since the establishment of the Society in 1839. The worthy aspirations and good deeds of this Society have been so often recorded in these columns that a detailed account on the present occasion would be superfluous. One of its pleasantest features, however, as being specially germane to the occasion, may be alluded to—viz., the hearty recognition, on the part of the Society, of the “equal rights” claim on behalf of the fair sex, illustrated by the admission of the ladies to the dinner tables, instead of relegating them to the cold obscurity of the gallery, there to waste “their sweetness on the desert air.” On Tuesday night there was a large and brilliant assemblage of both sexes. A goodly proportion of the gentlemen wore the Highland costume—some of the visitors as well as the members of the Society demonstrating their nationality in this manner. When all the company had assembled in the drawing-room, a procession was formed of the office-bearers and council of the Society, headed by Mr. Ross, the Queen's piper, who was present by the gracious permission of her Majesty, and the banqueting-room was reached to the strains of the bagpipes. At the upper end of the hall, the cross table was spread on a dais, the elevation of which gave the President and others of the speakers a great advantage in making themselves heard all over the large area. During dinner, and at intervals throughout the evening, the band of the London Scottish Volunteers, under the directorship of M. Louis Beck, discoursed most excellent national music, alternated by the strains of Mr. Ross's pipes.

The chair was occupied by Dr. F. W. RAMSAY, of Inveresk, F.R.C.P. Edin.; the vice-chairs by JOHN YOUNG, Esq., Vice-President;

J. SETON RITCHIE, Esq., Hon. Secretary; and JOHN KILPATRICK, Esq., Treasurer. Among the general company were—Dr. Dewsnap, Dr. Hogg, Sir Patrick M. Colquhoun, Messrs. D. W. Mackenzie, Hy. Horly, W. Scott, E. W. Ledger, Æneas J. M'Intyre, M'Intyre, M. F. Gray, Carr, Hannan, W. H. Smith, Drysdale, J. W. Davidson, Le Sage, J. Taylor, P. M'Laurin, Dunlop, Hume, P. C. Peebles, H. T. Balfour; Dr. M'Oscar, Dr. Slight, A. Macpherson, F. T. Girdwood, Dr. Millar, J. Grant, Dr. M'Intosh, J. Shiress Will, W. Robertson, A. Peebles, Gosman, T. C. Scott, W. Taylor, Brander, Erlandsen, Kennedy, B. Mason, Fitzgibbon, A. Forbes Mackenzie (Inverness), Leith, Macrae Moir, F. A. Filbrick, D. Maclaurin, Lee, Geck, Leask, D. Campbell, Drenman, G. Barnes, Lachlan, Dr. Kirkwood, J. Gunn, Peebles, Young and party, W. T. Morrison, R. Crawford, Dr. Niel, J. Shand, J. Wilson, H. Scott, J. J. Napier, A. M. Moir, Vicat Cole, H. Crellin, B. Pittman, Jennings, Dr. Cartwright Reid, W. H. Ashurst, Rapley, Mossman, Maclure, Macdonald, Smith, Pollock, A. Maclure, jun., T. Debenham, Henderson, Dr. M'Laren, Reeson, Harvey, Fenning, Blyth, Duncan, J. Laurie, Newby, Burt, Houghton, Marshall, Peter, A. Robb, G. Elphinstone, J. Elphinstone, Maddick, Anderson, Daniel, Maclure, Turnbull, Underwood, R. Hepburn, etc. Among the ladies were:—Mrs. Cornwell, Mrs. Gray, Mrs. M'Cullum, Mrs. Hawkins, Mrs. Smith, Mrs. P. M'Laurin, Mrs. Hume, Mrs. M'Oscar, Mrs. Seton Ritchie, Miss Dean, Mrs. Scott, Miss M'Laurin, Mrs. Taylor, Misses Burgess, Mrs. Brander, Miss Cornwell, Mrs. Macrae Moir, Miss S. Scott, Mrs. G. Lachlan, Mrs. Wilson, Mrs. Neil, Mrs. W. T. Morrison, Miss Laurie, Mrs. Blyth, Mrs. Henderson, Mrs. Pollock, Miss Macdonald, Mrs. Macdonald, Miss Mossman, Miss Hepburn, Mrs. Mossman, Mrs. Hepburn, Mrs. D. D. Hepburn, Miss Rapley, Mrs. Turnbull, Mrs. Daniel, Miss Lawrance, Mrs. Anderson, Miss Fenning, Mrs. Duncan, Mrs. Kilpatrick, Mrs. M'Intyre, Miss Scott, Mrs. Dewsnap, Mrs. D. W. Mackenzie, Mrs. Ashurst, Misses Hogg, Mrs. Lynn Linton, Mrs. Lee, Mrs. A. M. Moir, Mrs. Napier, Mrs. Campbell, Mrs. Kirkwood, Mrs. Peebles, etc.

On the conclusion of dinner,

The PRESIDENT rose to propose the health of the Queen, and he said that in calling on the company to honour the toast of the first lady in the land, it gave every well-wisher of the Caledonian Society sincere pleasure at seeing their board graced by so many of the sex of which their gracious Sovereign was so great an ornament. The least that they could do would be to tender their fair friends in the beginning a hearty welcome. (Hear, hear.) Looking at what was to follow, any observations from him would be short and to the purpose. He, therefore, gave the toast of "Health and Long Life to the Queen," a toast which required no elaboration at his hands, and which he was sure would meet with a hearty response from the assemblage. (Hear, hear.)

The toast was received with Caledonian honours, the band playing the National Anthem.

The PRESIDENT then gave the next toast—"The Duke and Duchess of Rothesay, the Prince and Princess of Wales," etc. They had lately had a pleasing example of his Royal Highness's interest in Scottish matters in his taking the chair on the recent anniversary of the Scottish Hospital. (Hear, hear.) He was sure the Prince would be an honour

and a credit to the country, and that her Royal Highness would never stand between him and his identification with Scottish interests. (Cheers.)

"God bless the Prince of Wales."—Band.

The next toast was that of "The British Army, Navy, and Volunteers," from the chair. The past services of the Army and Navy had done honour to the country, and while he hoped these would never again be required, still the services never forgot the old Scottish motto, "Ready, aye, ready!" The Volunteers, he trusted, would meet with the justice they merited at the hands of Mr. Cardwell, assured as all must be of their zeal and aspirations towards efficiency. (Cheers.)

"British Grenadiers."—Band.

The toast was suitably and briefly acknowledged by Captain PEEBLES, of the 1st City of London Artillery, and J. C. DANIEL, Esq., Hon. Artillery Company.

The next toast was "The Immortal Memory of Burns," proposed by J. T. ANDERSON, Esq., of the Scottish and English bars. Mr. Anderson said: On this, the anniversary of the natal day of one of Scotland's greatest and most gifted sons, it appears to me almost superfluous, by way of preface or laudatory remarks, to say anything to procure for the toast which has been entrusted to me an enthusiastic reception, such as it always receives at your hands, or in any company of Scotsmen in whatever part of the world they may be assembled.

That toast, as many of you may be aware, is "The Immortal Memory of Burns," or, as I should prefer to say, "The Memory of the Immortal Burns." As, however, it is usual on the occasion of these your annual meetings to say a few words in connection with the toast, you will perhaps bear with me for a little, while I follow the annual custom in that matter. No poet, and I may almost say no man, has ever had a greater number of ovations paid to his memory than Burns, nor has anyone more deserved them. Would that a small part of the tributes paid to his memory had taken the form of honours and rewards given to him during his life, and thus have procured for him those enjoyments and comforts of which he stood so much in need, but of which, alas! it was his lot to receive so small a share. This, however, was not to be. His name and memory have now, however, by universal consent, been placed in one of the loftiest niches in the temple of fame; and he has achieved a renown which princes might envy, and of which the greatest men of any nation might well be proud. Born in humble circumstances—the child of poverty, cradled and nurtured in adversity—he had no advantages of birth or fortune to aid him, and apparently no fortuitous circumstances surrounded him. But, nevertheless, there were circumstances favourable to the development of his genius. He had a rich inheritance in possessing so worthy a father and mother, whose simple and devout life and their household have been so beautifully depicted by him in his "Cottar's Saturday Night." From them he derived an excellent example, and from those rustic scenes amidst which he was born and loved to dwell he drew most of those beautiful images and derived those objects which form the subject of some of the best of his poems. There was nothing by which he was surrounded but had a charm for him. Not a bird that sang, nor a burn that ran down by a hillside, but were eloquence and music to his vivid and delighted

imagination. Whence, it may be asked, was the secret of all his success? It was because he was a true child of nature—he drew his ideas and inspiration from her, and imbibed her richest treasures at her pure and limpid fountain; and deeply inspired thereby, he clothed them in choicest language and gave them forth in sweet abundance to his admiring countrymen and the world at large. He spoke from the heart to the heart. Nothing was too insignificant or mean for him to notice or to turn to account. The meanest creature and the lowliest flower were beautiful in his eyes. It was sufficient for him that they were the production of a beneficent Creator. His "Ode to the Mountain Daisy," accordingly, is one of the sweetest of his lays:—

"Wee, modest, crimson-tipped flow'r,
Thou's met me in an evil hour;
For I maun crush amang the stoure
Thy slender stem;
To spare thee now is past my pow'r,
Thou bonnie gem."

And not less beautiful is his "Address to the Field Mouse"—

"Wee, sleekit, courin, tim'rous beastie,
O! what a panic's in thy breastie,
Thou needna start awa' sae hasty
Wi' bickering brattle;
I wad be laith to rin an' chase thee
Wi' murd'ring pattle."

Added to these qualities, he possessed high intelligence, a vivid and powerful imagination, playful fancy, deep pathos, genial wit and humour, manly independence, love and compassion towards all the human race, intense love of country, strong sense of gratitude, and perfect detestation of all hypocrisy and meanness. The possession of all these great qualities combined to form a character and to create a genius at once noble and sublime. His works testify they were all to be found in him. His "love of country," how strongly was that shown on many occasions! More than once he was sorely tempted to leave his native land, and was on the point of doing so, but his love of country prevailed and kept him on her soil; and rejoiced am I to think he lived and died there. How touching is his effusion when he desires,

"That I for poor, auld Scotland's sake
Some usefu' plan or book could make,
Or sing a sang at least."

And then showing his intense affection for his country in sparing her beloved emblem, he says:—

"The rough tree thistle, spreading wide,
Amang the bearded bear,
I turned the weeder clips aside,
And spared the symbol dear."

Nor was his love for the human race less strong, and more particularly for the fairer section of it. The only objection I have ever heard raised on this score is, that it is too ardent and perhaps too universal. His big heart seemed sometimes to love, when others might have left it alone, or confined it to one object. But his nature was so loving he could not help it. It has been said that, at times, his love was not shown to his

wife as it ought to have been. But I think this is a mistake. If, at an early period of his married life, there were circumstances which rather indicated this was the case, I think all who are acquainted with his history will say that it was not really so; or, if there be any foundation for it, that he was not to blame. Some of his sweetest verses were addressed to his wife, and showed how deep his love was for her. Take, for example, those in which the following lines are to be found:—

“There’s not a bonnie flower that springs,
By fountain, sheen, or green:
There’s not a bonnie bird that sings,
But minds me o’ my Jean.”

Nor can his affection towards all mankind be better shown than by those popular verses known to everybody—namely, “Auld Lang Syne,” which, although not altogether his own, were so added to, improved, and adopted by him, that they are generally considered to be his. *A propos* of that, another quality is there shown to have belonged to him, as indeed it is said to be the inheritance of every native of Scotland. I mean that quality called “thrift,” which is generally associated with Scotsmen. An Irishman once said that that song had been claimed for one of his countrymen. But he added that the idea was completely set at rest by the words of the last verse:—

“And surely you’ll be your pint stoup;
And surely I’ll be mine,”

The fact of the author requiring his friend to order the first pint stoup, and to settle the reckoning before he gave his, would, he said, never have occurred to an Irishman, and at once stamped the nationality of the song as Scottish. Again, the exquisite pathos of Burns is beautifully shown in many of his productions, but perhaps nowhere more so than in his odes and apostrophes to his Highland Mary, one of which ends as follows:—

“O! pale, pale now those rosy lips
I aft hae kissed sae fondly;
And closed for aye that sparkling glance
That dwelt on me sae kindly.”

Evidences of Burns’ powerful imagination and fancy, his wit and humour, are to be found everywhere throughout his works, more especially in his “Tam o’ Shanter,” “The Jolly Beggars,” and his “Address to the De’il.” His manly independence is well known, and his detestation of everything mean and sordid. No lines ever written have been more frequently quoted than these:—

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

And the same idea is to be found in these—

“A prince can mak’ a belted knight,
A marquis, duke, and a’ that;
But an honest man’s aboon his might,
Gude faith he mauna fa’ that.”

Another great feature in Burns’ character was his social feelings and friendships, and the delight it afforded him to mix in the society of his fellow men and other kindred spirits. To this may be ascribed, to a

large extent, what are called 'his failings. But these, sifted and mellowed as they have been by the hand of time, are well nigh forgotten, while all that is good, and true, and pure, in his character will endure for all time. And, doubtless, the so-called failings were grossly exaggerated. When we reflect upon the times in which he lived, the coldness and formality of the religion of the period, when it was a boast and an honour to get fou', were it to be wondered at, considering the kindly and social qualities of Burns, that he should follow the universal example that prevailed? His youth, too, must be taken into account, for, poor man, he died in his thirty-seventh year. You have the character of the times shown in one of his own verses :—

“ Wha first shall rise to gang awa',
A coward, cuckold, loon is he ;
Wha first beside his chair shall fa',
He shall be king amang us three !”

Were it extraordinary that in these times, and in such a state of society, Burns should, on such occasions, try to be the king of the company by doing what was considered necessary to obtain the distinction? And even if he did commit any errors of this kind, are there not many reasons why they should be overlooked, considering how many were the virtues on the other side? To use his own words in reference to this subject :—

“ Then gently scan your brother man,
Still gentler sister woman ;
Though they may gang a kennin wrang—
To step aside is human ;
One point must still be greatly dark,
The moving why they do it ;
And just as lamely can ye mark
How far perhaps they rue it.”

Burns' was indeed a noble struggle and example. Born almost in the midst of a tempest—for within a week after his birth he and his mother had to be carried from the “auld clay biggin” in which he was born to a neighbouring cottage—he was a “tempest-tossed bark” throughout life, constantly struggling with poverty, with care, and adversity. And although not able to “lay anything by” for himself or his family, what a legacy has he not left to the human race!—a legacy larger and more valuable than any pecuniary one that has ever been given, or than any bequest which is to be found in any will that has ever been proved in Doctors' Commons. It has cheered many a broken heart, revived many a wounded spirit, and chased dull care away in many a saddened breast. I have, I fear, too long trespassed on your patience, and I must now draw these remarks to a close by asking you to join with me in drinking “To the imperishable memory of the immortal Burns,” not in silence, but with all the honours, as it is your wont to do on the occasion of these annual meetings. His spirit is not dead, but liveth, and will continue to live so long as Scotland endures. I conclude by asking you to drink the toast in the poet's own words :—

“ A last request permit me here,
While yearly, ye assemble a',
One round—I ask it with a tear,
To him, the bard that's far awa'.”

"There was a lad was born in Kyle."—Band.

The PRESIDENT then rose and said: It is now my privilege to propose, "Prosperity to the Caledonian Society of London." On ordinary occasions it would be superfluous to offer any further remarks in regard to that toast, but as we are honoured by the presence of many visitors, it is desirable that I should give them some few particulars respecting it. It was founded upwards of thirty years since by a few Scotsmen, who still evince the warmest interest in our success, and assist our deliberations with their experience and sound sense. These gentlemen, the founders of the Society, influenced by these noble and generous aspirations, which had been instilled into their minds in youth, and knowing that our mission on earth is to do God's service, conceived the happy idea of founding this Society as a rallying point for Scotsmen resident in London, where they could occasionally meet, if so minded, after the cares and anxieties of the day were concluded, and find social enjoyment. They also desired to afford young Scotsmen, on coming to London either for business or pleasure, an opportunity of meeting their countrymen and receiving an affectionate greeting, having the benefit of the experience which those who had gone before them had acquired, and giving them a valuable means whereby they might obtain good counsel and true friends. I think these are no ordinary advantages, and Scotsmen were greatly indebted to Mr. Robert Hepburn and Mr. Michie Gray for having been instrumental in founding so excellent an institution. (Cheers.) I was quite prepared to find that the mention of these names would be received with enthusiasm, because they were both well known for their large-heartedness and singleness of purpose. Beyond the mere social purposes, however, they had one far higher, which was to interest Scotsmen in the institutions founded in London for the relief of distress, and for the education of the children of poor Scotsmen—soldiers and sailors, as well as civilians. It is, gentlemen, most gratifying to us to be able to state that the Society renders valuable assistance both to the Scottish Hospital and the Royal Caledonian Asylum, and has brought the claims of these institutions before many who otherwise might not have heard of them. I therefore invite you to drink "Prosperity to the Caledonian Society of London."

