The Burns Scrap Book.

THE

BURNS SCRAP BOOK

OR

ODD MOMENTS WITH THE LOVERS OF SCOTIA'S DARLING POET

EDITED BY

JOHN D. ROSS

AUTHOR OF "SCOTTISH POETS IN AMERICA,"
AND EDITOR OF "CELEBRATED SONGS OF SCOTLAND," "ROUND BURNS' GRAVE," "BURNSIANA," ETC., ETC.

"He'll be a credit to us a';
We'll a' be proud o' Robin."

NEW YORK
L. D. ROBERTSON & SON, PUBLISHERS
No. 7 BARCLAY STREET
1893

"Why is it that Scotland, when the roll of Nations is called, can stand up and proudly cry 'Here?' It is because ROBERT BURNS has lived. It is ROBERT BURNS that puts your well loved Scotland in the front rank of Nations."

ROBERT G. INGERSOLL.

DEDICATED TO MY BROTHER,

PETER ROSS,

AN ENTHUSIASTIC BURNS SCHOLAR,

AND AUTHOR OF

"SCOTLAND AND THE SCOTS," "LIFE OF ST. ANDREW," ETC., ETC.

LIST OF CONTENTS.

The Burns Scrap Book.

know the Scottish idiom. She was a bonnie, sweet, sonsie lass. In short, she, altogether unwittingly to herself, initiated me in that delicious passion, which, in spite of acid disappointment, gin-horse prudence, and book-worm philosophy, I hold to be the first of human joys here below! How she caught the contagion I cannot tell. Indeed, I did not know myself why I liked so much to loiter behind with her, when returning in the evening from our labors; why the tones of her voice made my heart-strings thrill like an Æolian harp; and, especially, why my pulse beat such a furious ratan when I looked and fingered over her little hand, to pick out the cruel nettle-sting and thistles. Among her love-inspiring qualities, she sang sweetly; and it was her favorite reel to which I attempted giving an embodied vehicle in rhyme. I was not so presumptuous as to imagine that I could make verses like printed ones, composed by men who read Greek and Latin; but my girl sung a song which was said to be composed by a country laird's son on one of his father's maids, with whom he was in love; and I saw no reason why I might not rhyme as well as he; for excepting that he could shear sheep and cast peats, his father living in the moorlands, he had no more scholarcraft than myself. Thus with me began love and poetry."

The song he then composed is the one entitled *Handsome Nell;* and though he afterwards considered it a very silly and inferior production, yet he once said of it, "I composed it in a wild enthusiasm of

passion, and to this hour I never recollect it but my heart melts, my blood sallies at the remembrance."

As soon as the lease of the farm of Mount Oliphant had expired, the father endeavored to find a more profitable investment by removing to a larger farm, called Lochlea, ten miles further up the country. It consisted of a hundred and thirty acres, and was situated in the parish of Tarbolton. Here for a time matters seemed to improve; but this is supposed to have been owing to the help given by the other members of the family, who had now grown up, and were able to assist with the work a great deal more than they had hitherto done; still it was far from being a success. Its worst trouble, however, lay in the fact that no writing had been made out of the conditions of the lease; and a misunderstanding having at one time arisen between the landlord and tenant, the matter in dispute was brought before the Courts, where a decision was rendered against the latter. This decision involved the loss of a considerable sum of money, and the elder Burns had a hard fight to raise a sufficient sum to pay it. This preyed so much on his mind that he never recovered from the effects of it, although he still went on bravely with his usual work.

When about eighteen years of age Burns attended the village dancing school, to give his manners a "brush," he tells us. This is said to be the first step he ever took in direct opposition to his father's wishes. This dancing school, however, was the

means of first bringing him before the public as a poet of more than ordinary ability. Out of the twenty young girls who attended the school, there was scarcely one on whom his fancy did not light, and whose praises and accomplishments were not immediately celebrated in one or more songs. These songs, remarkable for their beauty and sweetness, so charmed the hearers, that very soon they began to find their way throughout the country, and were sung at fairs, meetings, etc.

Burns assisted on the farm at Lochlea until he was about the age of twenty-two, when he began to turn his thoughts to earning a living for himself, and at the same time be able financially to assist his father, whom he began to see was failing in health very much. He had often heard that flax dressing was a very profitable occupation, and he resolved to turn flax dresser. Accordingly, he set out for the town of Irving, a few miles distant from Ayr, where he rented a small room for the sum of one shilling a week. He began the business of flax dressing, and was getting along very successfully, when one morning, while out with a few companions, giving a welcome carousal to the New Year, the shop took fire, and was burned to ashes, and he was left, he tells us, "like a true poet, not worth a sixpence."

His life, however, at Irving had not been an exemplary one. Taking into account the early religious training his mind had received, it was a portion of his existence he might well be ashamed of.

He tells us: "From this adventure I learned something of town life; but the principal thing that gave my mind a turn was a friendship I formed with a young fellow, a noble character. His mind was fraught with independence, magnanimity, and every manly virtue. I loved and admired him to a degree of enthusiasm, and of course strove to imitate him. In some measure I succeeded. I had pride before; he taught it to flow in proper channels. His knowledge of the world was vastly superior to mine, and I was all attention to learn. He was the only man I ever saw who was a greater fool than myself when woman was the presiding star. But he spoke of love with the levity of a sailor; love, which hitherto I had regarded with honor. Here his friendship did me a mischief."

Whilst at Irving, Burns had also met with a disappointment in love, which told very much on his feelings about this time. He had become engaged to a very prepossessing young lady, named Ellison Begbie; but she, just at the point when everything for their marriage had been arranged, transferred her affections to a richer man, whom she ultimately married. Disappointed with all his failures, he returned to Lochlea, only to find a greater calamity awaiting him in the expected death of his father. The old man had held out bravely as long as he could. With a determined will he had set his mind to conquer obstacles and misfortunes which would have discouraged at the outset stronger and even

richer men than he had been. But his fight had ended leaving in its trail the visible traces of a ruined constitution; and all could see that the end was near.

To his wife, while at Mount Oliphant, he had one day said, while pointing to Robert, "Who ever lives to see it, something extraordinary will come from that boy;" and now, while she stood at his death-bed, he told her there was only one of his children whose future he could not think of without fear. Robert, who was standing near, anxiously asked, "O, father, is it me you mean?" "Ay," said the dying man, "it is even you, Robert."

Burns, in a torrent of tears, had at once to leave the room, nor could he control his feelings during the few hours which his father afterward lived.

Shortly after his arrival at home, seeing the crisis to which they were rapidly approaching, Robert and Gilbert took on their own account a small farm called Mossgiel. This was done so that when their father died, and they would be compelled to leave Lochlea, a house would be in readiness to receive the other members of the family. "This farm," Gilbert writes, "consisted of one hundred and eighteen acres. It was stocked by the individual savings of the whole family, and was a joint concern among us. Every member of the family was allowed ordinary wages for the labor he performed. My brother's allowance and mine was seven pounds per annum each."

On the 17th of February, 1774, Burns wrote to a cousin,—

"On the 13th current I lost the best of fathers. Though, to be sure, we have had long warning of the impending stroke, still the feelings of Nature claim their part; and I cannot recollect the tender endearments and parental lessons of the best of friends and ablest instructors, without feeling what, perhaps, the calmer dictates of reason would partly condemn."

Shortly afterward Burns took his widowed mother, and the other members of the family, to their new home. He entered on the undertaking with the firm resolution of becoming a prosperous farmer. He read farming books, calculated crops, attended markets, worked early and late, and did all that lay in the power of man to make the concern a success. But the Fates were against him. Nature had never intended Robert Burns for a ploughman or farmer of any kind. She had laid out a grander destiny for him.

The first year, from unfortunately buying bad seed, and the second from a late harvest, he lost half of his crops. This was enough to distract him. But, in addition to these, a new trouble had begun to spring up around him, troubles which his own genius had been the means of bringing into existence.

Burns was a man who loved passionately all that was noble and good, while he as passionately hated all that was mean or savored any way of hypocrisy. In his various dealings with men, he had been brought in contact with a great many clergymen, a

few of whom did not come up to the standard of perfection in his mind that their holy calling required. He could see that they preached one thing, while they practiced another. He entered into discussions with them, and they, instead of pointing out to him wherein he was wrong, at once became his most bitter enemies. Maddened with their conduct, he at once proceeded to attack them in verses of such unusual satirical severity, that the very people who sided with him in his arguments against them were amazed and awed at the productions of their hero. The church in Ayr at that time was divided into two sects; one was called the New Lights, and the other the Auld Lights. Most of the poet's friends belonged to the former party. Burns immediately joined their ranks, and at once let fly the arrow of his satire into the enemy's camp. The poems of *The Twa Herds*, *Holy Willie's Prayer*, *The Ordination* and *The Holy Fair*, succeeded each other with wonderful rapidity. The sensation they produced was such that the Auld Lights were forced to hide themselves, and admit that their opponents had the best of the fight. But the damage they did to the poet was great. People he once numbered amongst his most esteemed friends now passed him by without deigning to recognize him; and it was with sorrow that he discovered how his own moral character had suffered through these witty productions. Nor did it end there. We are sorry to say that even while we write there are people who hold Burns up in scorn

as one of the rankest infidels of the eighteenth century, while others, more gracious to the little failings of mankind, contend that the man who could compose such a verse as,—

"And, oh, be sure and fear the Lord alway,
An' mind your duty, duly morn and night;
Lest in temptation's path ye gang astray,
Implore His counsel and assisting might;
They never sought in vain who sought the Lord aright,"

was not only a man who honored his Maker, but a man whose heart was full of gratitude to God, and who held in greatest reverence the very name of religion.

Troubles of a different nature, however, also now began to claim his serious attention. At a penny wedding in Mauchline he had met Jean Armour. She was the daughter of a master stone-mason in the town, and is described as being a smart and intelligent looking girl. Burns fell in love with her, with all the ardency of his nature, and she, it is said, as warmly reciprocated his affection. Marriage was soon agreed upon; but owing to the failure of his farming speculations they concluded to defer it for a time. In the meantime her father had become aware of the selection his daughter had made of a husband. To a man professing the religious sentiments that he did, the discovery came to his feelings with a terrible shock. His indignation was so great, on his daughter admitting the relationship that existed between herself and what he called "such a wild and

worthless man as Burns," that he actually fainted. In his sternest manner he forbade her ever to see or hold any correspondence with the poet from that day forth, with the alternative of leaving her home at once and forever.

It is needless to say that poor Jean, sorry to have offended him who had always been a good father to her, was compelled to submit. Great as his wrath had been, however, it was nothing in comparison to what it became when a few months afterward Jean became the mother of twin children. On becoming aware of her situation, she had written to Burns, acquainting him of the fact. Not daring to visit her in her father's house, he immediately sent her a letter acknowledging her as his wife. This, in Scotland, is what is called an irregular, but strictly legal marriage. This document her father demanded and at once committed to the flames. Not satisfied with this he at once proceeded to sue Burns for the support of the children, and threatened him with imprisonment until he could find suitable security for the same.

It was now, surrounded with all these troubles, that despair began to overtake him. Looking into the past, he saw that his life had been a failure. Nor could he discern, poet though he knew himself to be, that the future held any brighter prospects in store for him. How he loved Jean is too well shown in many of his songs and letters at that time, to admit of any doubt. But he began to be angry with her in

giving way so easily to her father. Had she left him, and clung to the poet, he would have provided a home for her somehow.

While busy with these reflections, a situation was offered him as book-keeper on an estate in Jamaica. To enable him to raise sufficient money to defray his passage, and supply him with other necessaries, a few friends advised him to print a volume of his poems by subscription. The idea harmonized agreeably with his own desires, and he began to look around for a printer, and take subscriptions. The printer was soon found in the person of John Wilson, Kilmarnock, who entered into the project with great enthusiasm. It was necessary that Burns should correct the proofs of his poems himself; and to enable him to do this, he was obliged to steal in and out of Kilmarnock at night, for Mr. Armour's wrath had by no means subsided, and he still held a warrant for the arrest of the poet, which he was determined to execute as soon as he came within his reach.

After one or two delays, in July, 1786, appeared the now very scarce and valuable little volume, entitled *Poems, chiefly in the Scottish Dialect, by Robert Burns.* Its success was greater than he anticipated. He says, "I threw off about six hundred copies, of which I got subscriptions for about three hundred and fifty. My vanity was highly gratified by the reception I met with from the public; and beside, I pocketed, all expenses deducted, nearly twenty

pounds. This came very seasonably, as I was thinking of indenting myself, for want of money, to procure a passage. As soon as I was master of nine guineas, the price of wafting me to the torrid zone, I took a steerage in the first ship that was to sail from the Clyde, for

'Hungry ruin had me in the wind.'

I had been for some days skulking from covert to covert, under all the terrors of a jail, as some ill-advised people had uncoupled the merciless pack of the law at my heels. I had taken a last farewell of my friends, my chest was on its way to Greenock, I had composed the last song I should ever measure in Caledonia, *The gloomy night is gathering fast*, when a letter from Doctor Blackwood to a friend of mine overthrew all my schemes by opening up new prospects to my poetic ambition."

This letter, expressing the warmest admiration for the genius contained in the little volume, concluded by strongly urging upon him to lose no time in repairing to Edinburgh, with the view of issuing a second and larger edition of his works, for which, the writer assured him, the public were beginning to clamor very impatiently.

About this time occurs another love affair in the life of Burns, which is still involved in considerable mystery on account of the connection he must still have held with the Armour family.

The majority of his biographers, however, have

come to the conclusion that, disgusted with the conduct of the whole of that family, and determined to have nothing to do with any of them, he renewed the acquaintance he once had with Mary Campbell, a servant girl in the neighborhood. To her he made an immediate offer of marriage, which she accepted, and at once gave up her situation. With the view of informing her friends of the intended change in her life, she resolved to make a short trip into some part of the Western Highlands, where they resided. The Sunday before she left was a memorable day for Burns. They met in the afternoon, beside a small brook, and, standing on each side, with a Bible between them, they pronounced their solemn vows to be true to each other. This Bible, which is still in existence, bears the inscription, in Burns' handwriting, "And ye shall not swear in my name falsely; I am the Lord. Levit., 19th chap., 12th verse."

In the evening they parted, never to meet again; for Mary was taken suddenly sick, and died at Greenock, where she was buried. The sudden intelligence of her death was to Burns the saddest shock he had ever received. Many years afterward, when he had settled down with his family, her image rose before him, clothed with all the virtue and graces that adorn a pure woman; and on the night of the anniversary of her death he betook himself to the barn, where he gave vent to his feelings in the lines *To Mary in Heaven*, one of the finest and most touch-

ing laments ever written by the hand of man in any language.

In the meantime his poems had been attracting attention in all parts of Scotland; their fame had even crossed the Border, and ventured into England. Letters, with words of encouragement and advice, kept pouring in upon him from all classes of people. Some of these pronounced him to be the greatest poet that his country had ever produced. He could see that happiness, if not wealth, were yet within his power. The desire of his childhood—to do something for Scotland—had been gratified.

"E'en then a wish, I mind its power,
A wish that to my latest hour
Shall strongly heave my breast,
That I for poor Auld Scotland's sake
Some usefu' plan or beuk could make,
Or sing a sang at least."

He had been able both to sing a song and make a book, and now his long wished-for ambition to become a national poet was on the point of being realized, if he only laid hold of the prize by giving up his intention of going to Jamaica, and proceeding to Edinburgh instead. He was not long in concluding what course to pursue, and bidding good-bye to friends and foes in Ayrshire, he betook himself to Edinburgh, the capital of Scotland, and at that time the centre of wealth, fashion and culture. Here a reception awaited him, the magnificence of which he had never dreamed of. He was welcomed by rich

and poor, and was the chief conversation of the city for weeks afterward. He could not walk the streets without being pointed to, and stared at as a living wonder. Invitations to dine with lords and noblemen came so frequently that he was at length forced to apologize, and decline accepting what he would once have looked upon as marked favors.

He went to work with a will, however, on the new edition of his poems, for which assistance of all kinds was kindly offered him. The few poems in his first edition had been very favorably reviewed in the *Edinburgh Magazine*, and the public mind was in a fever of expectation to see what might appear in the second.

Through the influence of the Earl of Glencairn, the Caledonia Hunt subscribed in a body for one hundred copies. Other parties subscribed for ten, twenty, forty copies each. All things seemed to be favorably inclined toward him. But amid all this praise and excitement Burns never lost sight of the fact that he was an humble Ayrshire ploughman, blessed, it is true, with a little more of poetical genius than the rest of his countrymen.

While pursuing his occupation of flax-dressing, at Irving, he had accidentally fallen in with a copy of the poems of Robert Ferguson. To his already poetic nature these had lent a new impulse, and he frequently alluded to the fact that several of his best productions were formed on the models supplied by his gifted but ill-fated countryman; and now, while

in Edinburgh, he sought out his grave, in the old Cannongate Churchyard, and kneeling down, he reverently kissed the sod. Nor was this all. To prove to the world the sincerity of his love for him whom he called

> "My elder brother in misfortune,
> By far my elder brother in the Muses,"

before he left Edinburgh he had erected over his grave a magnificent monument, on which was inscribed the following lines:—

> "No sculptur'd marble here, nor pompous lay,
> No storied urn, or animated bust,
> This simple stone directs pale Scotia's way,
> To pour her sorrows o'er her poet's dust."

On the 21st of April, 1784, appeared the new edition of his poems. Like the first it was hailed with delight by his admiring countrymen. When the edition was exhausted he found that his profits amounted to over four hundred pounds. Two hundred of this sum he immediately forwarded to help his brother Gilbert, who still struggled with the farm of Mossgiel. "This fact," says the editor of *The Songs of Scotland* (Glasgow, 1871), "is not very prominently remembered by the maligners of his character; but we cannot help thinking, that even in a Christian land, one man, as soon as he has earned a few hundred pounds, giving one-half of it to assist a struggling brother, is an action seldom heard of."

On leaving Edinburgh, he, with a friend, made a short tour through Scotland, visiting some of the old historical battle-fields, rivers and castles, whose very names had been sacredly enshrined in his memory ever since the days of his childhood.

With the balance of his money he returned to Dumfries, where he leased the farm of Ellisland, situated on the outskirts of the city, and having made it up, so to speak, with Jean Armour, by going through the ceremony of marriage in public with her, he took her to their new home, where he settled down once more with the idea of becoming an industrious farmer.

For a while all went well with him. He attended personally and punctually to every detail in connection with the workings of the farm, and Nature blessed his labors with success. Happy in the bosom of his family, he could appreciate the truthfulness of what he had once written :—

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

Amid these domestic joys came song after song from his heart; and here was composed in one day that grand masterpiece of poetical fiction, *Tam o' Shanter*, a poem of which Alex. Smith says, "Since Bruce fought Bannockburn the best single day's work done in Scotland." He also contributed largely to a work then in course of publication, called *Johnson's*

Museum, a collection of Scotch songs, in six volumes, which, but for his valuable aid, would never have outlived its first volume.

But if Burns, tired of being lionized, petted and courted, while in Edinburgh, had imagined he would live in quietness and retirement at Ellisland, he was greatly mistaken. It was not long before the little farm-house contained each night a circle of admiring friends as large as any that ever congregated around him in Edinburgh. Learned men from all parts of Scotland made the journey to Ellisland, only to talk with the gifted poet. These had to be welcomed and treated as became their station, and Burns had to allow his servants to attend now and then to the work themselves.

With the birth of another child came the conclusion that more money was required to keep them comfortable than what his farm was capable of producing. It was then that he decided on taking the step, which, ultimately, was the means of hastening his death.

Through the aid of a friend he was offered a position in the Excise, at a salary of fifty pounds a year. In accepting this situation it was not necessary that he should devote his entire time to this business alone. By devoting a few hours each day to its interests, he could still superintend the working of the farm during his spare hours.

But this, instead of improving his prospects, began to make matters worse. His duties frequently com-

pelled him to go long distances from home, and it was often very late in the evening when he returned. It was also the means of taking him into company, which he should and might otherwise have avoided. Certain it is he began to neglect his farm entirely, and soon resolved to give it up altogether. Accordingly, he sold out, and moved into Dumfries, where he received a new appointment as an exciseman, at seventy pounds a year.

Of all government positions in Scotland there is none that is more despised by the people than that of an Excise officer. The office is frequently held by men who stop at nothing, however mean it may be, in order to gain promotion for themselves. As a class they are both selfish and ungentlemanly in all their demands, and we can easily understand that nothing but sheer necessity compelled Burns to accept of such a position. Alas for the generation in which he lived that allowed such a necessity to exist! Very little can be said to their credit.

"I know not," he writes, "how the word 'exciseman,' or the still more opprobrious 'gauger,' will sound in your ears. I, too, have seen the day when my auditory nerves would have felt very delicately on this subject; but a wife and children are things which have a wonderful power in blunting this kind of sensations."

Having accepted the position, however, Burns proceeded with his duty in as friendly a spirit as his conscience would allow. To the professional smug-

gler he is said to have been severe, but to the poor country folks, who brewed a little on the sly for themselves, or who kept in stock a few more gallons of ale than what their license entitled them to, he temporized justice with mercy, and, in some cases, he is known to have overlooked the offence altogether. Many a poor woman has been known to bless the day they made Robbie Burns a gauger.

At Thornhill, on a Fair day, he was seen to call at the door of a poor old woman, who, for the day, was doing a little illicit business on her own account. A nod and a movement of the forefinger brought the woman to the doorway. "Kate, are you mad? Don't you know that the supervisor and I will be in upon you in forty minutes?" Burns at once disappeared among the crowd, and the poor woman was saved a heavy fine. Another day the poet and a brother gauger entered a widow's house at Dunscore, and seized a quantity of smuggled tobacco. "Jenny," said Burns, "I expected this would be the upshot. Here, Lewars, take note of the number of rolls as I count them. Now, Jock, did you ever hear an auld wife numbering her threads before check-reels were invented? Thou's ane, and thou's no ane, and thou's ane a' out—listen?" As he handed out the rolls, and numbered them, old-wife fashion, he dropped every other roll into Jenny's lap. Lewars took the desired note with becoming gravity, and saw as though he saw not. Again, a woman who had been brewing, on seeing Burns coming with another excise-

man, slipped out by the back door, leaving a servant and a little girl in the house. "Has there been ony brewing for the Fair here the day?" "Oh, no, sir, we hae nae license for that," answered the servant-maid. "That's no true," exclaimed the child. "The muckle black kist is fu' o' the bottles o' yill that my mither sat up a' nicht brewing for the Fair." "We are in a hurry just now," said Burns, "but when we return from the Fair we'll examine the muckle black kist."

Sure enough, when they returned they examined the "muckle black kist," but it was a very innocent-looking piece of furniture by that time.

In acts like these he made himself a blessing instead of a curse to the people he had to deal with; and, although the public treasury may have suffered to a small extent by his leniency to these daring offenders of the law, still we cannot conscientiously condemn the kind feelings of him who, viewing their crimes in a paltry light, only did unto others as he would have liked others to do unto him.

But his life in Dumfries was far from being a happy or profitable one. Let us bear in mind that tavern life in Scotland, so graphically described in *Tam o' Shanter*, was then at its height.

It was not looked upon as an offence for a man, however high his station in life may have been, to be seen reeling home from his favorite tavern in the middle of the night.

No meeting or company in Dumfries was consid-

ered complete unless the poet lent his presence to it. That alone was a sufficient guaranty of the pleasures the night would be spent in. He was also an ardent Freemason, and willingly joined with that worthy body in all their convivial moments. Travelers passing through the town would stay over night at the Globe Tavern, in the hopes of meeting and hearing more of this wonderful individual of whom they had already heard so much. With these he would sit drinking until late into the night, keeping them the while in a continued state of merriment by the brilliant flashes of wit and sarcasm which kept pouring out of him; for his wit and genius shone forth like a bright star in the heavens, whether he was seated at an earl's dinner table, or with a few drouthy cronies was drinking home-brewed ale in an old rickety inn. Yet it cannot be said that Burns loved drinking for its own sake. He was not what we would call a drunkard in the common sense of the word. It has been proved that he has kept liquors in his house for months at a time without tasting or even looking at them; but in social company drink certainly got the better of him, and he would even go so far as to pride himself on being able to sing song for song or drink glass for glass with any one present. One morning, after spending the night in this profitless manner, on returning home he met a neighbor who had risen somewhat earlier than usual to his work. "O, George," said the poet, more penitent than elated, "you have arisen from a refreshing sleep,

and left a kind wife and children, while I am returning like a condemned wretch to mine."

More than once did he determine to shake off the fetters these social habits were binding about him; but alas! it was only to find how weak in this respect he was. As soon as evening came there was sure to be an invitation from the Globe Tavern to come and express his views on certain questions then agitating the public mind; and these invitations seemed to have more control over him than all the determinations he ever made, for in a few moments after their reception, Burns would be seen quietly walking from the house in the direction of his favorite tavern. Politics never claimed so much of his attention as they began to do about this time. His republican ideas, so openly expressed, brought severe reprimands from his superiors, and in one or two instances was the means of nearly losing him his position. He sent a present of guns to the French Revolutionists, to show the sympathy he held with them in their cry of "Liberty, Equality and Fraternity." At a public dinner at which the health of William Pitt, the prime minister of England, was proposed, he astonished his hearers by rising and craving a bumper to the health of a better man—George Washington. Many and kind friends warned and begged of him to be more guarded in his speech, pointing out the fact that he was ruining himself in the estimation of those who were best able to advance him in position and income. But

this advice was wasted on Burns. If an idea took possession of his mind, and he desired to express it, all the hopes of advancement ever spoken of would not keep him from doing so. One thing only checked his course at this time, namely, his health. To himself and others his constitution began to show the sad results of the many merry but ill-timed carousals he had indulged in. Yet so little attention was given to this serious matter, that about the month of July, 1796, he was prostrated with an attack of rheumatic fever, which confined him to his bed for six weeks.

What his feelings must have been at this time can only be imagined. That he determined to lead a different life in the future from what he had been doing, is evident from the following lines he addressed to a brother exciseman while he was recovering :—

"Ye've heard this while how I've been licket,
And by fell Death was nearly nicket:
Grim loun! he gat me by the fecket,
And sair me sheuk;
But by gude luck I lap a wicket,
And turned a neuk.

But by that health I've got a share o't,
And by that life I'm promised mair o't,
My heal and weal I'll take care o't
A tentier way.
Then farewell folly, hide and hair o't,
For ance and aye."

But, alas! Folly had been too long the most intimate friend of Burns, to bid her farewell so easily.

No sooner was he somewhat restored to health than he joined hands with her more willingly than before. Again the walls of the Globe Tavern reverberated with mirth and song; once more was held the meetings with old cronies: but this was only for a short space of time. His nervous system was in too shattered a condition to brave any more excesses of this kind, and again he had to take to his bed.

His name having been placed on the sick list, he was only entitled to half-pay. This worried him a great deal, as he was short of money, and he had a horror of Poverty once more making his home her abode.

During his illness one of his children, a little girl, died, which gave a still more gloomy aspect to the surroundings in which he was placed. He had been very fond of her, and not being able to attend personally to her burial preyed heavily on his mind. By degrees, with careful nursing, he was able to leave his bed, and ultimately was permitted to indulge in a short walk out-of-doors. It would have been well for Burns, and the world also, had he been confined to his room for a year or two instead of a few months. While enjoying one of these quiet walks in the evening, he strayed into his old haunt, the Globe Tavern. A company had already assembled in its cosy little parlor, and into which Burns was received with acclamations of joy. What a night that must have been! The bowl went round, songs were sung, jokes cracked, and mirth and jolity reigned supreme.

No one thought of seeing him home; perhaps it was as much as any one was able to do to get himself home. Coming out into the cold atmosphere, added to the liquor he had so liberally partaken of, produced a drowsiness on him which made him stumble and fall. So overcome was he that he lay asleep where he had fallen for four hours, and when he awoke he was unable to stand or walk. A fever was boiling in all his veins, and people who then saw him began to fear that death was not far off. He was taken home, and the best medical aid procured for him; but he never rallied from that attack. He sank lower and lower, until, as a last hope, he was advised to try the effects of sea-bathing. Lodgings were procured for him at a small village called Brow, situated on the Solway coast. Before proceeding thither he remarked to his wife that he did not expect to live much longer, adding, "But don't be afraid, Jean: I'll be more respected a hundred years after I am dead than I am at the present day."

Shortly after his arrival at Brow he wrote to her that although the sea-bathing had eased his pains, it had not done anything to restore his health. Mrs. Riddell, a personal friend of his, who was also staying at Brow for her health, gives the following account of an interview she had with him on his arrival there:—

"I was struck with his appearance on entering the room. The stamp of death was imprinted on his

features. He seemed already touching the brink of eternity. His first salutation was, 'Well, madam, have you any commands for the other world?' I replied that it seemed a doubtful case which of us should be there soonest, and that I hoped he would yet live to write my epitaph. He looked in my face with an air of great kindness, and expressed his concern at seeing me look so ill, with his accustomed sensibility. We had a long and serious conversation about his present situation, and the approaching termination of all his earthly prospects. He spoke of his death without any of the ostentation of philosophy, but with firmness as well as feeling, as an event likely to happen very soon, and which gave him concern chiefly from leaving his four children so young and unprotected, and his wife hourly expecting a fifth. He mentioned, with seeming pride and satisfaction, the promising genius of his eldest son, and the flattering marks of approbation he had received from his teachers, and dwelt particularly on his hopes for that boy's future conduct and merit. His anxiety for his family seemed to hang heavy on him, and the more, perhaps, from the reflection that he had not done them all the justice he was so well qualified to do. Passing from this subject, he showed great concern about the care of his literary fame, and, particularly, the publication of his posthumous works. He said he was well aware that his death would create some noise, and that every scrap of his writing would be revived against him to the injury of his future

reputation; that his letters and verses, written with unguarded and improper freedom, and which he earnestly wished to have buried in oblivion, would be handed about by idle vanity or malevolence, when no dread of his resentment would restrain them, or prevent the censures of shrill-tongued malice, or the insidious sarcasms of envy, from putting forth all their venom to blast his fame.

