

1853.

[From the *Courier*, December 3rd.]

ST. ANDREW'S FESTIVAL. On Wednesday evening, the 30th November, the Society celebrated the day by dining at the St. John Hotel. John M. Walker, the President, occupied the chair, and was supported by Alexander Jardine, the Vice-President. Among the guests were several American gentlemen and leading men of the city. McCart's Quadrille Band was in attendance, as also Angus McCaush, the Society's piper, in full Highland costume, who performed many beautiful airs.

## TOASTS.

The Day, etc. *Tullochgorum*.

The Queen. *God Save the Queen*.

The Land which claims for her sons Wallace, Bruce, Knox, Ramsay, Burns and Scott : the Land o' Cakes. *My Highland Home*.

The Land we Live In. *Canadian Boat Song*.

Lady Head and the Fair Daughters of New Brunswick. *The Bonnie English Rose*.

President of United States. *Yankee Doodle*.

Our Sister Societies. *The Roast Beef of Old England, St. Patrick's Day*.

The memory of our departed members, especially George Murray. *March in Saul*.

Our Forefathers. *The Garb of Old Gaul*.

After which the party was highly entertained by the recitation, in true Ayrshire style, of 'Tam o' Shanter, by Mr. John McCreddie, and the singing of some excellent Scotch songs by several gentlemen present. The supper was served up in Messrs. Scammell's best style, the wines were good, and all enjoyed themselves with great conviviality until an early hour in the morning, when, *Deoch an' Dorris* being drunk, the party separated, more convinced than ever that Scotchmen *do* know how to enjoy themselves.

The details of this celebration remind us that old things pass away with time, and suggest an approach to a modern St. Andrew's dinner. The toasts are diminishing in number, and are less archaic and sentimentally exuberant in expression than in the past. Even the musical selections are not what they once were, and seem to mark the influence of a taste