The toast was drunk with Caledonian honours, Mr. Ross playing the "Caledonian Society's Reel."

The next toast was "The Past Presidents of the Society," proposed by WILLIAM SCOTT, Esq. Their Presidents, said Mr. Scott, were representative men. In the right choice of them lay the social strength of the Society. Hitherto they had been most fortunate in their selections. (Hear, hear.) The right men seemed to come up at the right time, and to fall into their places naturally. 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. (Cheers.) He spoke from a long personal relationship with them. Under their popular rule the proverbial liking of the Scotch for "huge meals of the jovial and the jocular" was always satisfied; for "merrier men within the limits of becoming mirth" could not be met with anywhere. 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 impruived 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.) He would ask them to drink the "Past Presidents," coupled with the name of Mr. Robert Hepburn.

Mr. HEPBURN (whose rising was the signal for great cheering) said he had very great pleasure, on behalf of his friends, Mr. Maclure, Mr. Marshall, Mr. Young, and Dr. Hogg, in returning their warmest thanks, as well as his own, for the great honour which had just been shown the toast. He was afraid that Mr. Scott's known antiquarian zeal had led him to exaggerate, at least so far as he (Mr. Hepburn) was personally concerned, the merits of the past Presidents of the Caledonian Society. (No, no.) Be that, however, as it may, he begged most sincerely to assure the company that to witness such a large gathering of the members and friends of the Society was to the past Presidents a source of the highest gratification, and that pleasure was greatly enhanced by the welcome presence of such a goodly array of ladies, who with a generous sympathy in the national cause which prompted to the gathering, had come to add a brilliant lustre to the assembly. It was an honour

the past Presidents highly esteemed to have been instrumental in joining with so many leal and true-hearted Scotsmen in their patriotic and laudable endeavours to preserve untarnished the early traditions, the historical reminiscences, the dearly-loved nationalities, and glorious characteristics, of their native land ; in joining with so many countrymen in keeping alive the memory of departed worth and genius, the memory of noble patriots, who have made Scotland the envy of other nations ; the memory of poets, "who lived, not for an age, but for all times ;" the memory of statesmen, who have added lustre to the brightest page of Scottish history ; the memory of glorious martyrs, who sacrificed their lives for conscience sake ; the memory of men, who in art, science, and literature, adorned the age in which they lived, and left behind them an imperishable name. (Cheers.) If one thing more than another could add to the pleasure, it was the great privilege of meeting once more and commemorating the anniversary of the birthday of Robert Burns, and assisting, as it were, in piling another stone on that cairn, which, much to the honour and credit of the Caledonian Society, it has for so many years been erecting to his memory—to the memory of the poet who wrote in "thrilling words that burn" such sentiments of heaven-born truth, freedom, and independence that ere the bicentenary of his natal day arrived, would be understood by every nation, of every kindred and tongue, and this simply because he wrote the language of the human heart. (Cheers.) He trusted that the past Presidents would long have the pleasure of meeting their brother members of the Caledonian Society on such occasions as the present, surrounded by the same national associations, with the sight of the tartan to warm the heart, the strains of Caledonian music to gladden the spirit, and, above all, to have the opportunity of shaking hands with old, old friends for auld lang syne. (Cheers.)

Dr. HOGG proposed the health of the Chairman, a gentleman whom all honoured, respected, and esteemed. (Hear, hear.) He was one who "did good by stealth, and blushed to find it fame." The Caledonian Society had prospered under his presidency, and of his qualifications as a chairman they had abundant example to-night. He was sure that all would heartily respond to his call for brimming bumpers to the health of Dr. Ramsay, the excellent President of the Society. (Cheers.)

The toast was drunk with full Highland honours, followed by pipe music.

Dr. RAMSAY, in a few graceful words, acknowledged the compliment which had been so warmly paid him, and concluded by proposing the health of Mr. John Young, the estimable Vice-President.

The toast was warmly received, and briefly responded to by Mr. YOUNG.

The next toast was that of "The Ladies," proposed by Mr. YOUNG, who congratulated the company on the happy and successful arrangement, by which the ladies were now seated side by side with them, instead of being perched up in the gallery. Although, he said, since the first introduction of the arrangement, the Society had been occasionally under the necessity of depriving itself of the pleasure of their company, he was happy to inform the ladies—and he had no doubt the gentlemen would be equally happy to hear it—that that necessity no longer existed, and that the ladies sitting down with them would be henceforth

a "rule absolute, and without exception." (Cheers.) They had had some little experience of what their meetings could be without the ladies—sombre, dull and forlorn—but with the ladies, their smiles and their charms, they had all that could be desired for complete success. (Hear, hear.) He was sure they would all agree with him that they were deeply indebted to the ladies for their presence that evening. In the name of the Caledonian Society of London, he begged to tender them its most hearty thanks, and to call for a flowing bumper to their health. (Great cheering.)

Mr. MORRISON replied on behalf of the ladies in a highly felicitous and humorous strain. The remaining toasts were "The Visitors," given by the Chairman, and coupled with the name of Æneas J. McIntyre, Esq., who replied; "The Land we Live in," by Macrae Moir, Esq., Secretary of the Scottish Hospital; "Land o' Cakes," by J. Shiress Will, Esq., barrister; and "The Honorary Secretary of the Society, J. Seaton Ritchie, Esq.," from the chair.

In the course of his reply, Mr. RITCHIE said that while the Caledonian Society tended to make Scottish men and women and the Scottish name and character better known and respected, softening down those jealousies with which Scotsmen were occasionally regarded even now in the south, it also exerted an influence on the cause of charity much beyond its own pecuniary resources. He had ventured, on a former occasion, to submit that it might not be too extravagant to hold that, as the Society had had upon its lists in past or present times almost all the foremost, zealous, energetic, and enterprising men amongst the 40,000 Scots in the metropolis, and that as a vast proportion of those 40,000 Scots had been eliminated from the inhabitants of Scotland chiefly because of their possessing those very qualities, the Caledonian Society of London might fairly be held to be representative of the zeal and energy of upwards of 3,000,000 Scots. He had not heard this proposition challenged. If it was a sound one, or even an approximation to a correct one, this Society must possess a wide scope of influence, and all holding office in this Society may well regard it as a privilege. He might mention that the portrait of Burns, which graced the head of the room, was the work of Daniel Macnee, lent to the Caledonian Society for the second time by our esteemed ex-President, Mr. Maclure. (Hear, hear.) He (Mr. Ritchie) had selected for a motto, suspended at the lower end of the room, a couplet from Burns's second letter to John Lapraik, which typifies one of the aspirations of the Caledonian Society of London—

"Still closer knit in friendship's ties,
Each passing year."

And he had to add, as proof of the unabated interest in Burns, that whilst in the year 1867 5,503 persons visited the Burns Monument in Edinburgh and the relics it contained, in the year 1868 and in the year 1869 the numbers were substantially the same, those of 1869 being, however, about 300 in excess of 1868. The signature book showed that the visitors continue to be representatives of almost every nationality. (Hear, hear.)

When the toast list was exhausted the company proceeded to the

drawing-room, and afterwards to the ball-room, where dance followed dance in rapid succession up till nearly three o'clock. From first to last there was not a single *contretemps* to detract from the pleasure of a very happy evening, and the success with which all the arrangements passed off reflects the highest credit on the Hon. Secretary and his brother officials.

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."

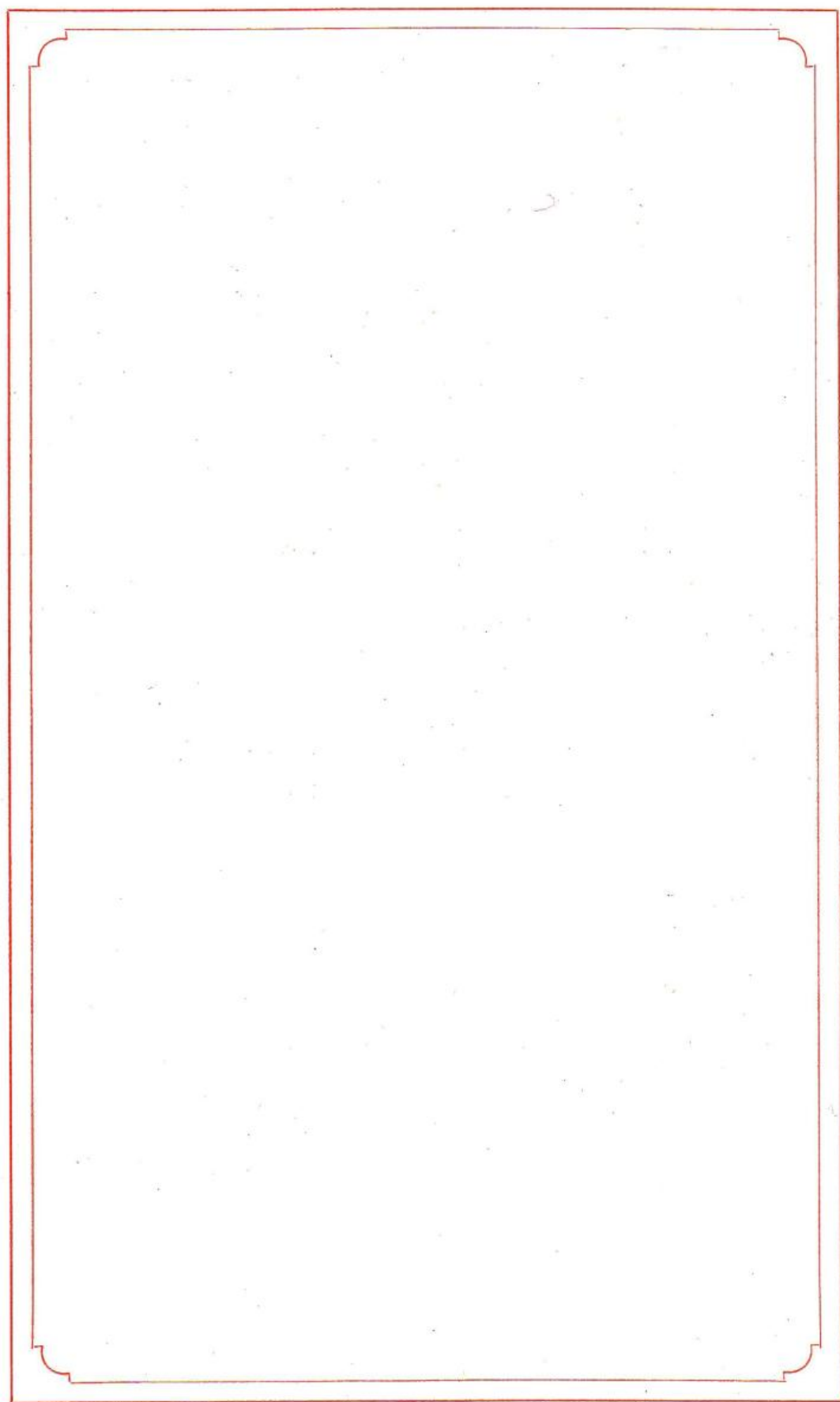
How earnestly and well Mr. Morrison fulfilled the duties of his high office are too thoroughly appreciated to need comment, and no greater testimony of esteem and regard could have been paid him than when, ten years later, he was again unanimously requested to preside over the Society's destinies.

Somewhere about this date, perhaps a few years later,



W. T. MORRISON, ESQ.

PRESIDENT.



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 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 inserted. The first contains an excellent example of one of the many witty and quaint speeches, delivered at the Society's gatherings from time to time, by that excellent and worthy Caledonian, Dr. A. C. Maclaren, the subject of his remarks on this occasion being "The land we live in."

From THE LONDON AND SCOTTISH REVIEW, February, 1875.

THE ONE HUNDRED AND SIXTEENTH ANNIVERSARY of the birth of Burns, born on the 25th January, 1750, in a clay-built cottage about two miles south of Ayr, in the vicinity of the kirk of Alloway and the "Auld Brig o' Doon," was commemorated as usual by this Society on the 25th January, by a festival at the Freemasons' Tavern. Mr. AENEAS J. MCINTYRE, Q.C., the President of the Society, presided at the dinner; the vice-chairs being filled by Mr. JOHN KILPATRICK, Treasurer, Mr. SETON RITCHIE, Honorary Secretary, and Mr. JOHN YOUNG, an ex-President; the Vice-President of the Society, Mr. J. Shiress Will, barrister-at-law, who was to have occupied one of the vice-chairs, being unavoidably absent. Nearly two hundred ladies and gentlemen sat down to dinner, the ladies being seated with the gentlemen, according to the usual practice of the Society, many of the latter bearing testimony to the national character of the meeting by wearing the Highland garb, whilst many others were in uniform. The large dining-hall was profusely decorated with national and Scottish banners, and various Scottish insignia, the object of the gathering being further attested by scrolls, with quotations from the works of Burns, on the walls; whilst one inscribed with the word "Burns" was behind the President's chair.

Some light is thrown upon the sources of the remarkable vitality in the commemorations of the birth of Burns—who died at Dumfries on the 21st July, 1796—which are held in so many places scattered over the world, by reflecting "that whatever Burns has done, he has done by his exquisite power of entering into the characters and feelings of individuals;" and, further, by recalling the following passage from an article which appeared about half a century ago in a leading monthly periodical:—
"Among great poets there have been, and will be again, men with minds often sorely troubled and distracted by the passions God gave them, by the adverse aspect of fortune, and by the influence of a malignant star! That often sorely troubled and distracted mind has spoken in their poetry, and in their practice; and thus they have themselves made the whole world the confidant of the darkest secrets of their spirits. Such a man, in some measure, was Burns; such a man, in full measure, was Byron. It would in such circumstances be most absurd to say that all other tongues should be silent on all those topics on which their own had so eloquently and passionately descanted; but still, as they were witnesses against themselves, and likewise their own inexorable judges, calling on their consciences to execute sentence upon them for their confessed

misdeeds, which remorse, as far as it could, had expiated it surely behoves their brethren to mitigate justice by mercy in the decrees they pronounce upon the 'poor inhabitants below,' who were—

'Strong to feel, and quick to know, though
Thoughtless follies laid them low,
And stained their name!'

Nay, their brethren owed them more than both justice and mercy—pity, pardon, commiseration—and, without insult or injury to virtue, immortal fame.

"Such has been the doom, the destiny, the fate of Burns. If his vices were drawn in deepest shadows, his virtues were drawn in brightest sunbeams, and over the gloom, and over the glory, there was the light of genius. Therefore, his country is neither afraid nor ashamed to see his character, reflected with all its stains and all its purity, in his works; but she looks on it steadily, though mournfully, with pardon, pity, and pride—and heart and eyes fill as she gazes on his pale marble bust. She will suffer no one to preach and moralise over his errors, except from his lips she hears—

The still sad music of humanity,
Not harsh nor grating, but of amplest power
To soften and subdue.'

His faults and frailties, errors and vices, were all far more than redeemed, had they been many times greater than they were, by his generous and his noble virtues; and it is felt now over all Scotland, and in every land trodden by the feet of her sons, that the bad belonging to the character of a great man may, without danger, be buried in his grave, from whence it will never cease to send up admonitory whispers, and that it is true wisdom and true religion to elevate the good into light, and hold it for ever there, as an encouragement and an example."

Whilst the Caledonian Society holds its annual festival year by year in commemoration of the birthday of Burns, it has a much wider area of utility, for the Society was established many years ago with the view to promote brotherhood and good fellowship among Scotsmen in London, and in order to combine their efforts for the advancement of national and benevolent objects connected with Scotland. It is likewise upheld as a means of preserving the ancient Caledonian costume, which its office-bearers and members and others are expected to wear at festivals and public assemblies. It has also powerfully stimulated the private contributions, and conspicuously ministered to the success of the various festivals of the Scottish charities. Its members are associated irrespective of religious or political opinions.

The CHAIRMAN, in proposing the toast, "The Queen," called forth sympathetic manifestations, alluded to the illness of Prince Leopold, and expressed a hope that ere long his Royal Highness would recover, so that the grief and lamentations of the Royal Family might be turned into thankfulness and joy. That and the following toast, "The Duke and Duchess of Rothesay, and the other Members of the Royal Family," were cordially honoured.