"He lamented that he had written many epigrams on persons against whom he entertained no enmity, and whose characters he would be sorry to wound; and many indifferent poetical pieces, which he feared would now, with all their imperfections on their head, be thrust upon the world. On this account he deeply regretted having deferred to put his papers in a state of arrangement, as he was now incapable of the exertion. The conversation," she adds, "was kept up with great evenness and animation on his side. I had seldom seen his mind greater or more collected. There was frequently a considerable degree of vivacity in his sallies, and they would probably have had a greater share, had not the concern and dejection I could not disguise damped the spirit of pleasantry he seemed not unwilling to indulge. We parted about sunset on the evening of that day (the 5th of July, 1796); the next day I saw him again, and we parted to meet no more."

During his short stay at Brow he was annoyed by letters from small tradesmen, demanding payment of

some petty claims they had against him. We blush when we read the following letter sent by him at this time to his friend Thomson, the publisher :—

"After all my boasted independence, curst necessity compels me to implore you for five pounds. A cruel scoundrel of a haberdasher, to whom I owe an account, taking it into his head that I am dying, has commenced a process, and will infallibly put me into jail. Do, for God's sake, send that sum, and that by return of post. Forgive me this earnest request, but the horrors of a jail have made me distracted. I do not ask it gratuitously, for, with returning health I hereby promise and agree to furnish you with five pounds' worth of the neatest song of genius you have seen."

We need hardly say that the money was forwarded as desired and the poet's mind considerably relieved for the time being.

On July 18th, 1796, he left Brow, and returned home to Dumfries. Those who saw him then knew they were looking on him for the last time. All hope for his recovery had been abandoned. Allan Cunningham, who was then in Dumfries, thus describes the state of excitement the people were in :—

"The anxiety of the people, high and low, was very great. Wherever two or three were together, their talk was of Burns, and of him alone. They spoke of his history, of his person, and of his works,

of his witty sayings and sarcastic replies, and of his too early fate, with much enthusiasm, and sometimes with deep feeling. All that he had done, and all that they had hoped he would accomplish, were talked of. Half a dozen of them stopped Doctor Maxwell in the street, and said, 'How is Burns, sir?' He shook his head, saying, 'He cannot be worse,' and passed on to be subjected to similar inquiries farther up the way. I heard one of the group inquire, with much simplicity, 'Who do you think will be our poet now?'"

But even at the last his wit still strove to master his other feelings. He belonged to the Dumfries Volunteers, and, turning to a comrade who was standing beside his bed, he said, "O John, don't let the awkward squad fire over me."

On the morning of July 21 he sank into delirium, which continued until noon, when, with a muttered execration to a threatening letter he had received from a lawyer, the soul of Burns took its flight. "And thus he passed," writes Thomas Carlyle, "not softly but speedily into that still country, where the hail-storms and fire-showers do not reach, and the heaviest laden wayfarer at length lays down his load."

The local newspaper that week contained the following intimation of the mournful event:—

"Died here, on the morning of the 21st inst., and in the thirty-eighth year of his age, Robert Burns, the Scottish bard. His manly form and penetrating eye

strikingly indicated extraordinary mental vigor. For originality of wit, rapidity of conception, and fluency of nervous phraseology, he was unrivaled. Animated by the fire of Nature, he uttered sentiments which, by their pathos, melted the heart to tenderness, or expanded the mind by their sublimity. As a luminary emerging from behind a cloud, he rose at once into notice; and his works and his name can never die, while living, divine Poesy shall agitate the chords of the human heart."

He was buried with military honors and a great public funeral in St. Michael's Cemetery, Dumfries. A few years later Mrs. Burns had erected over his resting-place a small stone, with his name, etc.; but in 1815 this was replaced by the handsome mausoleum which stands to-day, having been erected by public subscription, contributed to by all classes, from the poor peasant up to royalty itself.

Burns.

[On seeing a lock of Highland Mary's hair in the Burns Monument at Ayr, Scotland.]

BY ANNA M. SMITH.

OH, thou fair lock, thou tress of palish gold!
What thronging memories come at sight of thee!
How is the scroll of Time again unrolled,
Revealing that which never more can be!

I see thee waving round a brow of snow,
As gently by the summer wind caressed,
And wanton o'er a cheek of softest glow,
Or nestle loving on a poet's breast.

And thou hast felt the throb of that great heart,
That Sorrow's darkest frown could not subdue,
But braving angry Fortune's fiercest dart,
Was still to manhood and affection true.

Oh, Scotia! well mayst thou love thy rustic bard;
For who, like he, has told it far and wide,
What generous bosoms, noble hearts and true,
Are wont beneath the hodden-grey to hide?

How thine own children, in their lowly shades,
At Poverty's chill fount may oft have drank,
But "blessed with health and peace and sweet content,"
May still defy the guinea-stamp of rank.

Oh, wondrous bard! thy genius—spark divine—
Does still this very atmosphere pervade;
And in its light thy human frailties tine,
As morn's obscuring mists before the sun must fade.

Oh, Scotia! as in the years Time's ceaseless course has run,
Through what may come to thee by Fortune's turns,
Acknowledge him thy own, thy darling son,
And still adore the name of ROBERT BURNS!

The Genius of Robert Burns.

BY JAMES KENNEDY.

THE genius of Scotland's poet, like the fabled fountain of Arethusa, has risen again beyond the sea and become crystallized at the capital of the Empire State of the American Union. The occasion of unveiling a statue of Robert Burns at Albany was one of the most enthusiastic gatherings of Scots held in the Western World. This is not to be wondered at. No man ever touched the Scottish heart so deeply as Burns. The debt of gratitude which the Scots abroad owe to Burns is incalculable. His marvellous gift of song has sung itself into our hearts, and with its divine influence sympathizes with our sorrows in words the tenderest and sweetest. It intensifies our joys with a humor quaint and irresistible. It charms our ears with a melody whose echoes ring a perennial feast in the happy memory. It leads us with words of everlasting truth to a better knowledge and a stronger love of our fellow-men. In the battle of life his spirit ever seems to dwell with us, cheering us with the jubilant joy of ecstatic song, bringing the sweet memories of the lang syne back to our imaginations with all the vividness of reality, till time and space vanish, and in fancy we revisit the loved scenes of our youth; again we seem to wander among the hazelly shaws and briery dens of Caledonia, by burnies wimplin where the stately foxglove and

sweet bluebells bloom, and listen to the morning song of the blythe laverock or the evening hymn of the mellow mavis.

All Scotland lives in the songs of Burns. Her braw lads and sonsy lassies are there. Her hoary cliffs and gay green valleys, the flash of her crystal waters, the sheen of her silver lochs are there. The rustle of the barley fields gleaming in the golden sunshine, the call of the curfew is heard in the gathering cloud, the silence of her solemn woods, the grandeur of her hoary winters—all are there painted into living words that burn themselves into the memory forever.

It was particularly fitting on the occasion of the celebration at Albany that the orators of the day should have given so much consideration to Burns as a man. There is much profit to be derived intellectually from an earnest, elevated and clear-headed contemplation of a great man's career. Genius is always the gift of God, and when truly exercised, according to its nature, ought to be reverenced as such. Scotland owed much to Burns. Scotland gave him little, and in the very meagreness of his reward for his royal gift of song we perceive something of the heroic side of Burns' character.

He was completely conscious of his matchless power. He knew his worth, but uncomplainingly he passed his short, sad years in humble drudgery. Whether as ploughman farmer or exciseman, he never shirked a duty, he never idled an hour.

It has been common to mourn over his early death.

We should rather regard it with calm satisfaction. His life work had been accomplished. The moral regeneration of his country's songs had been completed, and it was time for him to be going.

Scotland had no royal reward to offer him. Her gentry had taken and patronized him for a few weeks at Edinburgh and let him go again into obscurity. Not one hand had been held out to help him. As Carlyle very properly remarked, the Scottish gentry had other things to attend to. "They had their dinners to eat," and what to them was a social duty, remained for poor Burns to the last a grim, hard-earned necessity. His life darkened and deepened to its close. His genius burned and brightened clearer and clearer,

> "Till through the cloud of fortune's wrong
> He soared to realms of glory,
> And left his land her sweetest song
> And earth her saddest story."

Homes and Haunts of Robert Burns.

IN the ordinary course of Burns' homes and haunts it would be too early to notice the two Bibles that so caught my youthful fancy. But then it was the first time I had seen the handwriting of the bard, or anything that had passed through his hands. The volumes are old-fashioned books, but like the word they contain will be sacred in the eyes and hearts of

the Scottish people. The books had been over to Canada with some of Mary's emigrant relatives, and when the people of the Old Country began to value the little things of the poet, as well the great, it was thought no better place could be selected for depositing the sacred relics than at the birthplace of the bard. I shall now treat of the early homes of the poet, but of these but slightly, as most of us know Mount Oliphant and Lochlea were little else than sources of trouble and vexation to the family. Small farms, both of them were taken, as it is said, for the noble purpose of the father keeping his sons at home instead of going out as servant men.

William Burness, as the name was spelt in the father's time, was disappointed in his plan; his leases were found defective, and he died amidst difficulties, often the result of a too earnest resolve to insist upon your rights. It was at Lochlea the poet became known as the child of the Muse. It was here also that his waywardness caused him to lose a great deal of that respect which an erring mortal finds so difficult to recover. Permit me for a moment to notice the education of Burns. There have been men who have tried hard to deny that Robert Burns was a peasant. When we read as we do now-a-days of Conservative Burns Clubs, we think it is not hard to find where these questioners arise. Robert Burns was a peasant, the son of a peasant. The father, a rare man among the peasantry undoubtedly; but still such men are more plentiful than certain thinkers are disposed

to admit. The father of John Leyden, the accomplished Oriental scholar and Scottish poet, was a shepherd of the remote uplands of Teviotdale. William Burness had a few books, and Robert used them. The schoolmaster lived in the house with the family—an extinct custom, perhaps to be regretted, as in the case of this family it kept the boys at home. With a wise teacher the influence would be long felt.

It was at Kirkoswald. The roaming about, and, to a certain extent, the superstitious folk he met in with in that out-of-the-way parish, gave a certain tinge to his character. He received a useful branch of education. He also got to know something about the contraband trade, mixing, as he is said to have done, with a few of the noted smugglers on that part of the coast. Shanter farm was there. Not far away were the Coves of Culzean. Kirkoswald parish had many attractions for a lad of the stamp of Burns. Turnbery Castle, the seat of Robert Bruce, was near Crossraguel Abbey, the imposing ruins of which astonish the tourist; the magnificent modern castle of the Marquis of Ailsa. At the age he was (nineteen years) when residing there, the surroundings would impress his mind, and produce their fruit, as, for instance, in "Hallowe'en":—

"Upon that nicht, when fairies licht
On Cassillis Downans dance,
Or owre the lays, in splendid blaze,
On sprightly coursers prance;

Or for Colean the route is ta'en,
Beneath the moon's pale beams,
There up the cove to stray and rove,
Among the rocks and streams,
To sport that nicht."

It is remarkable that we will have to go to Burns by-and-bye for the best description of ancient Hallowe'en customs, for the simple reason that no one has given so clear an exposition of what was once a national form of belief. Nothing would do but a certain number of a Burns Club, one of whom was the writer, go and explore this haunt of the—well, I was going to say good people; it will be safer to say they were capricious, often mischievous. We are bound to admit this, after knowing how they treated young Tam Lane. How shall we reach the coves? Train to Maybole, then find your way to the shore. Colzean Castle is before you. We try the portress, but she daurna let us pass in; but she, good soul, directs us to a country road which leads to the beach, and there we would soon fall in with the coves or caves. We soon found the path, and are delighted with the glorious glimpses of the Firth we are now approaching. Let it be at once said that a certain feeling of awe crept o'er us. We peep into the caverns —dismal holes at the best. No bright spirits could take up their abode here. Let us go in. Attractive they are not, and we do not envy the nobleman whose turreted castle stands immediately above them. Hereabouts must have dwelt that fearful being who was—

"That night enlisted in the core,
(Lang after kenn'd in Carrick shore!
For mony a beast to dead she shot,
And perished mony a bonnie boat,
And shook baith meikle corn and bere,
And kept the country-side in fear.)"

Our party leave the Coves of Colzean satisfied the one visit will serve for a lifetime. For all that, the blue above and the blue below made our visit not one to be regretted. No admirer of the poet will be scared from doing as we did. The country is lovely, full of antiquities, beautiful bays bounded with sandy shores. The story of Crossraguel itself is one that will entertain the visitor to the district. The great extent of the ruins show it to have been a richly endowed abbacy. John Knox held a long discussion with the abbot regarding the new doctrines in the west country. But if the tourist is up in the history of the big families, or wishes to learn how some of them added acre to acre, let him note that he is in the land of the Kennedys, and an old saying is something in this style—

"Frae Carrick to the Cruives o' Cree,
You're nocht unless you're Kennedy."

The story of the roasting of the Commendator of Crossraguel in the castle of Dunure by the Earl of Cassills is one that will illustrate. In this then wild district Robert Burns spent some time at school previous to farming at Mossgiel.

Some Burns Recollections.

A WRITER in the *North British Daily Mail* says that some years ago he made the aquaintance of an old Glasgow gentleman, upwards of 80 years of age, but as brisk as a bee. In the course of our conversation, the writer says, he agreeably surprised me by saying, "I spent a night in the company of Rabby Burns." I had never before met with any one who could say the same thing, and of course I became greatly interested. It came about in this way: He, along with his father, had gone from Glasgow to Dumfries on business, and before they had got through with it the coach for Glasgow had left. They were thus under the necessity of remaining in Dumfries all night. Not knowing well how to spend the evening his father asked the landlord if there was any one about who knew the locality that could be got to spend an hour or two with them. The reply was, he thought he might get Burns the poet, if that would do. "The very thing!" said my father: "do your best to get him."

In an hour or so afterwards the host again made his appearance, and a gentleman with him, whom he introduced as Robert Burns. The poet shook hands very cordially, took his seat and remained with them till between twelve and one o'clock, and they had a very enjoyable night together. He characterized the poet as a pleasant, hearty, jolly fellow, who did not

absorb more of the conversation than his share. "I was," said my informant, "a fairly good singer in my young days, and sang several songs that night. One of them was new to Burns, and he was so pleased with it that I had to sing it over again." As we have all heard so much of the poet's excesses I was curious to ask if there was any tendency to over-indulgence that evening. He said not in the least; indeed he was very careful, as at that time his health was not very good. I was pleased to hear this, as it went so far to modify what we sometimes read of regarding his habits even to the last.

While thus speaking of Burns, I may still further say that I had some intimacy with the late Gilbert Begg, nephew of the poet. On speaking of the bard he said—"I can tell ye naething about him mair than ither folk kens, but I kent his mither weel enough." This took me rather by surprise, till I remembered that she came nearer us by almost a quarter of a century than her son did. She died in 1820, aged 84. Gilbert says that she stayed much in his mother's house when he was a boy; and "O, but she was a vicious body! She did give it sweetly to anybody who dared say that her callan (Robert) was a ne'er-do-weel. I was then," said Gilbert, "a gey stirrin' laddie, and when she found me in any mischief she would shake her neive at me and say—'Thou wee rascal; thou'll be a rascal a' the days o' thee!' and," continued he, with a peculiar shake of the head, "she was maybe no far wrang."

At the time I speak of Gilbert was an inmate of the Old Men's Home in Rottenrow, Glasgow. He had somewhat an adventurous career. In his early days he had been a joiner, but enlisted in the navy, and was present at the battle of Navarino, when the Turkish fleet was destroyed by the combined fleets of France and Britain. Here he got an injury in a singular manner which caused him the loss of one or two of his fingers. The ship in which he was, not being in a position to bring her broadside to bear on the enemy, the order was given to have her hauled round by means of small boats. He was then on duty on a lower deck, and in order to get to the upper one he took hold of an iron ring by which to pull himself up. Just as he was doing so a gun was fired immediately above him, and the vibration of the deck was such as to knock him down and do injury to his hand. Gilbert was a remarkably quiet and shrewd man when I knew him, and some ornamental joiner work he did while in this house proved him to be exceedingly neat-handed and tasteful. He left the house in Rottenrow some years before his death.

The Mother of Robert Burns.

BY JOHN D. ROSS.

WE are all more or less interested in the lives of the mothers of great men. Indeed, the subject invariably possesses a peculiar charm for us, and we love to spend an occasional hour listening to reminiscences of them, or to read about them, or to think about them, and certainly we cannot but honor and admire them for the great minds which have been given to the world through them. And yet in most instances these lives have been quiet and uneventful ones. The chief characteristic in them has generally been the adornment of the home circle. They have proved themselves worthy helpmates to their husbands in adversity, as well as in prosperity; they have brought their children up carefully and in a knowledge of God; their lives have been prolonged to a ripe old age, and at last they have passed quietly away, leaving behind them a sweetly cherished memory and the fragrance of a pure and well-spent life. Such in fact is the record of the lives of many of these noble women, and such was the life of Agnes Brown, wife of William Burness, and mother of "Scotland's darling poet"—Robert Burns.

Agnes Brown was born at Craigenton, in the parish of Carrick, on the 17th of March, 1732. Her father rented and cultivated a small farm in the district, and is credited with being a frugal and

industrious farmer. Her mother died when Agnes was only nine years of age, and the care of four younger children for long afterwards devolved upon her. Up to this time her education had been of the most meagre description. She had been taught by a woman in the village to read a few words of the Bible, and to repeat a few verses of Psalms, and this constituted all the education that she ever received.

While we readily understand the reason, it seems hard for us at this day to realize that the mother of Robert Burns was unable to write even her own name. She became acquainted with William Burness (for so the poet's father spelt his name) at one of the annual fairs held at Maybole, and the acquaintance thus formed gradually ripened into love, and they were married on the 15th of December, 1757. Robert was their first born. Robert Chambers says of her at this time: "She had a fine complexion, with pale red hair and beautiful dark eyes. She was of a neat, small figure, extremely active and industrious, naturally cheerful, but in later life possessed by anxieties,—no doubt a consequence of the life of hardships and difficulties through which it had been her lot to pass. She sung very well, and had a never-failing store of old ballads and songs, on which her poetical son must have fed in boyhood."

As a trait of the life of Mrs. Burness in the days of sadness which preceded her husband's death, Mrs. Begg (the poet's sister) remembers the old man com-

ing in one day from sowing, very weary. He had used all the thrashed-up grain, and was now desirous of preparing some for dinner for the horses; but his worthy helpmate, on seeing his fatigued state, insisted that he should refresh himself by a rest, while she herself would see that the beasts were duly cared for. The heroic little woman then went to the barn with her servant, Lizzie Paton, and the two soon had the necessary corn for the horses both thrashed and winnowed. Such was the household of the youthful Burns. Who can but regret that the lot of such a family was not from the first a kindlier one! Every one in any way familiar with the poet's life will readily recall the hard struggle with poverty which his father had after his marriage, and which only terminated for him with his death in 1784.

The wife bravely shared his hardships, and never ceased to think him the wisest and best of men. John Murdoch, the poet's teacher, tell us that while visiting the Burns household, "The father and son sat down with us when we enjoyed a conversation, wherein solid reasoning, sensible remarks and a moderate seasoning of jocularity were so nicely blended as to render it palatable to all parties. . . . Mrs. Burness, too, was of the party as much as possible:

> But still the house affairs would draw her thence,
> Which ever as she could with haste despatch,
> She'd come again, and with a greedy ear
> Devour up their discourse,

and particularly that of her husband. At all times

and in all companies she listened to him with a more marked attention than to anybody else. When under the necessity of being absent while he was speaking, she seemed to regret as a real loss that she had missed what the good man had said. This worthy woman, Agnes Brown, had the most thorough esteem for her husband of any woman I ever knew."

Mrs. Burness lived to see her son's genius acknowledged by the world, and to share in the honor and renown which it brought to the family. She died on the 14th of January, 1820, aged 88 years, and was buried in Bolton churchyard, near Haddington. The following appropriate poem to her memory is from the pen of Mr. John Russell :—

AGNES BROWN.

The Spring birds sing, nor care if no one listen,
The Spring flowers open if the sun but shine,
The Spring winds wander where the green buds glisten
Through all the vale of Tyne.

And while, to music of the Spring's returning,
Thy fair stream, Gifford, in the sunlight flows,
I, nursing tender thoughts, this sweet March morning,
Stand where the dead repose.

The snowdrop on the grass-green turf is blowing
Its pure white chalice, to the cold earth hung ;
The crocus with its heart of fire is glowing
As when old Homer sung.

And round me are the quaint-hewn gravestones, giving,
With emblems rude, by generations read,
Their simple words of warning for the living,
Of promise for the dead.

But not that mausoleum, huge and hoary,
With elegiac marble, telling how
Its long-forgotten great ones died in glory,
Has drawn me hither now.

Ah, no! with reverence meet from these I turn:
They have what wealth could bring or love supply,
Like thousands such, who, born as they were born,
Live, have their day, and die.

Let peace be theirs! It is a fairer meed,
A more enduring halo of renown,
That glorifies this grave, o'er which I read
The name of AGNES BROWN.

A peasant name, befitting peasant tongue:
How lives it longer than an autumn noon?—
'Twas hers, the mother of the Bard who sung
The banks and braes o' Doon.

Here in this alien ground her ashes lie,
Far from her native haunts on Carrick shore,
Far from where first she felt a mother's joy
O'er the brave child she bore.

Ah! who can tell the thoughts that on her prest,
As o'er his cradle-bed she bent in bliss,
Or gave from the sweet fountains of her breast
The life that nourished his?

Perhaps in prescient vision came to her
Some shadowings of the glory yet afar—
Of that fierce storm, whence rose, serene and clear,
His never-setting star.

But dreamt she ever, as she sang to still
His infant heart in slumber sweet and long,
That he who silent lay the while should fill
Half the round world with song?

Yet so he filled it; and she lived to see
The singer, chapleted with laurel, stand,
Upon his lips that wondrous melody
Which thrilled his native land.

She saw, too, when passed the singer's breath,
A nation's proud heart throbbing at his name,
Forgetting, in the pitying light of death,
Whatever was of blame.

Oh, may we hope she heard not, even afar,
The screamings of that vulture-brood who tear
The heart from out the dead, and meanly mar
The fame they may not share!

Who would not wish that her long day's decline
Had peaceful setting, unsuffused with tears,
Who bore to Scotland him, our Bard divine,
Immortal as the years?

He sleeps among the eternal; nothing mars
His rest, nor ever pang to him returns;
Write, too, her epitaph among the stars—
MOTHER OB ROBERT BURNS!

Mrs. Begg described her mother as "about the ordinary height; a well-made, sonsie figure, with a beautiful red and white complexion; a skin the most transparent she ever saw, red hair, dark eyes and eyebrows, with a square forehead." To this we may add that the poet in features resembled his mother.

The 25th of January.

ON this date, in every part of the civilized world, Scotsmen and others assemble together and pay respectful homage to the memory of Robert Burns. And surely the display of hero worship in this instance is a justifiable one. The literary history of Scotland, especially in the past, is particularly brilliant when compared with that of some other nations; and among the names of her talented sons who have helped to attain this proud distinction for her we behold the name of Burns ever shining forth with a lustre which dims the brightness of the others, indeed in many cases eclipsing them entirely. The story of his life and death, the character, grandeur and sublimity of his works are known to every one, and it is no new or idle prophecy to predict that the memory of the author of "To Mary in Heaven," "Man was Made to Mourn," and "The Cotter's Saturday Night," will live and be revered on earth until mankind is no more. His songs—to say nothing of his poems—respond to the emotions of every heart. For love we can turn in rapture to "Of a' the airts the wind can blaw," for friendship to "Auld Lang-syne," for patriotism to "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled," for unconquerable independence to "A man's a man for a' that," for humor to "Duncan Grey cam' here to woo," and so on, through all the productions of the Ayrshire Bard, we can find a true and perfect

expression for any theme which may agitate our feelings. It is certainly not to be wondered at that in the homes of the Scottish peasantry on every table where you find the well-thumbed family Bible, there also by its side will you find the works of Robert Burns.

Burns and "Proud Edward."

THERE has been some talk, says an Edinburgh correspondent, this last Burns anniversary as to whether the poet when he wrote his famous war song was under the impression that the English army at Bannockburn was led by Edward I. The foundation of this notion lies in the line—

"See approach proud Edward's power."

And as the Edward who led, or more correctly was with the hostile force, was evidently a poor weakling, who had no more usurping pride in him than a microbe, therefore it is assumed that Burns has confounded him with his father. Now, I think that this scientific vivisection of "Scots wha hae" is hardly fair, even had Burns been using a poet's license. But Burns after all was only stating the plain truth, and this is so evident that I cannot understand any intelligent person not seeing it. King Edward I. was Scotland's most determined enemy, and had devoted himself, as some one has said, to the destruction of that country. So implacable was his hatred

of his northern neighbors that when he died on his way to his last invasion of our country he desired that his bones might be carried with the army, determined that if not in spirit, at least in body, he would be present at the crushing of the Scots. Although it was fully seven years after this monarch's death that the battle of Bannockburn was fought, the hated name and former ravages of the Edward who had hanged and quartered Wallace were still fresh in the minds of the Scottish people, and when Bruce saw the vast army approaching—an army that could scarcely be said to have been called into existence by Edward II.—he was quite within the range of facts to refer to it as the *power* of the proud Edward. If Bruce had been pictured as saying—

"See approach proud *England's* power,"

it would have been strict and scientifically correct; for it is quite probable that if Edward II. had had his own way Bannockburn would never have been fought. But in those days, and to some extent still, the personal character of the monarch sinks in that of the nation; and taking Edward as the representative of the nation he was supposed to govern, Burns was as much entitled to use the words in dispute as Campbell was to say—

"Wave Munich, all thy banners wave,
And charge with all thy chivalry."

Munich *per se* could not wave a banner, nor could stone houses charge with or without chivalry, yet no "howking" or burrowing critic has ever accused Campbell of thinking that Munich was a person.

Scotia's Bard.

WHAT is it which clothes the name of Robert Burns with perennial freshness, and makes the hearts of Scottish men the world over thrill with a mingled feeling of love for the man, and of patriotism for the country which gave him and them birth? It must be something deeper and nobler than a desire to celebrate the day of his birth by a round of jollification which would do no disgrace to his own Jolly Beggars. If that were all that kept alive his memory long ere this that memory would have faded from the minds of the great majority of his own countrymen, and it would have been forgotten by the world. But the fact stands before us—so plainly set forth that he who runs may read—the fact that there is no name among modern literary men more fondly cherished, and no writings more highly prized, than the name and poetry of Scotland's peasant poet. While saying this there is no desire to detract from the fame of the great masters of verse who have flourished since his time. They have done, or are doing their own work.

The Homeric march and rhythm of Scott, the sweetness and truth and beauty of Tennyson, the profound and somewhat difficult verse of Browning, the pure thought and charm of Longfellow, the keen insight of Arnold, not to speak of many others who hold no mean rank in the world of letters—these fill their own place, and nobly do their share in influenc-

ing the life of the world. But they do not interfere with the power which is exerted by the poetry of Scotland's national bard. When we think of the circumstances of his early life, of the trials and hardships of his manhood's prime, and of his early death, the wonder is deepened that a man so situated should have blossomed into one of the world's great singers —that, notwithstanding all the disadvantages of his birth and the mistakes of his life, the fadeless wreath of a world-wide and undying renown should be placed upon his brow.

He was born on the 25th of January, 1759, in a small cottage about two miles from Ayr. The little cottage is the scene of many a pilgrimage. Last summer the writer saw on the pages of the Visitors' Book names of men and women from all parts of the world—Americans from California and New York, Canadians from Toronto and Winnipeg, Australians from Melbourne, wanderers from far distant India, and multitudes from Scottish towns and cities.

Looking around the humble room where the poet was born one could not help feeling that the influence which drew so many pilgrims from all parts of the world was something more than a wish to gratify the curiosity of the sight-seer, so that the cottage might be marked from the list of places to be visited as something over and done with.

While he got whatever training the schools in his immediate neighborhood could give him, the narrow means of his parents early compelled him to

follow a life of hard and unremitting toil. Although his life was narrow, and his days were filled with ceaseless labor, his busy brain was never at rest. He read everything which came in his way, and stored his mind with the ballad poetry which was floating on the breath of the common people. Many of the songs which were sung by the fireside of a winter evening, crooned over by an auld grannie at her wheel, or lilted by the milkmaids in the gloaming, were productions of nameless singers who had been touched by the breath of poetic inspiration, and then sank to rest in quiet country graveyards.

These songs and the poetry of Allan Ramsay and Ferguson had no little influence in moulding the life and developing the poetic genius of the greatest of Scotland's makers of sweet songs. Whilst he stood head and shoulders above all his contemporaries he was to some extent the outcome and highest development of the poetic traditions of his country and time. He says himself—"The collection of songs was my *vade mecum*. I pored over them driving my cart or walking to labor, song by song, verse by verse, carefully noting the true, tender, sublime or fustian." He lingered over the ballads in his cold room by night, and while following the plough he invented new forms and was inspired by fresh ideas, "gathering round him the memories and traditions of his country until they became a mantle and a crown." Professor Nichol tells us that it was

among the furrows of his father's fields that he was inspired with the perpetually quoted wish—

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

The first verses of note, "Behind yon hills where Lugar flows," were written in 1781, when he went to Irvine to learn the trade of a flaxdresser. This venture proved to be unfortunate. "It was," he says, "an unlucky affair. As we were giving a welcome carousal to the New Year the shop took fire and was burned to ashes; and I was left, like a true poet, without a sixpence." Here, too, he made the discovery that he was no "enemy to social life." His boon companionship did not prove to be helpful, either in the development of character or the advancement of his material interests.

In his 25th year his father died, full of sorrows (for life had gone hardly with him), and filled with anxiety for the future of his son, the dangers of whose career were becoming manifest to the dim vision of the dying man.

After some years of unprofitable toil he accepted a situation as bookkeeper on a slave estate in Jamaica, for which he had taken his passage, but fortunately was prevented from embarking on that expedition by the success of his first volume of poems, which was published at Kilmarnock in June, 1786. The publication of this volume, which contained some of his

most celebrated poems, took his readers by storm. It was the revelation of genius so wonderfully gifted that "the country murmured of him from sea to sea." All classes were filled with great enthusiasm for the brilliant genius who at the early age of 27 had achieved such a marvellous success. Ploughboys and milkmaids were glad to give their wages, hardly earned and greatly needed for the necessities of life, if they might only get a copy of his works.

