Liberty and Union, Now and

IR.

CINCINNATI,

DEC. 13

A DELIGHTFUL

Celebration of the 36th Anniversary

OF THE CALEDONIAN SOCIETY.

Speeches, Songs, Tonsis, &c.

Last Monday evening the members of the Caledondian Society celebrated their Thirty-Sixth Anniversary (St. Andrew's Day) by a supper at the St. Nicholas; it being the occasion of a social reunion which surpassed many that have been ushered in by louder blasts of the

It may be interesting to many to know why Scotchmen, all the world over, observe this (St. Andrew's) day, and glory in their emblem, the Thistle, with its motto, "Nemo me impune laccesit." We can not do better than to give Mr. John Jeffrey's account thereof, which he delivered at a previous reunion of the Society:

Let us go back about fifteen centuries, con sidered no very lengthy time in the geneaology of Scotchmen, and we find in the fourth century, that the Roman Emperor, Constantine, sorely grieved at the Paganism of the Caledonians, desiring to convert them to Christianity, ordered for that object a certain Monk or Abbot, named Regulus, to proceed to the grave of the Apostle St. Andrew, in Greece, in order to procure some relics of that saint, that by their power and sanctity he might convert the Pagans in Albion.

On the 30th day of November, A. D. 369, the ship on which sailed the Abbot, and the relics, was wrecked on the coast of Scotland, when, by a miracle, (so the legion runs,) the good Abbot and the relics were saved, though all else perished in the sca. The still celebrated Church of St. Regulus, or St. Ruill, was then founded by the Abbot, now the University and City of St. Andrews, in the county of Fife; and Christianity was first preached in Scotland. An event of eternal influence!

In the eighth century we find how the Thistle

became the cherished emblem of Scotland. A large Danish fleet and a powerful army then arrived upon the coast of Scotland for the purpose of conquering the island. The Scottish King immediately gave battle to the Danes; a hard fought day gave place to-night, when the Scottish troops retired with the darkness, in order to recruit and renew the combat in the morning. But the cunning Danish Chief thought at midnight to attack and surprise the Scottish camp, and gave orders to his soldiers, under cover of the darkness, to steal upon and take the Islanders; the more silently to do so, the Danish soldiers were ordered to take off their sandals, and creep barefooted and noiselessly to the attack.

Now it so happened that the field intervening between the hostile camps, was grown up full of thistles, which so pricked and galled the naked feet of the Danes, that many a sharp cry of pain, and much confusion arose among them, thus awakening and giving the alarm to the battleworn sentries of the Scottish camp. When the attack was made, the Danes were the parties surprised by the wakefulness and readiness of their enemy, and they suffered a great defeat, being mostly captured, for they could not retreat to their fleet across the field of thistles which lacerated their naked feet. In the early morn the Scottish army stood victorious on the battle-field, armed and erect as their henceforth thistle emblem.

The King, in commemoration of this glorious victory, which freed Scotland for many years from Danish invasion, founded among his belted warriors the "Order of the Knight of St. Andrew," whose collars and banners should be emblazoned with the "Thistle proper;" and so he bade his good queen, Ellinour, to embroider, in purple, in green, and in gold, a standard for the order. The good queen, having been all day with her maids of honor, engaged in binding up the wounds of the Danish prisoners, at eventide sat at her web and wove this famous thistle banner. Moved by pity for those grievous wounds, she ever and anon it fall upon her "broiderie" a sad, salt tear, and where it dimmed the golden fabric she would stitch o'er the heartfelt stain, to hide it, a leaf of rue or rosemarie, still thinking to herself, the gentle dame, these prickly thistles shall be for our enemies; but for the fallen prisoners' wounds, "shall we not heal them with rue, and bind them up with rosemarie?" So, to this day, the collars and the banners of the most noble order of the Knights of St. Andrew are embroidered with thistle and rue-" The one not to be touched without hurt, and the other a healing for all poisons." The sharp part to an advancing enemy, but the gentle hand of mercy to the vanquished foe, is ever the motto of a brave soldier.

So, Scotland to-day celebrates the anniversary of her Christianity, of her Patriotism and her Freedom—no nobler themes! About fifty guests were assembled, and among them were General Rosecrans and Mayor Harris. The lamented President of the Society having gone to rest since the prior reunion, the Vice President, John W. Hastie, presided, while Mr.

John Jeffrey, President of the Burns Club, was

Full justice was done to the most excellent

chosen to preside at the foot of the table.

repast, prepared by the hosts of the St. Nicholas; when, the inner man being appeased, the acting President made a few appropriate remarks, alluding feelingly to the death of several members since they had last assembled together, particularly that of the lamented President, Andrew McAlpin, and his son, Captain Henry McAlpin, and Lieutenant Graham-the two latter having died in the defense of their country. He spoke of the objects of the Association, which were to assist their distressed brethren-those coming among them unknown and unfriended-to relieve the needy, and bury the dead. He exhorted the young members to a regular attendance at the meetings of the Society, in order to keep up and maintain the good work. The next in order was the reading of the REGULAR TOASTS.