"The Caledonian Society of London," having been proposed in a sensible and practical speech by the CHAIRMAN, in which he alluded to its objects and achievements; and "The Past Presidents" proposed by Dr. J. C. DANIEL, and responded to by Dr. CHARLES HOGG, having been duly acknowledged, "The Immortal Memory of Burns" was proposed in a brilliant and sympathetic address by Mr. ROBERT HEPBURN, an ex-President of the Society.

Mr. HEPBURN said: Mr. President, Mr. Vice-President, Ladies and Gentlemen,—I rise with considerable diffidence to propose to you that toast which, much to the honour and credit of our Caledonian Society, is the standard around which we have always rallied as, year after year, we have met to do honour to the memory of one of Scotland's greatest sons; but I feel emboldened by the assurance that by whomsoever this toast is given, it will meet with that warm and enthusiastic reception which is characteristic of our fellow-countrymen, and, I may say, of our countrywomen, when, at these our national gatherings, Scottish hearts grow warm, Scottish feelings are awakened, and Scottish sympathies are aroused; and more especially at a gathering such as this, when we are met to commemorate the anniversary of the natal day of Scotland's immortal bard, and to dedicate a bumper, once again, to "The Memory of Robert Burns." Not many years have elapsed since many of those now present met together in this hall to commemorate the centenary of his birth. There were men amongst us on that occasion who were highly distinguished in Art, Science, and Literature, who bore powerful and eloquent testimony to the immense value of the writings given to the world by the great poet during his brief and chequered existence. But, gentlemen, this was no isolated gathering. Not only in this metropolis were there other large assemblies met for the same noble object; not only throughout the cities of England and Ireland; not only throughout every town, village, and hamlet in Scotland, did men of the highest intellect, men of all ranks and classes, meet together—not only throughout all our colonies, but in every quarter of the civilised globe, thousands and tens of thousands congregated and proclaimed with a loud voice, which echoed and re-echoed from pole to pole, their united heartfelt testimony to the wonderful influence which the works of Burns have had upon the human race—and this after the remains of the immortal bard had lain for nearly three-quarters of a century mouldering in the "Auld Kirkyard" in his native soil, near the home of his fathers. And whence, it may be asked, came this spontaneous, this unorganised, this universal ovation—an ovation to the memory of any poet, or even to any man, unparalleled in the world's history? The answer is simply this—The whole secret lies in the fact that Burns possessed that inborn touch of nature which "makes the whole world kin." His writings were but the inspired outpourings of his own natural heart, and they touch all other hearts as with a live coal. He sang his own "native wood-notes wild" with such powerful effect, with such truthful earnestness, and with such unaffected simplicity, that they can never be effaced, for they enthrone themselves on our common humanity. Gentlemen, in an assembly of Scotchmen, such as this, where all are so familiar with the sentiments of our great national poet, it would be futile in me to attempt to illustrate my feeble observations by referring to his works;

but as we are met for the purpose of adding another leaf to the crown of laurels which year after year we seek to entwine around the brow of departed genius, I may be excused if I make one or two allusions to them. Who amongst us has not read with keen emotion the poet's praises of that softer and gentler sex which he, with such sterling truth, stamped as the greatest and most beautiful work of creation, and even shed the sympathetic tear when perusing his ode "To Mary in Heaven,"—his song, "Of a' the airts the wind can blaw,"—or his verses to Highland Mary ending with the lines—

"Pale, pale now those rosy lips
I aft ha'e kissed sae fondly,
And closed for aye the sparkling glance
Which gazed on me sae kindly;
And mouldering now in silent dust
Is the heart that lo'ed me dearly;
But still, within my bosom's core,
Shall live my Highland Mary."

Gentlemen, the genius of a Wilkie and a Faed has often cheered and warmed our hearts by the wonderful glimpses which they have given us of Scottish homes and Scottish firesides, and the magic voice of a no less distinguished artist, Daniel Macnee, has as often charmed and delighted us with his oral sketches of Scottish life and character; but no artist ever depicted, with more truth and power, such a marvellous picture of Scottish life as Burns has given us in his "Cottar's Saturday Night," a poem which, for purity of language, lofty thought, and holy feeling, is unrivalled in either ancient or modern literature. Had he never written another stanza, that poem alone is sufficient to have immortalised his name. You remember his patriotic lines—

"From scenes like these fair Scotia's grandeur springs,
Which makes her lov'd at home, revered abroad.
Princes and lords are but the breath of kings,
An honest man's the noblest work of God."

The enthusiastic nationality of Burns, and the love for all that was characteristic of his nation, was fervid and pure, and sprang from the dictates of his own noble and manly heart. He imbibed it with his mother's milk, it permeated all his frame, and it never left him until the floodgates of life were shut in eternal rest. This patriotic feeling he has left his countrymen as a rich legacy to emulate, to conserve, and to hand down unsullied to posterity. Think of the glorious spirit of independence which he infused into the hearts of his fellow-men. Though surrounded by poverty, and clad in hodden gray, he yet held aloft his head, and proclaimed that, "The rank is but the guinea stamp, the man's the gowd for a' that." Think, also, of his glowing love for all mankind, his earnest desire that "man's inhumanity to man" might cease, and his heartfelt prayer—

"Then let us pray that come it may,
Aye, and come it will for a' that,
That man to man, the world o'er,
Shall brithers be for a' that."

Gentlemen, I feel it is impossible to give utterance to all I could wish

to say in proposing, "The Memory of Burns," and will conclude these remarks in language which I once used before, and which is, I think, not inappropriate to the present occasion. More than one hundred years have elapsed since Burns was ushered into existence. Brief though that existence was, he has left behind him an imperishable name. Another one hundred years will float rapidly down the stream of time, century will succeed century, generation after generation will pass away, all the monuments which have been erected to his memory may crumble into dust, and be scattered to the four winds of heaven, but his name shall live to remotest ages. It will live long after the language he has written in shall have ceased to be spoken. It will live as long as pure loyalty, honest worth, manly independence, and heaven-born genius, hold their sway among the nations of the earth. Drink to his memory, then, not in sorrow or in sadness, but in all the plenitude of joy. Let there not be the wail of the "Coronach," but let there be a song of triumph. Rejoice that such a man was ever born, and still further rejoice that Scotland gave him birth. Surrounded by much that is emblematic of our native land; cheered by much that reminds us of "Auld Lang Syne," with hearts attuned to do honour to the memory of the man, whom, "Take him for all in all, we ne'er shall look upon his like again," I give you, with acclamation, the "Undying Memory of Robert Burns."

The health of "The Chairman," proposed by Dr. F. W. RAMSAY, having been drank with Highland honours, followed by that of "The Vice-President of the Society," proposed by Mr. W. T. MORRISON and responded to by Mr. JOHN YOUNG, the CHAIRMAN gave the toast, "The Honorary Secretary of the Society," which was received with acclamation.

Mr. SETON RITCHIE said, in reply: Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen,—If novelty were essential to the reception of a toast—the toast which you have so warmly received would have dropped coldly indeed. On the contrary, I find myself left to thank you for the cordial, the more than cordial, greeting which you have been pleased to give me. It is an honour for which I desire to thank you, not only for reasons of a personal nature—for it is natural for all men to value the goodwill of others—but also for what the toast and the reception it has invariably met with really convey. That is a testimony to your own zeal and anxious desire for the welfare of the Society, as well as your wish to thank and encourage those who labour in its cause. Actuated by a sense of loyalty to our excellent President, by a sense of loyalty to every member, as also to the numerous visitors, ladies and gentlemen, who from time to time, by coming among us, testify to their interest in the welfare of the Association—and influenced by a conscientious determination to uphold its landmarks—and further recognising the kind and unequivocal support of all which I have received, I trust yet, with zeal and fidelity, to continue to discharge the duties of the office with which I have now for many years been intrusted on behalf of this Society, which I have learned to respect and to revere. The man who attends any of its meetings must be cold indeed in whose heart is not struck some chord by which are aroused within him pleasing memories of the past, whilst he is cheered onward in his struggles with

the realities of life. Every Scottish man and woman knows Burns' "New Year's Day."

" From housewife cares a minute borrow,
 And join with me in moralising
 This day's propitious to be wise in."

Therefore, I shall tell you that the visitors who paid for admission to the Burns Monument in Edinburgh last year exceeded in number those in the previous year by 533; the number in 1874 having reached 6,743, which seems to me to be irrefragable evidence that the interest in Burns has not retrograded.

The toast, "The Ladies," which had been intrusted to Mr. Sheriff SHAW (Sheriff of London and Middlesex), having been responded to by Mr. HUGH COWIE, barrister; "The Visitors" having been replied to by Mr. COLSTON, Treasurer of the City of Edinburgh, and Mr. DANIEL MACNEE, R.S.A.; "The Land we live in" was proposed by Dr. A. C. MACLAREN, who said: Mr. President, Vice-Presidents, and Gentlemen,—The toast which I have the honour to propose is that of "The Land we live in." Sir, I think I may safely say we Scotchmen are not insensible to the advantages of climate on this side of the Tweed. Nor are we unacquainted with the fat lands of our southern home. Yet, Sir, neither the advantages of climate, nor the blandishments of the situation generally, have tempted us hither. We have come here because we have been welcomed as brethren, as equals and citizens of the same commonwealth, entitled to share in all the emoluments and dignities of empire. We are glad we have come. For generations our people have enjoyed a fair proportion of imperial splendours; many have sat in the highest places; some on the wool-sack, and at the present hour behold one on the Archiepiscopal throne! We, Scotchmen in London, are a contented people; we make no clamour for Home Rule; we are not affronted by supposed neglects of Lyon King-at-Arms. We leave these complaints, these wailings and woes, to the Edinburgh lawyers; we hear no such complaints or cries from the lawyers, our countrymen here. If, Sir, you hear of any such, I pray you to let us know of them quickly, and we shall as speedily have them suppressed. Sir, we regard the union of Scotland with England as mutually advantageous and honourable; each in the other has been married to immortal fame and to glorious services. Further, we regard and intend this matrimonial alliance as an indissoluble bond, which is more than can be said of the heaven-born institution binding individually the families of the respective nations. Then, Sir, these being our opinions and these our sentiments, we may now say, in the words of their own divine Shakespeare—

" This scepter'd isle !
 This fortress built by Nature for herself
 Against infection and the hand of war :
 This precious stone set in the silver sea.
 This realm, this England !
 This land of such dear souls,
 This dear, dear land !
 Dear for her reputation through the world.
 This happy breed of men !
 Feared by their breed and famous by their birth."

Such, Sir, is the land we live in. These are proud words, but they are true; they are noble sentiments, they are patriotic, they are appropriate. Then, may it please you, Sir, that we drink to the honour and the fame, and to the imperishable name of the great English nation; and so doing, I propose as a toast, "The Land we live in."

An after dance in one of the large ball-rooms of the building, a sort of prelude to the grand ball of the Society, which takes place on the 5th March, at Willis's Rooms, followed, and a pleasant and successful gathering, after singing "Auld Lang Syne" and "God Save the Queen," separated.

The vocal and instrumental music were of a very high order. Mr. George Perren—though struggling with a severe cold—who is unsurpassed in London in the rendering of Scotch ballads, with Miss Minnie Curtis, did much to enliven the proceedings. The band of the London Scottish played a well-chosen selection of Scottish airs; and in the unavoidable absence of the pipers to her Majesty and the Prince of Wales, Sergeant John M'Kenzie, piper of the Royal Caledonian Asylum, played the pipe music.



From THE TIMES, January 26th, 1875.

THE ANNIVERSARY FESTIVAL of this Society was held yesterday evening, at the Freemasons' Tavern, under the presidency of Mr. M'INTYRE, Q.C., who was supported by Sir Albert Woods, Mr. D. Macnee, R.S.A.; Dr. Ramsay; Mr. Colston, Treasurer to the City of Edinburgh; Captain Pollock, R.A., Mr. Seton Ritchie, and nearly two hundred members and friends of the Society. The Society holds its annual dinner on the anniversary of the birthday of Robert Burns, and one of its objects being to preserve the ancient Caledonian costume, many of its office bearers and members appeared in Highland dresses. The Society was one of the first to admit ladies to its banquets, and as many of them last night wore tartan bands and scarves, the scene was unusually striking and brilliant. After the usual loyal toasts, the Chairman, in proposing "The Caledonian Society of London," said that the Society was established in 1839 with the view of promoting brotherhood and good fellowship among Scotsmen in the Metropolis, and in order to combine their efforts for the advancement of any national or benevolent object connected with Scotland. The Society had operated as a bond of union not only among Scotsmen but Scottish ladies in the Metropolis, and had always attracted among its members the foremost and most enterprising Scotsmen in London. It had also powerfully stimulated the private contributions and conspicuously ministered to the success of the various festivals of the Scottish charities. A scroll containing the word "Burns" was inscribed behind the President's chair, and the "Immortal Memory of Burns," proposed by Mr. HEPBURN, was received with enthusiasm. In the absence of the pipers to Her Majesty

and the Prince of Wales, who were prevented from attending by the illness of Prince Leopold, Sergeant John McKenzie, piper of the Royal Caledonian Asylum, led to the chair with the Highland Laddie march, etc. The band of the London Scottish Rifles played a well-chosen selection of Scotch airs, and Mr. G. Perren and Miss Minnie Curtis further contributed to the harmony of the evening by the performance of Scottish ballads. The dinner, served under the superintendence of Mr. Francatelli, included a Scottish course, composed of cockie leekie, haggis, and other national dishes. After dinner the company adjourned to an upper ball-room, where dancing was kept up with great spirit.

—♦—

From a DAILY PAPER, January, 1875.

THE MEMBERS OF THIS SOCIETY and their friends, to the number of about two hundred, dined together yesterday evening at the Freemasons' Tavern, in commemoration of the birthday of Burns. As is usual on these occasions, the officers of the Society and others appeared in Highland costume, whilst the hall was decorated with tartan plaids, shields, and quotations from the poet's works. The Caledonian Society, it is now almost needless to state, was established very many years ago, with a view to promote brotherhood and good fellowship amongst Scotchmen resident in London, as also to advance any benevolent object connected with their country. It is likewise upheld as a means of preserving the ancient Caledonian costume, which the office bearers and others are expected to wear at festivals or public assemblies. Mr. MCINTYRE, Q.C., presided, and amongst the company were Sir A. W. and Lady Woods, Dr. Ramsay, Dr. Daniel, Dr. L. Cope, Captain Pollock, R.A., Messrs. Macrae, Hepburn, Marshall, Hogg, Young, Macrae Moir, Cowie, Colston (Treasurer of the City of Edinburgh), Morrison, and others.

The CHAIRMAN, in proposing "The Health of the Queen," alluded to the illness of Prince Leopold, and expressed a hope that ere long his Royal Highness would recover, so that the grief and lamentations of the Royal family might be turned into thankfulness and joy.

Mr. R. HEPBURN gave, "The Immortal Memory of Burns," as the standard around which the members of the Society had always rallied. Eulogising the works of the poet, which had entranced society in all parts of the empire, he said that none better expressed the deep emotions of his soul than the lines to his "Highland Mary" and the "Cottar's Saturday Night," which alone were sufficient to immortalise his name.

The CHAIRMAN proposed, "The Caledonian Society of London," which was followed by the toasts of "The Past Presidents," by Dr. DANIEL; "The Chairman," by Dr. RAMSAY; "The Vice-President of the Society," (Mr. J. Shirell Will), by Mr. W. T. MORRISON; "The Honorary Secretary" (Mr. J. Seton Ritchie), by the CHAIRMAN; "The Ladies," "The Visitors," "The Land we live in," and "The Land o' Cakes."