One result of the publication of this volume was a visit to Edinburgh, where he appeared among the learned and cultivated society of the northern metropolis, not as an ignorant, untaught ploughman, but as an equal among equals. While preserving his independence there was still a note of inquietude in the life which was so totally different in all its surroundings from that to which he had been accustomed.

In 1787 a second edition of his poems was published, from which he realized £400, on the strength of which he gave himself two long rambles, one through the Border towns of England, another through the Highlands as far as Inverness.

After an unsuccessful farming adventure at Ellisland, where he married and lost what little money he had, he obtained, through the good offices of a friend, an Excise office worth £50 per annum and subsequently, in 1791, a similar post at Dumfries worth £70.

Here he lived the rest of his life. Exiled from polite society (on account of his supposed revolution-

ary tendencies), he became soured in temper, broken in spirit, and began to feel prematurely old. In April, 1796, he wrote—"I fear it will be some time before I tune my lyre again. By Babel's streams I have sat and wept. I have only known existence by the pressure of sickness, and counted time by the repercussions of pain. I close my eyes in misery and open them without hope. I look on the vernal day and say with poor Ferguson—

> "Say wherefore has an all-indulgent Heaven
> Life to the comfortless and wretched given?"

The end was near. On the 21st of July he died, and on the 25th he was buried with military honors, the Volunteers of the company to which he belonged firing three volleys over his grave, and on the same day his youngest child was born.

Neither time nor space will permit of an attempt at anything like an elaborate analysis of the secret of his power, nor of a critical estimate of his poetry. But it would hardly be doing justice to the anniversary of his birth to pass by these topics without any reference to the causes which have contributed to make him not only the national poet of the Scottish people, but the poet of all lands wherever the common English tongue is spoken.

His poetry is thoroughly human. It can hardly be said to be a reaction from the school which found its special inspiration in the worn-out mythology of gods and godesses, of fauns and dryads, because it grew

of the tastes and feelings, the mode of life and manner of looking at things which prevailed among the common people from whom he had sprung. He was, and always continued to be a man of the people. There was nothing in his mental make-up which would lead him to play the part of the literary flunkey waiting for the smiles and patronage of the great, while there was just as little of that rude insolence of the ill-bred boor. Whatever his failings may have been, his instincts were those of the man upon whom Genius had set her seal, and Nature had marked with the stamp of her highest nobility.

His poetry comprehended the life of the Scottish people in all its varied phases. "The Cotter's Saturday Night" sets before us the godly life of a humble home brightened with warm, human affection. The picture was such as might have been seen in many a quiet farm-house up and down the length of broad Scotland. While he could touch the devotional side of his country's life he stirred its patriotic feeling by such a song as "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled."

The independence which preserves its dignity and stands upon its manhood unaided by external circumstances found expression in—

"Is there for honest poverty
That hangs its head, and a' that;
The coward slave, we pass him by—
We dare be puir for a' that."

Whilst there may be somewhat of bitterness in the song, it contains lines which are for all time:—

"The rank is but the guinea's stamp—
The man's the gowd for a' that."

His songs of the affections and of friendship deal with the primary emotions of our nature, and while we could wish that some of these love songs had never been written, or differently expressed, there is, notwithstanding all the discount which may be made, such a variety, such a wonderful many-sidedness, that "every one of them contains some touch of tenderness or humor, or some delicate grace or stroke of power which could have come from no other but the master hand."

It must be remembered that Burns did for Scottish song what no other maker of songs did or could have done. As Professor Shairp has well and faithfully emphasized—the Scottish melodies which the people loved and sung were many of them wedded to songs which, dealing with the affections and common every-day life, were exceedingly gross. Many times he found them linked with unseemly words. These he purified of their grossness, and left the melody and the verse pure and sweet and beautiful, and fit to be heard in decent society. It is true that some of his own poems and songs are not entirely free from the fault which we have indicated, but that fault he himself regretted at the last. What Burns did for Scottish song Thomas Aird, himself a poet, has clearly

stated:—"These old Scottish melodies, strong and sweet though they were, were all the more for their very strength and sweetness a moral plague, from the indecent words to which many of them had been set. How was the plague to be stayed? All the preachers in the land could not divorce the grossness from the music. The only way was to put something better in its stead. That inestimable something, not to be bought by all the mines of California, Burns gave us. And in doing so he accomplished a social reform beyond the power of Pulpit or Parliament to effect."

We close this article with the closing paragraph of Professor Nichol's monograph:—"The poet passed away in darkness, but his name will never disappear from our literature. He stands before us as a feature of Nature; and the fact that he cannot be removed from the hearts of his countrymen, that they recognize and respect a man who has refused to mutilate human nature, and who at once celebrates and strives to harmonize its ethnical and Christian elements marks a gulf still finer between Scotland and the Spain with which Mr. Buckle has associated it."

Robert Burns.

[On viewing the remains of a rose brought from Alloway Kirk.]

BY FITZ-GREENE HALLECK.

WILD rose of Alloway—my thanks!
Thou mind'st me of that autumn noon
When first we met upon "the banks
And braes of bonnie Doon."

Like thine, beneath the thorn tree's bough,
My sunny hour was glad and brief;
We've crossed the winter sea, and thou
Art wither'd, flower and leaf!

And will not thy death doom be mine—
The doom of all things wrought of clay—
And wither'd my life's leaf like thine,
Wild rose of Alloway!

Not so his memory, for whose sake
My bosom bore thee far and long;
His—who an humble flower could make
Immortal as his song;

The memory of Burns!—a name
That calls, when brimmed her festal cup,
A nation's glory and her shame
In silent sadness up.

A nation's glory;—be the rest
Forgot;—she's canonized his mind,
And it is joy to speak the best
We may of human kind.

I've stood beside the cottage bed
Where the bard-peasant first drew breath;
A straw-thatch'd roof above his bed,
A straw-wrought couch beneath.

And I have stood beneath the pile,
His monument, that tells to Heaven
The homage of earth's proudest isle,
To that bard-peasant given.

Bid thy thoughts hover o'er that spot,
Boy-minstrel, in thy dreaming hour;
And know, however low his lot,
A poet's pride and power,—

The pride that lifted Burns from earth,
The power that gave a child of song
Ascendency o'er rank and birth—
The rich, the brave, the strong.

And if despondency weigh down
Thy spirit's fluttering pinions, then
Despair, thy name is written on
The roll of common men.

There have been loftier themes than his,
And longer scrolls and louder lyres,
And lays lit up with Poesy's
Purer and holier fires;

Yet read the names that know not death,
Few nobler ones than Burns are there,
And few have won a greener wreath
Than that which binds his hair.

His is that language of the heart,
In which the answering heart would speak;
Thought, word, that bids the warm tear start,
Or smile light up the cheek.

And his that music to whose tone
The common pulse of man keeps time,
In cot or castle's mirth or moan,
In cold or sunny clime.

And who hath heard his song, nor knelt
Before its spell with willing knee,
And listened, and believed, and felt
The poet's mastery

O'er the mind's sea, in calm or storm,
O'er the heart's sunshine and its showers,
O'er passion's moments bright and warm,
O'er reason's dark, cold hours;

On fields where brave men "die or do,"
In halls where rings the banquet's mirth,
Where mourners weep, where lovers woo,
From throne to cottage hearth?

What sweet tears dim the eyes unshed,
What wild vows falter on the tongue,
When "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled"
Or "Auld Langsyne" is sung!

Pure hopes that lift the soul above
Come with his cotter's hymn of praise;
And dreams of youth, and truth, and love,
With "Logan's" banks and braes.

And when he breathes his master lay
Of Alloway's witch-haunted wall,
All passions in our frame of clay
Come thronging at his call;

Imagination's world of air,
And our own world, its gloom and glee,
Wit, pathos, poetry are there,
And death's sublimity!

And Burns—though brief the race he ran,
Though rough and dark the path he trod,
Lived, died, in form and soul a man,
The image of his God!

Through care, and pain, and want and woe,
With wounds that only death could heal,
Tortures the poor alone can know,
The proud alone can feel,

He kept his honesty and truth,
His independent tongue and pen,
And moved, in manhood and in youth,
Pride of his fellow-men.

Strong sense, deep feeling, passions strong,
A hate of tyrant and of knave,
A love of right, a scorn of wrong,
Of coward, and of slave;

A kind, true heart, a spirit high,
That could not fear and would not bow,
Were written in his manly eye
And on his manly brow.

Praise to the bard!—his words are driven,
Like flower-seeds by the far winds sown,
Where'er, beneath the sky of heaven,
The birds of fame are flown.

Praise to the man!—a nation stood
Beside his coffin with wet eyes—
Her brave, her beautiful, her good—
As when a loved one dies.

And still, as on his funeral day,
Men stand his cold earth-couch around
With the mute homage that we pay
To consecrated ground.

And consecrated ground it is—
The last, the hallowed home of one
Who lives upon all memories,
Though with the buried gone.

Such graves as his are pilgrim-shrines—
Shrines to no code or creed confined—
The Delphian vales, the Palestines,
The Meccas of the mind.

Sages with wisdom's garland wreathed,
Crowned kings and mitred priests of power,
And warriors with their bright swords sheathed,
The mightiest of the hour;

And lowlier names, whose humble home
Is lit by Fortune's dimmer star,
Are there—o'er wave and mountain come—
From countries near and far;

Pilgrims, whose wandering feet have pressed
The Switzer's snow, the Arab's sand,
Or trod the piled leaves of the West,
My own green forest land—

All seek the cottage of his birth,
Gaze on the scenes he loved and sung,
And gather feelings not of earth,
His fields and streams among.

They linger by the Doon's low trees,
And pastoral Nith, and wooded Ayr,
And round thy sepulchre, Dumfries!—
The poet's tomb is there.

But what to them the sculptor's art,
His funeral columns, wreaths and urns?—
Wear they not graven on the heart
The name of ROBERT BURNS?

A Heroine of Burns.

THE Peasant Poet of Scotland had many loves; but amongst them all there is none which has held forth such images of purity and tenderness as his attachment to one on whom he has himself conferred the poetical appellative of Highland Mary. The love of the poet for this young woman was broken off by the event of her sudden death. She also appears, from his own descriptions, to have been a singularly gentle and affectionate creature. These circumstances, embalmed in the heart-touching strains of the poet himself, have excited regarding her an interest such as has rarely indeed befallen a maiden of her humble rank.

All that has hitherto been known or understood regarding Highland Mary may be expressed in a few sentences. Her name was Mary Campbell, and she had been a servant at Coilsfield House, in Burns' neighborhood in Ayrshire, and likewise with his friend Mr. Gavin Hamilton of Mauchline. Burns himself records that she was "a warm-hearted, charming young creature as ever blessed a man with generous love." He adds—"After a pretty long tract of the most ardent reciprocal attachment, we met by appointment, on the second Sunday of May, in a sequestered spot by the banks of the Ayr, where we spent the day in taking a farewell, before she should embark for the West Highlands, to arrange

among her friends for our projected change of life. At the close of the autumn following she crossed the sea to meet me at Greenock, where she had scarce landed when she was seized with a malignant fever, which hurried my dear girl to the grave in a few days, before I could even hear of her illness." This is the bulk of her story. Mr. Cromek, who published "Reliques of Burns," had learned some more minute particulars. "The adieu," he says, "was performed with all those simple and striking ceremonials which rustic sentiment has devised to prolong tender emotions and inspire awe. The lovers stood on each side of a small stream, and holding a Bible between them, pronounced their vows to be faithful to each other. They parted—never to meet again."

The Groundwork of "Tam o' Shanter."

ON a market day in the town of Ayr, a farmer from Carrick, and consequently whose way lay by the very gate of Alloway kirkyard, in order to cross the river Doon at the old bridge, which is about two or three hundred yards further on than the said gate, had been detained by his business, till, by the time he reached Alloway, it was the wizard hour, between night and morning.

Though he was terrified with a blaze streaming from the kirk, yet as it is a well-known fact that to

turn back on these occasions is running by far the greatest risk of mischief, he prudently advanced on his road. When he had reached the gate of the kirk-yard, he was surprised and entertained, through the ribs and arches of an old Gothic window, which still faces the highway, to see a dance of witches merrily footing it round their old sooty blackguard master, who was keeping them all alive with the power of his bagpipe. The farmer, stopping his horse to observe them a little, could plainly descry the faces of many old women of his acquaintance and neighborhood. How the gentleman was dressed tradition does not say, but the ladies were all in their smocks; and one of them happening unluckily to have a smock which was considerably too short to answer all the purposes of that piece of dress, our farmer was so tickled, that he involuntarily burst out with a loud laugh, "Weel luppen, Maggie wi' the short sark!" and recollecting himself, instantly spurred his horse to the top of his speed. I need not mention the universally known fact that no diabolical power can pursue you beyond the middle of a running stream. Luckily it was for the poor farmer that the river Doon was so near, for notwithstanding the speed of his horse, which was a good one, against he reached the middle of the arch of the bridge, and consequently the middle of the stream, the pursuing, vengeful hags were so close at his heels, that one of them actually sprang to seize him; but it was too late; nothing was on her side of the stream but the horse's tail, which

immediately gave way at her infernal grip, as if blasted by a stroke of lightning; but the farmer was beyond her reach. However, the unsightly tail-less condition of the vigorous steed was, to the last hours of the noble creature's life, an awful warning to the Carrick farmers not to stay too late in Ayr markets.

The Earl of Glencairn.

JAMES CUNNINGHAM, Earl of Glencairn, was born in 1749, and as fourteenth Earl, he succeeded his brother in 1775, and died in 1791. In 1778 he was appointed Captain to a company of Lord Frederick Campbell's Regiment of Fencibles, and afterward took orders in the Church of England. In 1785 he married Lady Isabella Erskine, daughter of David Henry, tenth Earl of Buchan, and so was the brother-in-law of the Earl of Buchan and of the Hon. H. Erskine. There being no issue, the title became extinct on his death, which took place at Coates, near Edinburgh, on the 24th September, 1791. He was buried at St. Cuthbert's. His estate of Finlayson devolved on Graham of Gartmore, and the title of Glencairn was claimed by Ferguson of Kilkerran, as heir of line of Sir Walter Montgomerie Cunningham, and likewise Lady Heriot Don, the last Earl's sister. Burns looked upon his Lordship as his best friend, and after alludes to him in his writings. His factor on the Finlayson estate, Ayrshire, Mr. Dalziel, laid the first edition of

Burns' poems before his Lordship, and he (says Cromek) declared that its merits exceeded his expectation. He took it with him in November, 1786, as a literary curiosity, and communicated, through Dalziel, that he wished to know "in what way or manner he could forward his interests." Meantime, Burns also had reached Edinburgh; and there, in after days, he says—"I have found a worthy warm friend in Mr. Dalrymple of Orangefield, who introduced me to Lord Glencairn, a man whose worth and brotherly kindness to me I shall remember when time shall be no more. By his interest it is passed in the Caledonian Hunt that they are to take each a copy of the second edition, for which they are to pay one guinea." Having been by his tutor made intimate with Mr. Creech, to him his Lordship applied to undertake the publication of the second edition.

Burns in Westminster Abbey.

BY NEIL MACDONALD.

ON March 7, 1885, a bust of the poet Burns, by Sir John Steell, was unveiled in Westminster Abbey by the Earl of Rosebery. On July 27, 1884, the Earl of Rosebery also unveiled a statue of Burns, which now adorns the Thames Embankment. The bust was purchased by the shillings of the Scottish people, and the statue was the gift of Mr. John Gordon Crawford, a native of Glasgow.

However the English may regard the honor conferred upon the memory of Scotland's favorite poet, by enshrining him in the National Pantheon, his countrymen will, almost without exception, think that it is eminently proper that the Ayrshire Bard should find a fitting place among those intellectual worthies who have charmed with the magic of their power and influenced by the potency of their genius the English-speaking people all over the world. Were it possible for the disembodied Burns to view the ceremony of the unveiling of his bust in the Abbey, can we for a moment suppose that he would consider the honor undeserved; or is it not more reasonable to imagine that he would consider himself entirely at home, surrounded upon all sides by the busts and statues of men who stamped their glyph indelibly upon the hearts of the British people and upon the history of the human race? The Bard of Avon, who sung a Paradise lost and one regained—Thomson of the Seasons, a brother Scot; Sir Walter Scott, and the melancholy Cowper, and scores more scarcely less distinguished—were it possible to interview them, would rejoice that the sweetest singer of them all had been placed among them in the shrine of British genius.

Epitaph on Michie, the Schoolmaster.

BY J. CALDER ROSS, M. A.

INCLUDED among Burns' minor verses is the following epitaph—

"Here lies Willie Michie's banes:
O Satan, when ye tak' him,
Gie him the schulin' o' your weans,
For clever deils he'll mak' 'em."

Allan Cunningham's note (which seems to be usually followed) is—"The Willie Michie of this epigram was, it is said, schoolmaster of the Parish of Cleish in Fifeshire; he met Burns during his first visit to Edinburgh." Although Cliesh is in Kinross, all this goes to show that Burns was the author of the lines; but what is to be made of the following, from Ravenshaw's *Antient Epitaphes* (1878)? It bears to come from Currie, near Edinburgh, and is under date 1696—

"Beneath thir stanes lye Meekie's banes;
O Satan, gin ye tak' him,
Appeynt him tutor to your weans,
An clever deils he'll mak' 'em."

Unfortunately the compiler of the latter work confines himself to recording the epitaph without remark. The resemblance between the names is curious, and the wording of the first line of Burns' version suggests the idea that he had heard the rhyme before, and merely altered it to suit the new circumstances;

the alleged older version is more pleasing to the ear. Perhaps some one can identify this Cleish schoolmaster, and g ve some particulars of his meeting with Burns. In any case if the Currie epitaph is genuine, there can be no doubt that the Willie Michie version should be struck from the list of Burns' works.

The Politics of Burns.

AT the 33d anniversary of the Dundee Burns Club Mr. Leng, M. P., presided. In the course of his address, he said—It may not be altogether unreasonable if for a few minutes I refer to the politics of Burns. He gave voice, as no one had done before, to what was in the hearts, to the feelings of a brave and independent people who had fought for and won their freedom, and were resolved never to be subjugated or enthralled. Where within the compass of our language is there such a spirit-stirring, soul-rousing song as "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled?" Every line in it pierces like a trumpet call, and the first two stanzas resound far beyond Scotland, and echo wherever tyranny survives. Pre-eminently patriotic, burning with Scottish fire, vehement first of all for Scottish freedom, his great soul, however, wished nothing for Scotsmen that could not be shared by all mankind. "The Tree of Liberty" with him was a tree that should bear fruit for the healing of the nations.

Wi plenty o' sic trees, I trow,
The warld would live in peace, man,
The sword would help to mak' a plough,
The din o' war wad cease, man;
Like brethren in a common cause,
We'd on each other smile, man;
And equal rights and equal laws
Wad gladden every heart, man.

Burns was what we all should be—at once patriotic and cosmopolitan, seeking only such good for ourselves as would be good for all the world. He was a true and intelligent Democrat. He believed in freedom based upon intelligence, courage and self-respect. The whole philosophy of enlightened Democracy is contained in the lines—

Be of an independent mind,
With soul resolved, with soul resigned;
Prepared Power's proudest frown to brave,
Who wilt not be, nor have a slave;
Virtue alone who dost revere,
Thy own reproach alone dost fear.

The *Magna Charta* of Democracy—the doom of mere conventional aristocracy, based only on royal favor and titular rank and hereditary privilege—is written in the verses "For a' that and a' that." Like every true genius, Burns penetrated through all non-essentials and external wrappings and appearances to the essential and vital principles of things—to the real humanity. Like every true genius, he was also for giving world-wide, universal application to whatever he deemed right for the individual man. Thus,

as might have been expected, his song ends with the prayer—

Then let us pray that come it may—
As come it will for a' that –
That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,
May bear the gree, and a' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
It's coming yet for a' that,
That man to man, the warld o'er,
Shall brithers be for a' that.

We have heard much in recent years of the brotherhood of man. Let us not forget that one of the first promulgators of the doctrine was Robert Burns. It is nearly 100 years since he wrote "A man's a man for a' that." It was not without peril to himself that he indulged in such freedom of speech. Many were astonished at his boldness. He has told us what was the creed of poverty at times—

In politics if thou wouldst mix,
And mean thy fortunes be;
Bear this in mind, be deaf and blind,
Let great folks hear and see.

A wonderful change has since occurred in our social and political atmosphere. Not a little of that change may be justly ascribed to the healthy tone of fearless independence breathing through all the songs of Burns. Yet he was never one-sided in his views. Many now profess great admiration for our glorious Constitution; so did he, with a significant explanation:

Here's to that grand fabric, our free Constitution,
As built on the base of the great Revolution.

Burns also was loyal to the core, yet his loyalty was not limited to the Throne:

Who will not sing "God Save the King"
Shall hang as high's the steeple;
But while we sing "God save the King,"
We'll ne'er forget the People.

Burns.

BY REV. ARTHUR JOHN LOCKHART.

[From a review of "BURNSIANA," Vol. I., in "*Canada.*"]

AMONG the world's poets Burns certainly occupies a unique place; and in the individuality of his genius and its enkindling power he is surpassed by none. He is Song's microcosm; and what we find at greater breadth in others, in him is felt with deeper intensity. He did not dwell with inspiration on the mountain-tops, but brought the hallowed fire down into the vales. His origin, his limitations, the forces that warred upon his life, and in spite of which he distinguished himself, all declare him to have been the triumph of Nature in a more signal degree than otherwise modern time has afforded. His relation to the era about to be ushered in confirms his tacit claim to more than temporary eminence; for he is not a bard merely amusing his time, "in most melodious unconcern;" but a prophet of humanity, insisting most powerfully on the more and more realizable things towards which the human heart is

set,—especially the triumph of love in the emancipation of manhood. This appears to be the truest explanation and secret reason of that great tempest of applause that breaks over his grave, as the winds of fame blow from "a' the airts" on the 25th of each January, and by fits and starts all the rest of the year. Praise never palls; the impulse to bestow it never wearies.

That criticism which, in point of authority, is highest, has in these later years altered its base—or, at least, departed from that of the popular mind—respecting the poems of Burns that indicate his genius most effectively. The "Cotter's Saturday Night" has been found somewhat intentional and self-conscious, if not imitative and stilted. "A man's a man for a' that," is insincere, as perhaps the critic would have most preaching appear; for Matthew Arnold says: "The accent of high seriousness born of absolute sincerity" is not there. Even the matchless "Tam o' Shanter" "nods," at length, and should have finished his course less feebly; while, rather, in "Whistle o'er the lave o't" he is sincerest, and in the "Jolly Beggars" Cantata at his loftiest, most unincumbered flight. True it is that the poet never came home quite so triumphantly as from lyric conquests, in which, indeed, we most feel his "freedom," his "spring" and "bounding swiftness;" true it is of the "Jolly Beggars," bestial and squalid as it is, that "it has a breadth, truth and power which make the famous scene in Auerbach's cellar,

of Goethe's 'Faust,' seem artificial and tame beside it, being only matched by Shakespeare and Aristophanes." Nevertheless, the foregoing poems cannot be critically discredited; it is too late. The heart of humanity has not erred in moving at the Cotter's call, and the critic cannot well prove folly upon mankind in that it has taken this fine, indignant vindication of the claim and value of essential humanity to be one of its chief marching songs; for what "Scot's wha hae" is to Scotland, "A man's a man for a' that" is to the world. This lay may not be in harmony with the sympathies of a grave intellectual aristocrat; but we cannot but feel the charge of insincerity is here unfounded; and that in Burns truth had its lawful dignity and restraint, as well as its magnificent abandon.

The future generations may have little that is absolutely new to observe or reveal respecting Burns. Biography will have become complete, criticism will have exhausted itself; the last *ana* will have been handed in and praise and blame will have become an echo of the voice of past ages. Other bards will have arisen for estimate and appraisal; and respecting him the cyclopædists will be content with their recapitulations. But he will come just as freshly and sweetly to the heart of the world as ever. His life will not soon become a misty tradition, requiring a powerful imagination to restore his faded lineaments; nor will the common pulse thrill less easily to the magic of his touch. Whatever revolutions

come, no personality or product can be more secure. The heart—"the angel heart of man"—will but open more widely, as we become more in love with the nobler things of life; and it will not be forgotten that he had, not only the most exquisite power to feel and to express

"The everlasting universe of Things,"

but that he also loved Man with supreme and passionate devotion. There will be a response as loyal and deep as that affection is calculated to inspire. He will be of our family group; his grave among the graves of our kindred. We will remember him,

"as one
Long loved, and for a season gone;
For whom the poet's lyre is wreathed,
The marble wrought, the music breathed."

Imagination will still hold his image sacred; will mark him wandering by the Doon, or following his ploughing horses up the slope at Mossgiel, or lying in the stackyard by the Nith, gazing on the star which still loves the dawning, while it melts away, as that poor Beatrice of the Highlands has done, into the kindling heaven. Still will he "haunt his native land as an immortal youth;" and only when the sights and songs of earth shall cease in its fiery apotheosis, or expire in the race's senility, will his page be neglected or its charm forgotten.

Ode on the Centenary of Burns.

BY ISA CRAIG KNOX.

WE hail this morn,
A century's noblest birth;
A Poet peasant-born,
Who more of Fame's immortal dower
Unto his country brings
Than all her kings!

As lamps high set
Upon some earthly eminence,
And to the gazer brighter thence
Than the sphere lights they flout—
Dwindle in distance and die out,
While no star waneth yet,
So through the past far-reaching night
Only the star-souls keep their light.

A gentle boy,
With moods of sadness and of mirth,
Quick tears and sudden joy,
Grew up beside the peasant's hearth.
His father's toil he shares;
But half his mother's cares
From his dark, searching eyes,
Too swift to sympathize,
Hid in her heart she bears.

At early morn
His father calls him to the field;
Through the stiff soil that clogs his feet,
Chill rain, and harvest heat
Plods all day; returns at eve outworn,
To the rude fare a peasant's lot doth yield—
To what else was he born?

The God-made king
Of every living thing;
(For his great heart in love could hold them all;)
The dumb eyes meeting his by hearth and stall—
Gifted to understand!—
Knew it and sought his hand;
And the most timorous creature had not fled
Could she his heart have read,
Which fain all feeble things had blessed and sheltered.

To Nature's feast,
Who knew her noblest guest
And entertained him best,
Kingly he came. Her chambers of the East
She draped with crimson and with gold,
nd poured her pure joy wines
For him, the poet-souled;
For him her anthem rolled
From the storm-wind among the winter pines,
Down to the slenderest note
Of a love-warble from the linnet's throat.

But when begins
The array for battle, and the trumpet blows,
A king must leave the feast and lead the fight;
And with its mortal foes,
Grim gathering hosts of sorrows and of sins,
Each human soul must close;
And Fame her trumpet blew
Before him, wrapped him in her purple state,
And made him mark for all the shafts of Fate
That henceforth round him flew.

Though he may yield,
Hard-pressed, and wounded fall
Forsaken on the field;
His regal vestments soiled;
His crown of half its jewels spoiled;
He is a king for all!

Had he but stood aloof!
Had he arrayed himself in armor proof
Against Temptation's darts!
So yearn the good—so those the world calls wise,
With vain, presumptuous hearts,
Triumphant moralize.

Of martyr-woe
A sacred shadow on his memory rests—
Tears have not ceased to flow—
Indignant grief yet stirs impetuous breasts,
To think—above that noble soul brought low,
That wise and soaring spirit fooled, enslaved—
Thus, thus he had been saved!

It might not be!
That heart of harmony
Had been too rudely rent;
Its silver chords, which any hand could wound,
By no hand could be tuned,
Save by the Maker of the instrument,
Its every string who knew,
And from profaning touch His heavenly gift withdrew.

Regretful love
His country fain would prove,
By grateful honors lavished on his grave;
Would fain redeem her blame
That he so little at her hands can claim,
Who unrewarded gave
To her his life-bought gift of song and fame.

The land he trod
Hath now become a place of pilgrimage;
Where dearer are the daisies of the sod
Than could his song engage.

The hoary hawthorn, wreathed
Above the bank on which his limbs he flung
While some sweet plaint he breathed;
The streams he wandered near;
The maidens whom he loved; the songs he sung—
All, all are dear!

The arch blue eyes—
Arch but for love's disguise—
Of Scotland's daughters soften at his strain;
Her hardy sons, sent forth across the main
To drive the ploughshare through earth's virgin soils,
Lighten with it their toils;
And sister lands have learn'd to love the tongue
In which such songs are sung.

For doth not song
To the whole world belong?
Is it not given wherever tears can fall,
Wherever hearts can melt, or blushes glow,
Or mirth and sadness mingle as they flow,
A heritage to all?

The Memory of Burns.

[From an address delivered before the members of the South Edinburgh Burns Club by Mr. GEORGE R. FAIRBURN.]

THERE are certain epochs in the history of nations when special services are needed, and Nature seldom fails to raise up the man needed for the work. The life-mission of Burns is a notable case in point. When he appeared on the scene the national spirit of his country was at low ebb; the old mother-tongue was

in danger of being superseded; the native minstrelsy required purifying at its poisoned springs; and many social and religious abuses stood in need of reform. Burns succeeded in reviving the drooping spirit of his country by bringing out the national character in clear and strong outline. He also made its old Doric classical for all time coming, by proving that it was capable of expressing the finest thoughts that can stir the human breast. He also gifted his country with a legacy of song sweet and pure, unparalleled in the history of any literature. Moreover, he rendered signal service as a reformer in his powerful condemnation of cant and humbug. It is in recognition of these services that his countrymen all the world over are proud to do him honor; it is in virtue of his services to humanity at large that his popularity is ever widening, and his fame becoming universal.