1—The day we celebrate.

A day which recalls old social joys and friend-ships, and unites us, "Auld Scotia's Sens," in one harmonious band of brotherhood.

Song-' Our home o'er the ocean." WM. McALPIN. 2-Scotland. The land of sturdy independence-the birth-place

of civil and religious liberty. The land where tru'h and valor spring,

In praise of thee we'll ever sing. Song-"Gae bring my guge auld harp." JOHN COLGUHOUN.

3-America. The land of our adoption—the world's Republic.

The Union evermore, from sea to sea maintain, From dark Pacific's rugged shore to wild Atlantic's

Song-"Our flag is there." JAMES B. BELL. 4—The Hero Martyrs of Scotland.

Glorious in their lives. immortal in their deaths, Theirs is an everlasting heritage of integrity and

Song-"Scote, wha hae." Thos. Gieson. 5-Memory of Washington.

6-The Poets of Scotland.

They cheer us in life's murky hour, And tune our hearts with hope's weird power. Song-"McGregor's Gathering." ANDREW WALKER.

7-Our Army and Navv. M y victory ever hover over their banners.

Invocation. John Lowers. 8-Ohio.

The Buckeye State-ber progress in art, manufacture and agriculture is unprecedented. Her motto,

Song-"Buckwheat Cakes." WM. McAlpin. 9-The Lasses.

Anid nature swears the lovely dears

Her noblest work she classes, O. Her pren ice han' she tried on man And then she made the lasses, O. Song-"Green grow the rushes O." LAWRENCE

One feature of the evening we most cordially commend-the absence of those long speeches which generally are inflicted upon an impatient assembly upon such occasions. What was said was well said and said briefly-we are confident

there are no chattering parrots among the members of the Caledonian Society-if there are they were not present last Monday evening. In addition to the regular response to the army and the navy, Mr. E. M. Powers was called upon for a song, and gave in fine voice and most excellent execution, Vive la Republique, at the

close of the last verse substituting the name of General Rosecrans for the regular words. This was the cue for a voriferous call for that hero, who arose and modestly begged to be excused from making a speech, being, as he said, on the "invalid list," and being further assured by his friend, Peter Gibson, that if he would attend he should not be called upon for a speech. VOLUNTEER TOASTS.

The regular toasts being through with-pass- n

ng off most happily-the President announced hat volunteer toasts would be in order.

Peter Gibson gave-The memory of Andrew McAlpin. Drunk standing and in silence. As seculiarly appropriate to this toast, at the sugestion of Mr. John Jeffrey, Mr. Wm. McAlpin ung the following beautiful song written by umself:

Though I am gone, auld Scotla's sons will meet upon

tots day to welcome brothers from her land, however far Oh, will you give one lingering thought to one who oft with glee,

You honored with presiding care, and still remem dow proud was I to fill that chair, where hozor aye

How oft in loving, social glee, you said I was your Ring; Tis true I always loved to reign in hearts that aye

were free, then 'monget your brothers that are gone, Oh, still remember me. And though it ne'er was mine to meet our foes upon the deld,

I sent my bravest and my best, I knew he ne'er would vield: My Henry, foremest, fighting, fell, for freedom and then while you thus assemble all, Oh, still remem-By John Jeffrey-Cincinnati and His Honor

the Mayor. Mayor Harris could not ignore the call, but

arose and said he "thought there were those pre sent who could better respond to the toast just | se given. It was somewhat too much of a personal hi matter for him to speak of the Queen City of the West in connection with himself-if the latter part of the toast had been omitted he might C have been better able to respond. His Honor then paid a high eulogium to Scotchmen, and said, "Burns was not for a day but for all timehis life gave evidence that genius triumphed over narrow circumstances. His songs were universally sung-in cottage, palace, and by the camp fire, even by those who, rude and unlettered, did not know their author. The Scott has always been trusted as a true soldier, and Scotchmen were with us in this war. When I think of Winchester, I think of Col. Patrick-a soldier and a gentleman." His Honor closed by giving the following very happy sentiment, which was enthusiastically received: The thistle of Scotland-its flowers for its friends, its thorns for its

Alf. Burnett being called out, recited "Bingen on the Rhine," together with a parody thereon, entitled "Richmond on the Jeems," which set the table in a roar. By Mr. John Lowrie-The Press.

Enos B. Reed being called upon, remarked 2d that he felt a little like his Honor the Mayorto respond to the toast was somewhat too much | Sit of a personal matter—he had had to do with the | col press propably more than was to his benefit or that of his readers. He had, however, while listening to the remarks of the President in relation to members of the Association who had died since the last reunion -- some on the battle field, others taken from the civil ranks of lifebeen sensibly impressed, and written an impromtu which he would read. He then read the following:

DEPARTED SCOTS.