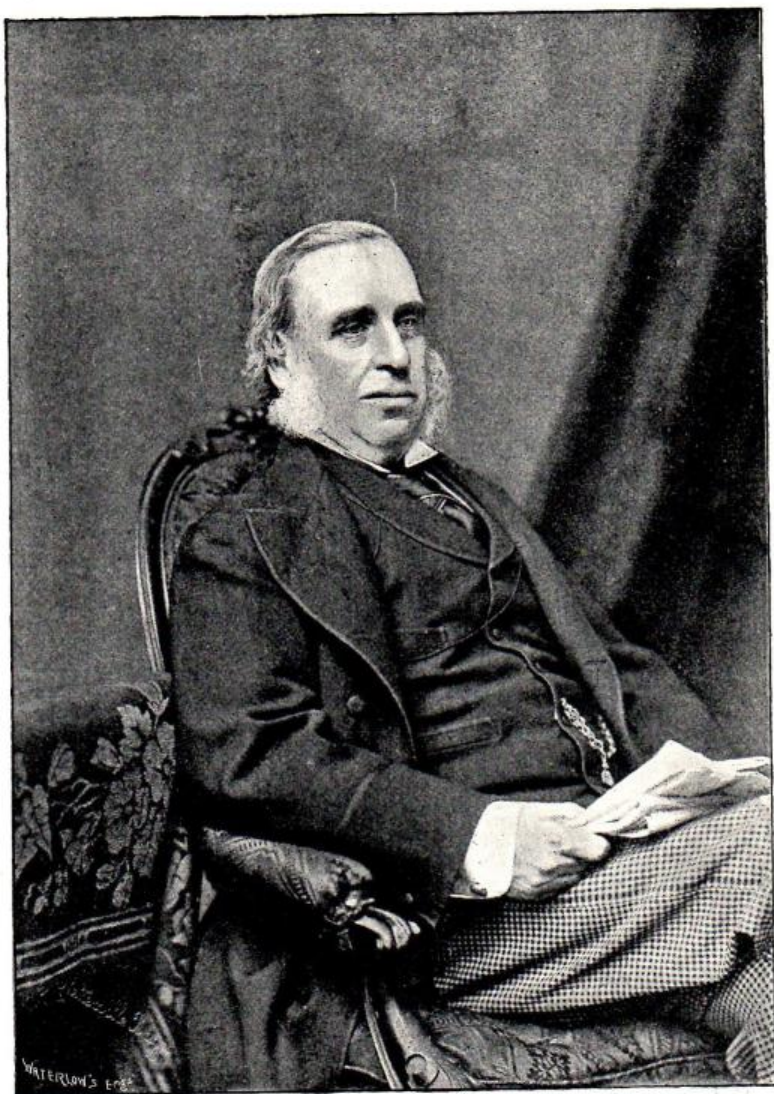
The band of the London Scottish Volunteers (led by Mr. L. Beck) attended; whilst Sergeant McKenzie, piper of the Royal Caledonian Asylum, played a number of strathspeys during the evening. A glee party, under the direction of Mr. Perren, also contributed to the festivities of the evening, which, as usual, 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 September the 19th, 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."






ÆNEAS J. MCINTYRE, ESQ., Q.C., M.P.

PRESIDENT.






CHAPTER XI.

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 organized 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.

HAT cheers my heart this dreary weather,
 An' maks 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' around 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 daunder whaur my fancy led,
 By hech or howe ;
 Sic youthfu' visions, let me wed,
 An' keep in lowe.

D. D. H.

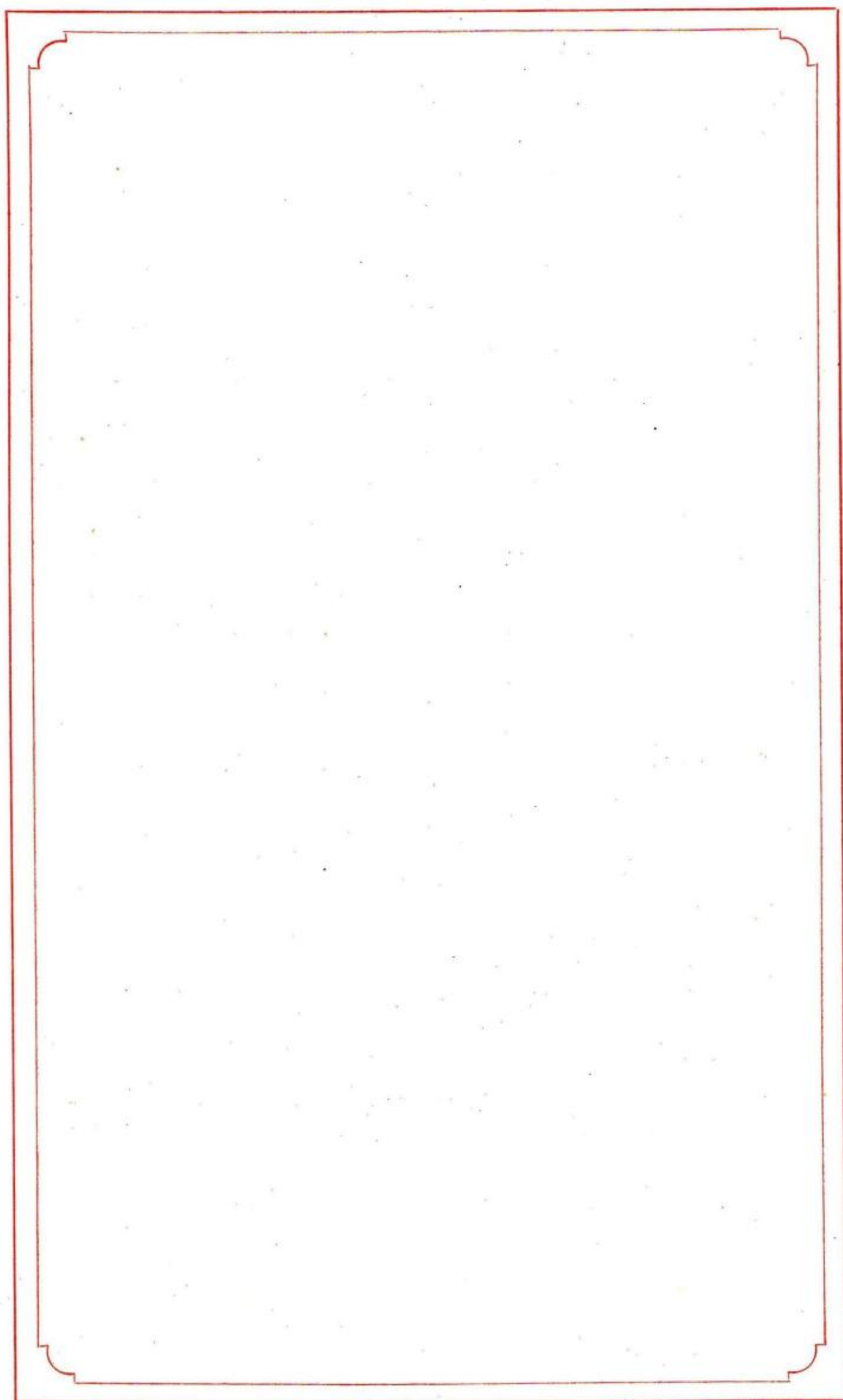
About this date, Mr. Seton Ritchie, who for five years had so honourably discharged the duties of Honorary Secretary to the Society, resigned his office.

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 August the 29th, 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.



J. SHIRES WILL, ESQ., Q.C., M.P.

PRESIDENT.



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

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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 Scotch 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.

Where there's a Will there's a way.

—

MONTROSE'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 his 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 skirks 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.



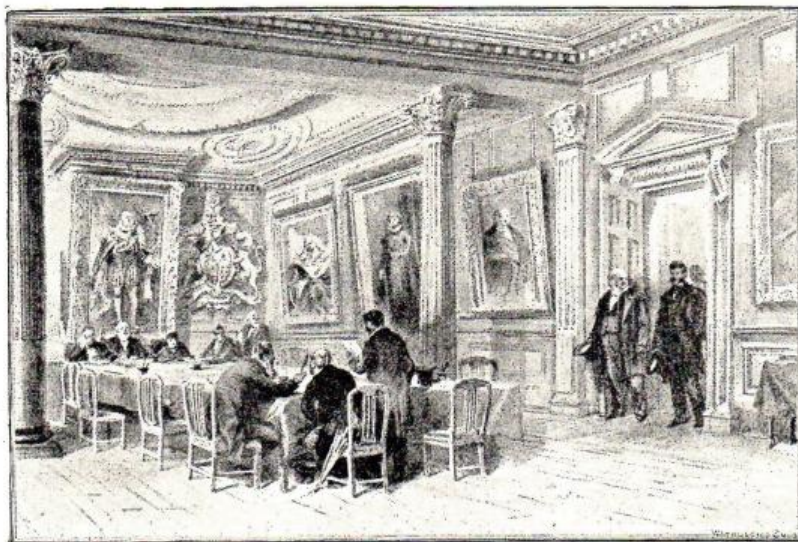
AN EVENT, occurring in November, 1877, must now be recorded, which for the time cast a gloom over all London Scotsmen, including the members of the Caledonian Society, namely, the total destruction by fire of the ancient and historic hall of the Scottish Corporation, in Crane Court, Fleet Street. Many 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.

THIS 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



OLD HALL OF THE SCOTTISH CORPORATION, DESTROYED BY FIRE.

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. :

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 $\pounds 400$ *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 $\pounds 40$, 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 $\pounds 4,450$.

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 Register, two Stewards, and a Beadle.

The present good work of the Corporation is too fully recognized 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.

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 Zuccherò 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.



WE NOW approach the last decade. The Society is flourishing and popular, and the prognostications of its founders have surpassed even their most sanguine hopes. 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."

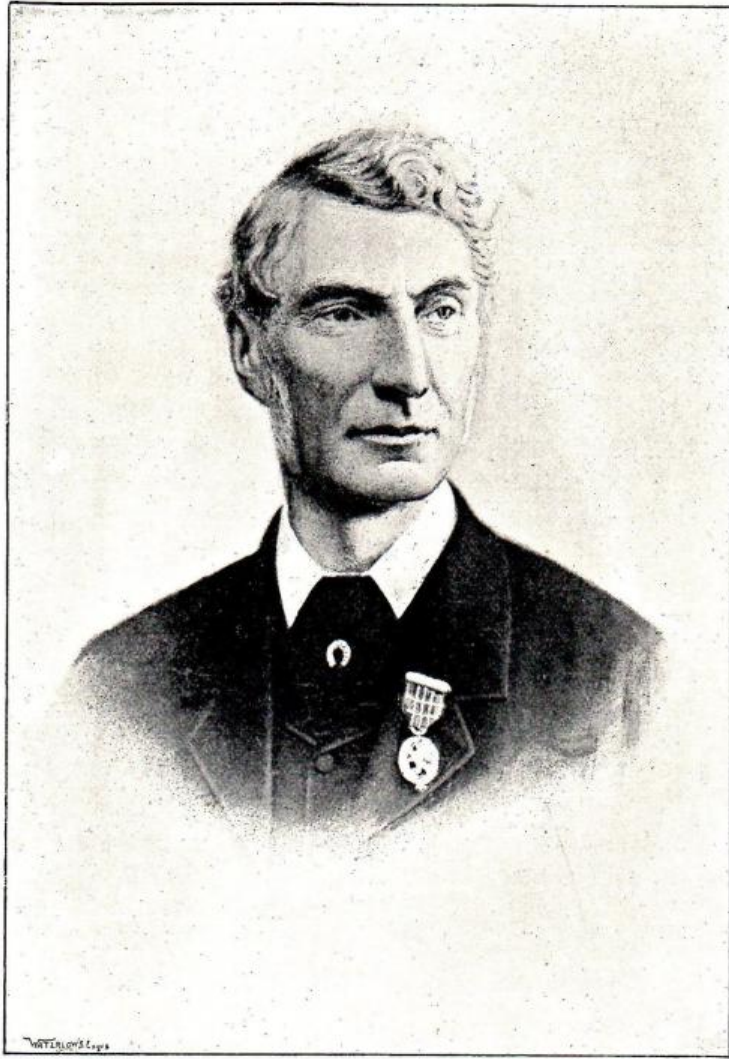
"Yes," replied Duncan, "that's all very well, but personally I prefer my port not quite so full-bodied."

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.

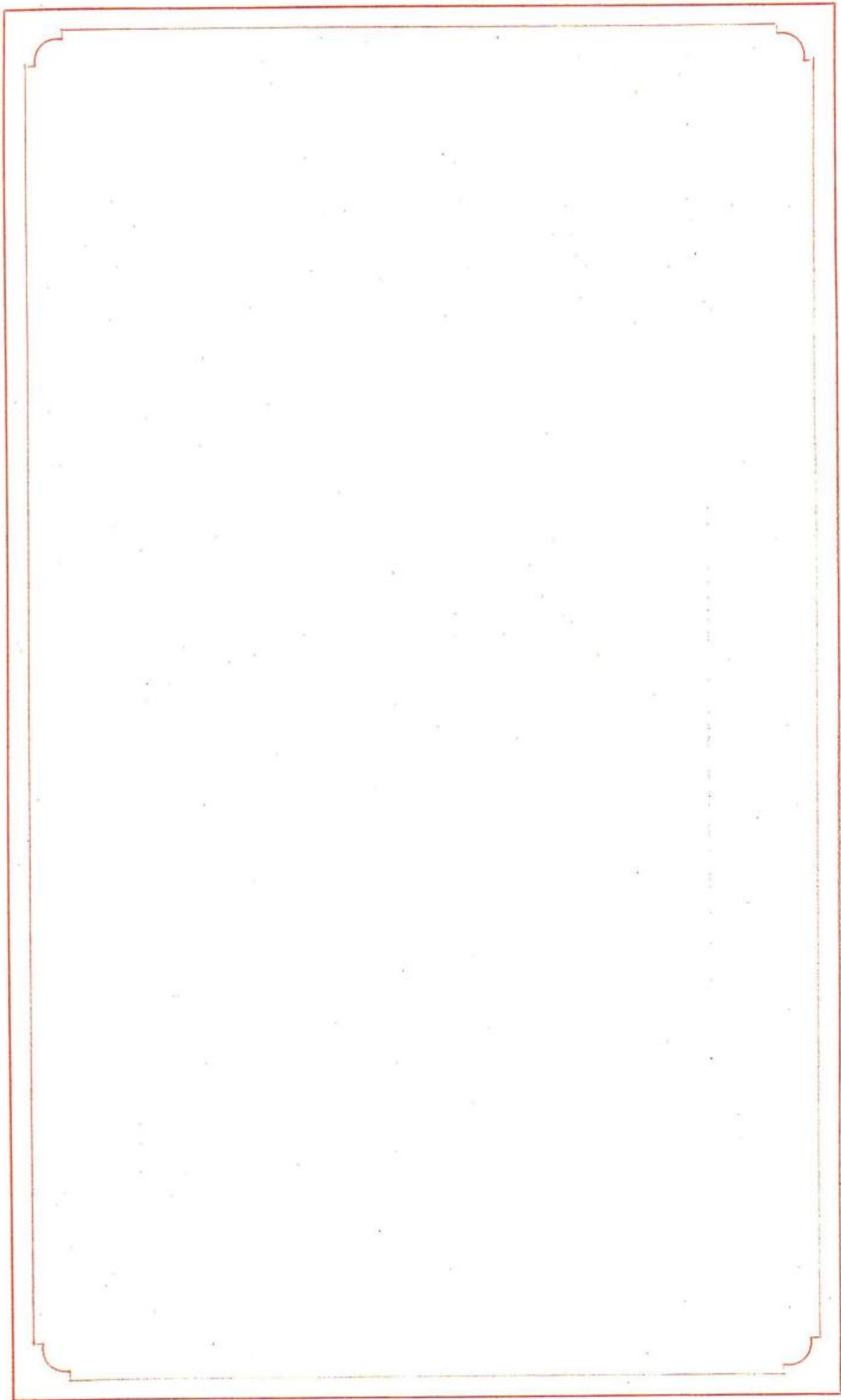
The year 1881 finds Mr. W. T. Morrison once more in the Presidential chair, the Young Man's President still. He is supported by Mr. H. C. McLeod as Vice-President, who filled this position during two Presidencies, and although now no longer with the Society, is well remembered, not the least by his fine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





CHAPTER XIV.

IN 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.