It were a curious inquiry how it was reserved for the son of a Scottish peasant to figure as the greatest lyric poet of his own or any preceding age. It would seem he had only to take up his lyre and sing his "native wood-notes wild" to make the world stand still and listen spell-bound to the melody of his song. But it ought to be borne in mind that for long years prior to Burns no apostle of song had genius sufficient to sustain a position above mediocrity. The song-writers, with few exceptions, had lost the ring and charm of true song. The stiff, stilted style of the school of Pope was the fashion of the time. There was a painful want of gush and go and heartiness and

melody that spring naturally from the heart, and as naturally find access to the heart. Burns had no patience with the Amandas and Chloes, and the whole tribe of namby-pamby wax-dolls of poetic fancy; but knelt at the shrine of native grace and beauty, and sang the praises of the Maries, and Jeans, and Nannies of his time—real Scottish lassies with the full pulse of life in their veins and the blush and bloom of beauty on their cheeks. This was a marked departure from the prevailing fashion of the day, nothing short of a bold innovation; in fact, it was a complete revolution in the region of song.

But Burns was strong enough to assert the privilege of genius by disdaining the beaten tracks, striking out his own path, and pointing out the way to less courageous spirits. His free spirit could not bear the thraldom that fashion imposed. He loved the true ring of reality, the voice and melody of Nature. He could recognize the right thing when he heard it. He set himself to collecting and rescuing from oblivion the stray gems of Scottish minstrelsy that were floating like drift on the stream of tradition, with no record of their origin save their relation to a distant past. These he cast into the crucible, and by the alchemy of his poetic fire purified and placed in a setting of the purest gold, to sparkle for ever on the page of his undying verse. Purified: mark the word, and bear in mind that the best and most popular of them were unfortunately the vehicles of gross indecencies. Here lay crouched a canker-

worm of song eating into the very vitals of morality. To meet this evil and effect reform had been beyond the power of all the preachers, priests and parsons in the land. Pulpit and Parliament were alike powerless in stamping out this rinderpest of song.

But in the fulness of time, from the ranks of peasant life stepped forth this High Priest of song and swept the moral pestilence from the land by substituting songs of the finest, purest, healthiest tone—a legacy of wealth in the form of song which no other country in the world ever fell heir to. These flowers of song, whose fragrance and loveliness have sweetened and beautified the home and halls of poor and rich alike, were not the chance products of luxuriant vegetation, but the outcome of patient toil and careful cultivation. There were the seeds of song in the fine old melodies, the conditions of growth, and the necessary cultivation to bring them to perfection. Burns was cradled in an atmosphere of song, caught up and crooned the sweet old tunes till they were part and parcel of his being, and in them enshrined his verse with all the skill of his art, and with a degree of toil only equalled by his fame.

When asked, wherein lay the secret of the marvelous power by which Burns gained such an ascendency, such undisputed sway in the realm of song? the answer is not far to seek. Beyond all question in his unrivalled genius, or inborn capacity for attaining the highest degree of excellence in the art he set his mind to. Like all great artists ambitious to excel,

Burns was fully conscious of the necessity of indefatigable industry and constant exercise of his powers. Were it possible to draw aside the curtain and peep into the workshops of genius, what diligence is displayed in studying the best models, in mastering the principles that underlie their art, and in calling into requisition the mechanical aids that lead to its perfect expression!

Burns could not afford to exempt himself from this process of patient toil. From the first he had a conscious instinct that the "capacious powers lying folded up in man" must be "perfected by reason of use." Gifted with the "vision and faculty divine," he could look below the surface and see what is hidden from the ordinary eye. By nature he was fitted to experience in full the joys and sorrows, the aspirations and disappointments of a life brief but chequered strongly with its varying lights and shades. To an intellect strong and direct he united vivid imagination, fine fancy, warm affection, keen sensibility, extreme sensitiveness, high patriotism, as well as a spirit of extraordinary independence. These outstanding points in the composition of his character were intensified by a vehement, impulsive nature. But the dominating feature was his faith in the brotherhood of man. He strove to give voice to the hearts, and vision to the eyes of all that came within the reach of his strains. He taught the commonest peasant to recognize the very sentiments he had often felt but always failed to express, and

equally fascinated the most cultured in the land by his refinement of thought and elegance of expression.

With Burns love must be wedded to truth, which to him was the direct antithesis of sham, tinsel, make-believe, unreality of any and every kind. This direct truthfulness of characterization was stamped on all he wrote. It was the keynote that wakened responsive chords in the hearts of all. He wrote as he saw and felt, with the light of his own vision and the warmth of his own heart. The clearness of the one and the fire of the other fitted him for painting the peasant life and scenery of his country in his dear old mother tongue, which affectation was beginning to despise. The poet of the people, he laid hold at once on the national heart. He made it clear that he was proud to be one of them, and in return they were more than proud to claim him as one of themselves. But his sympathies were as broad as humanity. In all climes the heart of man is influenced by the same primary affections and human interests; and it was because Burns was so full of humanity that he has come into such close contact, soul to soul, with the sons of woman born.

In forming an estimate of Burns as a factor in furthering the progress of humanity, in addition to the service rendered by the delight of song, one must not omit what he has effected by the pen of satire. With one or two exceptions this species of writing

is to be found in his poems. Shelley somewhere writes—

> "Wretched men are cradled into poetry by wrong;
> They learn in suffering what they teach in song."

It is but natural to give utterance to one's wrongs, be they real, fancied, or exaggerated. The personal hardships Burns underwent, the stings of pride offended, the very irregularities of his life—faults always human, very human, but never fiendish—all these experiences were the very material out of which some of his ablest efforts sprang forth, and without which as reforming agencies the world would have been all the poorer. His pungent wit was often directed against the fashionable follies of his day, and when he found the false pride of birth flaunted in the face of true manliness, his satire was as trenchant as any master of the art could employ.

By deftly putting the lance into the religious sore, he has largely aided in clearing the moral atmosphere from the stifling, unwholesome exhalations which served to choke the higher aspirations of truth-seekers. The spirit of Burns has been abroad, and will never die. The inspiration was caught up by Carlyle, and transmitted to Thackeray. Most of the best informing minds of the century have received their quickening, either directly or indirectly, from Burns. His influence and fame will go on ever-widening, and countless generations, kindred to our blood and tongue, will learn to bless his name and reverence his memory.

A Scottish Bibliophile in Buffalo.

MR. R. B. ADAM, of Buffalo, N. Y., has an exceedingly interesting and valuable collection of books, MSS., portraits, illustrations and autographs. Among the books are not a few rare editions, as well as a large assortment of sumptuous *editions de luxe*. The collection is especially rich in the works of Burns, Ruskin and Dr. Johnson, and in literary relics more or less intimately related to them. In a copy of James McKie's "Burns Calendar" there is interleaved a letter from Burns to Clarinda, under date Dec. 8th, 1787, in which he says:—

"I can say with truth, madam, that I never met with a person in my life whom I more anxiously wished to meet again than yourself. . . I determined to cultivate your friendship with the enthusiasm of religion."

Besides a copy of the first Kilmarnock edition of the poet's works, Mr. Adam has a copy of the edition published by the Ettrick Shepherd, Allan Cunningham's edition, the edition of which Christopher North wrote the preface, Dr. James Currie's edition and a variety of modern editions, including Gebbie's, which Mr. Adam rightly calls the best American edition. A copy of James Johnson's "Scots' Musical Museum" has a place of honor among the Burnsiana, and there are also a number of the poet's letters in addition to that referred to

above, and some autograph poems. Of Ruskin's publications Mr. Adam has practically all that has ever been issued, including a copy of "Friendship's Offering," which was published in 1835, when Ruskin was only sixteen; while the Johnsonian collection includes an immense variety of portraits and autographs of the friends and contemporaries of the great lexicographer, besides all the principal editions of his works, and a variety of books of cognate interest, prominent among which is Dr. G. Birbeck Hill's "Footsteps of Dr. Johnson in Scotland," a large quarto printed entirely on Japanese vellum, with 18 full-page illustrations. Among the works relating to Scotland in Mr. Adam's library there are copies of Billing's "Baronial and Ecclesiastical Antiquities of Scotland," John Ramsay's "Scotland and Scotsmen of the Eighteenth Century," and James Logan's "Clans of the Scottish Highlands." Mr. Adam's great grandfather was a farmer in Peeblesshire, and one of the books in the collection bears an inscription showing that it belonged to him.

Incident in the Life of Burns.

THE Scottish Bard, as is well known, in traveling from Ayrshire to Edinburgh, broke his journey for the night at Covington Mains, where he was the much honored guest of Mr. Archibald Prentice, the tenant of that farm, who writes:—

"On the following morning he breakfasted with a large party at the next farm-house, tenanted by James Stoddart, brother to the Stoddarts, the famous pianoforte makers of London and New York. I have heard his son, a James Stoddart also, say, when nearly eighty, that he remembered passing the Mains that morning with other companions on his way to school. The pony was waiting at the door for the owner to start on his journey. The stalwart 'Bauldy' came out and ordered him and the other boys to stop and haud the stirrup for the man that was to mount, adding, 'You'll boast of it till your dying day.' The boys said, 'We'll be late, and we're feared for the maister.' 'Stop and haud the stirrup!—I'll settle wi' the maister.' They took courage, as well they might, for Prentice was six feet three, and the dominie but an ordinary mortal. That boy Stoddart, almost an octogenarian at the time he spoke to me, said, 'I think I'm prouder of that forenoon frae the schule than a' the days I was at it.'"

He Didn't Know Burns.

HAVING lost my copy of Burns some time ago, says a traveller, I went into the book-shop of this town—Vryheid, Transvaal—to buy another. The proprietor (Von Schalweedenberg) was also the librarian of a circulating library. "Could you oblige me with a copy of Burns?" "I beg your pardon?" "I wish to buy a copy of Burns." "I don't know what you said, sir." "Do you know Robert Burns?" "I havn't the pleasure of that gentleman's acquaintance." "I want the works of Burns." I emphasized the name here, and thought I could detect by the man's face a ray of light struggling into his brains. "O, ho! I have an excellent treatise by our great medical doctor, Herr Gottenburg, on the very subject—it's entitled "How to Treat and Cure Burns." I then said, by way of explanation—"Robert Burns was a man who lived in the West of Scotland about a hundred years ago, who wrote poems. Those poems have been published, translated into many languages, and retailed all over the world. Those poems have exercised a mighty influence in exposing hypocrisy, giving thought a higher elevation, giving subtle expression to that divine spark within the human breast we vulgarly call love. Do you know him now?" "Never heard of him before." "Do you know Goethe?" "Oh, I know him well." "Well, Burns is the Scottish Goethe, and the first thing you ought to do is to take the first steamer to England, go to a

town in the West of Scotland called Kilmarnock, read up all the numbers of the *Kilmarnock Standard* for the last five years, and on every page you will find something about this poet Burns; and until you do that, sir, we will not consider your education finished."

Burns at the Old Forest Inn.

THE old Forest Inn, Selkirk, where Burns stayed for a night during his tour of the Borders with his friend Robert Ainslie, who afterwards became a Writer to the Signet in Edinburgh, has been pulled down, but a tablet set into the wall in West Port marks its former site. While sitting in the inn Burns wrote a letter to Creech, the Edinburgh bookseller, including his clever verses, "Willie's Awa'." Dr. Clarkson, of Selkirk, used to say that he and two friends were sitting in the inn when the illustrious travelers arrived, "like twa drookit craws," for it was raining heavily. Very soon afterwards Burns sent in Veitch, the landlord, to ask them to have a glass of wine with him. The doctor asked Veitch what like the men were, and he replied that "One of them spoke rather like a gentleman, but the other was a drover-like chap," so they refused to admit them. It was not till some days after this that the worthy doctor discovered that he had given Burns "the cut direct," and to his dying day he never forgave himself for it.

Mr. Stanley and the Poet Burns.

MR. H. M. STANLEY spent his last evening before leaving London for the relief of Emin Pasha with Sir John Pender, and on parting the latter gave Mr. Stanley a miniature edition of Burns' poems, published by the Messrs. Bryce, of Glasgow. This the great explorer said he would carry wherever he went. Sir John Pender, in recently writing to Mr. Bryce, says:—"When I met Stanley in Egypt in the Spring I had not been in conversation with him many minutes before he reminded me of the little copy of Burns' poems, and he said it had been a great source of comfort to him; he had read it many times over, and he believed there was no better thumbed book in existence than that little volume. He said that Burns was such a child of Nature and that he was so much in sympathy with him, that many times he was not only deeply touched, but greatly encouraged by the perusal of the poems."

Sir A. Campbell's Copy of Burns.

IN Sir Archibald Campbell's library at Blythswood there is a unique copy of Burns among them. It has been several times sought after by critics and connoisseurs, who have visited Blythswood solely to see it. It was the property of the poet himself, and was in his possession when he determined to leave Scotland and visit the New World. On leaving for Greenock the poet wrote his "Farewell to the

Banks of Ayr" on the fly leaf at the beginning of the work, and perhaps he thought it was the last he should write in the old land so dear to him. But strange to relate, whether it was distress of mind or body that brought it on, such a terrible toothache took possession of his jaw that he was forced to remain in the inn, and so missed the boat and the chance of departing for a little while. The bard took his book again and indited at the end of it the celebrated "Ode to the Toothache."

Burns the Poet.

ONE Sunday morning, sometime before Burns commenced author, when he and his brother Gilbert were going to the Parish Church of Tarbolton, they got into company with an old man, a Moravian, traveling to Ayr. It was at that time when the dispute between the old and new light burghers was making a great noise in the country; and Burns and the old man, entering into conversation on the subject, differed in their opinions about it, the old man defending the principles of the old light, and Burns the principles of the new light. The disputants at length grew very warm in the debate, and Burns, finding that he could make nothing of his antagonist, tauntingly exclaimed, "Oh! I suppose I have met with the Apostle Paul this morning?" "No," replied the Moravian, "you have not met with the Apostle Paul, but I think I have met one of those wild beasts which he says he fought with when at Ephesus!"

Burns from an American Point of View.

[From the *Post-Intelligencer*, Seattle, Wash.]

THE popularity of Burns with the Scottish people is remarkable. It is not easy to say how much of it is due to the surpassing quality of the poet's genius and how much to the clannishness of his countrymen, but it is certain that no other Christian people on the globe cherish the memory of any poet as do the Scots that of Burns. The enthusiasm of the French for the songs of Beranger is the nearest approach to the Scottish worship of the memory of Burns. England has no national poet whose memory is passionately reverenced by both peer and peasant. America's nearest approach to such a poet is Whittier. Ireland has given birth to many sweet singers, but Ireland did not find a true national bard in Moore, because he was a bit of a tuft-hunter at times, kneeling to the nobility so readily that "Tommy dearly loves a lord" became a current saying concerning him. Samuel Lover wrote beautiful songs, but few of them deeply touched peasant ears. Thomas Davis is Ireland's truest national poet, for his lips were touched by the fiery patriotism that filled his heart. Florence MacCarthy was a mere melodious flute player in the fields.

What makes Burns of immortal memory with the whole Scottish people? The chief reason is that he was entirely Scottish. He wrote in the Scottish dialect; he sang of the mountain daisies; of the

Scottish people; he noted every object that brought gladness to the Scottish heart. The brooks and rivers he described were those of Scotland; his beautiful, bright-eyed women were Highland lassies or Border beauties, like "Bonnie Lesley." Burns weaved into the warp and woof of his poetry Scottish legends; he tuned his harp to Scottish airs; he drew all his heroes from Scottish history; his capacity to make all his poetry redolent of Scotland, to taste of all the alkalies of its soil and to smack of all its sweetness is what has given Burns his grip on the heart of Scotland.

The Scots are an intellectual people, but they are not, as a race, a poetic people. They have a genius for philosophy, for theological metaphysics, for trade and business, for finance, for law, for politics, for medicine and surgery and all the natural sciences, but they are not peculiarly a poetic people, like the Irish; and Burns is loved by the Scots, not so much for his poetic genius as for the fact that his muse was intensely Scottish. This fact would make a poet of merely respectable powers dear to a people who are notable for their patriotic, not to say clannish and provincial, devotion to their native land. If Burns had devoted his great powers to the celebration of high poetic themes that were not essentially instinct with interest to Scotsmen he would not be the pet poet of the Scottish people to-day any more than Tennyson is peculiarly dear to the heart of the English people.

Nearly ninety years elapsed after the death of Burns, immortal poet of the people and the poor, before his bust was placed in Westminster Abbey. Burns lived at a time when literature was held in high esteem; when his surpassing intellectual merit was freely acknowledged; he was not, like Shakespeare and Milton, one who had to trust to posterity for his largest fame. Why, then, when far lesser lights, including our own Longfellow, the poet of a country that had no literature when Burns died, have been recognized as worthy of memorial honors, did Burns wait so long for a place in Westminster Abbey? The answer is that Burns was a democrat in politics; a satirist of the nobility and the church, and because he never forgot he was born a peasant, always dedicated his genius to the defense and exaltation of the primitive rights of the people, as contrasted with the acquired artificial rights of the caste-class and aristocracy. He was so fierce a democrat that he dared defend the cause of the French Revolution; he skinned and scalded the degenerate, supercilious nobility, the corrupt Court and heartless, hypocritical hierarchy of his day; and he not only never was forgiven for it in life, but it was remembered to his prejudice long years after his death. Allowing for the distance of time and the difference of public sentiment, Burns was hated by the Tory aristocracy and church of his day as a political and social incendiary, very much as the Duke of Argyle, Lord Salisbury and Mr. Balfour detested and dis-

trusted Davitt and Parnell, or as Byron and Shelley were hated by the English aristocracy for their democratic views, and are stlll detested long after death.

Byron, the greatest English poet since Milton, has no monument to his memory. Byron was hated for the same reason as Burns; he praised Washington, Franklin and our American Congress in some splendid lines; he was a democrat in politics, and, like Burns, stung the aristocracy to madness by his blasting ridicule and withering satire; he described George the Fourth as "the tenth transmitter of a foolish force," and the nobility that at last so reluctantly forgave Burns can not yet forgive Byron and Shelley, of whom no memorial bust or monument stands in the Poet's Corner at Westminster Abbey. No monument has been yet erected to Oliver Cromwell, the greatest soldier and statesman of English history. Marlborough, Nelson and Wellington have splendid places in the Pantheon because they fought for the crown, but Cromwell fought against the crown, for the people and his own hand. No wonder a nobility that refuses Cromwell a monument should be late to place the bust of Burns in Westminster Abbey; should exclude Byron and Shelley from the Poet's Corner, while the tyrant Charles the First is still described in the English prayer-book as "Our Blessed Martyr."

A statue of Burns was placed in Central Park, in New York City, a dozen years before he was honored

in England. The democratic temper of our people was prompt to name Burns for statuary honors, because he was particularly the bard of Democracy and equal rights under law. Bidden to the banquets of the great, because of the astonishing power and variety of his conversation, he never cringed or played toady and bootlick to his condescending host. He brought his manly heart away from the company of lords unspoiled and unspotted by the flattery of the feast. He boldly sat at the table of Circe, but his soul was proof against all efforts to change him from a gallant man to the fawning hound and lackey of a lord, and it took the ruling class in England almost a century after he was dust to forgive the peasant poet who refused to be a flunky and who placed them all in pillory in his immortal verse.

Burns had a powerful understanding, united to a fine imagination; he sang the notes of human brotherhood and manly independence of spirit; he had marvelous powers of satire, wit and humor; he had a keen eye for the lights and shadows of Scottish domestic life and natural scenery. Whittier, a pure man, admired and loved Burns, and once wrote of himself—

> He meant no wrong to any,
> He sought the good of many,
> Yet knew both sin and folly;
> May God forgive him wholly!

These lines might fairly stand for Burns' epitaph—

a manly honest, independent, humane spirit, to whom, loving and suffering much, much should be forgiven. He was all his life hampered by money anxieties; he married without money enough to justify such a step, and he lacked that kind of saving common sense which recognizes the fact that a poor young man with a poor wife cannot afford to be without ambition nor to despise money. Lamb said of Coleridge that he was a magnificent preacher, but not fit for parish work, and while Burns had a noble brain and heart, he lacked Scottish sense and thrift. He did not know how to "catch on" to the opportunities for advancement, or he did not care to get on in life. He could not be bribed; he was too proud to be a parasite, and of course with his lack of practical ability and thrift, Burns endured poverty that, while it was honest, caused him great suffering. Burns needs no monument, for the English world has always read him, will continue to read him and clasp him closely to her great, throbbing heart as one

> In whose wide brain the feeling deep,
> That struggled on the many's tongue
> Swells to a tide of thought
> Whose surges leap
> O'er the weak thrones of wrong.

An Interview with Robert Burns.

BY WILLIAM MURRAY.

FATIGUED one night on Mount Parnassus,
Endeavoring to guess what passes
In those ethereal spirit realms,
Whose awful mystery o'erwhelms
The stoutest human soul,
I fell asleep, and slumbering dreamt
What I shall faithfully attempt
With clearness to unroll.

Upon a sunny summer day,
Beneath the Scottish sky I lay,
'Mong heather-bells and daisies rare,
Upon the bonnie banks of Ayr;
And as with joy and rapture keen
I gazed upon the lovely scene,
A flood of music filled the land,
And Burns immortal grasped my hand.

The spirit of the poet loathes
The miserable theme of clothes;
But on this special, rare occasion,
'Twill haply help the conversation
If I at least attempt my best
To indicate how Burns was dressed.

His coat was woven of material
Substantial rather than ethereal;
'Twas cut from a Kilmarnock roll
Of something 'twixt the mouse and mole,
With buttons on its sides and keel
As big's a baby's carriage wheel.
His vest was made of something hazy,
But if my memory isn't crazy,
'Twas ornamented like the daisy.

His breeches—(oh! the agony
Of such minute details to me!)—
Were made of sterling corduroy,
The pride of every Scottish boy;
And as the fashion claimed to be,
They came no lower than the knee,
Where none presumed to deem it shocking
That they surrendered to the stocking,
Which, knitted by his bonnie Jean,
Were fit for any King or Queen.
His boots, or brogues, I saw by glancing,
Were clearly never made for dancing.
A 'kerchief round his neck was tied,
Which, like the wave Canute defied,
Escaping from its careless crest,
Rebelliously o'erflowed his breast.
Above the 'kerchief towered a collar
Which must have cost at least a dollar;
While o'er a pyramid of brain,
Of which an angel might be vain,
Reposed the graceful Highland bonnet,
With Scotia's glorious thistle on it.

Recovering from my surprise,
And seeing in his kindly eyes
No reason for distrust or fear,
I ventured to inquire what cheer
He found in his immortal sphere.
"Brother," said he, in tones so charmed
That every terror fled disarmed,
"We may not yield to mortal ear
The secrets of the heavenly sphere.
But should there linger in your mind
A wish of any other kind,
'Twould please your friend and brother poet
At once to let him frankly know it."

Delighted with his modesty
And condescending majesty,
I motioned him to take a seat,
While I prepared to take my feet.

"Illustrious poet," I began,
"The proudest living mortal man
Might well feel gratified and gay
To occupy my place to-day:
There breathes no Scot on earth but turns
For sympathy to Robert Burns.
Of Scotland's ever peerless bard
(Whose worth no tribute can reward)
A thousand questions I might ask,
Nor dream of tiring of the task;
But tho' I'll never cease to boast
Of such regard from such a ghost,
'Twould ill become a child of clay
Such precious time as yours to slay.
It would, however, be a pleasure
Which nothing in the world could measure,
If you would render at your leisure
Your notions of *the tendency,*
The nature and redundancy
Of Scotia's ascendency."

I ceased, and in his wondrous eye
Beheld the twinkling of the sly
And exquisite ironic banter
Which gleams so bright in "Tam o' Shanter;"
But which to softer glances changed
As thus his grateful feelings ranged
From all the woes of earthly strife
To all that glows in deathless life;
From all the trials of the *peasant*
To all the triumphs of the *present:*

"Brither," said he—("in Ayr or Carrick
I like to speak the hamely Doric)—
I'll no' deny I'm unco pleased
To be sae lo'ed and adverteezed
Amang auld Scotia's sons abroad
As weel as on the dear auld sod;
It gies me mair than compensation
For a' the troubles and vexation
O' my career,
And gies my Jeannie consolation
For mony a tear.
But I am gettin' aff the track:
I hae a nut o' yours to crack—
The problem o' the tendency,
The nature and redundancy
O' Scotia's ascendency.

Beginnin' wi' its *tendency:*
The silliest o' *men* can see
'*Excelsior*' must ever be
The motto o' the brave and free.
I'll on the willows hang my lyre
When Scotland ceases to aspire;
But God forbid that Scotland's power
Should ever over justice tower!

The *nature* o' the ascendency
A hoolet or a *hen* can see;
But gin there be a gowk or chicken
Whilk naething else can cure or quicken,
The Muses condescend to hint
That it can gather what it meant
By borrowin' a dozen grains
O' ony decent Scotsman's brains.

But, as for the *redundancy*
O' this renowned ascendency:

Whatever some *pretend* to see—
Sae far at least as *one* can see,
Wha sees as far as *ten* can see—
There's nae sic thing!
Sae lang as Scotia's sons continue
Supreme in science and in sinew;
And while their morals and their mettle
Prevail in council and in battle,
(Ilk man a king,)
Nae country in the warld can ever
Afford or wish frae them to sever,
Or dare deny the less they fetter
A royal race like this the better."

Then slightly this high praise curtailing,
He frankly owns a trifling failing:

"There's just *ae* wee imperfec' feature,
Aboot our matchless Scottish nature,
Whilk, honestly,
Altho' it's no' a great defec',
Wad be the better o' a check—
Our modesty."

He then, without the least confusion,
Drew this victorious conclusion:

"Upon the whole, it's clear to me,
That whether on the land or sea,
For Christian, heathen, bond or free,
In England, Ireland, or Fejee,
Dominion or dependency,
A better thing there cannot be
Than sterling Scotch ascendency."

Then changing to a *loftier* key,
He uttered this apostrophe:

"O Scotland! best beloved of lands!
However far from thy dear strands,
What son of thine who does not try
Once more to see thee ere he die?
In all his gladdest, brightest dreams,
He rambles 'mong thy hills and streams;
However proud may be his lot,
His native land is ne'er forgot;
Whatever other climes impart,
Old Scotland ever holds his heart.
O Scotia! gladly would I yield
Sweet life itself thy fame to shield,
And lose all earthly glory sooner
Than cast a stain upon thine honor."

With this the Bard of Scotland fled,
And I awoke, secure in bed.

An Anniversary Tribute.

WHY do the people so enthusiastically celebrate the anniversary of Robert Burns' birth? It might be answered that it is because the people who were his contemporaries failed to do him honor. He won immortality, but his countrymen failed to realize the fact in his time. There were some who, recognizing genius in him, sought to patronize him conservatively, and such substantial aid as they tossed to him was measured out by the limitations peculiar to heartlessness. Not that Burns should have been dependent upon others for support, but he was, as the possessor of genius, entitled to that measure of

help which would enable him to help himself. The line was drawn beyond which he must not vault his ambition socially, and he was compelled to adhere too much to the ranks which were intellectually uncongenial to his tastes. In acommodating himself to his situation he became the subject of criticism on the part of those who, although moving in a higher social sphere, were his intellectual inferiors.

The exceptions to this rule are revealed in his correspondence. The readers of Burns' prose productions can make themselves thoroughly familiar with all the personal acquaintance and intercourse which he enjoyed with persons who belonged to the social plane above him. Most of these were worthy but not wealthy, and their friendship went a long way to serve the purpose of encouraging the poet in the line of his upward tendencies, and to strengthen his pen. The real extent to which we are indebted for the excellence of his work to this encouragement we may never be able to properly estimate. Doubtless there were many cases in which the semblance of friendship was assumed because the enmity or criticism of the poet was feared. Whatever such friends thought of his exalted talents they drew the line at blood, and some of them unquestionably tried to make the distinction which marks one school from another—the school from the college; but his power was greater than the schools. His perception of men and their pretensions to goodness or

greatness was clear. That he was sensible of this himself may be inferred from the advice he tendered to a young friend in these lines :—

"Conceal yoursel', as weel's ye can
Frae critical dissection ;
But keek through every other man,
Wi' sharpen'd, sly inspection."

There were friends whom Burns could approach without undue formality. Of these were Mrs. Dunlop, Mr. Cunningham, Mr. Murdoch, teacher of French in London, Mr. McMurdo, Dr. Moore, Crawford Tait, of Edinburgh, and a few others. That was a keen characterization of politics which he wrote to Mr. Murdo :—

"Now that you are over with the sirens of Flattery, the harpies of Corruption, and the furies of Ambition, these infernal deities, that on all sides, and in all parties, preside over the business of politics, permit a rustic muse of your aquaintance to do her best to soothe you with a song."

To Dr. Robert Anderson, editor of the *Bee*, the poet wrote an appreciative, but humorous explanation of his business of absorption as disqualifying him for pursuing work which he loved. He wrote to that kind gentleman as follows :—

"I am indebted to my worthy friend Dr. Blacklock for introducing me to a gentleman of Dr. Anderson's celebrity ; but when you do me the honor to ask my assistance in your proposed publication, alas, sir ! you might as well think to cheapen a little honesty at the sight of an advocate's wig, or

humility under the Geneva band. I am a miserable, hurried devil, worn to the marrow in the friction of holding the noses of the poor publicans to the grindstone of the Excise, and like Milton's Satan, for private reasons am forced

'To do what yet, though damned, I would abhor.'

Burns knew how to be playful in style without being vicious, and how to freight a pleasant paragraph with a keen apology, as appears by the opening sentence of a letter to Mr. Cunningham :—

"I beg your pardon, my dear and much-valued friend, for writing to you on this very unfashionable, unsightly sheet—

'My poverty, but not my will, consents.'

But to make amends, since of modish post I have none, except one poor widowed half sheet of gilt, which lies in my drawer among my plebeian foolscap pages, like the widow of a man of fashion, whom that impolite scoundrel, Necessity, has driven from Burgundy and pineapple to a dish of Bohea, with the scandal-bearing helpmate of a village priest; or a glass of whisky toddy, with a ruby-nosed yoke fellow of a foot-padding exciseman—I make a vow to enclose this sheetful of epistolary fragments in that my only scrap of gilt paper."

Excerpts from Burns' letters to friends with whom he felt he had the right to be familiar could be multiplied, and the reader would not weary, but there is a limit to good things, and the temptation must be withstood.