The Scota who have so nobly bled In war's front ranks we'll cherish. And from our hearts we ne'er shall let Their deeds of memory perish. Though le st to us their men ory here, We still will oft recall Their glorious deeds, their noble lives-

And how they risked their all To save Columbia in her need, And girded on their arms When dist they heard their country's call And war's mo-t dread slarms! Then here's to all the neble Scots,

Whom now we mourn as dead-

Their memory lives with us to-night

Though each loved form has fled! Mr. John Lowrie recited some eloquent verses, loyal and patriotic, which were well received.

The health of the acting President the Vice-President of the Club was then given, when all joined in singing,

"For he's a right good fellow."

drunk standing and in silence.

Mr. Hastie called out Captain Hunter, who gave, Scotland and the land we live in. Mr. Daniel Brown being called upon, gave a u recitation, "Irish Emancipation."

By John W. Hastie-The President of the fice Burns Club.

This called out Mr. Jeffrey, who told a very fa funny stres concorning one Miss Beggs, and the go ay she made ten from good strong Bohea, giv- in ing the dialect, in which he is quite au fait. He th then called on Major Gwynn, Kentucky being po toasted, who gave an old-time recitation, which, although too lengthy for the end of a supper, T we never heard surpassed in the rendition. The Memory of the late Capt. Robt. Air was

Mr. James Pearson sang, with a great deal of the spirit, "Queer Folks o' the Shaws."

A Toast to the City Council brought the venerable Peter Gibson to his feet, who did honor

to the Fathers of the City. A toast was offered by the Croupier (as they term him in Scotland) to the better health of two of the best loved officers of the Society-Mr. Peter Clarke, Treasurer, and Mr. David Scott,

Secretary. The toast was drank with a mingled feeling of enthusiasm and regret.

Regret caused by the fact of these officers' necessary absence on account of severe sickness -and enthusiasm on account of the happy remembrance of their former contributions, in songs and sentiments, to the former meetings of the Society.

Gen. Rosecrans told the story of the smallest soldier of the Army of the Cumberland, Johnny Clem, of the 22d Michigan, a lad about three feet high, and fourteen or fifteen years of age, who shot a Rebel Colonel, and was promoted to a Corporal therefor, and who, a few days ago, at the Burnet House, he presented with the badge

of the Legion of Honor. Alf. Burnett wound up the evening by giving his celebrated sermon from the Harp of a Thousand Strings which created such a furor among a certain East Tennessee Cavalry Regiment, and

was preached before Gen. Rosecrans and staff. Take it all in all, the reunion was a happy affair, and may all live to enjoy many such.

(Compiled for the National Union.)

The Development of the Correspondence Mania-Who Wants Correspondence, and for What Purpose, as Shown by Original Letters. BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

No. IV. We commence our article this week, with letter from "Charlie," which is a mixture of i

pertinent and fulsome flattery, twaddle and e crable grammer. Notwithstanding his promi of punctuality in his last, he evidences how n faith is to be placed upon him, by again as gizing for delay-we doubt if he ever did good an engagement of any kind. He is patriotic over the death of Captain Thral sighs over "this cruel war," and he decl must be put down. If all such carpet were drafted, without chance of exempti munity would be the better, and our daughters relieved from annovance of Here is his effusion: "Columbus, Sept. 2 DEAR FRIEND MAY-

You cannot imagine the pleasure upon the receipt of your good, come letter. I think you wo

wrong if you had not received the time you did, if you had write to me any more, that is kept your conclusion, after letter, making known to yo delay, don't you think so? Your Photo is better than I expected to see in your good looking young lad ties I find combined, th liness. You will think ing you, but it is but how I long to see th self) I know that company would h my life. You wil

ive, how foolish, know me better "As I am wri late Capt. H. last resting pla the country h

Parents a no and wish the there must this rebelli put down. "I will

to me t name is street, you go am aj

BURNS CLUB--ELECTION OF OFFICERS .- The Burns Club met on Thursday night last, at the Burnet House, for the election of officers for the ensuing year. Mr. John Jeffrey, who has presided over the Club for the last five years, winning, deservedly, the good opinion of all, most positively declined a re election, although the pertinacity with which the Club insisted that he should serve another term would have caused a less obdurate Scot to yield acquiesence, and remain the presiding officer one year longer. Mr. Thos. G. Mitchell was chosen President, "a fellow of infinite jest," and one who will make an excellent executive officer. David Gibson, Esq., was chosen Secretary in place of P. Clark, deceased, and the old incumbents chosen to fill the remaining offices, viz: 1st Vice-President, Joseph Torrence; 2d Vice-President, R. K. Cox, jr.; Secretary, Thos. Chamberlain. The annual celebration of the birthday of Robert Burns will take place on the 25th inst., when a right good time is antici-

pated.