During the second year of Mr. Dunlop's presidency the Annual Banquet was again well attended. The only record

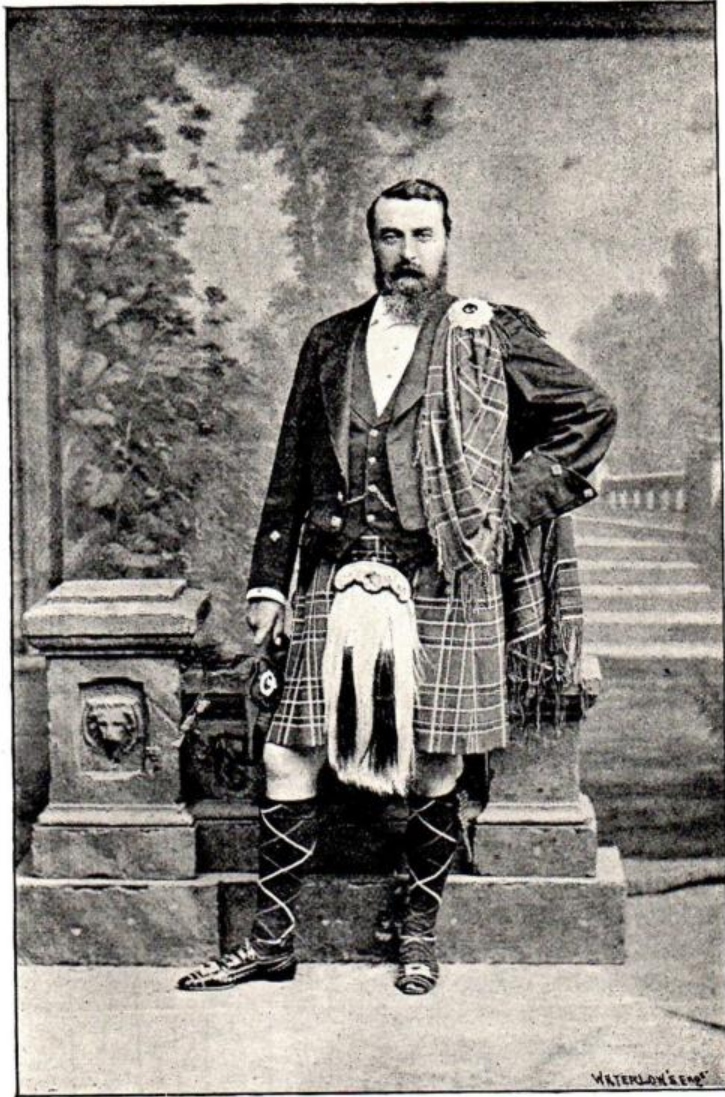
of this event extant is a cutting which your chronicler has in his possession, from a Nottingham paper. It refers chiefly to the toast of the evening, which on this particular occasion was entrusted to Mr. Duncan Hepburn.

From THE NOTTINGHAM DAILY GUARDIAN.

THE CALEDONIAN SOCIETY OF LONDON held its annual festival at the Freemasons' Tavern. After the usual loyal toasts, Mr. DUNCAN D. HEPBURN, in proposing "The Immortal Memory of Robert Burns," said: If to the toast I have the honour to propose inspiration were wanted, the national emblems around, the national strains still ringing in our ears, and the ever-living lines, which in mute yet expressive eloquence, speak from these walls, are enough to "mak' the heart gae grit;" and pulseless and "cauld" must he be, that cannot in this fleeting hour realize, in imagination, that the spirit of him who struck the keynote of the heart of Scotland hovers near, in sympathetic unison with this gathering.

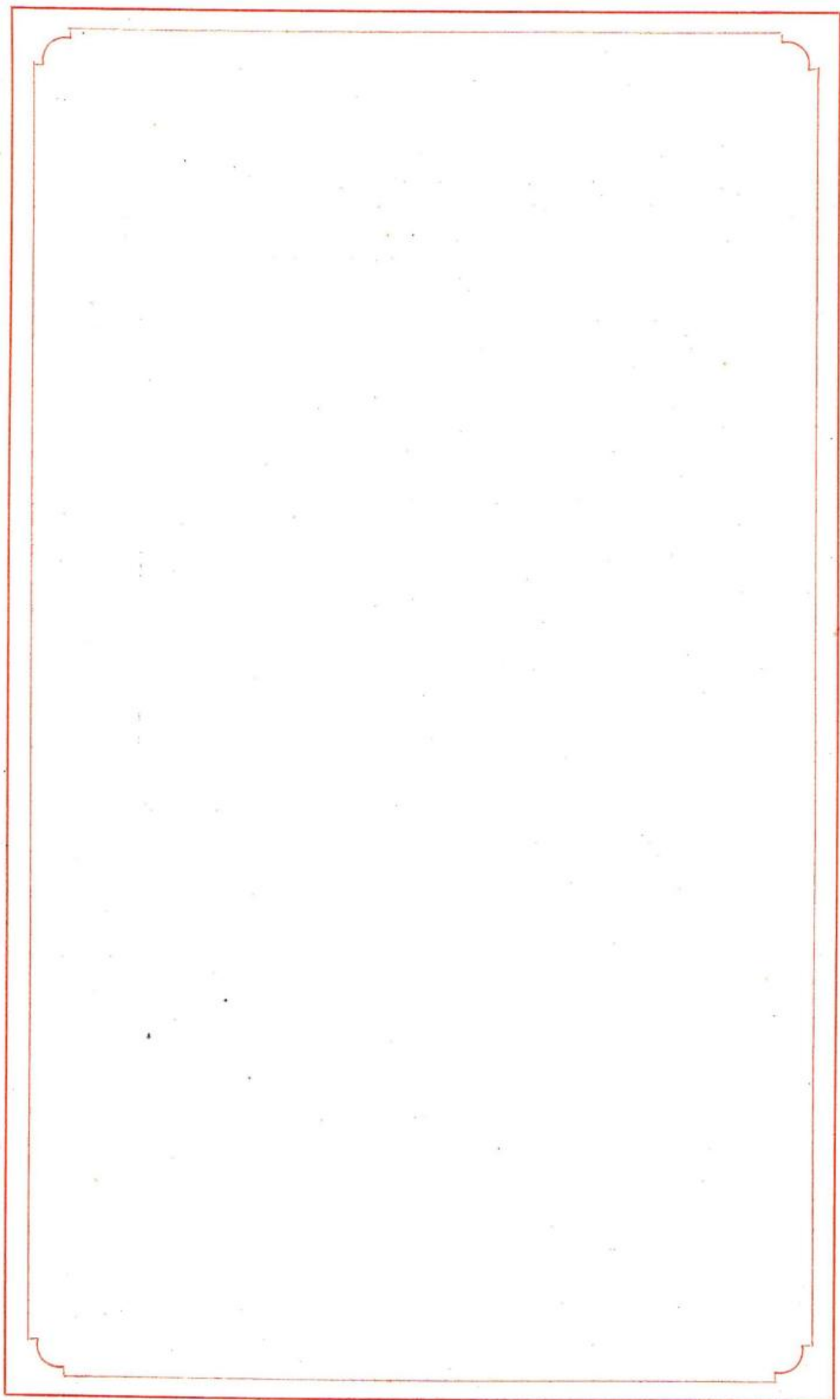
At this moment, when memorable kindling associations crowd upon us, words are felt to be but stammering messengers, blundering couriers, weak interpreters, to convey all the heart feels and would fain express; but I cannot help asking myself, What is this attractive force? What the cohesive, sustaining power, that year after year draws the members of the Caledonian Society, with their wives and daughters, sons and friends, together? Is it that we feel in these assemblies, "One touch of nature makes the whole world kin"? making us "fain to meet and wae to part," or may not the question be answered by reminding ourselves that, from time to time, Providence has sent to a nation more than ordinary blessings? In one age, a patriot to stir his country up to "dae or dee;" in another, a warrior, to "lay the proud usurper low;" or an immortal dramatist, to "hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature—to show virtue her own feature; scorn, her own image; and the very age and body of the time, his form and pressure"? or some great artist, who, with an inspired, subtle sense of beauty, creates his poems of life and nature, and with a master hand transfers to canvas a joy for future ages. Then a poet comes upon the world's stage, plays his part, and from a large, passionate, overflowing soul, wells out imperishable words, destined to move and melt human hearts "owre a' the earth." Is it a wonder then, that the countrymen, and (looking at a hundred bright eyes before me) may I not add, aye, and countrywomen too, of him who from his unbarred heart of hearts, poured out streams of song so humanly divine, should meet on the day that "blew hansel in on Robin"? A wonder! I seem to hear this assembly echo: a wonder, I repeat. I trow not if *we* were silent, all nature would cry out; hills, trees and flowers clap their hands; streams and "wee burnies" leap for joy; even the "wee tim'rous beastie" would respond, and birds sing "We'll all be prood o' Robin."

We would resuscitate the *good* of one of Scotland's great benefactors, and in honouring him, honour ourselves.



A. M. DUNLOP, ESQ.

PRESIDENT.



Have we ever thought what power a poem or song, I had almost said a single verse, may have—has had—on the world? It may contain sentiments fitted to rouse men to deeds of noble daring; or there may be in it sparks of wit or humour to “set the table in a roar,” and make men forget “carking cares,” and for a time feel “o’er a’ the ills o’ life victorious,” or in lines undying as the theme itself, whisper the old, old story—

“I see her in the dewy flowers,
I see her sweet and fair;
I hear her in the tunefu’ birds,
I hear her charm the air.
There’s not a bonnie flower that springs,
By fountain, shaw or green;
There’s not a bonnie bird that sings,
But minds me of my Jean.”

Even a few words from the gifted poet may reveal somewhat of heavenly glory, giving joy in palace and cottage, making the heart of king and peasant responsive to the divine law of brotherhood, and making both feel that

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

In the fitness of things, then, we honour Robert Burns; not as a saint, or a martyr, or a prophet; but we pay loving homage to one who powerfully touches our innermost feelings, who makes common things speak to the heart, and who, with a poet’s magic skill, links, for all time, humanity with nature.

We cannot have another Burns. If our fathers crowned not his living brow with laurels, affectionately we salute, and hang our varied garlands on his tomb. And as long as Scotland retains one spark of nationality, as long as Scottish hearts beat with love and patriotism, so long will Scottish men and women meet as now, and join heartily in honouring this toast, “The Immortal Memory of Burns.”

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.

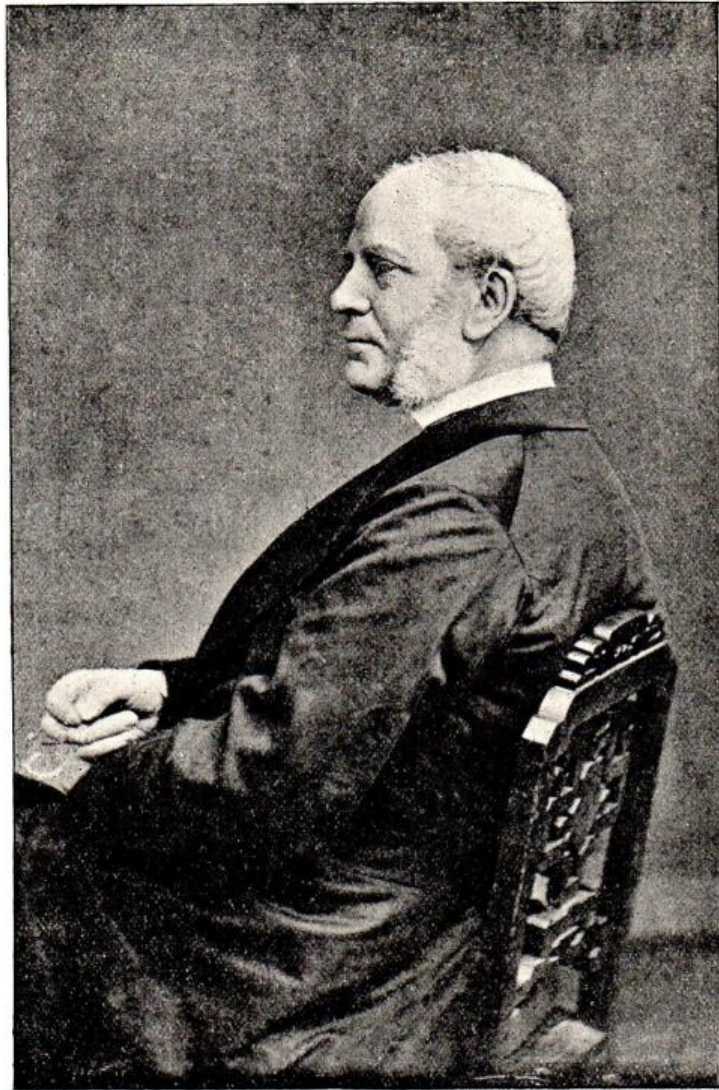
For the Caledonian Society and all Scottish Institutions Mr. Kilpatrick had an ardent affection. He was a man of marked modesty, quiet but sound judgment, and endowed with the kindest of hearts. He had not, therefore, long joined the Society’s ranks before these good qualities unostentatiously asserted themselves, and the Caledonians recognized 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 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.

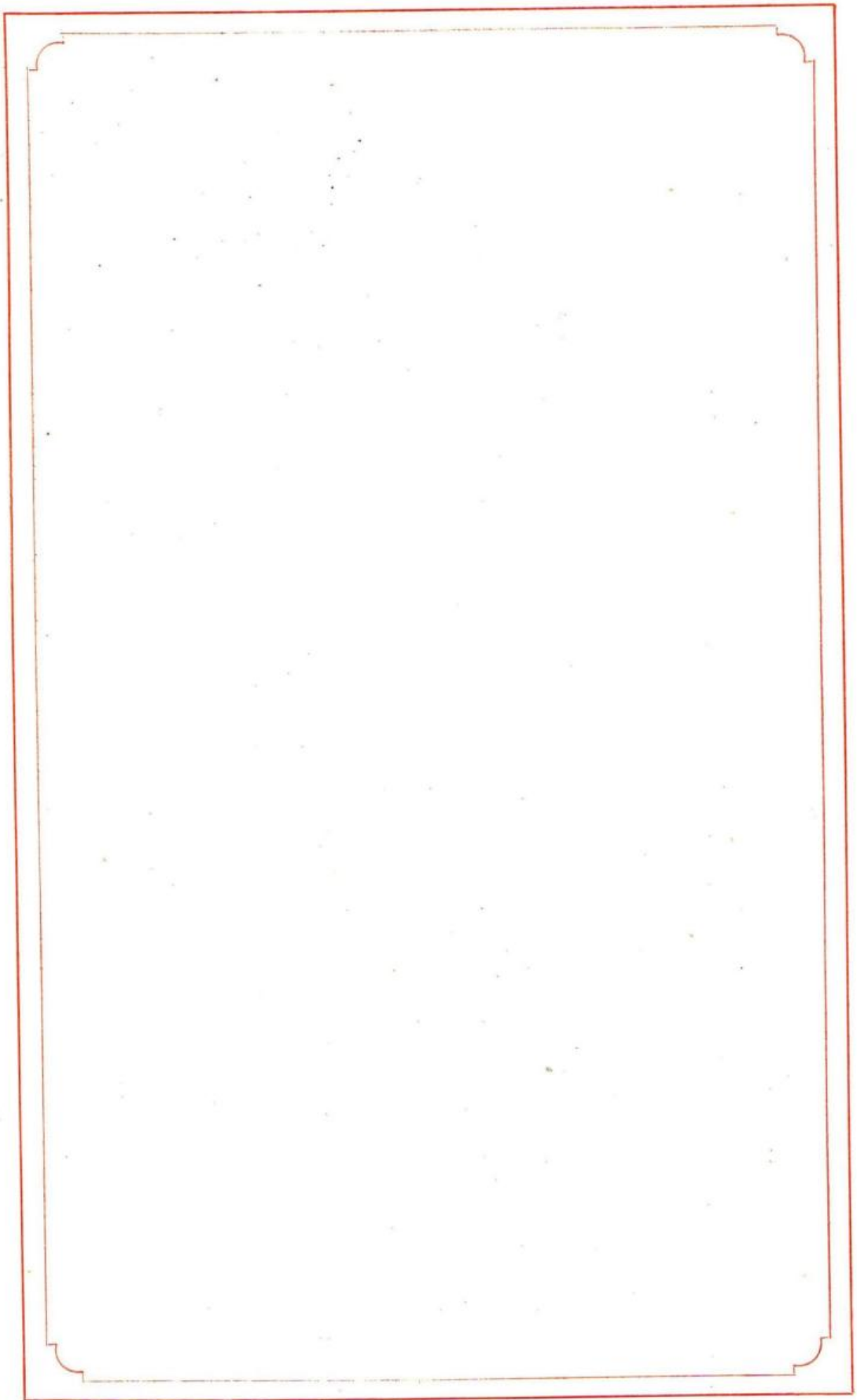
Little did the Caledonians think when they paid honour to their old friend, Mr. Kilpatrick, how soon they were to lose him altogether from their ranks. He died on March the 19th, 1884, and was interred at Highgate Cemetery, deeply regretted by a large circle of friends. Amongst the mourners were many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






JOHN KILPATRICK, ESQ.

TREASURER.





CHAPTER XV.