If his judgment was sometimes warped, we must

not forget his fearful struggle against the tyranny of empty ceremony. His case, as it can be worked out from what is known of his life, even now excites sympathy just as thoroughly as his poetry evokes the emotions. His impatience with the vulgarity and shortcomings of what may be called his own class (the phrase is a regretable one) is well known. His great desire was to lift up from humiliation and dependence of spirit those with whom he was brought into most immediate and constant contact. Whatever he failed to do in this line in his lifetime, he has certainly accomplished by his verses which live after him. Keen as was his satire, its apt and characteristic humor saved it from bitterness. It is safe to assume that from the evidence at hand in his letters, in his poems and in his songs, he never contemplated making the victims of his wit unhappy. As for those who profess to have searched all through his works for the piety of a Christian in vain, it might be observed, that if they have failed to ascertain that he was a saint. they discover nothing to show that he affected to be one. He was very much of a Christian, and nothing at all of a Pharisee or hypocrite. If ever the character of a man so conspicuous as was Burns was transparent, surely his belongs to the foremost of that kind.

Burns' relations to mankind were manly, beyond the standard of his time. If he erred in directions which civilization will not excuse, his conduct, as a whole, would bear favorable comparison with that of

presuming men who were worse (by inconsistency and villainy) in other lines of life. Under the last analysis, as we call it, Burns was a much better man, morally, than the average men of his time, and of times since. His memory in this respect needs no defence, but we have a right to vindicate the integrity of a character which has made its impress upon the literature of the world without the aid of the stage, which has contributed so much to the immortality of Shakespeare's works. His knowledge of human nature was as ripe as his love of external nature. When he sang of a man it was with the same tenderness with which he enshrined a flower. He brings the man and the mouse into such contact that the principle of humanity is exalted and ennobled. Philosophy has presented no kinder solution than that which is developed by the poet "on seeing a louse on a lady's bonnet in church." No temperance admonition has ever seen the light of day that can excel the romantic picture, the glowing description and the finished landscape painted with master hand in "Tam o' Shanter." Grand as Millet's Angelus is, it pales before the gorgeous art which presides over and permeates the poem of "The Cotter's Saturday Night." The pathos and panorama disclosed to us in "The Banks and Braes o' Bonnie Doon," are such that we wander by that stream unconscious that we are carried by imagination. Happy wedded life, consecrated by mutual faith and truth in the life of a human loving pair, could receive no more

exalted treatment than the domestic story of "John Anderson, my Jo."

The poet's love for external nature revealed in his songs is ever as tender as it is faithful to the life. He disciplined his mind to look upon the characters and the ways of men very much as he watched the habits of the flowers and streams. He saw in their beauty, after being the wards of care and culture, what he believed he had a right to look for in men under like offices of friendship and care. As the flowers yielded abundant compensation in beauty, fragrance and freshness, for the care devoted to them, so he expected that mankind should be, at least, equally friendly to friendly hands and hearts.

If Burns was discontented with his condition, and doubtless he was, it was because he possessed the faculties and the fitness for great work. What was denied him in his life-time immortality has awarded to him. So far as he lived for a purpose, that purpose has been fully carried out. Whatever promise destiny made on his behalf on the day of his birth has been abundantly fulfilled, and it is the acknowledgment of this fact which justifies mankind, the world o'er, in celebrating the anniversary of that event. Since Burns passed over the Doon to lie down and rest on the banks of the Nith he has had many imitators; he has had no successors.

Where Robert Burns Lived.

IT is an interesting fact that the Ellisland farm-home of Robert Burns has just been thrown open to the public, writes Edgar L. Wakeman. This house on the banks of the songful Nith, about six miles north of Dumfries, is standing as sturdily to-day as when its strong walls were completed by Robert Burns' own hands.

This Nith-side cottage is hallowed by a myriad sacred memories of Burns. He built it while singing many a lusty song to his absent love and wife. When done it was to his honest eyes fairer than any palace in Britain. To it he brought his adored Jean, "preceded by a peasant girl carrying the family Bible and a bowl of salt." The most of his children were born within its walls. It was the one Eden of labor, love and song that the poet and his wife ever knew.

There are hundreds of visible relics still at the Ellisland cottage of the poet's own handiwork. He was the great, the immortal Burns, more for his life within his humble home than for all else of earthly accomplishment; for here were produced among scores of minor poems, his most ecstatic achievement, "Tam o' Shanter," written in a day, and denominated by Alexander Smith "since Bruce fought Bannockburn, the best single day's work done in Scotland;" his magnificent battle-piece, "The Song of Death;" his

wonderful satire, "The Kirk's Alarm;" his matchless embodiment of connubial affection, "John Anderson, my Jo;" "O blaw ye westlin' winds;" his "Address to the Nith;" "On Seeing a Wounded Hare;" that grand "Address to the Shade of Thomson;" "Of a' the airts the wind can blaw;" and that divinest of all his odes, "To Mary in Heaven."

Burns' "Clarinda."

WHEN Burns revisited Edinburgh in 1787–88 he lodged with William Cruikshank, a teacher of the High School, in a house on the southwest corner of St. James Square, in the New Town, and his was the topmost or attic window in the gable looking towards the General Post-office in Waterloo Place. Herefrom Burns wrote:—"I am certain I saw you, Clarinda; but you don't look to the proper storey for a poet's lodgings—'where speculation roosted near the sky.' I could almost have thrown myself over for very vexation. Why don't you look higher? It has spoiled my peace for the day. To be so near my charming Clarinda—to miss her look when it was searching for me! . . . I am sure the soul is capable of disease, for mine has convulsed itself into an inflammatory fever."

The window of Burns' was pointed out to an enthusiastic pilgrim, one summer morning in 1889, by an old resident of St. James Square, to whom

Clarinda had pointed it out herself. He remembered Clarinda (Mrs. McLehose) in her old age, when she lived beneath his own father in a small flat at Greenside upon an insignificant annuity allowed her by her brother. She went once to her husband in Jamaica, but she did not leave the ship, as Mr. McLehose insisted upon her immediate return on the ground that the climate would not agree with her. She was in very poor circumstances during her latter years, but never wearied of telling the story of her flirtation with Burns. As the aged resident remarked :—"The auld donnert leddy bodie spoke o' her love for the poet just like a bit hellicat lassie in her teens, and while exhibitin' to her cronies the faded letters from her Robbie she would just greet like a bairn. Puir auld creature, she never till the moment o' her death jaloused or dooted Robbie's professed love for her; but, sir, you ken he was just makin' a fule o' her, as his letters amply show."

Mrs. McLehose, deserted by her husband, lived in Burns' time with two young children in General's Entry, which lay between the Potterrow and Bristo Street; but no houses dating back to Clarinda's day stand within a stone's throw of Clarinda's flat.

Carlyle on Burns.

He loved poetry warmly and in his heart: could he but have loved it purely, and with his whole undivided heart, it had been well. For poetry, as Burns could have followed it, is but another form of wisdom of religion; is itself wisdom and religion. But this also was denied him. His poetry is a stray and vagrant gleam, which will not be extinguished within him, yet rises to be the true light of his path, but is often a wildfire that misleads him. It was not necessary for Burns to be rich to be, or to seem "independent;" but *it was* necessary for him to be at one with his own heart, to place what was highest in his nature highest also in his life, "to seek within himself for that consistency and sequence, which external events would forever refuse him." He was born a poet; poetry was the celestial element of his being, and should have been the soul of his whole endeavors. Lifted into that serene ether, whither he had wings given him to mount, he would have needed no other elevation: poverty, neglect and all evil, save the desecration of himself and his art, were a small matter to him; the pride and the passions of the world lay far beneath his feet, and he looked down alike on noble and slave, on prince and beggar, and all that wore the stamp of man, with clear recognition, with brotherly affection, with sympathy, with pity. Nay, we question whether for his culture as a poet, poverty and much suffering

for a season were not absolutely advantageous. Great men in looking back over their lives have testified to that effect. "I would not for much," says Jean Paul, "that I had been born richer." And yet Paul's birth was poor enough; for in another place he adds: "The prisoner's allowance is bread and water; and I had often only the latter." But the gold that is refined in the hottest furnace comes out the purest; or as he has himself expressed it, "the canary-bird sings sweeter the longer it has been trained in a darkened cage."

The Land of Burns.

THE county of Ayr constitutes a large part of the western coast of Scotland, to the south of the embouchure of the Clyde. Forming one large inclined plane toward the sea it is intersected in its breadth by several rivers, such as the Irvine, the Ayr and the Doon, all of which are rich in poetical associations. The mouths of the Ayr and Doon approach within two miles of each other; and at the town of Ayr, having a finely-cultivated country in one direction, and in the other a firth bounded in the distance by the magnificent hills of Arran and Argyllshire. The choice part of the land scenery—and of this Burns seems to have been fully aware—is to be found on the banks of the rivers, especially the

Ayr, which is certainly the means of forming a beautiful tract of woodlands. The Doon was the river of Burns' boyhood; the Ayr of his youth and manhood.

The poet was born in a clay-built and thatched cottage, on the highway which leads from Ayr, to the southern parts of the county, and about two miles and a half from that town. Connected with it may still be traced the very small farm which the poet's father cultivated; and at a little distance is the ruin of Alloway Kirk, formerly a parochial place of worship, but long left to decay, on account of the parish being annexed to that of Ayr. The road, immediately after passing the cottage and the ruined church, crosses the Doon by a modern bridge of one arch; and at the distance of a hundred yards farther up the river is the "Auld Brig," so noted for its concern in the tale of "Tam o' Shanter;" a high narrow structure, after the fashion of a former age, and now disused. On an eminence overlooking both bridges, and within a hundred yards of Alloway Kirk, stands a beautiful Grecian temple, erected some years ago after a design by the classic Hamilton, of Edinburgh, as a monument of the poet, and of his connection with this scenery. The whole range of objects, with many others of inferior importance, is comprised within the space of half a mile; and besides all the charm which genius has lent it, it must be described as possessing all the actual beauties of picturesque landscape.

Ode to the Memory of Robert Burns.

By JOHN B. McTAGGART.

KING TIME has seen another year
Pass o'er his aged form;
The day has dawned, to Scotsmen dear,
When Robert Burns was born;
When Scotland pours her ardent praise
On that high honored name;
When Scotland meets, in Scottish ways,
To spread their poet's fame.

The poet, born 'mid forests wild,
With Nature for his guide,
She took him—reared him as her child,
Revealed her precepts wide.
Yet think not of a bard unlettered,
Who wrote as Nature's slave—
Nay! Nature sowed, the poet watered,
And God the increase gave.

There freely flowed among his veins
A Patriotic tide,
From here there gushed those martial strains
That's known both far and wide.
Their fame has reached to Afric's shore,
To India's scorching plains;
Across the wild Atlantic's roar
They sing his stirring strains.

For Scotland he would gladly die;
For her he'd venture all;
By Scotland he was lifted high—
Through her received his fall.
But Scotia now adores his name,
He warms her coldest heart;
His works now boast of brilliant fame,
Which never shall depart.

But see the Scot in foreign lands,
Who's left his native home,
Rejoice or brood on Scotland's charms,
Where once he used to roam.
He feels a crave for earthly power
To bridge this dark'ning mine,
A hand to picture Auld Langsyne,
Or cheer his lonely clime.

In Burns' works the bridge is found—
He cheers the foreign land,
Revives the scenes of native ground,
And seals the broken band.
From Burns' works the exile reads,
And finds them aye to soothe
His home-bent mind—each poem feeds
His heart with scenes of youth.

He reads and sees the cot again,
The loch, the hill, the dale;
He feels the blood rush through each vein,
He feels a joyous wail.
With each fresh scene his glad heart glows,
And pleasure holds each part,
While, like a stream, affection grows
And floods the exiled heart.

But Nature bade him touch the strings
In softer, finer tones;
She taught him all the joy that clings
To Scottish rural homes.
Of rustic maiden, fresh and fair;
Of love's first cherished dream;
Of all the joys that lovers share,
To smooth life's restless stream.

Thus pure from love's dear heart there flowed
The artless, unforced strain,
In tones so sweet, they oft are poured
In love's own heart again.
The youthful, modest, loving pair,
Who live in day livelong,
Discover all the loves they share
He sings in glorious song.

But humble scenes in Scottish life,
Where hardship reigned supreme,
The clean fireside, the cheery wife—
There stood his grandest theme.
And there he drew, from humblest scenes,
A grandeur unsurpassed;
Each page, each line with rapture gleams,
That's never been outclassed.

His keen eye pierced the human heart,
Its secret springs he knew—
At hypocrites he aimed his dart,
But loved the poor or true.
He felt and wrote for all mankind,
By merit judged each man;
He always aimed at one design—
The brotherhood of man.

Burns and Tannahill.

BY JOSEPH WRIGHT.

IT has passed into a proverb that the people of Scotland are a poetic people. In no country are poets more plentiful than in the "land of brown heath and shaggy wood." This has been often wondered at, because at first sight the Scots appear a prosaic and matter-of-fact people. I have never heard any reason assigned, but my opinion is that it is owing to the influence of "the Book of books." Admiration begets likeness, and no one can read and admire the majestic poetry of the Hebrew bards without being in some measure influenced thereby; and Scotland having been pre-eminently the "land of the Bible," its inhabitants have become, as it were, saturated with its tone and spirit and letter, as can easily be observed by attention to the language of the Scots, which abounds in metaphor and proverb, after the manner of the people of Israel. Another influence tending in this direction is the romantic history of the Scots, their defeats and victories, their struggles and achievements, their indomitable courage and perseverance, which would not brook the idea of being lorded over by another nation, and which always enabled them to rise above adverse circumstances. Oft did their harps hang upon the willows; oft were they cast down, but never dismayed. Of course the Scots have always known themselves that they were and are a

very superior people; but it is refreshing to see others admit the fact. Professor Humphrey of Cambridge, himself an Englishman, says:—"I always feel, what I think is by many admitted, that the Scots are the finest people on the earth's surface—that the grandest combination of the physical, the mental and the moral is produced here—the sturdiest, halest bodies with the largest brains, the strongest minds, and the best *morale*, the qualities best calculated to thrive in every quarter of the globe." Seeing, then, that this is so, it is not to be wondered at that the peasantry of Scotland are refined and cultured, and that ever and anon from her humblest ranks has stepped forward a Ramsay, a Ferguson, a Burns and a Tannahill.

Tannahill is by no means a great poet, but poets of the first magnitude are rare. Amid the throng of Hoggs and Wilsons, Airds and Moirs, Lockharts and Cunninghams, we can see the giant form of the Ploughman Bard standing head and shoulders above them all—the kingly Burns; but in close proximity to Burns methinks I see the shy and retiring form of Tannahill. I always like to think of these two together. They are so much alike, and yet so dissimilar. Alike in the intense love of Nature, they seem to enjoy a peculiar felicity amidst its sights and sounds. In a letter to a friend Burns once said:—"I never heard the loud, solitary whistle of the curlew in a summer noon, or the wild mixing cadence of a troop of grey plover in an autumnal

morning, without feeling an elevation of soul like the enthusiasm of devotion or poetry;" and nothing delighted Tannahill better than to wander alone o'er "the braes o' Gleniffer," or "'mang the birks o' Stanley Shaw," watching the burnie joukin 'neath the brae, and listening to the lark pouring out its heaven-tuned song at heaven's gates, or as he says in the most exquisite imagery—

"Tow'ring o'er the Newton woods,
Lav'rocks fan the snaw-white clouds."

We can picture the poet sauntering alone to commune with Nature when—

"Gloomy winter's noo awa',
Saft the westlan' breezes blaw;
'Mang the birks o' Stanley Shaw
The mavis sings fu' cheerie, O!"

and when—

"Sweet the craw-flower's early bell
Decks Gleniffer's dewy dell."

Yes; in their love of Nature they were alike, and they seemed to find a solace in her varied moods. Burns, for instance, in bewailing the departure of Nannie, makes the season of winter his medium—

"Come autumn sae pensive in yellow and grey,
And sooth me wi' tidings o' Nature's decay;
The dark dreary winter, the wild driving snaw,
Alane can delight me, noo Nannie's awa'."

So with Tannahill—

"The trees are a' bare and the birds mute an' dowie,
They shake the cauld drift frae their wings as they flee,
And chirp oot their plaints, seeming wae for my Johnnie;
'Tis winter wi' them and 'tis winter wi' me."

Tannahill in other respects presented a strange contrast to Burns. Like the royal eagle, Burns could scale the "cloud-capped towers" with whirring wing; while Tannahill had to rest content like the grey linnet, among the hawthorn flourish that adorned the hedgerows. Burns, like the skylark, poured out his song, making earth, air and sky ring with his melodious strains; while Tannahill, like the quaint bullfinch, sang his quiet song unobserved in the recess of some lone wood at eventide, when all was hushed in silence—too timid to expose himself to the gaze of men. They were both poets of Nature's own making; but they were of different moulds. Burns was thoroughly masculine, while Tannahill was feminine in his style. Burns took up the pen with the same grasp that he took hold of the plough, and he produced "A man's a man for a' that," teaching his fellows how to stand on their feet, and sowing the seeds which are to-day bearing good fruit; for what was the cry for manhood suffrage and the extension of the franchise but a re-echo of—

> "When man to man the world owre
> Shall brithers be an' a' that?"

and in reality our reformers—men of light and leading—are putting into practical shape the grand idea of equality which the poet suggested in his ennobling lyric. Tannahill, on the other hand, lifted the pen with the same touch that he would lift a thread from the loom, and produced "Jessie, the Flower o'

Dunblane," and "Oh, are ye sleepin', Maggie?" Burns takes up the Scottish lyre and makes it echo and re-echo boldly and defiantly; Tannahill sweeps it with the most delicate touch. Tannahill might almost touch the hem of Burns' garment for sweetness and tenderness; but power and energy—never.

It was a wise saying—"Let who will make the laws of a country, if I have the writing of the ballads." The songs of a country have more influence than many suppose in moulding the character of the people. When we think of the happy hours that have been spent in lordly mansion and in homely cot singing the songs of Burns and Tannahill; when we think of the hearts that have been soothed and the memories that have been awakened by these delightful melodies in the soldier's camp, or on the blue, lone sea far from home, not to speak of the thousands in our great cities, who have the monotony of life broken and who are in imagination carried back to the glens and woods of their early days, and whose eyes are dimmed with the saut tear as they muse on childhood's years—who will say that Burns and Tannahill have not helped in the grand mission of elevating mankind and adding to the sum of human happiness?

Burns in Perthshire.

BY ROBERT FORD.

EVERY foot of ground that was traversed by the poet Burns in the course of his brief and circumscribed walk on earth, every object that caught his loving eye, every line he wrote, every word he spoke, every person with whom he came in social contact, every roof that afforded him a night's shelter, is of more than merely passing interest to Scottish people generally, and to the lovers of Scottish song in particular. Thus the few days which he spent in Perthshire, in 1787, because they were exceedingly delightsome to him—the people he met here being hospitable and appreciative in a rarely high degree—the scenes he visited—Bruar Water—the Falls of Moness—Taymouth—Loch Turritt—and Ochtertyre—impressing him so variously as to rouse his muse to articulate song in their praise—are not unworthy of some separate and distinct consideration.

The reception accorded to the bard at Blair Castle was in striking contrast to that which he had sometime before experienced at Inverary, the incivility of which he resented so bitterly in the epigram :

"Whate'er he be that sojourns here,
I pity much his case,
Unless he come to wait upon
The Lord their God his Grace.

There's naething here but Highland pride,
And Highland scab and hunger ;
If Providence had sent me here,
'Twas surely in an anger."

Yes, in strikingly marked contrast. For the Duke of Athole and her Grace the Duchess—the latter first, indeed—received the poet with all the unaffected geniality and kindness of true nobility; and Burns enjoyed their hospitality so thoroughly that he longed for the powers of Guido to enable him to give full and appropriate expression to his feelings of gratitude towards them. But let us begin at the beginning. It was on the morning of Tuesday, the 28th of August, in the year already named, that a hackney coach containing two gentlemen came out from the old town of Stirling, and wending slowly through Strathallan and over the Moor of Orchill, drew up at the door of old "Gang Warily," in the good town of Crieff. After dinner in the inn they went to Abruchil Castle, where Dame Rumor says they were coolly received, because unknown, and when the visitors' book was examined, the names of Robert Burns and William Nicol were found inscribed therein—the same being Robert Burns, the poet, and his friend and traveling companion for the nonce, William Nicol, master of the High School in Edinburgh—the veritable Willie who brewed the world-renowned "peck o' maut" that "Rab and Allan cam' to pree." The pair were on a tour of the Highlands. They spent the night in Crieff, and next morning rose with the lark and continued their journey northward through the Sma' Glen, being moved in passing by the beauty of the Almond river, by visiting Ossian's grave, Loch Fruoch, Glenquaich,

etc., until ere yet the sun had "gane down," they had arrived at Taymouth. In the panorama of mountain, loch and lawn scenery which the poet here found himself encircled by, it was impossible for his honest and impulsive muse not to make record of the scene. And over the mantelpiece in the parlor of the inn at Kenmore, the following lines were left inscribed in pencil:

"Admiring Nature in her wildest grace,
These Northern scenes with weary feet I trace;
O'er many a winding dale and painful steep,
The abodes of covey'd grouse and timid sheep,
My savage journey, curious, I pursue,
Till famed Breadalbane opens to my view:
The meeting cliffs each deep-sunk glen divides,
The woods, wild scatter'd, clothe their ample sides;
The outstretching lake embosomed 'mong the hills,
The eye with wonder and amazement fills;
The Tay meandering sweet in infant pride,
The palace rising on its verdant side,
The lands wood-fringed in Nature's native taste;
The hillocks, dropt in Nature's careless haste;
The arches striding o'er the new-born stream;
The village glittering in the noontide beam.
Poetic ardors in my bosom swell,
Lone wandering by the hermit's mossy cell;
The sweeping theatre of hanging woods,
The incessant roar of headlong tumbling floods.
Here Poesy might wake her heaven-taught lyre,
And look through Nature with creative fire;
Here, to the wrongs of Fate half-reconciled,
Misfortune's lighten'd steps might wander wild;
And Disappointment, in these lonely bounds,
Find balm to soothe her bitter, rankling wounds;
Here heart-struck Grief might heavenward stretch her scan,
And injured Worth forget and pardon man."

The scenes which so won the poet's admiration were, as he tells us in the foregoing lines, traced, of course, "with weary feet," for there were none of the vehicular conveniences which the same journey now affords the students of Nature. And he was a worshipper indeed who ventured it on Shanks' Naigie or on horseback, as Burns and Nicol did. The next morning, which was Thursday, found the poet and his somewhat choleric companion wending their way down Tayside towards Dunkeld, and not failing to note the "Birks of Aberfeldy" in the passing, which Burns either there and then or immediately thereafter made the subject of one his most beautiful and enduring lyrics, and when doing so, framed a word-picture that would be difficult to match again in literature. Pennant tells us that "The Falls of Moness are an epitome of everything that can be admired in the curiosity of waterfalls." Take one verse from Burns' song, and no more: it is enough—

> "The braes ascend like lofty wa's,
> The foaming stream deep-roaring fa's,
> O'erhung wi' fragrant spreading shaws,
> The Birks of Aberfeldy,"

and in a moment you have the "Falls of Moness" before your eyes, with the sound of living waters in your ears, and the fragrance of a midsummer's day filling all the air around.

On arriving at Dunkeld the poet and his friend spent a day here, in the course of which they

mounted to the top of Birnam Hill, commanding a survey of the fertile Howe of Strathmore, which would be then waving with a mass of golden grain, if the fruits of the earth had not already yielded to the hands of the nimble shearer; and doubtless, had Dunsinane pointed out to them where he raises his conical head between Strathmore and the Carse of Gowrie, and gazes northward as if waiting for a return visit from Macduff and his death-dealing band under cover of green branches from Birnam Wood. In the town of Dunkeld Burns and Nicol dined with Dr. Stewart, a medical practitioner of some repute in his day as an amateur violinist. At the table the doctor quoted to his guests the following rhyme, then, it would appear, somewhat in vogue locally:

"Dunkeld is a bonnie toun,
And stands intil a howe,
And if ye want a fiddler loon
Just spier for Neil Gow."

At the mention of Neil Gow's name Burns expressed an ardent desire to meet the famous fiddler and hear him play. Neil's presence was speedily secured, and several strathspey and reel tunes—played as no other living man could play them—did honor to the occasion; the numbers including the "Reel of Tullochgorum," and Neil's own pathetic "Lament for Abercairney." Later in the day the party visited the fiddler at his own house at Inver, where, doubtless, there was another strathspey, and a little of something else equally agreeable to the fiddler

and his esteemed and admiring guest. For verily, two great and thoroughly congenial spirits had come together, and hospitality has laws as fixed as those of the Medes and Persians. What idea Neil formed of the poet has never been handed down in any reliable form; but it is well known that Burns was enraptured by the genius of the fiddler's bow-hand, and his pen-portrait of him as jotted in his diary is, "A short, stout-built, honest Highland figure, with his greyish hair shed on his honest, social brow—an interesting face marking strong sense, kind open-heartedness mixed with unmistrusting simplicity." But adieu, Neil Gow—there is much ground yet to be covered, and the poet must hurry on.

Next day found the party at Blair Castle by special invitation to dine with the Duke and Duchess of Athole and a distinguished party. Of the honor paid to him in this, Burns was sensible without being vain. "My curiosity was great," says Joseph Walker, who was present, "to see how he would conduct himself in company so different from what he had been accustomed to. His manner was unembarrassed, plain and firm. He appeared to have complete reliance on his own native good sense for directing his behavior. He seemed at once to perceive and appreciate what was due to the company and to himself, and never to forget a proper respect for the separate species of dignity belonging to each. He did not arrogate conversation, but when led into

it, he spoke with ease, propriety and manliness. He tried to assert his abilities, because he knew it was ability alone that gave him a title to be there. The Duke's fine family attracted much of his admiration; he drank their healths as 'honest men and bonnie lassies,' an idea which was much applauded by the company."

That he was gratified beyond measure with his reception at Blair we have already said. That he was particularly struck with the loveliness of the "olive branches," is further seen in a letter written by the poet to this same Joseph Walker, after he had reached Inverness. "I shall never forget," he says, "the fine family-piece I saw at Blair; the amiable, the truly noble Duchess, with her smiling little seraph in her lap, at the head of the table," and "the 'little angel band!'—I declare I prayed for them very sincerely to-day at the Fall of Foyers." What a fine big human heart was there! Not all the beauty of the finest cascade in Europe could keep the memory of a few beautiful and innocent children from his mind. Before leaving the vicinity of Blair, Burns visited Killiecrankie, Loch Tummel, and other places of interest, and wrote "The Humble Petition of Bruar Water." On visiting the exceedingly picturesque and beautiful Falls of Bruar, it struck the poet that the effect was much impaired by the want of trees and shrubs, and the verses made an appeal to the Duke to plant the banks of the river with "lofty firs and ashes cool," and to

"Let fragrant birks in woodbines drest,
The craggy cliffs adorn"—

a request that was speedily complied with, and beauty added to what was already beautiful.

Burns now crosses the northern border of Perthshire, making his way *via* Inverness and Nairn to Aberdeen, where he met Bishop Skinner, the son of his esteemed correspondent, the reverend author of "Tullochgorum." In a few days, however, he is through his father's calf-country—the Howe of the Mearns—where he visits a relative namesake—across the North Esk—down to Arbroath—up by Broughty Ferry and the Clepington—through the town of Dundee—up the Carse of Gowrie, and back into Perthshire again. He spent a night in the "Fair City," apparently with nobody in particular, and next day made a hurried survey of the scene of Mallet's popular song, "The Birks of Invermay," in Strathearn, as well as that of the sweetly pathetic traditionary ballad, "Bessie Bell and Mary Gray," on the banks of the river Almond, and passed into Kinross, on his way to Edinburgh. The capital was reached on the 16th of September, and the poet spent the most of the succeeding winter there. But before autumn—the "propitious season" of his muse—had passed away there was a flying visit again to Perthshire, and the most important one of all, although the exact date of it is not known. It was now that he came on a visit to the two Ochtertyres; Ramsay, the Laird of Ochtertyre, in Menteith, a literary antiquary,

who afterwards became the attached friend of Sir Walter Scott; and Sir William Murray, the Laird of Ochtertyre, in Strathearn. In the mansion of the latter—"then as now a plain house hanging in the midst of a gallery of wood and gardens, with a placid lake below and dark mountains rising behind and carrying on the view toward Loch Turrit"—the poet forgathered with a cousin of his excellent host—to wit, Miss Euphemia Murray of Lintrose, near Coupar Angus, a fair-haired, lively girl of eighteen summers, already known locally as "The Flower of Strathmore." With his quick eye for feminine beauty, Burns was at once captivated by the beautiful, lively, and witty young lady, and before either of them quit the scene of their first and only meeting, he celebrated her charms in the lively and pretty measure—

"Blythe, blythe, and merry was she,
Blythe was she butt and ben,
Blythe by the bank of Earn,
And blythe in Glenturrit Glen."

The portrait is a pretty one:—

"Her looks were like a flower in May,
Her smile was like a simmer morn;
She tripped by the banks of Earn
As light's a bird upon a thorn.

Her bonnie face it was as meek
As ony lamb upon a lea;
The evening sun was ne'er sweet
As was the blink o' Phemie's e'e."

But previous to the portrait he had sat the frame by saying:—

"By Ochtertyre there grows the aik,
On Yarrow banks the birken shaw;
But Phemie was a bonnier lass
Than braes o' Yarrow ever saw."

This is saying a big word for the "Flower of Strathmore," as there is no doubt that the poet's reference is to the Yarrow of the "Dowie Dens"—the Yarrow of Mary Scott. But how readily his mind would be carried away to Selkirkshire for a comparison will be seen when it is stated—and stated here for the first time in print—that the rising ground beyond the picturesque gorge immediately in front of Ochtertyre House has been known to the local inhabitants for generations by the name of the Yarra, or Yellow Braes. And, presumably, was so described to Burns, as it was also described to the present writer by Mr. D. Kippen of Crieff, than whom there is no more reliable authority on the topography of Strathearn, and with whom I spent a day of delight in these parts a little more than a year ago. Gilfillan has it that a tradition of the House of Ochtertyre avers that it was after Burns returned from a solitary forenoon's walk to Loch Turrit, where, as everybody knows, he wrote his characteristic lines, "On Scaring Some Waterfowl," that he felt exhausted by the journey, which is long, rough, and uphill, and went into the butler's room, where he asked for a glass of whiskey, and wrote the song, "Blythe, blythe." This may be true or not, and no matter which, for nobody who is anybody cares for back-door tattle-tattle of this kind.

The "Flower of Strathmore," be it noted, subsequently became the wife of Mr. Smythe of Methven, one of the Judges of the Court of Session, the main branch of whose family tree finds its present representative in the popular occupant of Methven Castle. Our only other remark here is that Burns found additional song-subjects in Perthshire to those already mentioned—"Strathallan's Lament," which he contributed to Johnson's "Museum," and "By Allan Stream," which he sent to Thomson's collection—besides writing improved versions of "Killiecrankie" and "The Battle of Sheriffmuir." Thus his connection with the "premier County" was a vitally important, besides being, as we have seen, a highly pleasurable one. And his "sojourn" here was creditable alike to the visitor and the visited.

"Bonnie Jean."

MR. JAMES MACKENZIE tells in a recent number of the *Scots' Magazine*, that his father, who was one of the founders of the Royal Scottish Academy, painted Burns' "Bonnie Jean" when nearing her 70th year. "He found her to be a woman of much originality, and of rare open-heartedness and benevolence. And yet he thought it likely enough that Burns may have been captivated more by her personal than her mental attractions; because it was evident that she must have been, if not beautiful, certainly very comely of feature, and her form must have been superb. Her figure was admirable, even in old age."

To Robert Burns.

[Written on the anniversary of the birth of Robert Burns, Jan. 25, 1890.]

By JOHN PATTERSON.

ONCE more we meet on this thy natal day,
Leal-hearted Clachnacuddin lads a few
And lassies fair—none Scottish more than they—
To weave a garland round thy name anew,
And praise that genius grand which from the plow
Raised thee to stand, their peer, the great among,
The stamp of Fame immortal on thy brow,
Our own great Robert Burns, the king of Scottish song.

Where dwells to-night a son of Scotia dear;—
An isle that's nursed at South Pacific's breast
May be his home, where Nature's lavish cheer
Impels him to partake, and there to rest;
Or in its grip grim Arctic's belt may hold
As in a vice, which, tight'ning, threatens death;—
Where'er this night his shelter be, thy bold,
Inspiring lays, O Burns, sound forth with joyful breath.

The carvéd granite shaft, the sculptur'd bust,
The marble column rare, e'en bronze or brass—
Fair Art's all stately works which mortal dust
Immortalizes with—are but as grass
To that grand Alpine range which tops the clouds,
And hath its roots intrench'd in Scottish hearts,
Of love, perennial love, for thee, which crowds
All other bards to take their place in minor parts.

And as the years roll by, and older grows
That fame which was begun near bonnie Doon—
Whose banks will bloom though wrung out there be throes
From rueful hearts when past is Love-day's noon,

And lovers false with other charms are paired—
Like wine which richer, rarer grows with age,
So upward goes—one thought by millions shared—
Thy tower of Fame, as plumb'd by Time's unerring gauge.

As written language on the parchment's face
Bequeaths to few rich gifts from gen'rous friend,
So thou, on thy pathetic heart, canst trace
Thy title clear to gems of thought, whose trend
The truth, disrobed, with master hand to paint,
And from the strutting form of pompous pride
Its tinsel trappings rend, the gilded saint
Unmask, and brush the fulsome shams of life aside.

O Burns, thou hast unlearn'd the menial task
To cringe and fawn to popinjays of rank,
Or measure men by sordid rule, or bask
'Neath rays from gold that claims another's bank;
"A man's a man" will future ages sing,
And generations will its logic see
With clearer eye than ours, and they shall ring
With joy thy praises down to their posterity.

'Tis not alone the sounds of human woe
That promptly wake thy lyre's impassioned strain;
Nor yet, alone, the tears that overflow
The sad, grief-laden eyes of those who drain
The cup "man's inhumanity to man"
Is potter of, which rouse to grandeur's sphere
Thy just, indignant ire, that brothers can
Their brothers harm the few short years they sojourn here.

The wounded hare, that limps with less'ning speed
As drops its life's blood on the purple heath;
The poor evicted mouse, whose home—the meed
Which toil and anxious care are crested with—

In ruins is, by plowshare's cruel blow,
Alike set up mind's cam'ra to thy soul,
Its burning love to show, whose radiant glow
Will e'er a grateful world illume from pole to pole.

"To Mary in Heav'n"—one his lasting love
To pledge beyond the shadow of the bier;
And some whose love's fruition ranks above
The wealth this world can give—to-night are here;
And both do pity him whose Nature's touch
So dormant be, that joy and grief, by turns,
Thy matchless lays do not evoke, or such
Whose inmost souls unthrill whene'er we mention—BURNS.

Professor Blackie's Latest.

A CROWDED audience assembled on the 25th of Jan., 1893, in the Music Hall, Edinburgh, to enjoy Mr. R. Kennedy's exposition of "A Nicht wi' Burns." Professor Blackie, who presided, met with a great reception on rising to deliver a short address. This was the 25th of January, he said, the birthday of our Burns. He considered it a great honor to be present on that occasion. He told an old lady that he was going to this concert. She replied that he ought to leave such things for the young people. She was wrong, for old and young alike were entitled to sing their way to heaven with the national melodies. The older he grew the fonder he got of the Psalms of David and the songs of Burns. Scotland, though only a small people, was a great nation, which for centuries had stood on its own legs. The men or

the people that could not stand on their own legs deserved to lose them and be kicked out of existence. There were four or five names that ought to be mentioned on such an occasion as this of people who had taught the Scots to value their liberty. The first of these names were Wallace and Bruce; then there was John Knox; then there was the Covenanters—the men who died at Drumclog and Airds Moss; and then they had Robert Burns and Walter Scott. So long as they honored these names they could not be false to themselves. Burns was perhaps the best of them all. He brought all true Scotsmen together, not because he was greater than Robert Bruce, Apostle Paul or the Covenanters,—but because of this, that while people quarrelled about churches, they did not quarrel about Robert Burns—except, perhaps, in Dingwall. Poets had no petty animosities and squabbles like what went on among churches; they were men of human sympathy. Burns was the great and grand spokesman of general Scottish feeling, and also of all that was lofty in national sentiment and patriotism.

Geo. W. Curtis on Burns.

THE following is the peroration of the eloquent tribute to the genius and worth of Robert Burns which was paid by the late Mr. Geo. William Curtis at the inauguration of the Burns Statue in Central Park, New York, in October, 1880:—

How fitly, then, among the memorials of great men, of those who in different countries, and times and ways, have been leaders of mankind, we raise the statue of the poet whose genius is an unconscious but sweet and elevating influence in our national life. It is not a power dramatic, obvious, imposing, immediate, like that of the statesman, the warrior and the inventor, but it is as deep and strong and abiding. The soldier fights for his native land, but the poet touches that land with the charm that makes it worth fighting for, and fires the warrior's heart with the fierce energy that makes his blow invincible. The statesman enlarges and orders liberty in the State, but the poet fosters the love of liberty in the heart of the citizen. The inventor multiplies the facilities of life, but the poet makes life better worth living. Here then, among trees, flowers and waters; here upon the green sward, and under the open sky; here where the birds carol and children play, and lovers whisper, and the various stream of human life flows by—we raise the statue of Robert Burns. While the human heart beats, that name will be music in human ears. He knew better than we the pathos of human life. We know better than he the infinite pathos of his own. Ah, Robert Burns, Robert Burns! whoever lingers here as he passes and muses upon your statue will see in imagination a solitary mountain in your own beautiful Scotland, Heaven soaring, wrapped in impenetrable clouds;

suddenly the mists part, and there are the heather, the briar-rose, and the gowan, there are the

> Burnies, wimplin' down your glens
> Wi' toddlin' din,
> Or foaming strang wi' hasty stens
> Frae linn to linn;

the cushat is moaning; the curlew is calling; the plover is singing; the red deer is bounding; and look! the clouds roll utterly away and the clear summit touched with the tender glory of sunshine, Heaven's own benediction.

Laurel for the Great Poet of Scotland.

LIKE children who with regularity take up with the "time for marbles," the "time for kites," the "time for tops," etc., the Scotsman about the 25th of January each year takes up with "the memory of Burns." This tendency needs neither apology nor defence. Burns was man and poet. A lover of the soil on which he was born, he never failed in opportunity to exalt it and to make it apparent to friend and neighbor that the privilege of being a Scotsman was not surpassed by any other blessing vouchsafed by Heaven. This may seem like the breathing of egotism, or the operation of a brain fantasy, but such a suspicion will rapidly dissipate itself after we have sat down for a short time in company with the prince of Scottish poets.

Attempts have been made to destroy the elements in Burns' character and life which entitle his memory to reverence, while also efforts have been put forth to exalt him above measure, and to present him to us as one who was purer than his fellows and gifted with virtues beyond his friends. Indeed, we have heard Burns so extolled that one might have been excused for wondering why he was not born in Betnlehem instead of Alloway—why his gambols were not on the banks of Jordan instead of the banks of Doon. He was too much of a man, too much of a true Scotsman, to need extravagant praise or exaggerated estimation. Scotland has given to the world an unstinted supply of greatness and goodness in the men she has sent forth to exalt history, and literature, and art, and science, and mechanics, and theology, but she presented mankind with no greater gift than that which has its personality in Robert Burns. His heart was full of patriotic ardor, and his soul was fired with the spirit of goodness. His most earnest yearning was for happiness rather than greatness. In his letter to Miss Davies mark the effort of a great soùl, and its aspiration after the welfare of others—"Why this disparity between our wishes and our powers? Why is the most generous wish to make others blest impotent and ineffectual—as the idle breeze that crosses the pathless desert? In my walks of life I have met with a few people to whom how gladly would I have said, 'Go, be happy!'" This is the language of a man desiring to love God with

all his heart, soul, mind and body, and "his neighbor as himself?" There is no cant about it. And was he helpless? Was he impotent and ineffectual? Have not his inspirations, his sturdy common sense, his comforting periods, and his buoyant expressions, for nearly a hundred years been contributing to the hopefulness of mankind in every country where the English language is the medium of communication between men? There is no point in his character, no illusions in his words, nor any delusion in his works calculated to lower the standard of manliness, or to invite men to feasts of vice. Wherever he erred, and whenever, he utilized blessed solitude that he might exercise himself in the holy office of confession, in the magnifying of right, and in the struggle for pardon. To him religion meant not a mummery, but an emancipation; hence he hated to see it dragged about as a cloak, and submitted to vile purposes. As he observed in a letter to his friend Cunningham, "Of all nonsense, religious nonsense is the most nonsensical." He had a conscience, and when that addressed him he failed not to make immediate, prompt response.

Burns was manly amongst men, to the verge, often, of risking offence. Weak men were offended; strong men were pleased. In the better social elements of his time he found sympathy and cordiality. They who had the repute of greater learning and more wealth than he were proud to be on his list of friends. In this respect the account was evenly

balanced, for if he was exalted in spirit by the lofty associations which fell to his lot, both the men and the women whose lustre shone around him felt that there was a great compensation in being privileged with his presence and his good cheer. He never failed to interest those with whom he came in contact, and his spirit of independence suffered not a jot by the consciousness of the intensity of light or the brilliancy of learning which occasionally overshadowed him. He held true greatness and goodness in reverence, never in awe. The low-born peasant frettishness contained in the expression, "I am as good as you," was not evinced by any act of his life. And yet he was not a fool. He was abundantly conscious of the high qualities which proclaimed, in him, superiority over those with whom his lot was cast in the humbler walks of life, but he regarded it as his duty to elevate and to help, not to degrade and oppress them. His tale of "Tam o' Shanter" is as powerful a temperance address as was ever delivered to mankind, and to-day its grand satire, as well as its romantic and poetic power, is as appropriate in any age or among any people.

Carlyle, with incisive strength, in his analysis of Burns, remarks that "Many a poet has been poorer than Burns; but no one was ever prouder." Those who reverence the memory of the poet are often tempted, as they pore over his correspondence, and review the names of his correspondents, to ask—"Why was it that among all these well-to-do people

Burns was allowed to endure the ills of poverty?" The question is natural enough, but it is hardly reasonable. The noble persons who were proud of the distinction of friendship with Burns may be credited with a better and more intimate knowledge of the man they had to deal with than we are at this distance of time. Many reasons may be offered for this state of things. It is no small thing for a person of station to venture to offer help to a man of intellectual breadth and excellence. You may toss a crown or a dollar to a beggar and it will be greedily if not gratefully accepted, but a money gift offered to a man like Burns might be refused with scorn, if not with rebuke. Besides, Burns must have been at least measurably familiar with the pecuniary ability of his friends. To be well-off in this world is not always to be affluent. There are many persons whose hearts have treasures that largely exceed their bank accounts. Title does not always depend on wealth, nor does scholarship revel in the riches of the world. Among the friends of Burns in Edinburgh or nearer home were, undoubtedly, those whose hearts burned within them to be able to place the poet in possession of abundant means, but their limitation was in abounding, earnest, and sincere friendship. Those of title, conscious of what strength there was in that circumstance, were ready to lavish whatever of its influence the situation called for. The men of high repute in the world of letters were spontaneous in their desire and effort to give the poet the benefit of their weighty commendation.

With one consent they gave expression to the saying of Peter to the cripple at the temple gate, "Silver and gold have I none; but such as I have give I thee." This much is indicated by the publication of the poems in Kilmarnock, and later in the fortune which followed Burns in Edinburgh, until, as we are told by his biographer, "his fame was ringing from 'Maidenkirk to John o' Groat's.'"

The help of Rev. George Lawrie, and through him of Dr. Blacklock, "opened new prospects to his poetic ambition." The mere gift of money could never have accomplished this. Burns might have been made rich, but the wealth without the influence would have gone but a short way in securing fame and reputation. Of Dr. Blacklock it was said by Professor Walker, "If the young men were enumerated whom he drew from obscurity, and enabled, by education, to advance themselves in life, the catalogue would naturally excite surprise." The idea of money value is alluded to by Burns in his letter to Dr. Blacklock:—

"But what d'ye think, my trusty fier,
I'm turned a gauger—Peace be here!
Parnassian queans, I fear, I fear,
Ye'll now disdain me!
And then my fifty pounds a year
Will little gain me."

Perhaps it was better that Burns was poor. His lowly station placed within his reach a knowledge of the ills and the wants of his kind—of the temptations

to which they were subject—of the fortitude with which they acted under the discipline of circumstances —of the comfort they derived from true religion —of the sympathies which drew them closer together —of the compass of true manhood, and the beauty of simple manliness. Unquestionably it was well that his spirit was restless and discontented, else we possibly might never have learned of his existence. But even this did not minister to his release from obscurity. He needed friends, and he had them. The best friends he had would have rejoiced to have seen him take flights of which his genius was capable —higher than were his choice. And yet the sparks were in him struggling for release. Had he lived longer perhaps he would have given rein to his muse, and proved that the patriotic and the humane which dwelt in him had received a spiritual consecration. But we must not fret over what was not and might have been. The feast is so abundant that gratitude should fill our hearts and point our pens expelling even just criticism. Justice finds its limitation in mercy, and shall we not deal out that divine quality where we love so ardently and earnestly?

Scotland, happily, was not waiting for a great religious exponent, when Burns came upon the horizon of its history, nor was it wanting in spiritual guidance and heroism. Burns' vision did not extend to the grandest or the most supreme heights in the religious world. He saw human weakness and some inconsistency among those who were spiritual teachers and

leaders, and yielded to the too common mistake of paying more attention to the men and their errors than to the principles and doctrines they were placed to teach and preach. To him would have been applicable the phrase addressed to critics of an earlier age:—"What is that to thee? Follow thou me." And yet, was he not under Providence an instrument in the bringing about of a better state of things? "The Holy Fair" is not a mere romance; it is history, and very modern at that. Surely no one would think of defending such a ludicrous spending of a sacramental Sabbath as many of us know is truly pictured in that delightful poem. Nor would we readily condemn the man who, in spite of friendship and interest, rises above his fellows and satirizes an unholy transgression.

We prefer to look at Burns, however, in his best attitudes, in his aspirations rather than in his errings. It would have been strange indeed if he could have lived through his time and environment and come out a saint. We thank him for all he did that was good and great, and grand and pure. And this was much. We are thankful for the immortality that has made him the poet of mankind. We are thankful that through him Scotland is known and cherished to-day in all lands, and by the best representations of popular thought. We are thankful that Burns never deserted the people. We are thankful that criticism of the man is dwarfed every time we open his book. The character of Burns expands the more it is studied.

Every year men are discovering beauties in this man's life which were not before revealed. We are finding traits which have been obscured simply because they have been hidden under heaps of rubbish—of praise and blame. We are discovering points of purity and consistency, of exaltation and spirituality, which never could have existed in a man who was selfish or irreligious. The severity of criticism which points its shaft by saying that Burns' "morality, in most of its practical points, is that of a mere worldly man; enjoyment, in a finer or coarser shape," being "the only thing he longs or strives for," is the natural ebullition of a voluntary recluse, a literary hermit, who lived ill at ease with the world and with his angel wife.

As a religion, it should never be forgotten that the man who struggles for its best things, even if he never attains to them, is a religious man, and that him to whom much humanity has been given lives on the same line, and travels on in the same pathway, as did the peasant of Nazareth. It is because of true greatness in the man that it becomes possible to magnify his life nearly a century after his entombment. It is the fruition of greatness and true manhood that is revealing itself as we wander through the fascinating realm of Burns' poems. It is the increasing charm of his lines, a sort of clearing of the vision, and the beholding of flashes of *divinus afflatus* which convinces us that whatever Burns was in the prosaic details of a struggle with poverty, he is now both

an exemplar and an inspirer to better and nobler things.

There is probably no aspect of Burns more strongly developed to us who have strayed away from our native homes than the increased appreciation of past associations, and the enhancement of the sacred memories of our old domiciles which the perusal of his poems and songs has worked up in us. He has filled our hearts with hope, and we are impatient to travel over old ground, and if possible to meet old friends, with the same young faces as of old. We may, many of us, have transferred our allegiance as citizens, but so long as Burns lives our hearts shall beat warm with the inalienable love of Scotia.

Burns.

BY JOHN MACFARLANE—("JOHN ARBORY.")

Behold!—a morning sky,
And singing in the midmost heaven, a lark,
So sweet and clear, no trouble seemeth nigh,
Nor footstep of the dark.

E'en so!—our ploughman bard
In lark-like accents greets the morning ray;
With soul elate upspringeth from earth's sward,
In song and raptur'd lay.

But, lo!—a speck that grew
To thunderous glooms and mutterings overhead,
That lyric heart is palsied in the blue,
And Robert Burns lies dead!

Robert Burns.

THE anniversary of Robert Burns, patron saint of those that dwell north of the Tweed, was celebrated at Edinburgh, on Jan. 25th, 1893. Among others, Mr. Andrew Lang made some remarks to the members of the Edinburgh Burns Club, which were both critical and enthusiastic. It appears that persons—Scottish persons too—have been depreciating Burns. They think that some of his patriotic songs —even the famous "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled" —are rantin', roarin' things, and they observe that his non-dialect poems are affected. Mr. Lang seems to agree with this criticism. But he says, and says truly, that for kindness, for homely generosity and nobility of sentiment, for genuine unaffected humor, and for much of the spontaneous music of the true singer, you will not easily match the Ayrshire ploughman. And Mr. Lang thinks it was as well that he died a hundred years ago. "Had Burns been living to-day would the world that lay around him been so fit to inspire him with song? The mirth, the sport, the tradition are 'a' wede awa'.' London would inevitably have sucked him into its dingy and disastrous Corrievreckan. He would have battered at the door of the theatre, he might have scribbled articles for the press, and drunk in Fleet Street and contributed verses to the magazines." On the other hand, it is quite possible that he might have been a fashionable man of letters, a prosperous literary tradesman.

The Birthday of Burns.

[From the Seattle *Post-Intelligencer*, January 29th, 1893.]

LAST Wednesday our fellow-citizens of Scottish birth or lineage paid becoming honors to the memory of Burns. Intelligent Americans do not always go to Burns festivals, but we lose no legitimate opportunity of honoring his name as one of the world's immortals. We placed a statue of Burns in Central Park, New York City, before England placed a bust in his honor in Westminster Abbey, and our American literature is full of eloquent praise of Burns. The finest oration ever delivered by the late Geo. William Curtis was devoted to "Robert Burns." The poetry of Lowell, Whittier and Holmes includes beautiful verses in memory of Scotland's great poet.

Americans love Burns, not because he was a Scotsman, but because he was a true-born democrat; he was really one of the world's men, who was so broad in his sympathies that it was impossible for him to be tainted with insularity. Had Burns ever carried out his intention of emigrating to America he might have been lost as a poet and become eminent in politics, for he was as fierce and radical a democrat in his ideas as Byron or Shelley, and he was hated most cordially for his opinions by the ruling classes in State and Church. Burns died, like Byron, at 37. It is a favorite subject of speculation as to whether these wonderful young men of genius would have given the world any better work had they lived to

the age of Tennyson and Browning. Probably not. Men of poetic genius have generally done their best work before they are 40. A poet is a great singer, and the morn of his life is the time for the fullest rush and melody of his song. The symbol of the poet is the lark singing as it flies skyward to the sun rather than the nightingale melodiously sobbing its evening complaint out from the dark thicket. Byron and Burns had both tasted of life greedily, and had found it so bitter that their song, had they lived longer, would hardly have been a cheerful, inspiring strain. Byron was absolutely burnt out with alcohol, and he knew it; he wanted to die a soldier's death in Greece, because he knew a more ignoble fate awaited him.

Burns, a man of far healthier mental and moral constitution, was largely the victim of circumstances; he had the early habits of a free drinking turf-cutter and the fine, highly organized mind and body of a poet. There was no market for his wares save through the patronage of the nobility. Burns found out that to keep their patronage he must sacrifice his personal independence of thought and action; so he went back to his plow, but he pined for a different life; he had turned his back on his patrons and left his market behind him. Had he lived fifty years later his talents and genius would have made a market for him with moderate effort on his part, but he felt that he was a man born out of his time, or at least out of his place. So Burns brooded and fed on his proud heart, and through

disappointment and the super-sensibility of a high-strung nature he drifted down to drink, despondency, disease and death. Given the environment of Byron, Burns would have made a far better man, for he had a far healthier mind and heart; he needed nothing but respectable pecuniary independence to have made him a very happy, contented and well-behaved man, but debt and penury that could only be released by doffing his cap constantly for patronage was more than poor Burns could bear, so he made a melancholy end.

Byron perished of mental and moral infirmities, chiefly hereditary taints, that would have asserted themselves in him in any walk of life; rich or poor, humble born or high bred, poet or peasant, Byron would have been a moody, restless creature, feeding on real or fancied ills all his days. Self-love, intellectual egotism, self-contemplation are the symptoms of an unhealthy mental and moral organization, and probably nothing in Byron's early or later life could have cured his distemper and made him a happy man; but it would not have taken much to have made Burns happy and content; he did not know how to achieve pecuniary independence honorably. Byron was a man of genius with a hereditary tendency to melancholy, which he made chronic by feeding the lamp of his splendid intellect constantly with alcohol. To speak it roughly, Byron would have drank to excess whether rich or poor, while Burns, out of debt and poverty, would have been as temperate and well-behaved a man as his father.

Lachie Wilson on Burns.

"IT'LL no dae, Marget; I tell ye, it'll no dae, and if ye dinna stop yer blethers I'll pit on my hat, and kick the dust o' yer flair aff my feet."

"What's wrang noo, Lachie? I'm shair I've dune everything to please ye, and a mair thochfu' wife, I'm thinkin', ye'll no' get atween this and Paisla'."

"Thochfu' indeed! I hinna the life o' a dowg wi' ye, sittin' there yammerin' awa' aboot a thing ye ken naething aboot. Man, wumman, if ye had a spark o' loyalty in yer bluid, ye wid think shame o' yersel' for rinnin' doon puir auld Rabbie Burns, the greatest national bard that Scotia ever saw."

"Wheesht, Lachie; I only said that there's faur owre muckle fash made every year aboot a man that wrote a bit sang or twa."

"There ye go, ye great muckle dunderheid that ye are! That's a' ye ken aboot the greatest poet that ever walkit in shoe leather. Ye're no a bit better than thae parley-vooin', senseless, rin-me-doon French folk, wha think that we're guid for naething bit keepin' a wee sweetie shop and sellin' leather laces. My certy! they got a fricht at Waterloo, and they wid get a bigger yin if they tried ony o' their cantrips wi' us, either in eggin' on the Kedeeve or rinnin' doon Rabbie Burns."

"Weel, Lachie, I dinna ken ocht aboot the French; but ye'll admit yersel' that Rabbie wis jist raither fond o' a wee drap in his e'e."

"And whit for no! Dis that mak' him oot to be the rale even-doon bad yin that a' thae unco guid hypocrites and puir ignorant professors at Paris wid mak' him oot to be? Jist fancy onybody wi' ony sense ava ca'in' Burns a curiosity! Faigs! he wid hae skelpit their lugs if he had got a haud o' them. Whit are they, to turn up the whites o' their e'en an' look glum when their ain books are no fit to lie on ony decent man's table? My bluid biles when I think o' them misca'in' the harmless bit moose, and askin' if it wisna a pig! It's just like their style, the grumpy ignoramuses that they are!"

"Man, Lachie, don't get excited, bit caum yersel'."

"Excited! Wha's excited? Is it no the jabberin' French folk that heist their shouthers in the air till they're nearly oot o' jint, and twist their hauns and twirl their fingers till they mak' them flee aboot yer face like lichtnin' when a' that they want to say is—'Hoo are ye the day?'"

"Bit ye'll admit, Lachie, that Burns wis a wee bit fond o' the lassies."

"Of course he was. And whit man o' ony spunk isna? My certy, if I hadna been fond o' the lassies mysel' whaur wid ye hae been the day? Man, Marget, ye talk awfu' nonsense. Div ye think that he could hae gi'en us 'Green grow the Rashes' if it hadna been for the glint o' a bonnie blue e'e? Bit I don't believe ye ken ocht aboot it. Ye're no a bit better than the Musha Jaiks that hop aboot like a hen on a het girdle."

"Never mind, Lachie, I'll gie ye a bit toothfu' to drink Burns' memory."

"Eh, whit's that? Man, ye're an awfu' yin. 'A man's a man for a' that.' Here's to ye, my lass, and I'm sayin', ye're no to rin doon Rabbie ony mair, for it's like trampin' on my big tae, and it'll no dae; I tell ye, Marget, it'll no dae.—*The Bailie.*

On Visiting the Doon.

BY NEIL MACDONALD.

I'M sitting by the Doon alone;
The music of its purling motion
Lulls me with its drowsy monotone,
And sooths me, wrapped in pure emotion.

I think of him that linked the stream
With sweet, pathetic words, remaining
Like memory of youth's brightest dream—
We never henceforth cease retaining.

Nearby the humble cot appears
Where he was ushered on life's morning,
And close beside the burn uprears
The tribute to his high performing.

Rude was thy natal cot, oh bard!
Stormy and cold the winter weather
That saw thy advent, though less hard
Than man to thee, in fate's fell tether.

Ye banks and braes unknown to fame,
Till Scotland's poet sang your praises;
And that clear winding stream, whose name
Thoughts of Castalia henceforth raises.

I feel the glamour which he threw
On scenes as fair as bowers of roses;
I feel as if that spirit true
Blended with all that here reposes.

With Burns.

"Wear we not graven on our hearts
The name of Robert Burns?"—HALLECK.

BY REV. ARTHUR JOHN LOCKHART ("PASTOR FELIX.")

Thou of the magical and deathless name,
Who stands transfigured on the Mount of Fame,
I long have walked with thee
'Mid leafy woods and flower-bespangled plains,
By silver streams—through all the sweet domains
Of peaceful Poesy.

And while I lingered by the banks of Ayr
Or watched the Afton thread the landscape fair,
Hearing the birds pour forth
The liquid music which thy verse hath caught,
With artless, smooth perfection, I forgot
That thou hadst gone from earth.

Thy form is in the dust; but proudly thou,
Arrayed on Fame's sublimest summit now,
Amid the lofty few,
Hast still the influence, unimpair'd by years,
To move the human heart to smiles or tears,
To soften and subdue.

Thou art the lover's bosom bard, I ween;
Pure Highland Mary, and fair Bonnie Jean,
Bright in thy glory stand;
Now richer blooms thy native spot of earth;
'Tis classic soil, the country of thy birth;
Thy home is fairyland.

Thou, peasant bard, art now the poet-peer;
We contemplate the wonders left us here,
From thine immortal hand;
And while the song that Nature sings is dear,
Thy strain shall charm the heart, and fill the ear
Of man in every land.

Unpublished Postscript to "Scots wha hae."

BY JOHN MUIR.

THE hitherto inedited postscript to the copy of this famous war-song appended to the holograph manuscript presented by Burns to Dr. Hughes, of Dumfries—and now, through the kindness of Mr. Kennedy, of New York, in the Edinburgh Municipal Museum—settles a disputed point around which a bitter controversy was waged about the time of the Burns anniversary last year, inspired by Mr. Andrew Lang's speech at the festival of the Edinburgh Burns Club. The contention of the disputants was whether the poet, when he wrote his song, was under the impression that the English army at Bannockburn was led by Edward I. The foundation of the notion lies in the line—

"See approach proud Edward's power!"

and as the Edward who led—or more correctly was with—the hostile force was evidently a poor weakling, who had no more ursurping pride in him than a microbe, therefore it was assumed that Burns had confounded him with his father. Without entering into the *pros* and *cons* of the case, we purpose allowing the poet to settle the matter, which he does in the following postscript, from the photographs taken from the MS. in Edinburgh, copied by the writer, who has also examined the original. We give a complete transcription of the document—song, postscript and

docquets. The reader will observe, on comparing the song with the printed copies, that it contains some variations. The postscript, so far as we know, is here first made public.