 AT 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 characterized 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 January the 25th, 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:—

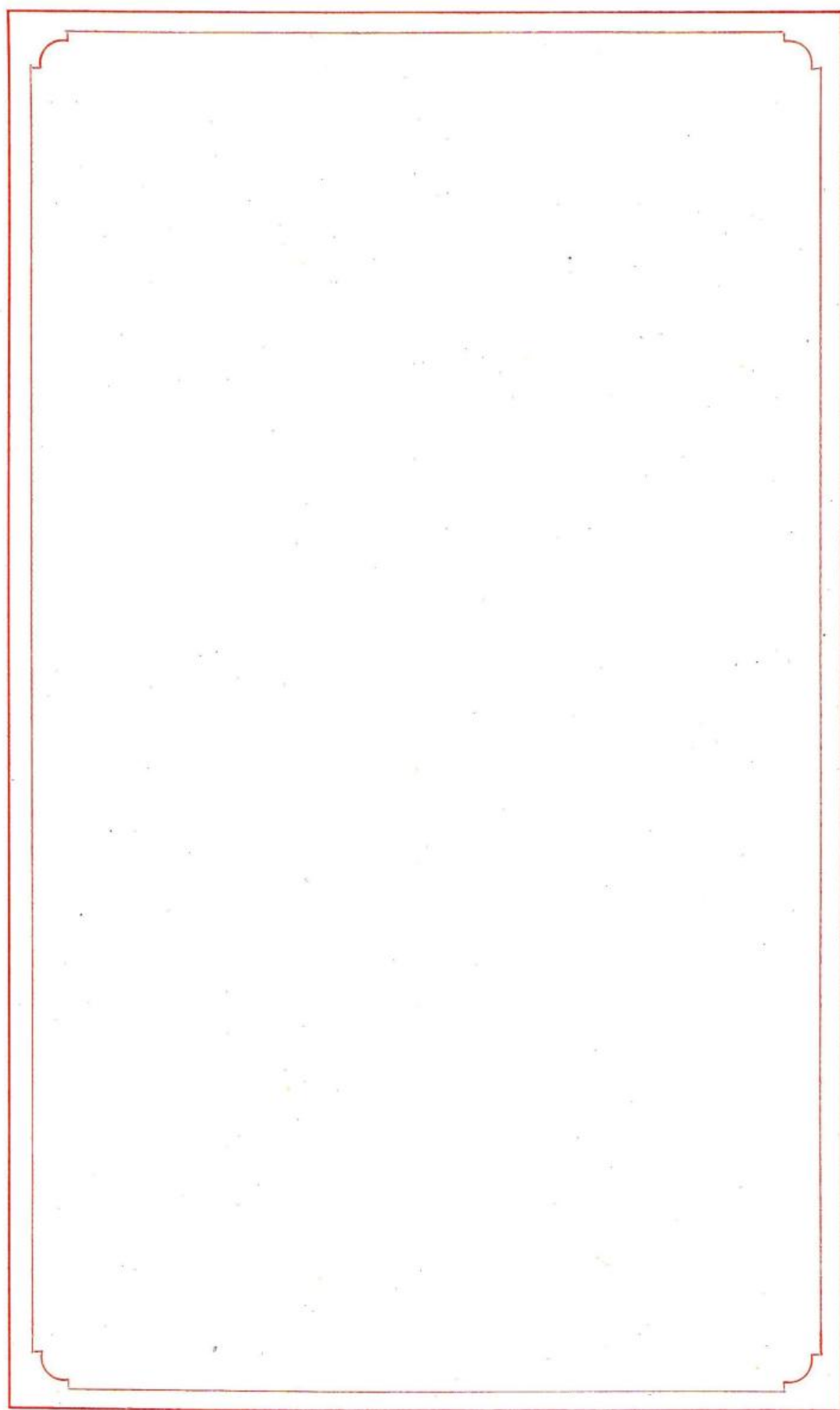
When travelling in a remote part of France, Mr. Blyth and his party arrived at an hotel already apparently full to overflowing. "Non, Monsieur," said the much-exercised hostess, in reply to a request for rooms. "C'est impossible, toutes les chambres sont déjà occupées." "What!" said Mr. Blyth, "no room 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:—



JAMES NISBET BLYTH, ESQ.

PRESIDENT.



“And we'll still ha'e our cogie, lads ;
 We winna want our cogie ;
 We winna gie our *twa-girt cog*
 For a' the chiels 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 ! Your chronicler imagines that in olden times nothing short of a “menu” such as this would have been tolerated at a Caledonian supper :—

M e n u .

SOUPS.

Cockie Leekie. Mutton Broth. Tattie Bray. Hotch Potch.

FISH.

Finnan Haddies. Saumon. Caller Herrin'.
 Kipped Herrin'. Buckies. Caller ou. Saut Fish and Speldrons.

ENTRÉES.

“Sheep's Heid and Trotters.” Shepherd's Pie. Haggis.
 Het Mutton Pies. “Tripe and Ingans.” Pease Brose.
 “Collops.” “Black Puddins and White.”

REMOVES.

A Wee Grumphie and Neeps.

ROASTS.

“Bubbly Jock wi' Crambury Sauce.” Patricks Rostit Doos.

COLD DISHES.

Peesweep Pies. Corbie Pies. Pig's Fit.

VEGETABLES.

Boiled Ingans Chappit Tatties. Tatties wi the Jackets on.
 Neeps. Curlies. Kail Canon.

DESSERT.

Roley Poley. Soda Scones. Bannocks. Shortbread. Tattie Scones.
 Nicket Baps Cookies. Snaps. Carvies. Blae-berry Puddin'.
 Grossets. A Muckle Kebbuck and Farls o' Cake.

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.

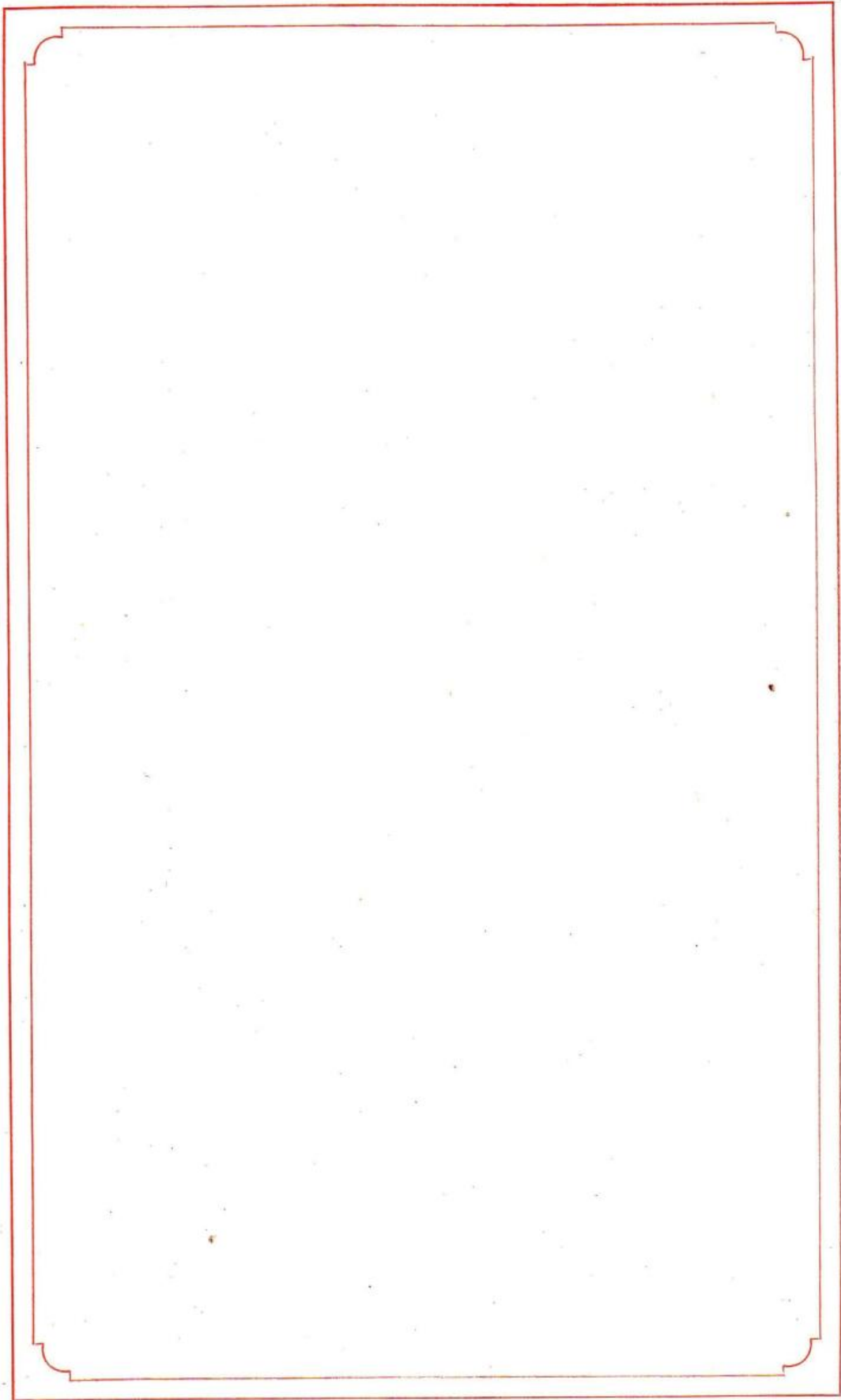
Cheese. Celery.

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.



R. BARCLAY BROWN, ESQ.

PRESIDENT.





PRESIDENT'S MEDAL.

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.



THE SOCIETY'S SNUFF MULL.



CHAPTER XVI.

WE NOW ARRIVE at an important year in our Society's history, and on December the 8th, 1877, 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:—

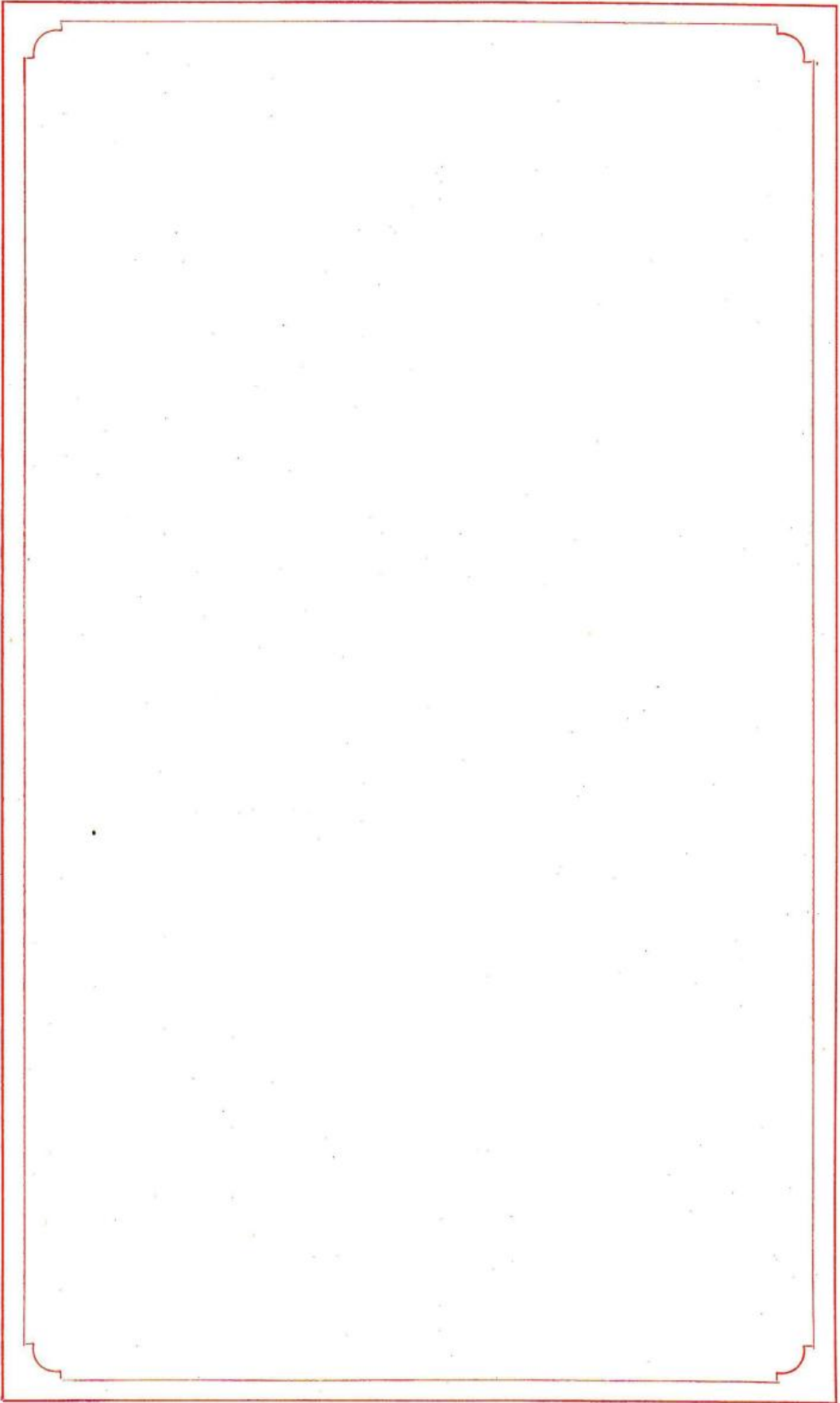
“Some ha'e meat that canna' eat;
Some ha'e nane that want it;
But we ha'e meat, and we can eat,
And so the Lord be thankit.”

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



W. MUTTON INGLIS, ESQ.

PRESIDENT.



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.

At the Annual Banquet, in 1888, Mr. Hutton Inglis, with his accustomed tact and eloquence, gracefully referred to these things, so your chronicler, who by the way had the great privilege of serving under Mr. Inglis as Vice-President, need not enlarge upon them here.

The Annual Festival was most successful, and happily, at this date, a paper calling itself the *London Scotsman* fluttered for a short time before the eyes of London Caledonians, and your chronicler greedily avails himself of the following extract, which embodies the excellent speech delivered by the President on the subject of Robert Burns:—

From THE LONDON SCOTSMAN, January 28th, 1888.

THIS INFLUENTIAL SOCIETY held its annual festival on Wednesday evening, at the Freemasons' Tavern, Great Queen Street, WILLIAM HUTTON INGLIS, Esq., President, in the chair.

Among those present upon the occasion were David Hepburn, Esq., Daniel Macnee, Esq., Thomas Masson, Esq. (Honorary Secretary), Mr. Deputy Pimm, Mrs. Pimm, W. T. Morrison, Mrs. Morrison, John Graham, Stuart C. MacAskie, T. Ford, Mrs. Ford, J. MacWhirter, R.A., Mrs. MacWhirter, Mr. Pettie, R.A., Andrew Lang, Mrs. Lang, Miss Campbell, J. Pitcher, Mrs. Bywater, J. N. Blyth, C. Wood, Mrs. Wood, Miss Campbell, A. Bywater, Miss Wood, Miss L. Grant, W. Dick, Mrs. Dick, — Wright, Mrs. Wright, W. Robertson, John Wilson, C.E., Captain H. Notman, G. Shaw, John Moore, T. Glendenning, Miss Gillies, J. Smith, C. E. Lewis, Miss Lewis, R. Brown, Miss Brown, T. Davis, J. C. Budd, J. S. Turner, John Ross, Mrs. Ross, Miss Ross, Miss Constance Ross, Lieut. Watherston, R.E., W. H. Wallace, P. Hunter, Geo. Edward, Mrs. Edward, Dr. Farquhar Mathe on, T. Houghton, J. Davidson, Duncan Wallett, R. S. Anderson, J. Jervis Garrard, Captain R. M. Mackilligin, D. Mossman, George Henderson, P. Shanks, J. E. Young, Mrs. Young, S. MacDowall, Mrs. MacDowall, Mr. Milne, Mrs. Milne, W. H. Smith, J. Inglis, B. B. Harrison, Mrs. Harrison, T. H. Tilton, Mrs. Tilton, Frank

Maclure, Mrs. Maclure, H. Maclure, Miss Barras, John Wood, Mrs. Wood, John Whittie, Mrs. Whittie, A. MacIlwraith, Mrs. MacIlwraith, Miss MacIlwraith, A. Maclure, etc.

The hall was appropriately decorated with the tartans, flags and banners of the various clans. During the dinner a programme of Scottish music was performed by Mr. Louis Beck's band, Mr. Ross, Her Majesty's piper, and the boy pipers of the Royal Caledonian Asylum, furnishing several selections of pipe music. During the toasts several Scottish songs were excellently rendered by Misses Agnes Larkcom and Lavinia Henderson, and Messrs. Lawrence Fryer and Mr. Lucas Williams, Miss Bella Henderson being the accompanist.