BRUCE'S ADDRESS TO HIS TROOPS AT BANNOCKBURN.

Scots wha hae with Wallace bled,
Scots whom Bruce has often led,
Welcome to your gory bed,
Or to glorious victorie!

Now's the day, and now's the hour;
See the front of battle lour;
See approach proud Edward's power—
Edward! Chains and slaverie!

Wha will be a traitor knave,
Wha can fill a coward's grave,
Wha sae base as be a slave?—
Traitor! coward! turn and flee!

Wha for Scotland's King and law
Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
Freeman stand, or Freeman fa',
Caledonians, on with me!

By Oppression's wrongs and pains
By your sons in servile chains!
We will drain our dearest veins,
But they shall—they shall be free!

Lay the proud usurpers low:
Tyrants fall in every foe,
Liberty's in every blow!
Forward! let us do or die!

POSTSCRIPT.

"This battle was the decisive blow which put Robert I., commonly called Robert de Bruce, in quiet possession of the Scottish Throne. It was fought against Edward II., son of that Edward who shed so much blood in Scotland in consequence of the dispute between Bruce and Balliol.

"Apropos when Bruce fled from London to claim the Scottish Crown, he met with the Cummin, another claimant of the crown, at Dumfries. At the altar in the priory there they met, and it is said that Bruce offered to Cummin—'Give me your land and I'll give you an interest in the crown, or vice versa.'

"What passed nobody knows; but Bruce came in a great flurry to the door, and called out to his followers—'I am afraid that I have slain the Cummin! 'Are you only afraid?' replied Sir Roger de Kilpatrick (ancestor to the present Sir James Kilpatrick of Closeburn), and ran into the church and stabbed Cummin to the heart; and coming back, said, showing a bloody dagger, 'I've sicker'd him!' that is, in English, 'I have secured him.'

"Until lately this was the motto of the Closeburn family, but the late Sir Thomas changed it into 'I make sure.' The crest still is 'The bloody dagger.'

"To Dr. Hughes, from ROBT. BURNS."

DOCQUETS.

"A beautiful poem given me by the author, Mr. Burns, the celebrated Scottish poet, when at Dumfries, Saty., Augt. 8, 1795.

"This poem has not yet been published in his collection.—J. H."

The last paragraph followed by the doctor's initials has been afterwards deleted by drawing the pen through the writing, presumably on learning that the poem had been published in Thomson's collection, for which it was written.

The next docquet is in a different hand, that of the lady whose signature is given :—

"Burns' own writing.—Given to my father-in-law, Dr. Hughes, of Hereford, by Burns.—BARBARA HUGHES."

The poem, it may be noticed in conclusion, is after the Thomson model—that is, it contains two extra syllables in the terminal lines to suit it to the air "Lewie Gordon," whereas Burns had intended it to fit the tune "Hey, tutti tatti," supposed to have been King Robert Bruce's bugle call at the famous battle of Bannockburn.

Burns' Songs.

IN all the range of English poetry the love-songs of Robert Burns are the simplest and sweetest, the truest and tenderest. With bird-like force and freshness they fall upon our ears and touch our hearts. His best songs, "Highland Mary," "Bonnie Lesley," "Jean," "Mary Morrison," and a score of others represent the purest poetic utterances; that melodic expression of simple emotion which is the primitive essential of all poetry.

The Centenary Celebrations of 1859.

By D. WALKER BROWN, Author of "Clydeside Litterateurs."

No man needs less the presence of the marble bust or of the bronze statue to perpetuate his memory than does Robert Burns—for no man ever lived more truly in the hearts of the people—and yet to the memory of no son of Scotland have so many tributes been raised.

In his native town, and especially at Alloway, where the poet was born, the monuments are many. In Kilmarnock and Dumfries they point us to shrines and memorials of him who once trod their streets. In the capital—the scene of his memorable visit—a handsome monument has been raised to perpetuate his fame, and in the commercial capital of the west a statue of the Bard of Coila finds an honorable and a conspicuous place in her principal square.

No Scottish poet worthy the name but has written at his best when for his theme he had the genius and undying fame of our national poet, for proof of which we have only to refer to our editor's valuable compilation, "Round Burns' Grave," now in its second edition. There we find the cream of the poetical tributes to the undying genius of Ayrshire's greatest son. We have Fitz-Greene Halleck's wonderful kaleidoscopic verses, each one a picture in itself; Isa Craig Knox's prize poem, which, on the centenary day, was the pride and joy of all sons of Edina and

is a contribution on the subject valued by all lovers of Burns; James Macfarlan's wonderful verses, written under most untoward and peculiar circumstances, and read at the Glasgow City Hall Centenary meeting. And here let us pause to quote one stanza. It is a verse we never tire of reading :—

"Then blest for ever be the soul that link'd us man to man—
A brotherhood of beating hearts—God's own immortal plan:
While Labor, smiling at his forge, or stalking at his plough,
Looks up with prouder soul to find God's finger on his brow—
Feels man is man, though russet-robed, and smacking of the soil,
And all are brothers, whether born to title or to toil."

We have also contributions by the masters of song, Thos. Campbell, Longfellow, Wordsworth, Whittier, Hogg, and others.

But it is not of storied urn or animated bust, nor of modelled statue or stately monument, nor yet of poetical tribute or prose eulogium that we mean now to speak, but of a tribute to the memory of our national poet, the like of which is not to be found anywhere. It required not the light of genius to construct this memorial of the dead, yet ever living poet; it was rather the placing stone upon stone, pebble over pebble, till a mighty cairn reared its head. Moreover, every stone has a significance of its own, as if contributed to the builder by friends who loved and revered "Rantin', Rovin' Robin." To depart from our figure of speech we may explain that within the Mitchell Library, Glasgow, may be seen an unique tribute to the memory of Burns in the form of four

volumes containing, among other valuable Burnsiana, the autographs (not fac-similes, but genuine signatures) of those gentlemen who presided at the various Centenary meetings in 1859. There are also the autographs of the poet's relatives living at that time, and of many eminent men in Literature, Science and Art who took part in those celebrated demonstrations. There are also newspaper reports of nearly every Centenary meeting held in this country on that memorable night, and, as far as possible within the scope of a short article, we propose to give some idea of what is contained in those interesting scrap books, with special reference to the reports of the various gatherings.

These volumes are not entirely confined to the Centenary meetings, but contain a vast collection of newspaper cuttings, all bearing on the subject of Burns, from the year 1859 to 1882. It will be easily understood that to make up this collection required a large amount of time and unlimited patience.

The compiler of the scrap books was the late Mr. James Gould, of Edinburgh, who died at his residence there on the 25th March, 1890. He was for twenty-five years assistant manager of the "Cross" Post Office in the capital, and that he was a warm and sincere admirer of the poet is strongly evidenced in his enormous labors when compiling the books.

The title page of the initial volume bears that it is a-

CHRONICLE
OF
THE HUNDREDTH BIRTHDAY
OF
ROBERT BURNS,

and below the letter-press is given a woodcut of the cottage in which the poet was born.

We have a genealogical table showing ancestors, descendants and collateral relations of Robert Burns, compiled by Robert Duthie, Stonehaven, Kincardineshire; then, engraved portraits of Colonel William Nicol Burns, and Lieut.-Col. James Glencairn Burns, sons of the poet. Next we have on one page an excellent portrait of the poet, with, below, a view of the Mausoleum, Dumfries. On another page we have, in fac-simile, the handwriting of Burns, copied from his family Bible. Following that comes a lengthy preface by Mr. Gould, and written by his own hand; the MS. of Isa Craig Knox's prize poem, "Burns—an Ode;" a letter from Isabella (Burns) Begg, the youngest sister of Burns, with numerous signatures of his relatives, including a specimen of the handwriting of William Burness, "The saint, the father and the husband," of the "Cotter's Saturday Night;" also of the handwriting of David Sillar in the form of a cutting which bears to be the second and fifth rules of the Tarbolton Club; a letter from the bard's oldest sister, Agnes, and many other interesting items.

It is, however, more particularly the actual accounts of the Centenary meetings, as already stated, to which we mean to make special reference.

On that memorable Tuesday evening, the 25th day of January, 1859, the principal meeting held in Edinburgh took place in the Music Hall, and was presided over by Lord Ardmillan, who gave "The Immortal Robert Burns" in a most eloquent speech; Lord Neaves proposed "The Biographers of Burns and Mr. Robert Chambers;" Professor Blackie gave "The Memory of Sir Walter Scott," and Mr. James Ballantine read his own verses composed for the occasion, beginning—

"I dreamed a dream o' sitting here,
Delighted wi' our canty cheer,
While songs and speeches charmed the ear
And heart by turns,
When lo! as frae some heavenly sphere,
Descended Burns."

There also was held in the capital a Grand Citizens' Banquet, which took place in the Corn Exchange, and which was presided over by Mr. D. McLaren. A Workingmen's Festival was held in the Dunedin Hall, and a Fruit and Cake Soiree in the Queen Street Hall, at which Professor George Wilson took the chair.

At the magnificent meeting held in the City Hall, Glasgow, Sir Archibald Alison, the historian of Europe, was in the chair. The croupiers were Robert Dalglish, M. P., Peter Cunningham, son of "Honest Allan," the biographer of Burns; Alex. Bailie Cochrane, of Lamington; Henry Glassford Bell, and Walter Buchanan, M. P.

Supporting the chair on the right was to be seen Colonel Burns—son of the poet—Sir David Brewster, Samuel Lover and others. On the chairman's left was Judge Haliburton, P. Monckton Milnes, M. P. (the late Lord Houghton), Dr. Norman Macleod, etc.

In one of the reports of this meeting the writer of the article says: "Perhaps we are not wrong in saying the general literature of the United Kingdom was better represented than at any of the numerous festivals which have been got up." At this meeting Col. Burns, in the course of his speech, said: "I remember my mother telling Mr. McDiarmid of Dumfries that my father once said to her—'Jean, they will ken me better a hundred years after this than they do now.'" The musical part of that evening's programme in the City Hall was provided by a few old Glasgow favorites, Messrs. Stembridge, Ray, Robinson, John Muir and Fulcher.

At the Tontine Reading Room, Glasgow, a meeting was also held, and in Carrick's Royal Hotel, Glasgow, Dr. (then Mr. James) Hedderwick occupied the chair, with such artistic and literary luminaries to grace the festal board as Daniel Macnee, R. S. A. (he was not knighted then); Alexander Smith, author of "A Life Drama," and William Cross, author of "The Disruption."

In the King's Arms, Trongate, Glasgow, the genial "Caleb," Prince of Ramblers, Hugh Macdonald, occupied the chair, and had for company Robert Burns Thomson and James Thomson, grandsons of

the poet; R. Buchanan Simpson, the Crimean artist, and others.

At Tarbolton, in the earlier part of the day, a procession was formed to visit some of the scenes rendered prominent from the poet's connection with them. It proceeded to the hill from which the town takes its name, and wound round the artificial mound of Druidical formation, from the summit of which a view can be obtained of Lochlea, where he lived for seven years; of Boghead, the residence of the rough, ready-witted Rankine of Spittal-side, where the brother Davie of the poet dwelt; while the road wends its way round to Willie's Mill to the scene of "Death and Dr. Hornbook."

The procession then visited "Mary's Thorn," remarkable as the trysting place of Burns and Highland Mary; their farewell meeting place on the Faill and the castle of Montgomerie, where the procession pauses, and members of the company sang several of the poet's songs. In the afternoon a dinner was given in the town.

At Mauchline at 2 o'clock, to the strains of a band playing "There was a lad," the procession marched to Mossgiel, and according to the newspaper reporter, when the good folks of Mauchline that day got the first glimpse of the flag that waves above the farm buildings at Mossgiel, "They raised a shout which made the very firmament ring." They visited also Nance Tannock's, the birthplace of Jean Armour, Johnny Pigeon's, Poosie Nancie's and other places,

known through the bard's life and works. There was a dinner in the Institution Rooms at 5 P. M., the chair being occupied by William Brown, Esq., Greenock-mains. There were present at that meeting various contemporaries of Burns—Matthew Service, who was a servant boy with Gavin Hamilton when Highland Mary was with him, and when the poet used to call; James Hamilton, who remembered being sent with a letter from the poet to Jean Armour, with strict injunctions to deliver it to no person but Jean; William Patrick, who was once a servant boy at Mossgiel during Burns' tenancy; also Geo. Patrick and J. Lambie, who were present, but too frail to take any part in the proceedings.

At Kilmarnock they had also a procession, after which came the dinner, presided over by Archibald Finnie, Esq., of Springhill, then the worthy Provost of "Auld Killie." At that dinner the late Archibald McKay, the author of that beautiful song, "Be kind to Auld Grannie," read his prize poem, composed for the occasion.

In Ayr, as it will be readily understood, that was a great day. At noon the Freemasons marched in procession to the Old Church, where services were conducted by the Rev. F. Rae, after which they reformed, and being joined by the representatives of various trades they marched through the town, doffing their hats as they passed the house occupied by the Misses Begg, who were at the window, and acknowledged the compliment, evidently with full

hearts. There was a banquet given in the County Hall, at which presided Sir James Fergusson, Bart., of Kilkerran, with Professor Aytoun croupier. In the Assembly Rooms a soiree was held, over which presided the Rev. Wm. Buchanan.

To our thinking, no meeting held on that memorable evening surpassed in interest the gathering that took place beneath the rafters which had sheltered, one hundred years before, Mary (Brown) Burness and her infant son, that night given to the world as one of the Almighty's special gifts of the eighteenth century. We refer, of course, to the cottage demonstration at Alloway, the spot of the poet's birth. That meeting was presided over by one of Burns' biographers, Rev. P. Hately Waddell, then of Girvan, a man who would concede to no one in admiration and appreciation of the poet and his works. He was supported that night by a company of eighty; it has been a marvel since where they all found accommodation. Near the chairman sat Geo. Gilfillan. The croupier was Robert Story, the Northumberland poet, and there was also present a genuine Scottish poet, in the person of Robert Leighton, the author of "Scotch Words," etc. The great treat of the evening, however, was the speech of the chairman, when he gave "The Memory of Burns;" and we close this brief and very inadequate paper by quoting part of Dr. P. Hately Waddell's glowing and magnificent address. It is said to be the finest speech delivered by any speaker on that historical day.

"It is now a hundred years ago," he said in his opening remarks, "since the wife of a peasant, in this very spot, was made happy with the birth of a son, blessed beyond many a mother in Israel, triumphed at the behest of Nature, and remembered no more the anguish for joy that a man was born in the world—with clouds of glory, of inspiration, and of poetry wrapped thick about his head, unconsciously to her—who was destined to be known thereafter to his country, to the world, and to mankind, as Robert Burns."

* * *

"At the time of his appearance all Europe was sunk in atheism, flooded with the shallow and abominable irreligion of Voltaire, or shaken with the profounder and more potent scepticism of Hume. Against the flood a standard was raised unconsciously, almost heedlessly, by a peasant lad. Drawing his inspiration from the trees and the rocks, and the rivers, and the lakes and moonshines of his native land, but chiefly from the heart itself, that was burning and yearning for utterance like a volcano within him, and fashioning such inspiration into musical words, he rolled back the deluge of unbelief with songs and fables such as man had never before heard, saying in the name of God, 'Hitherto thou shalt come, and no further.'"

* * *

"I confess honestly that a thrill of gratitude to God pervades me when I remember that he was a

son of the common people and of no exclusive rank —that he was, in fact, born a peasant; that God took him with all the elements of his existence out of the bosom of the people—that he was theirs, and drew the very inspiration that glorified him from the soil on which he trod and labored. Yes, gentlemen, he was one of ourselves; but, like the fabled demigod of old, when he touched his mother earth again he became infused with vitality and strength. The fire of poetry in him shot upwards from his very feet! and for his looks, his noble brow, the deep, dark, eloquent eye, and sweet melodious lips—these were his own inalienable characteristics; but in other matters he was like the rest of us—a brother man and mortal."

Robert Burns.

BY ROBT. REID—("ROBT. WANLOCK.")

THOSE things alone are great that stand the test
Of time; and only those can long endure
That ceaseless struggle, whose foundations sure
In some great truth or principle do rest.
All else, lacking this pillar'd strength, at most
Is but a nine-days' wonder in the shock
Of changeful years irrevocably lost.
But if the house be builded on a rock—
The law be framed in justice—or if Art
Keep tune with Nature when she sings her best,
That lives; therefore, exult! O Bard! man's heart
Is beating in thy song, and while one breast—
Instinct with generous chords, on earth remains,
'Twill thrill—as mine does—to thy matchless strains!

Robert Burns.

AN ADDRESS BY MR. FAITHFULL BEGG.

ROBERT BURNS, who, by the fire of his genius, kindled anew the perfervid ardor of Scottish national sentiment, and securely planted the banner of patriotism upon an eminence never previously reached, was born of humble parents, in a lowly cottage in Ayrshire, on the 25th of January, 1759. He forms one among many instances of what I venture to call a higher law—a law in virtue of which our greatest men spring from the ranks. It is as though the Supreme Ruler, out of his mere good pleasure, in order to demonstrate that all our boasted learning and culture form but a mere film or crust, in order to startle us out of our conventionality, and win us from a soul-destroying affectation back to Nature and truth, had decreed the sudden apparition, from time to time, of a Saul among the prophets, a man born of the people, but head and shoulders above his so-called educated contemporaries. Such a man was your own Shakespeare, such was Bunyan, such another was the great man who has just passed away in South London (Mr. Spurgeon). To Shakespeare, I admit that Burns was inferior. He has no claim to the sustained power or wide grasp which distinguishes the Bard of Avon. But in knowledge of his fellow-creatures, in mastery o'er the passions, in depth of sincerity and profound sympathy for the human race, even Shakespeare himself does not excel

the ploughman poet. Of no man can it be more truly said than of Burns that he lives in his writings. You may search all literature without finding an instance of one whose life and character, whose every inspiration, hope, fear, joy and sorrow are more accurately delineated in his works. Every passion of the human heart, every incident in a painfully-chequered career, each and all, you will find them distilled in the alembic of his genius, and crystallized in undying song.

Leaving, however, generalities, and, coming to my subject, let me in the first place give a brief sketch of the poet as he was, his life and his surroundings. I have already referred to his birth and parentage. No man ever owed less to fortune, or more to his unaided exertions. Of his origin he himself said—

> "My ancient, but ignoble blood,
> Has crept through scoundrels ever since the flood."

Not that he despised his origin. No man ever honored his parents, or upheld the dignity of honest poverty more thoroughly than he did. The best idea of his home life, and how he regarded it, can be obtained from his well-known poem, "The Cotter's Saturday Night." In this poem we have a picture of the Scottish life of the period, among the class to which our poet belonged, so true in its every line that it needs no hall mark to attest its perfect genuineness; and I cannot better illustrate this period in his life, and at the same time give you a sample of his power and breadth of his poetry, than

by a few quotations. The poem consists of upwards of 200 lines, and is remarkable in this respect, that it is one of the few pieces of any length which he wrote. It opens with a description of an evening in "chill November," when

"The toil-worn Cotter frae his labor goes;
This night his weekly moil is at an end;
Collects his spades, his mattocks, and his hoes,
Hoping the morn in ease and rest to spend,
And weary, o'er the moor, his course does homeward bend."

It then describes the meeting of all the members of the family (including the eldest daughter's sweetheart) round the fireside, the cheerful talk, the mother with needle and scissors making "auld claes look amaist as weel's the new," while the father "mixes a' wi' admonition due." Afterwards comes supper, and then

"The cheerfu' supper done, wi' serious face,
They round the ingle form a circle wide;
The sire turns o'er, with patriarchal grace,
The big ha' Bible, ance his father's pride;
He wales a portion with judicious care,
And 'Let us worship God!' he says with solemn air."

Then follows a beautiful description of family devotions as practiced in Scotland in old times, and the poem goes on:—

"Then homeward all take off their sev'ral way;
The youngling cottagers retire to rest;
The parent-pair their secret homage pay,
And proffer up to Heaven the warm request,

That He who stills the raven's clam'rous nest,
And decks the lily fair in flow'ry pride,
Would, in the way His wisdom sees the best,
For them and for their little ones provide;
But chiefly, in their hearts, with grace divine preside."

Then follows a passage which has become classic:—

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

And the poem concludes with an apostrophe to his native land, than which, of its kind, I suppose no finer was ever written:—

"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 with 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 lov'd isle."

Of this poem an old woman of Burns' acquaintance said in contempt, that there was nothing new in it —"she kent it a' weel in her ain father's hoose"— probably the highest compliment it ever received. Such were the surroundings under which the poet passed his boyhood and youth. Well it would have been for him had their recollection not only lived in his memory, but his life had been controlled by their influence. His education was scant, and his books

were few, but of those to which he had access in his early years he was a diligent student. Among the first which he mentions were the "Life of Hannibal" and the "History of Sir William Wallace." Of the latter he says—"It poured a tide of Scottish prejudice into my veins which will boil along there till the floodgates of life are shut in eternal rest." A quotation from one of his poems will show the early bent of his mind towards love of country. Speaking of the time when he was "beardless, young and blate," he says—

> "E'en then, a wish—I mind its power—
> A wish that to my latest hour
> Shall strongly heave my breast—
> That I, for puir auld Scotland's sake,
> Some usefu' plan or book could make,
> Or sing a sang at least."

You will be interested to know that he early became a member of a Debating Society, the Bachelors' Club at Tarbolton. Of this club, rule 10 was as follows:

> "Every man proper for a member of this Society must have a frank, honest, open heart, above anything dirty or mean, and must be a professed lover of one or more of the female sex. No haughty, self-conceited person who looks upon himself as superior to the rest of the Club; and especially no mean-spirited worldly mortal whose only wish is to heap up money, shall, upon any pretence whatever, be admitted."

This club debated such questions as, "Whether do we derive more happiness from love or friendship?" "Whether is the savage man, or the peasant of a

civilized country, in the most happy situation?" And it occasionally met, "each with his partner," and had "a dance in honor of the Society." What became on these occasions of the one "or more" of the female sex to whom all were pledged I have not been able to discover. At the age of eighteen, what he calls "polemical divinity," "putting the country half mad," he took to "puzzling" Calvinism, and raised a hue and cry of heresy against himself. This theological turn of mind frequently appears in his poems. Some of the most scathing satires in any language flowed from his pen, the narrow religious bigotry of his times being their theme. These I am unable to quote, both because no extracts could do them justice, and because being written in the vernacular, they are so full of local dialect and phrases and allusions, that I could not by any possibility expect them to be understood by you. Some of these were written before he was twenty-six, by which time, indeed, his genius was fully developed. In 1786, when he was twenty-seven, the whole current of his life was changed. The first edition of his poems had found its way to Edinburgh, then the centre of the national life of Scotland. There was an immediate demand for a second edition. His chief patron was the Earl of Glencairn, who received him on his arrival in the capital, and befriended him afterwards till his own death. Burns was not ungrateful, and has recorded his feelings in one of his most beautiful poems, the "Lament for James, Earl of Glencairn." I may quote the following :—

"In Poverty's low barren vale,
Thick mists, obscure, involv'd me round:
Though oft I turned the wistful eye,
Nae ray of fame was to be found;
Thou found'st me, like the morning sun
That melts the fogs in limpid air,
The friendless Bard and rustic song
Became alike thy fostering care."

And also this, which is as perfect a stanza as can be found in any writer:—

"The bridegroom may forget the bride
Was made his wedded wife yestreen;
The monarch may forget the crown
That on his head an hour has been;
The mother may forget the child
That smiles sae sweetly on her knee;
But I'll remember thee, Glencairn,
And a' that thou hast done for me!"

So difficult had his position become, just before this turn in his fortunes, that he was on the eve of emigrating to the West Indies. His feelings at this time found expression, as always, in verse. I may quote the lines addressed to an old sweetheart, then married, and written on a blank leaf of a copy of his poems:—

"Once fondly lov'd, and still remember'd dear,
Sweet early object of my youthful vows,
Accept this mark of friendship, warm, sincere—
Friendship! 'tis all cold duty now allows:
And when you read the simple, artless rhymes,
One friendly sigh for him—he asks no more—
Who distant burns in flaming, torrid climes,
Or haply lies beneath th' Atlantic's roar."

The proceeds of his Edinburgh edition brought him £400, with which he took a farm near Dumfries. The farm was a failure, and he accepted a position as an exciseman at £70 a year; necessity compelling him to do it sorely against his will. From this point his history became a painful one. Intemperance became his ruin. The highest in the land, when they had special merriment in view, says one of his biographers, called in the wit of Burns to enliven their carousals. From the castle to the cottage, every door flew open at his approach. If he entered an inn at midnight, after all the inmates were in bed, ere ten minutes had elapsed, the landlord and all his guests were assembled, and the largest punch bowl produced. To a lady who remonstrated with him he said, "Madam, they would not thank me for my company if I did not drink with them. I must give them all a slice of my constitution." Upon which one of his friends remarked how much it was to be regretted that he did not give them thinner slices. The end came at thirty-seven; and thus, at an early age, there passed away one of Scotland's most gifted sons, the victim of his own want of self-restraint. I have to content myself with the briefest sketch of his career, because I am anxious to further illustrate his genius by specific reference to one or two of the most salient features of his character.

No man was ever more entirely human than he. Of no one can it be said more truly that he combined

all the frailties of a son of Adam with a genius which was all but divine. His sympathy for every member of the human race was positively boundless. At the very first glimpse which we get of the man, we find him a trusted counselor in all the amorous intrigues of his native village, the repository of the cherished secrets of every love-lorn swain of his acquaintance; which brings me to say that, as a writer of love songs, he has rarely been equalled, and never excelled. Indeed, I question if you can name any poet, in any age, who has left behind him a greater wealth of this description of literature. His first love song was written at the age of fifteen, and was addressed to the daughter of the blacksmith from whom he borrowed the "History of William Wallace." From that time forward he continued to pour out song after song, rarely repeating himself, and rarely falling below a high standard of perfection. Selection is difficult, but I will give you one or two samples, and as striking the keynote of this phase of his character let me quote, by way of introduction, a prose extract from his writings. "If anything on earth," he writes in his commonplace book in 1783, "deserves the name of rapture or transport, it is the feelings of green eighteen in the company of the mistress of his heart, when she repays him with an equal return of affection." Directly illustrating this, let me quote the song known as "Corn Rigs," than which no song is better known in Scotland at the present moment. The opening stanza is very beautiful:—

"It was upon a Lammas night,
When corn rigs are bonnie,
Beneath the moon's unclouded light,
I hied awa' to Annie:
The time flew by, wi' tentless speed,
Till 'tween the late and early;
Wi' sma' persuasion, she agreed
To see me thro' the barley."

This incident illustrates what is known on the other side of the border as a "Scottish convoy," which consists in one interested person seeing another interested person home, or part of the way home, and being re-accompanied back to the starting point—a custom, I believe, not unknown in England, though I am not sure that they have a specific name for it. The concluding stanza is regarded as a masterpiece in the art of song-writing, the effect being gradually heightened throughout the first six lines, until it reaches the climax in the concluding couplet:—

"I hae been blythe wi' comrades dear;
I hae been merry drinking;
I hae been joyfu' gath'rin' gear;
I hae been happy thinking;
But a' the pleasures e'er I saw,
Tho' three times doubled fairly,
That happy night was worth them a',
Amang the rigs o' barley."

The next illustration is drawn also from an early poem, "I love my Jean":—

"Of a' the airts the wind can blaw,
I dearly like the west;
For there the bonnie lassie lives,
The lassie I lo'e best;

There wild-woods grow, and rivers row,
And mony a hill between,
But, day and night, my fancy's flight
Is ever wi' my Jean.

* * * *

I see her in the dewy flowers,
I see her sweet and fair;
I hear her in the tunefu' birds,
Wi' music 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."

Can anything be imagined more sweetly pretty than the idea in the second verse? The last quotation I will give you as illustrating the joyful mood in this class of composition, is the song known as "My Bonnie Mary." It is probably as fine an illustration of a drinking song as could be found in any language, without a shade of vulgarity or a single phrase of doubtful propriety. I will sing it, with the Chairman's permission :—

"Go, fetch to me a pint o' wine,
And fill it in a silver tassie,
That I may drink before I go,
A service to my bonnie lassie.
The boat rocks at the Pier o' Leith,
Fu' loud the wind blaws frae the Ferry;
The ship rides by the Berwick-law,
And I maun leave my bonnie Mary.

The trumpets sound, the banners fly,
The glittering spears are ranked ready,
The shouts o' war are heard afar,
The battle closes, deep and bloody:

It's not the roar o' sea or shore
Wad make me langer wish to tarry;
Nor shouts of war thus heard afar—
It's leaving thee, my bonnie Mary!"

The foregoing quotations, as I have said, are all in the joyful mood. Our poet was equally powerful when expressing despondency or grief. The incident of the death of Highland Mary, to whom he was fondly attached, deeply affected his mind, and as usual, his feelings found vent in song. I quote the concluding stanza:—

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

Burns was never more powerful than when drawing his inspiration direct from the scenes of Nature. I cannot pass from this division of my subject without giving one illustration, "My Nannie's awa', in which this characteristic is most strongly marked:—

"Now in her green mantle blythe Nature arrays,
And listens the lambkins that bleat o'er the braes,
While birds warble welcome in ilka green shaw,
But to me it's delightless—my Nannie's awa'.

The snowdrop and primrose our woodlands adorn,
The violets bathe in the weet o' the morn;
They pain my sad bosom, sae sweetly they blaw,
They mind me o' Nannie—and Nannie's awa'."

I might multiply illustrations under this head, but I must pass on to consider other aspects of his poetry. Before leaving this branch of the subject, however, I wish to enter a plea in defence of what has been regarded by many, and with a certain amount of justice, as one of the greatest blots in his character. It is true that, where the other sex was concerned, he was extravagantly susceptible, and utterly unable to resist their fascination. But if he was often, unhappily, unreflecting, he was never deliberately dishonorable. If his "heart was tinder, and eternally lighted up by some goddess," no one ever suffered more keenly from the pangs of remorse; and it must everlastingly remain to his credit that in circumstances which would have led almost any other man to hesitate, when their relative positions had changed completely, when, owing to the action of her family and her own acquiescence, all legal claim upon him had ceased, and when, moreover, his own feelings had entirely altered, he voluntarily made the only reparation in his power to the object of his early affections.