During the evening a number of telegrams of greeting were received from "brither Scots" in all parts of the kingdom and abroad.

The usual loyal and patriotic toasts, proposed in felicitous terms by the President, were heartily received, and treated to "Caledonian honours." The toast of "The Army, Navy and Reserve Forces" was responded to by Captain Notman, of the London Scottish Volunteers.

The CHAIRMAN, in rising to propose the toast of the evening, was greeted with prolonged applause. He said: Gentlemen, I rise to propose the toast of the evening, "The Immortal Memory of Robert Burns." I can assure you that it is with no affectation of humility, but from a real feeling of incompetency, that I hesitate to enter upon the task which your kindness has imposed upon me this evening. And yet, when I look around upon this appreciative and sympathetic audience of Scotchmen, I feel certain of their considerate indulgence. (Cheers.) Still further, I am strengthened by the thought that on this day, throughout the world, thousands of our patriotic countrymen are gathered together, as we are now, commemorating the birth of the gifted bard, the prince of Scottish poets. (Applause.) Familiar as you all are undoubtedly with the chief events in the life of our poet, I shall refrain from any attempt to discuss its leading incidents. From the time when he appeared in the "auld clay biggin," near Alloway Kirk, to the closing scene at Dumfries, every Scotchman knows the story. Let us rather for a very few moments glance at those features in his character which have won for his memory the glory which we celebrate to-night. (Applause.) It is a theme which has engaged the tongues and pens of poets, philosophers and critics of all English-speaking countries, and of many a foreign land—indeed, wherever civilization is known. (Cheers.) Our bard himself has said that the Genius of Scottish Poetry found him holding the plough and gave into his hands the gift—the precious gift of his country's lyre. Such was the inspiration that led the "poet ploughman" to pour forth, from the days of his earliest manhood, that marvellous stream of many-coloured poetry which touched every topic and enlightened all it touched. (Prolonged cheers.) Its many-toned music was attuned to the song of the mavis, the sighing of the gentle breeze, the rushing of wintry winds and waters, and the passionate throbbings of his own sympathetic heart. (Applause.) The gifted minstrel sang with equal force and beauty, celebrating the Birks of Aberfeldy and the white-flowered hawthorn, the softly verdant valleys, and the rugged mountains which sentinel his native land. (Cheers.) The chords of that lyre, resounding throughout the world, has made the scenery of Old Scotia universally famous, and the

Nith and the Doon are as much renowned as the Thames and the Tiber. (Prolonged applause.) On the plains of India, in the forests of Canada, on the battlefields of Burmah, in the queenly cities of Australia, and in every colony where the manly Scottish accent is heard, the songs of Burns will this day be sung amid the applause of thousands, exciting and sustaining the love of our dear Fatherland. (Loud cheers.) "De mortuis nil nisi bonum"—and we would not trample on the sepulchre or disturb the ashes of the dead, but rather place a wreath on his tomb, composed of sorrow, admiration and love. We must remember the tone and colour of the age in which he lived; and if some of his sketches are drawn with too strong a pencil, the artist is not to be blamed for the painful fidelity of the picture. His powers of observation were wonderful, the brilliancy of his ideas pre-eminent, and his word-painting unsurpassed. The meanest things were exalted, the plainest beautified by the touch of his magic wand. (Applause.) He seemed to be master of every style in poetry and in prose; and while his songs in the Scottish dialect are the solace and delight of the peasant, his English compositions might excite the envy of many an English author. (Applause.) We have proofs of this manysidedness in the polished style of his letters, in the exquisite drollery of the "Twa Dogs," the rattling fun in "Tam o' Shanter," the martial ring of "Scots wha hae," and the pathos and piety of "The Cottar's Saturday Night." (Applause.) An ancient classic is well known to have said, "Homo sum, humani nihil a me alienum puto," a saying almost universally adopted as a concentration of enlightenment and humanity; yet our poet said it equally well when he wrote, "A man's a man for a' that," and this line of humanity seemed to be the guiding star of this great Scottish poet. (Applause.) But I must not longer detain you. (Applause.) I refrain from further praise of him of whom William Pitt said, "Since Shakespeare there has been no poetry which seems to come so sweetly from Nature as the poetry of Burns," and I may conclude in the words of a modern critic: "The intensity of his national spirit has often been noticed. To be a Scotch Bard was his highest ambition. He aspired, at first at least, to no wider audience than the natives of Scotland, and to no loftier eminence than to be a faithful portrayer of Scotch scenery and manners. He did all this from enthusiastic love of the subject, and from a prophetic foresight that his name was to be for ever associated with that of his country—the Bard of Scotland." (Loud and prolonged applause.) As it was more than a century since the birth of our poet, he asked them to drink the toast, not in silence, but with acclamation.

Mr. J. DUNCAN, in giving the toast of "The Caledonian Society of London," remarked that it was the jubilee year of the Society, it having been established fifty years ago.

Mr. DICK, in proposing the toast of "The President," said he felt sure the company agreed with him in their appreciation of the ability and tact with which the President filled his position. He hoped he would be long spared to grace their gatherings.

The toast was received with hearty honours, and the Chairman briefly replied.

"The Visitors" was proposed by Mr. D. HEPBURN, coupled with the name of Mr. MacWhirter, R.A., who briefly acknowledged the compliment.

Mr. DUNCAN WALLETT proposed "The Past Presidents," and the toast was responded to by Mr. W. T. Morrison, late President.

The toast of "The Ladies" having been spoken to by Mr. HORACE MACLURE, and duly honoured, the company repaired to the ball-room, where a most enjoyable dance finished up the evening's festivities.

Two other little extracts from the same number of this journal are also of Caledonian interest. The first refers to a distinguished past President.

From THE LONDON SCOTSMAN, *January 28th, 1888.*

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.



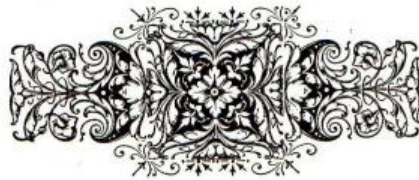
THE SOCIETY'S BADGE.

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 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 their 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.

IN 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 realized to

the full the responsibilities of the Presidential office when I rose and said :—

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,

It is with mingled fear and reverence that I approach this toast—fear, because I am but too conscious of my own inability to do it the justice which it demands—reverence, because I know that the very name of Robert Burns is sufficient to awaken in the hearts of all leal and true Scotchmen feelings of the most sacred and hallowed character.

The years slip by, and as the 25th of January comes round, it behoves the President of the Caledonian Society of London to say something of one whose memory we all revere.

What can our poor words do but lend a few chords to that ever-swelling song of praise which, even at this very moment, is being sounded throughout the length and breadth of the known world—a song of praise of one who has lived and long since passed away—the *once* neglected ploughman, the *now* immortal bard.

We cannot recall the works of Robert Burns without picturing in the mind his hardy, rustic, yet not graceless form, so typical of the manly cottar race from which it sprung, or seeming almost to see his wondrous eye, which so clearly bespoke the great soul within. It is therefore no easy matter to separate the man from the poet, or the poet from the man, but I would for one brief moment attempt to do so. The tragedy of his too short life is common property, from its stormy beginning, when those January winds, "blowing in their hansel," well-nigh shattered the frail tenement in which he first saw the light, right on to the bitter close. Of his character men will judge from their own several standpoints. But it seems to me, when we study this man Burns, this whirlwind of emotions, this human battlefield for good and evil impulses warring ever one with another, when we think of the moods, the thousand and one temptations and passions that rent his poet's breast, it is *not* for us to try and find for him either a niche amongst the saints, or to allot him his portion amongst the sinners, but it *is* for us to look into the storehouse of his rich nature, see there all that is great and good and noble and patriotic—aye, Sirs, and human—and then to thank God that this giant among men arose from the bulwark of Scotland's greatness—her peasantry—and at a time of apathy in Scotland's history, to rescue our national spirit from oblivion, and to teach the world that solid lesson which he taught so well, the true worth of honest, independent manhood.

And as our poet : what is he to us ? Is he not our mirthgiver, the exponent of our national characteristics and sentiments, and more, the very rock of our patriotism ? And wherein lies the subtle charm of his songs ? In this—that no mere trained writer of pleasing verse was this child of nature, but an inspired genius, who wrote in poetry because he found in poetry the natural means for expressing the thoughts of his great and noble mind. As such he has painted for us our country in colours which dazzle the eyes of the world, and bring its sons from far and near to taste of its beauty. As such he has left us songs of men and manners, through which, while depicting all the hues of life as he

found it, he has lent a dignity to honest toil, and has cast a halo of poetry and romance around every Scottish home. And, throughout all, the genial, laughter-loving spirit is ever asserting itself. Note the whimsical self-satire of "The Deil's awa' wi' the Exciseman," the quaint philosophy of the "Twa Dogs," the fun of the courtship of "Duncan Gray," or the satirical humour of "Death and Dr. Hornbrook;" or, if a further example be needed, turn to that weird yet mirthful masterpiece, which has made the ruins of Alloway's Auld Kirk immortal. Yet even here, at the rollicksome height of Tam's carouse, how gracefully can the true artist drop upon the mind a thought so beautiful as this :

"Pleasures are like poppies spread—
You seize the flower, its bloom is shed ;
And like the snow falls on the river,
One moment white—then gone for ever."

But it is not in all this that we must look for the true source of the Poet's greatness. It lay in something grander, something nobler, something which reached far, far beyond the limits of his own surroundings. It lay in that intuitive faculty which he possessed for probing deep down into the hearts of men, and dealing with those passions, those hopes, which affect humanity at large, and which must last for all time. Take the sentiment which prompted those exquisite lines to "Mary in Heaven," or "Of a' the airts the wind can blaw," follow it up right on to the matured and sanctified affection so tenderly breathed in "John Anderson my Jo," or take that burst of passionate pathos in the "Farewell to Nancy :

"Had we never lo'ed so kindly ;
Had we never lo'ed so blindly ;
Never met or never parted ;
We had ne'er been broken-hearted."

And say if the stream of love ever flowed in purer or sweeter channels.

Rob "A man's a man for a' that" of its few slightly envenomed lines, take to heart its manly, ennobling spirit, and say if it be not prophetic. Or take the homely instance of "Auld Lang Syne," a song built by his master hand from the remnants of an old tradition, note the genial grip with which, in its hearty simplicity, it has enclosed the whole world, and say if he has not done somewhat to knit the hearts of men together in universal brotherhood.

But, ladies and gentlemen, far-reaching as were the sympathies of the Poet, that which was nearest to his heart was the love of his own native land, a love so full, so fervid, that it seems to have burst the limits of his own being, and to have welled forth to fill the breasts of generations of his countrymen, a love so patriotic that, summing up the truest safeguards of its country, it found utterance in that inspired prayer :

"O Scotia! my dear, my native soil!
For whom my warmest wish to heaven is sent,
Long may thy hardy sons of rustic toil
Be blest wjth health, and peace, and sweet content.
And O! may Heaven their simple lives prevent

From luxury's contagion, weak and vile!
 Then—howe'er crowns and coronets be rent—
 A virtuous populace may rise the while,
 And stand a wall of fire around their much-loved Isle.

"O Thou who poured the patriotic tide
 That streamed through Wallace's undaunted heart,
 Who dared to nobly stem tyrannic pride,
 Or nobly die, the second glorious part:
 O, never, never Scotia's realm desert,
 But still the Patriot and the Patriot Bard
 In bright succession raise, her ornament and guard."

Ladies and gentlemen, patriots have come and gone, for, without flattery to ourselves, we may say that Scotland is a nation of patriots. No race is more loyal to, or more jealous of, the honour of its country than that to which we belong; but the star of the Patriot Bard has yet to arise which can shine in the same firmament with that of the Bard of Coila. Long must that star continue to shine *alone*, resplendent in its glory; and long may we, a grateful nation, continue to raise our hearts and voices in thankful chorus to "The Immortal Memory of Robert 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 body-guard 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 body-guard 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 body-guard, 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."

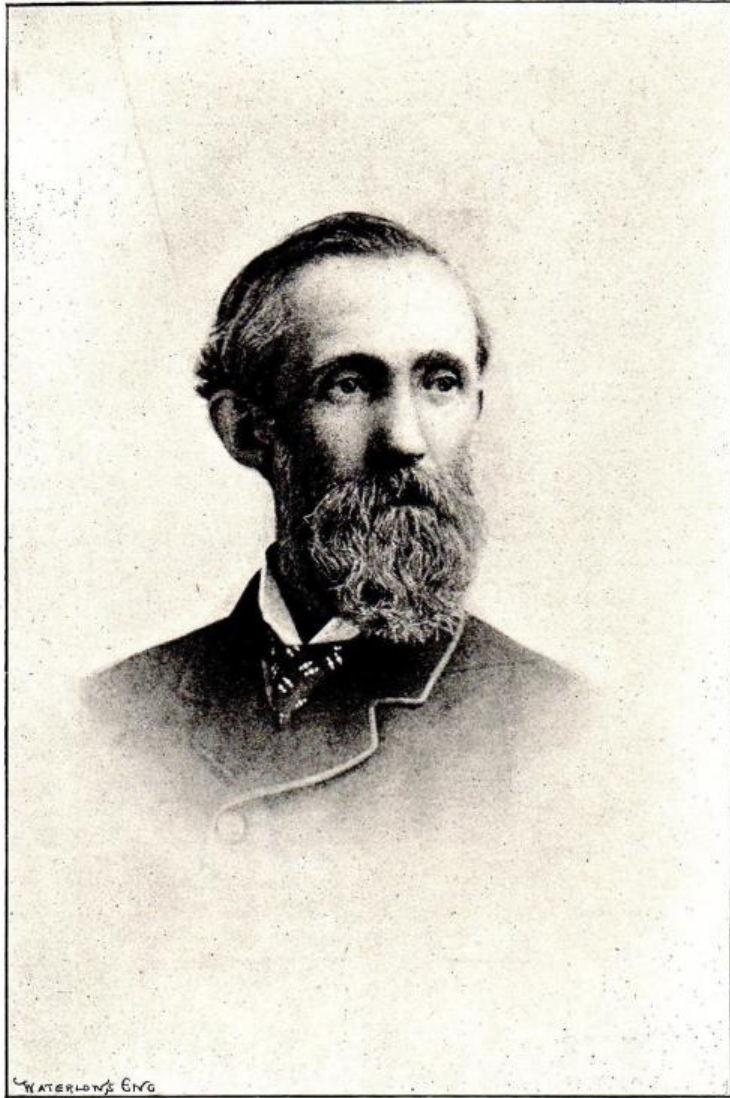
Two little cuttings relating to the Festival of 1889 are here inserted:—

From THE SCOTSMAN, Saturday, January 26th, 1889.

MR. DAVID HEPBURN presided at the annual Burns dinner of the Caledonian Society of London, which took place at the Freemasons' Tavern. The numbers were larger than on any previous occasion for years, and among the guests were Mr. Pettie, R.A.; Mr. MacWhirter, A.R.A.; and Mr. Charles Keene, of *Punch*. The speech of the evening was, of course, that of the President in honour of "The Immortal Memory of Robert Burns," and was concise and eloquent. Wm. Ross, the Queen's piper, was in attendance, and the room was decorated with the tartans of the clans.

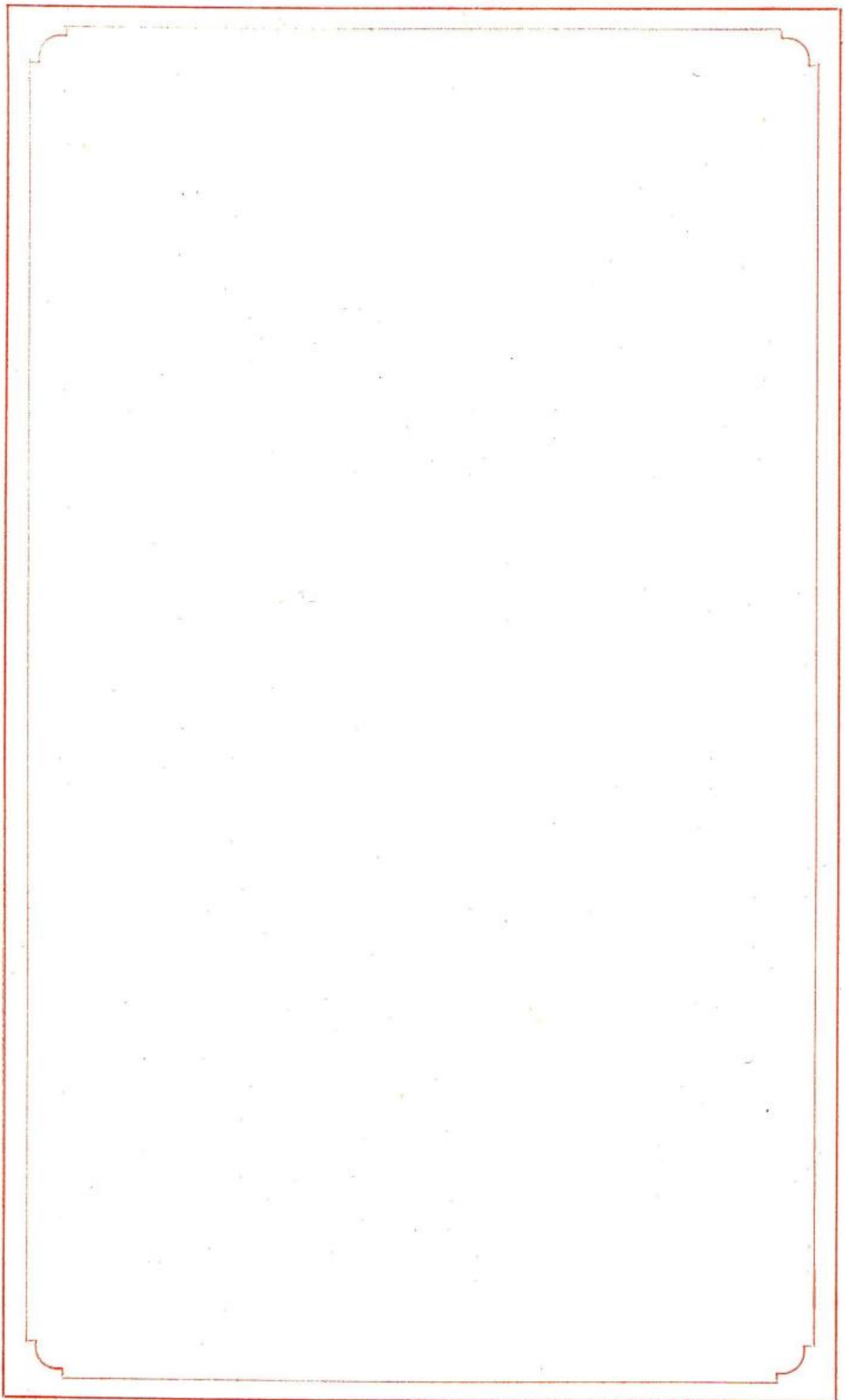
Scottish feeling grows apace in the metropolis. Concerts took place at St. James's Hall and at Kensington Gore. In the building first named, Scottish fervour had everything its own way, and presented an astonishing spectacle to the few English people present. The place was crowded in nearly every part. 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' with 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.



WILLIAM ROBERTSON, ESQ.

TREASURER.



From THE EVENING DISPATCH, Saturday, January 26th, 1889.

THE SCOT ABROAD (a correspondent writes to us) is said to be more patriotic than the Scot at home, and judging by the enthusiasm at the gathering last night, at the Caledonian Society's dinner in the Freemasons' Tavern, London, this seems pretty correct. Mr. DAVID HEPBURN, the President, made an eloquent speech, which was not too long, in the course of which he successfully proved that Burns believed, as the late Colonel Duncan used to say, that "we are a grand people." The Caledonians of London are not corrupted by their residence in the Metropolis, nor have they lost their taste for the simple dishes of their native land, as was proved by the demolition of haggis, black and white puddings, and cock-a-leekie. Pipers were in attendance, and the walls were gaily clad with bright tartans. *Floreat Caledonia* is, or ought to be, the motto of this Society, including most of the prominent Scots in London, and now in its fifty-second year. Among the guests were Mr. Pettie, R.A.; Mr. MacWhirter, A.R.A.; and Mr. Charles Keene, the famous draughtsman of *Punch*, who was "takin' notes" for future Scotch sketches.

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 were 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 characterizes 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.





CHAPTER XVIII.

THE LAST CHAPTER. The year 1890 dawned brightly for the Society. Various little reforms, organized 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.

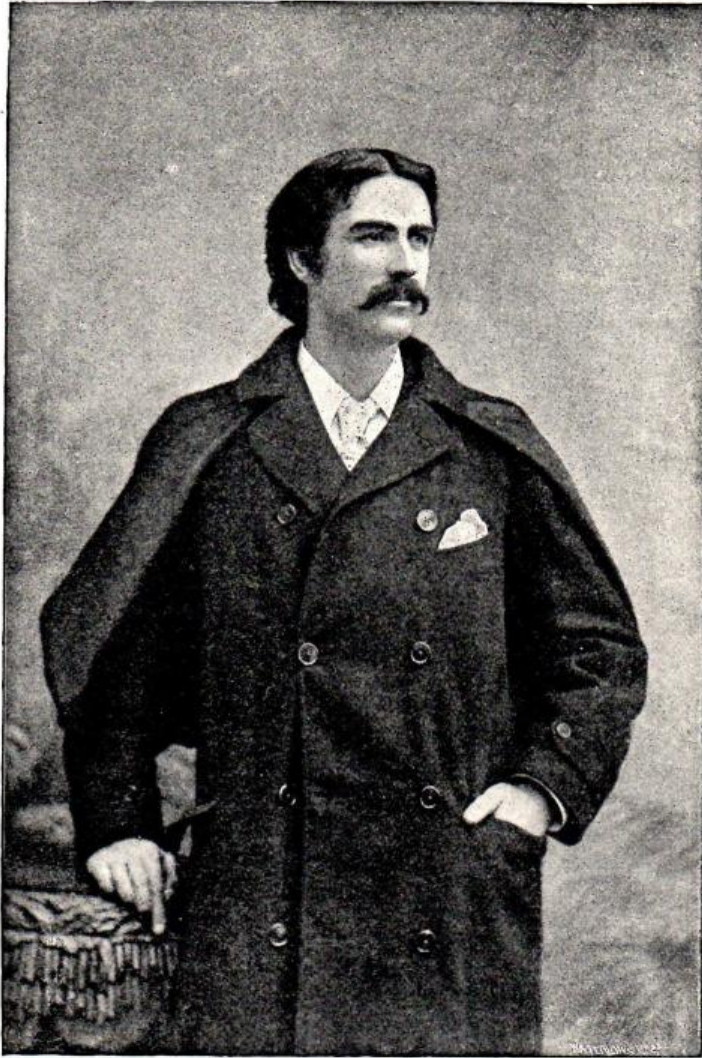
Again I find myself presiding over its destinies and sitting in its Presidential chair, keeping it warm for our good friend

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.

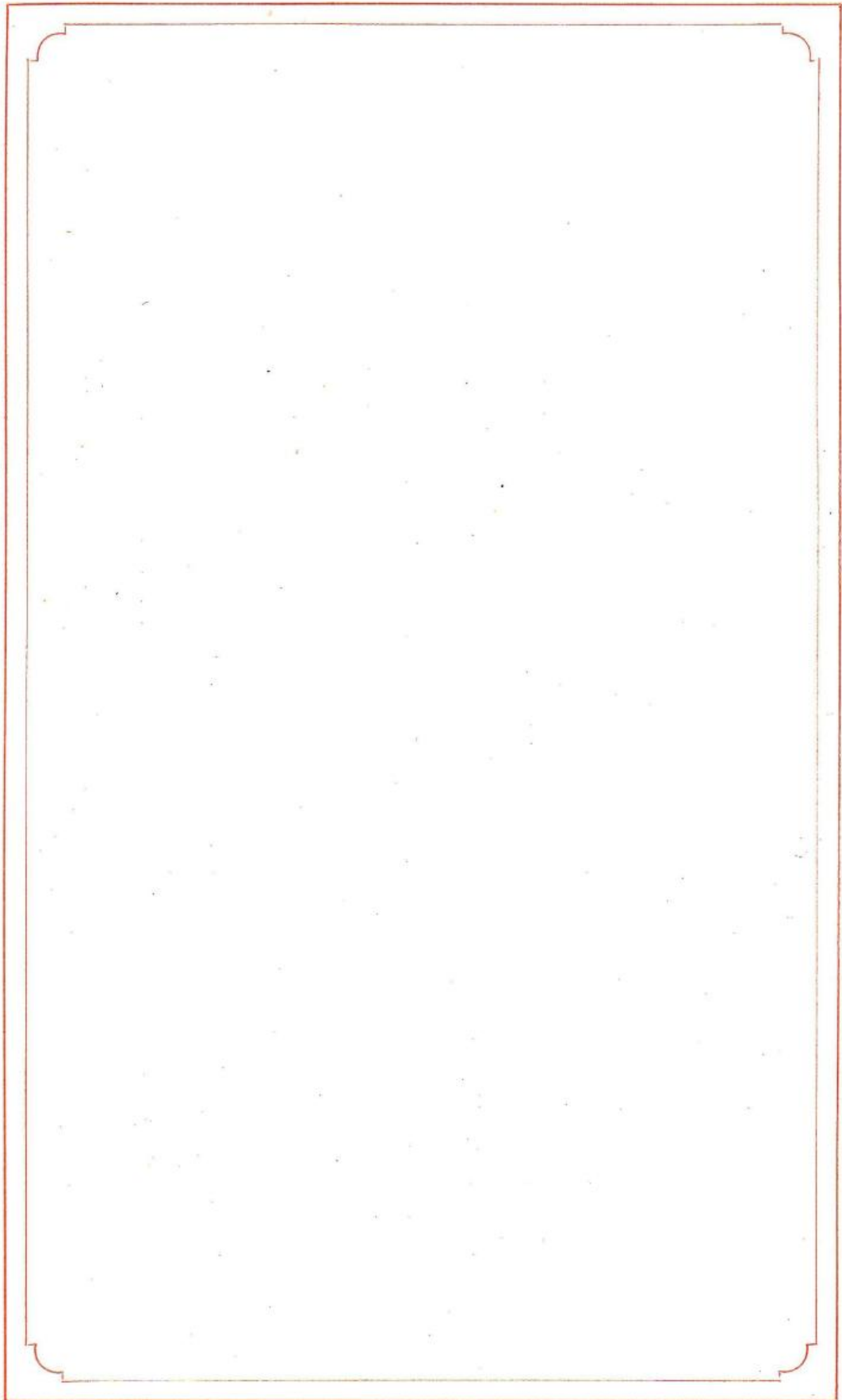
William Ross, the veteran piper, was in excellent form, and the little band of boy pipers from the Royal Caledonian Asylum, headed by the Sergeant, received as usual a hearty welcome as they marched round the Banqueting Hall, recalling to mind the description given by Mr. William Black in his "McLeod 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



DAVID HEPBURN, ESQ.

PRESIDENT.



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" by 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.

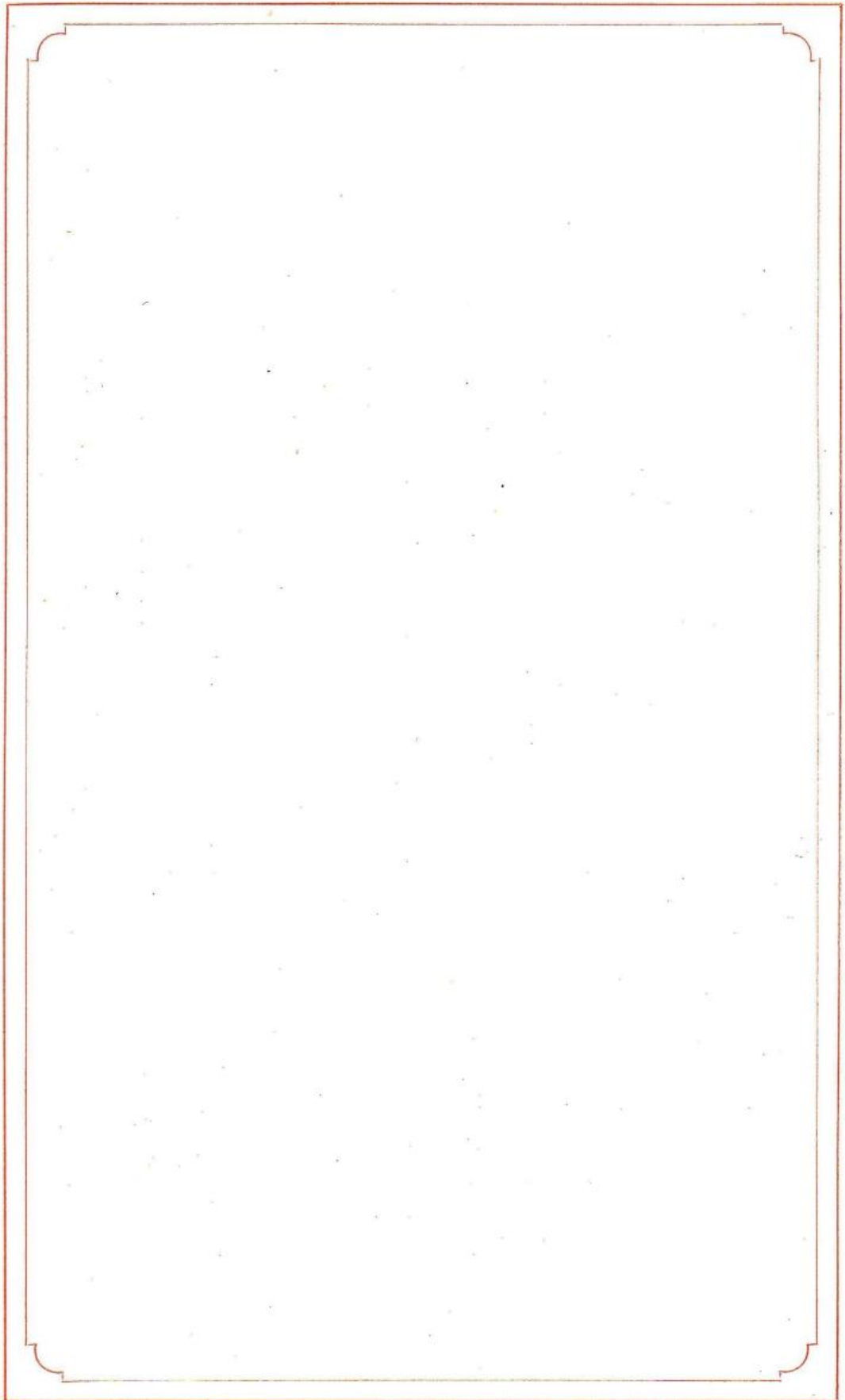
—♦—

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.



JOHN ROSS, ESQ.

PRESIDENT-ELECT.



From THE DAILY GRAPHIC, Monday, January 27th, 1890.

THROUGHOUT the Land o' Cakes, and indeed, all the world over wherever Scotchmen congregate, Saturday was held in high honour as the anniversary of the day on which, a hundred and thirty-one years ago, "Robbie" Burns first saw the light. "Brither Scots" were dining together everywhere, and those who could not join the festive gatherings were sending greetings by telegraph "In Robin's name." Here and there the festival was celebrated on the Friday, so that a dance might follow, and the Royal Caledonian Society accordingly held its annual dinner at Freemasons' Tavern, on that evening. The President, Mr. DAVID HEPBURN, was in the chair, supported by the Vice-President, Mr. JOHN ROSS, and the vice-chairmen were Mr. W. HUTTON INGLIS and Mr. D. MACNEE. The toast of the occasion, "The Immortal Memory of Robert Burns," was drunk upstanding, with acclamation. After dinner the great hall was cleared, and, to the music of a string band, and the stirring strains of the pipes, played by Wm. Ross, the Queen's piper, dancing was kept up merrily until "the wee sma' hours ayont the twal."

From THE SCOTSMAN, January 25th, 1890.

THE ANNUAL FESTIVAL of the Caledonian Society of London took place last night at the Freemasons' Tavern, London, and was attended by nearly two hundred ladies and gentlemen. During dinner a number of Highland airs were played by Mr. Louis Beck's band, and Mr. W. Ross, piper to the Queen. The toast of the evening, "The Immortal Memory of Robert Burns," was proposed from the chair by Mr. DAVID HEPBURN, President of the Society, and cordially received. Other toasts and a capital musical programme followed, the principal artistes being Miss Minnie Duffus, Miss Dalgetty Henderson, Mr. Dalgetty Henderson, and Mr. Egbert Roberts.

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, "The 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 of 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 blows through the mains again,
The burns plash ower the stanes again,
An' sparkling e'e
An' laugh sae free,
Greet auld familiar names again."



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1890.

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