Let me now illustrate another phase of his character, namely, his boundless and exalted patriotism. We Scotsmen may claim, I think without fear, that in love of our country we are second to no other nation, either of present or of past times. And undoubtedly, of all Scotsmen, none ever lived in whose heart the sacred flame burned more fiercely than in his. For Sir Walter Scott, it may be claimed

that he did more to strengthen and perpetuate Scottish national feeling; and certainly Scott was no less a patriot than our national bard. But I venture, unhesitatingly, to assert that even Scott never wrote anything which exceeds in concentrated patriotic fervor that masterpiece "Bannockburn." Bannockburn was long a sore point with Englishmen. They left 30,000 dead on the field, and we were naturally very proud of our victory. But I may remind you that the account was squared at Flodden, when the flower of the Scottish nobility of the period fell in defence of their Sovereign, who himself was left among the slain. The poem will bear quoting in full:—

"Scots! wha hae wi' Wallace bled,
Scots! wham Bruce has often led,
Welcome to your gory bed,
Or to victory!
Now's the day and now's the hour,
See the front o' battle lour;
See approach proud Edward's power—
Chains and slavery!

Wha will be a traitor knave?
Wha can fill a coward's grave?
Wha sae base as be a slave?
Let him turn and flee!
Wha for Scotland's king and law
Freedom's sword will strongly draw?
Freeman stand, or freeman fa',
Let him on wi' me!

By oppression's woes and pains!
By your sons in servile chains!
We will drain our dearest veins,
But they shall be free!
Lay the proud usurpers low!
Tyrants fall in every foe!
Liberty's in every blow!—
Let us do or die!"

Here you have the very quintessence of patriotic fervor—an outpouring of national sentiment in which every word, every line, quickens the pulse and makes the blood surge in the veins. You can hear the tramp of the mailed warriors, the clash of the steel, and the shouts of determination "to do or die." If he had never written another line, this short poem alone would have been amply sufficient to embalm his memory, and secure for him a niche among the immortals. I might further illustrate his love of country by numerous extracts. I have already quoted passages—that from the "Cotter's Saturday Night" for example—in which it is magnificently conveyed. It is not an exaggeration, in fact, to say that the whole of his poetry is saturated with this characteristic. Sufficient has been said to show you how deep it was and how sincere. I pass on to give you, from his miscellaneous writings, one or two examples of the breadth of his interest in everything joyous or sorrowful which engaged the attention of his fellow-men. Nothing, in fact, came amiss to him, whether a birth, a death, a marriage, a funeral, a "gospel foray"—by which expression I

understand a demonstration by the Salvation Army of the period—a revel or an anniversary. All, alike, stimulated his fancy and provoked his muse. Such extracts, however, as I can give you under this head, must necessarily be limited both on account of the time at my disposal and of the fact that, for the most part, they are written in the native dialect, and are, consequently, entirely beyond the comprehension of any but a native of Scotland. But you will understand what I mean when I remind you that he is the author—for example—of the well-known song, "Auld Langsyne." This, however, is not an original song. The idea dates back to an anonymous poem of the 15th century, where it is called "Auld Kyndness Forgot." A similar song, published in 1714, is believed to be the work of Francis Sempill. Then Allan Ramsay wrote a song with the title, "Auld Langsyne," which was printed in 1724; and Burns himself called his verses "An old song which has often thrilled my soul." But the song in its present form, with its marvelous beauty of expression, is his, and probably with the exception of the National Anthem, there is now no song better known all over the world. As a recent illustration, it has been stated by one of Stanley's officers that, when they neared the first mission station they reached on their return to the coast, the party which came out to meet them sang "Auld Langsyne." There, in the heart of savage Africa, the first civilized sounds which met their ears were the strains of this

ancient Scottish melody, in the form Burns left it. Another miscellaneous piece which may be mentioned is the poem "Man was made to mourn," of which the following verses illustrate the spirit:—

"A few seem favorites of Fate,
In Pleasure's lap carest;
Yet, think not all the rich and great
Are likewise truly blest.
But Oh! what crowds, in ev'ry land,
All wretched and forlorn,
Thro' weary life this lesson learn,
That man was made to mourn!

* * * *

Yet, let not this too much, my son,
Disturb thy youthful breast:
This partial view of human-kind
Is surely not the best!
The poor, oppressed, honest man
Had never, sure, been born,
Had there not been some recompense
To comfort those that mourn!

Again, Charity finds expression in its most beautiful form in the following lines:—

"Then gently scan your brother man,
Still gentler, sister woman;
Tho' they may gang a kennin' wrang,
To step aside is human.

* * * *

Who made the heart, 'tis He alone
Decidedly can try us;
He knows each chord, its various tone,
Each spring, its various bias:

Then at the balance let's be mute,
We never can adjust it;
What's *done* we partly may compute,
But know not what's *resisted.*"

Then what aspiration could be finer than the leading idea of an universal federation of mankind, as embodied in the poem, "For a' that and a' that," worthily described by a great writer as a "People's Anthem," written for all time:—

"Is there, for honest poverty,
That hangs his head, and a' that?
The coward slave, we pass him by—
We dare be poor for a' that!
For a' that, and a' that,
Our toils obscure, and a' that,
The rank is but the guinea's stamp—
The man's the gowd for a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may,
As come it will for a' that,
That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,
May bear the gree and a' that:
For a' that and a' that,
It's coming yet for a' that,
That man to man, the warld o'er,
Shall brothers be for a' that!"

In a lighter vein may be instanced the songs, "Comin' thro' the Rye," and "Charlie is my darling," and still more characteristic, and if possible more remarkable, because it is one of his earliest pieces, "Green grow the Rashes," of which the first verse is as follows—

"There's naught but care on ev'ry han'
In every hour that passes, O!
What signifies the life o' man,
An' 'twere na for the lassies, O!"

—and the last reads,

"Auld Nature swears, the lovely dears
Her noblest work she classes, O!
Her 'prentice han' she tried on man,
An' then she made the lassies, O!"

The enthusiasm of his own countrymen might not weigh for much if unsupported by the testimony of literary and cultivated tastes elsewhere. Matthew Arnold was, of all critics, perhaps the most difficult to please. Of Burns' "Jolly Beggars" he says, "It has a breadth, truth and power, which make the famous cellar scene in 'Faust' seem artificial beside it, and which are only matched by Shakespeare and Aristophanes." Andrew Lang, in the first rank to-day as a critic, speaking at the dinner of the Edinburgh Burns Club, in Jan., 1893, said: "Nature combined many of the voids of the past, and much of the music of the future, in the good, the generous, the tender, the kindly, the homely, the impassioned Burns, the brightest of our lyrics, the most human of our satirists, the most perfervid of the perfervid Scots." If we cross the Atlantic, we find similar testimony among educated Americans. Horace Greeley said of him, "Of the thousands that yearly visit the grave of Shakespeare, all are content to write their names with a diamond on the glass;

but of the thousands that visit the resting place of Burns, few indeed can leave without dropping a tear upon his grave." Longfellow wrote :—

> "But still the music of his song
> Rests o'er all elate and strong;
> Its master chords
> Are Manhood, Freedom, Brotherhood;
> Its discords but an interlude
> Between the words."

Whittier tells how a friend lent him a copy of the poet's works when he was quite young. "I began to read Burns," he says, "and was lost in wonder. It seemed as if the sky had lifted and the world widened." Lowell wrote of him :—

> "It may be glorious to write
> Thoughts that shall glad the two or three
> High souls, like those far stars that come in sight
> Once in a century:
> But better far it is to speak
> One simple word, which now and then
> Shall waken their free nature in the weak
> And friendless souls of men.
>
> He who doth this in verse or prose
> May be forgotten in his day,
> But surely shall be clothed at last with those
> Who live and speak for aye."

Many other similar quotations might be given, but I have said enough to justify the opinion I have expressed. I have not concealed the defects in his character, but at the same time I have purposely refrained from giving prominence to these. Through-

out the pages of history we find, only too frequently, the record of the excesses of great men. Posterity has agreed that it is not by these that noble characters are to be gauged. The mountain torrent, rushing from the hills, brings sweetness and refreshing to the plain below, yet leaves on its track shingle and waste; the pure metal which we prize must first be purged from dross in the crucible; the diamond, whose beauty we admire, owes its brilliancy to the removal of its baser parts by the lapidary; and of Burns, as of Mary Magdalene, it may be truly said, in the words of the old Vulgate, "Peccata remittunter quia multum amvit"—her sins are forgiven because she loved much.

Sonnet.—Robert Burns.

BY JAMES GILLAN.

"Of him who walked in glory and in joy,"
A new-born year brings new-born thoughts of love,
Mingling with the rude winds that sweep above
Our heads in tempest, seeking to alloy
In kindness those wild currents that destroy
Men's happiness. For this on earth he strove,
With voice of thunder, and with song of dove,
Strong as a giant, gentle as a boy.
Each passing year that drives his shadow back
To distant gloom, but brings his image near,
And brighter now he stands amidst Time's wrack,
In a more sympathetic atmosphere;
And all along Time's still unfolding track
His name and fame will shine more bright and clear.

The First Albany Burns Club.

BORN of a love of literature, the Club existed and had rich fame as long as it endured. And for what a glorious reason it disbanded! In the book of records of the old Club is found on a slip of paper this minute:

> Resolved, That owing to the agitated state of the country, and the absence of many of our members doing military service (duty), the annual election of officers be indefinitely postponed, and that the officers act for another year.

What other Club can point to such a reason as one for disbanding? An organization of professed patriots could have done no better than these lovers of Scotland and her famous son. There were many well-known Albanians in the old Burns Club, and the signatures of most all of them can be found written in columns on the first pages of the Secretary's book. The ink has faded very little in all these years, and if for any reason a signature is illegible it is because the man who made it had a way of signing his name that would have out-Greeleyed Greeley, who would sometimes write upside down in order to puzzle people.

Among the members of the old Burns Club were: James Dickinson, Alexander Deuchar, David Ramsay, Wm. Ellis, John McGown, W. T. Winn, J. O. Montignani, W. Ballantine, James Dodds, James Murray, W. B. Dening, Daniel B. Shelley, John

Muir, John Smith, D. W. Shanks, Daniel J. Henson, James M. Baker, Peter Benedict, H. Q. Lansing, Charles A. Fahett, George Campbell, D. H. Seaman, Hugh Dickson, R. F. Hulse, James D. James, Thomas Hilson, Robert MacDonald, Benjamin Lodge, John McHaffie, Jas. Duncan, John Liddell, Samuel H. Drumm, Peter Smith, Jr., W. H. Slawson, Thomas Barclay, R. Sunderland, Samuel Hamilton, William Gray, Job Bendall, Alexander Auty, William Orr, William Scobie, H. Livingstone, George Young, James Jenkinsone, Alex. Sinclair, John D. Service, John Christie, Richard Barhydt, C. Stevens, H. McBride, A. Van Meter, George Dawson, Alfred B. Street, George Porter, Henry Mulholland, James Quinn, James Honeysett, Robert Courtney, Robert Drummond, David S. Blair, I. Brockway, Sr., Elial F. Hall, D. Rupett, David McPhilp, Thomas Smith, A. F. Wallace, A. B. Voorhees, C. W. Goddard, S. G. Van Buren, Andrew Kirk, Robert Smith, Lewis Gillett, Geo. F. Udell, H. P. Nugent, J. M. Watkins, Thomas Clapperton, Ambrose S. Gilchrist, William Manson, Charles Ferguson, A. H. De Forest, William Frothingham, Harry E. Pohlman, Henry P. Nugent, Eli Perry, John Ferguson, Robert Hardie, James Roy, Christr. Gresham, Joseph Moffitt, Daniel Mace, Hugh Watt, William Phillips, Thomas E. Paulson, John Myers, John D. Spence, James Warren, John Buhana, O. H. Chittenton, W. Williams, W. S. Hevenor, V. R. Lansing, J. M. Watkins, Robert Drummond, A. Campbell, James B. Mitchell,

David S. Winebrenner, Peter Kinnear, P. McQuade, John Brown, Geo. Scott, John F. Smyth, William Butler, Walter Dickson, John Chisholm, David M. Barnes, Geo. Dawson, James McFarlane, Major Scholefield, Dr. Edmeston, John Sloane, Archibald McIntyre, Geo. Mascord.

The Club was organized on January 13, 1854, at Mr. Scobie's Union Hotel, there being present James Dickson, David D. Ramsey, Wm. Scobie, Alex. Deuchar, Wm. Ballantine and J. O. Montignani, and Wm. Ellis and John McGown by proxy. James Dickson, father of Walter Dickson, the architect, was its president throughout, and J. O. Montignani, father of J. F. Montignani, secretary of the present Club, was first and last secretary of the old organization. Mr. Montignani was an admirable secretary, and his records were kept in a beautiful handwriting. The title page of the secretary's book is a handsome specimen of the penman's decorative art. William Ellis was the first treasurer of the Club, and Alex. Deuchar and D. D. Ramsey the first vice-presidents. The first board of managers consisted of William Scobie, John McGown, Thomas McCredie, Wm. Ballantine, L. Algie and Benj. Lodge. The first supper was given January 25, 1854, at Union Hotel, and was a very enthusiastic meeting. "The haggis" appeared in great dignity, and other substantials abounded.

The toasts included "The Memory of Robert Burns," "Scotland," "President of United States,"

"Queen of Great Britain and Ireland," "The memory of Washington," "Wallace," "Bruce," "Shakespeare," "Sir Walter Scott," "Allan Ramsay and Robert Ferguson," "Thomas Moore, Robert Tannahill and Thomas Campbell," "Jean Armour" (the late Mrs. Burns), "James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd," and "Albany; famed for its Dutch hospitality and the integrity of its citizens." Mr. Thomas McCredie responded to the toast "Scotland, the land of my birth; America, the land of my adoption: the former broke the chains of tyranny and the latter never wore them." There were a score of other toasts and songs, and the fun must have "waxed fast and furious" until early the next morning. The centennial of Burns' birth was celebrated appropriately Jan. 25, 1859, at James Weldon's on State Street. John G. Saxe and Alfred Street, the famous poets, were present, Mr. Street being a member of the Club. He responded to the toast, "The Centennial of Robert Burns." "Albany" was responded to by Mayor Eli Perry, and the "Press" by George Dawson. There was exhibited the original manuscript of "Auld Langsyne," loaned for the purpose by Hon. J. V. L. Pruyn. Telegrams of congratulation were received from New York, Baltimore, Detroit, Utica and other places. At one glorification of the Club, a toast was to General McClellan's father, "who was born a short distance from the Burns cottage, in Ayrshire." At another time great enthusiasm was created by the presentation to the Club of

a feather that originally came from Burns' cottage. The celebrations of the Club were always held annually, the scenes of the festivities being Scobie's Union Hotel, James Smith's Metropolitan Hotel, the Commercial Hotel, and some other favorite resorts of those times.

Thanks to Mr. Peter Kinnear and a few other gentlemen, the Club has been reorganized, and is now in a prosperous condition.

Bard of Scotland.

BY OLIVER DAVIE.

BARD of Scotland! thou who sings
In Scotia's minstrel choir,
Thy harp was of a thousand strings
And tuned by heavenly fire.

In Poverty's dark, barren vale,
Where misty visions fly,
Thy meteor light shone in the night
And 'lumined all the sky.

What tho' the theme's of lowly birth?
There's magic in thy reason;
Thy daisy blooms o'er all the earth,
In every clime and season.

'Twas Nature bade thee sing her songs
In measured, tuneful rhyme;
She bade thee write thy name upon
The granite walls of Time.

For in thy hymnal thou dost give
Songs for the great and humble—
O, yes, sweet Burns, thy name will live
Until those walls shall crumble!

Burns' Birthday.

From "The Bailie."

SINCE mair it is yer birthday, Rab!
Sae, roon the frien'ly board we'll gaither,
An' hae a sang, or quate confab,
Obleevious o' the wintry weather.

'Twas in a bitin' Januar'
That ye cam' doon, a new hame seekin',
Frae some wee far awa' bricht star,
Whase mither-een kept waukrife keekin'.

A braw bit steerin' wean were ye,
An' then a wild, rampagin' laddie;
A blither callan cudna be,
Though aft a heart-break to yer daddie.

A strappin' ploughman neist ye grew,
Wi' een jist like the stars (yer mither's),
Een, whase bricht flashes to them drew
Warm luve-glints back frae ilka ithers.

A ploughman, honest, simple, kind,
Wi' heart owre saft tae tramp the gowan;
A heart to a' things guid inclined,
And ne'er to rank an' fortune bowin'.

A heart that suffered wi' the hare,
An' panted loud to see it rinnin';
That saw ilk wee field-moosie there
Aneath the "rig" ye were beginnin'.

That lo'ed yer "auld mare, Maggie," weel,
In fact, that lo'ed the hale creation;
(Ay, Rab! a caulder heart atweel
Had aiblins been yer best salvation!)

But, whisht! it's no' for us to speak,
Puir feckless, fushionless bit craturs;
It's easy to be mild and meek
For folk wi' wishy-washy naturs.

We thank ye, frien', for ilka sang,
For "Logan Braes" an' "Afton Water;"
Auld Scotia's lips ha'e lo'ed them lang,
The sweetest music ye hae taught her.

We thank ye for "Ye Banks and Braes,"
"The Jolly Beggars," "Tam o' Shanter,"
For a' yer rousin' lilts and lays,
Ye roguish rascal, "Rab the Ranter."

For "Scots wha hae" an' "Auld Langsyne,"
For "Bonnie Jean" an' "Bonnie Annie,"
An' a' the ither names we min',
(Though, losh, their number isna canny!)

For "Mary, dear departed shade,"
For "Corn and barley rigs are bonnie;"
For a' the rhyme ye ever made—
We wadna, Rab, dispense wi' ony.

Sae here we sit, an' speak o' ye,
As "frien'," although ye never kent us;
May a' oor lives as fruitfu' be,
For mony a gran' thocht ye hae sent us.

Burns as a Freemason.

THE members of Lodge Canongate Kilwinning, No. 2, met in their historic lodge-room, St. John's Chapel, Edinburgh, to commemorate the anniversary of the birthdays of Robert Burns and James Hogg, who were members and successive Poets-Laureate of the lodge. The lodge-room was decorated with evergreens in honor of the occasion, and a bust of Burns, crowned with laurels, occupied a prominent position. The chair was occupied by the R. W. M., Brother George Crawford, who referred to Burns' visit to their ancient lodge-room in 1786, when he was surrounded by such Freemasons as the Earl of Glencairn, Henry Mackenzie ("The Man of Feeling"), Lord Monboddo, Dugald Stewart and Alex. Naismyth. On the 1st of March, 1787, Burns was elected Poet-Laureate of the lodge, and in 1835 he was followed in that post by the Ettrick Shepherd.

Mr. Wallace Bruce, United States Consul, in proposing the memories of Burns and Hogg, paid a warm tribute to the former as the poet of humanity, and vindicated the right of Lodge Canongate Kilwinning to claim him as its Poet-Laureate. He had touched every chord, sounded every emotion, and filled in his own being every throb in humanity. He had enjoyed life in a greater degree than any of them, and he had suffered in a deeper and more intense degree than they could either here or hereafter. His heart was attuned to the universal truths, not

only of humanity, but of the greater sphere which spoke of God as the creator of all honesty and of every principle of rectitude. He could picture Burns standing in St. Andrew's Lodge, when his health was proposed as "Caledonia's Bard." He could see him about two weeks later in that room affiliated as a member of Lodge Canongate Kilwinning. The brief minute in their books on that occasion ran something like this:—That Robert Burns, a man who had acquired some reputation as a poet, and whose volumes of poetry had been well received, should be made an honorary member of Lodge Canongate Kilwinning. It was said by some worthy men that the crowning of Burns as Poet-Laureate never took place. There was a picture on their walls representing the ceremony in question. None of them supposed that the picture was a photograph or an exact reproduction of the scene in the lodge. They had seen pictures of Wellington and his staff-officers, and of Shakespeare and his friends, which were not strictly accurate, but for that reason were they not to believe that there had been a battle of Waterloo, or that Shakespeare lived in London at the time of Ben Jonson? There was much in tradition, and many of the incidents in Burns' life were known only by tradition. Half of the history of the great families of Scotland were to-day unwritten, and that history among those families was truer than the history that had been put upon paper. A man in a quiet chamber might make characters that resem-

bled the poet's writing, and pile up documents which experts declared to be spurious, but he appealed to them to disregard the floating sentences that came from some in Edinburgh, and rely on tradition and on the vouchers they had of the installation of Burns in their lodge. These vouchers would be accepted as evidence in any Court of Law in the world.

Although there is nothing in the brief minute of 1787 about Burns being appointed Poet-Laureate of the lodge, yet 29 years afterwards—19 years after the poet's death—when it was proposed that a mausoleum should be erected over his grave in Dumfries, that lodge put upon record that it should give 20 guineas towards the mausoleum, because Burns had been Poet-Laureate of the lodge. That motion was seconded by Charles Moore, who, as Depute Master, signed the minute when Burns was affiliated in that lodge. In 1835 the minutes bore that as there had been no Poet-Laureate since the death of Burns, it was advisable to confer that honor on James Hogg, so that the "Ettrick Shepherd" was another connecting link between Burns and Canongate Kilwinning.

In the course of the evening Mr. Wm. Lindsay, on behalf of Brother Col. Joseph Laing, of Scotia Lodge, New York—who described himself as a "bare-footed Canongate laddie"—presented the lodge with a beautiful steel engraving of Naismyth's portrait of Burns.

Scotia's Minstrel Bard.

BY WILLIAM LITTLE.

SWEET native bard, unrivalled Prince of Song,
Thy country's glory—immortal Burns!
Thy powerful genius holds the wondering throng,
And moves to tears and ecstasy by turns.

To tears, as when thou strik'st the doleful lyre;
A loved "Glencairn" to mourn, young, generous, brave—
Or "Henderson"—or with pathetic fire
Pour out thy sorrows o'er thy Mary's grave.

Dear Burns! with all thy faults I love thee still;
On every page thou traced is stamped the man;
The cloaks of hypocrites thou tore at will,
And looked through Nature with prophetic scan.

Immortal bard! what art compared with thine?
What emanations from thy fertile brain!
Thy playful humor smirks in every line,
And makes us all with laughter sing again.

The "People's Poet" thou art called, and rightly named;
Yet not to Scotsmen only is thy genius known;
Where civilization rears her head thou'rt famed;
Still Scotia loves to claim thee as her own.

Farewell, sweet bard of Coila, fare thee well:
A century hath but served thy fame to swell.
May Scotsmen prize, as annual it returns,
The day that blessed their country with a Burns.

A Contemporary of Burns.

MR. WILLIAM MARSHALL, who died on January 22d, 1891, at Blenheim, Oxford County, Ont., aged 97 years, was born on the farm of Shanter, parish of Kirkoswald, Ayrshire, in January, 1795. He was 18 months old when Robert Burns, the poet, died. His father was a wood forester under the Earl of Cassils at Culzean Castle, and here he was surrounded with the heroes and heroines of the immortal bard. Tammie Shanter (Douglas Graham) and Kate, his wife (Helen McTaggart), were tenants on the farm of Shanter at that time. Souter Johnnie (John Davidson) lived in the village of Kirkoswald, and used to make and mend shoes for the Marshall family. Cutty Sark (Kate Stein) lived alone in a house where there was a large cellar (unknown to the King and his officials), wherein the smugglers used to stow away their contraband goods, such as brandy, silk, tobacco, etc., and when a sale was effected Kate was sure to get a liberal discount for acting as custodian. And there also lived Kirkton Jean, who kept the tavern.

Marshall served his apprenticeship as joiner and wheelwright in Maybole. In 1819 he went to Montreal, and after working there for two years returned to Scotland, where he married, and lived a few years. He left Maybole and went to Port Charlotte, in the island of Islay, where his wife died. He married again—a Miss Shanks. Then he took a farm, and

kept a store and hotel. He left Port Charlotte and went to Ayr, Ont., in 1853. Next year he bought the farm on which he died.

Being brought up on the Culzean estate Marshall knew Lord Kennedy, the eldest son of the Earl of Cassils, well. Lord Kennedy was a warm friend of the late Lord Byron, and I have heard Marshall relate the escapades, pranks and frolics of the young bloods who visited Culzean Castle at that time. Marshall was very fond of literature, especially biography, history and travels. There was an honest simplicity about him which won the esteem of those who came in contact with him. His second wife died in 1868, but he has left five sons and one daughter.

Burns' "Lairge Leebrary."

IN "Robert Burns at Mossgiel" Mr. Jolly has put together sundry notes which will be interesting to lovers of the poet. In 1859 Mr. Jolly saw something of W. Patrick, who was herd-boy to Burns at Mossgiel from 1784 to 1788. The old man's description of Burns' habits is worth quoting: "He was aye pickin' up things and thinkin' owre them for a lang time." He was constantly reading, he said, and as has been remarked could not even take his meals without an accompanying volume, his laborious life leaving him little leisure for satisfying his large intellectual appetite. "He had a lairge leebrary,"

said Willie, as we know he had, for the age and his means, "and he read ony books that cam' in his way; in fac', he was aye readin'." Patrick confirmed the best witnesses as to the poet's habits, and his testimony helps to discredit the gossips of Dumfries, who thought themselves too genteel to associate with Burns when alive, and then tried to excuse themselves by blackening his name when he was dead. "He (Patrick) never once saw him the waur o' liquor," and on this he laid special emphasis, repeating it strongly several times; Burns' drinking, throughout life, being never done merely for the sake of indulgence, but only in company when warmed by congenial or witty friends.

The Bard of Scotia.

BY THOS. C. LATTO.

DYING at thirty-eight, two feverish years
He snatched, in which to pour those deathless lays
That 'tis in vain to emulate or praise,
So surely have they distanced all compeers.
It is a marvel, did we but reflect
How many cultured failures struck the lyre,
Till at one swoop his mountain-muse of fire
Hailed him as God's annointed—sole elect.
And now where is the man, save he above
With immortality's bright singing robe,
Whose songs are sung to earth's remotest zone—
Whose birthday is a joy throughout the globe?
A simple ploughman from the braes of Ayr
Enjoys a triumph that no king can share.

Burns' Birthday Festal Ode.

BY J. S. DUNBAR.

BURNS! the best loved Scottish name
That blazons on the brow o' fame,
Your praises loud we wad proclaim
Wi' a' our might,
Wi' thousands met to do the same
This natal night.

Thus we would let the wide world know it,
How high we rate and roose our poet;
Wi' heart and hand we're proud to show it,
Noo met thegither;
To walth o' wit and worth we owe it,
Sons o' the heather.

Thou poet-laureate o' the Muse,
Wi' gifts sae peerless, sae profuse,
Whatever subject ye might choose,
Your magic pen
Aye gilds a' wi' sic golden hues
As nane else can.

Ye scanned Auld Scotland low and high,
Wi' poet-patriot's heart and eye,
And nane wha daured wi' you to try
Could near you equal
In ballads, tales, and sangs, as I
Show in the sequel.

"Twa dogs" or "Tam o' Shanter's mare,"
"The Deil" or "Doctor Hornbook's lear,"
"The Kirk," or be't "The Holy Fair,"
Or "Hallowe'en,"
"The Calf" or "Holy Willie's Prayer,"
Or "A Young Frien'."

Or is it "Man was made to mourn,"
Or "Strong Drink" or "John Barleycorn,"
"Tam Tamson" leavin' a' forlorn
"The Kirk's alarm,"
"The Unco Guid" or "New Year's morn,"
Each has its charm.

"The Haggis" or "The Brigs o' Ayr,"
"Puir Mailie" or "The wounded hare,"
"The Jolly Beggars," brats and gear,
Or "The Twa Herds,"
"The Daisy," "Mouse," or "Auld grey mare,"
Sic feelin' words.

Is't "Scots wha hae" or "Mary" dear,
"The banks o' Doon" or "Devon" clear,
"Winter" or "Wastlin' wins" sae drear,
Or "Bonnie Jean,"
Or "Duncan Grey," sae croose and queer,
Or "Rashes green."

"John Anderson" or "Ballochmyle,"
Or "Willie brewed" or "Liza's" smile,
Or "Wastle's wife" or "Nannie's wile,"
Or "Ca' the yowes,"
Or "Anna," wha could sae beguile,
Or "Nancy spouse."

"For a' that," or "Phillis Fair,"
Or is't "The bush aboon Traquair,"
Or even the godly "Cotter's Prayer"
As the week ends,
Each a' thy genius rich and rare
Wi' beauty blends.

Mair sangs and subjects I might name
To 'stablish and spread wide your fame,
But a' bein' peerlessly the same,
Needs but a sample
Aye to secure you a' we claim
When proof's sae ample.

Now, ere we leave the festal board,
As brithers a', wi' ane accord,
We'll plight our troth by deed and word
Aye to defend
Auld Scotia, and Auld Scotia's Bard,
On to the end.

And as the e'enin' onward draws
Wi' "Auld Langsyne" we'll rax oor jaws;
Since toasts, and sangs, and says and saws
We've had in turns,
We'll now croon a' wi' loud huzzas
For Robbie Burns!

Carlyle on Burns.

"AT the end of 1783," says Professor Morley of Burns and his brother Gilbert, "three months before their father's death, the two young men took the farm of Mossgiel in the parish of Mauchline. There they sought to maintain themselves, and their mother, but still they ploughed and sowed, and reaped little but bitterness. At this time the genius of Burns—the greatest lyric poet who has ever lived—was pouring itself out in song, colored with every mood of his rich sympathetic nature. Religious depths and moods of recklessness, wild snatches of mirth born of melancholy, scorn of hypocrisy; love-singing, gay, idle, earnest, tender; the new spirit of defiance for authority; the rising claim on behalf of human fellowship and freedom and the dignity of man; with touching utterances from the depths of a soul beset by dangers, and looking out into the darkness that shrouds all its future path, are in the songs of Burns."

The Secret of Burns' Popularity.

THERE is a profound truth in the oft-quoted saying of Fletcher of Saltoun: "Give me," he said, "the making of a people's ballads, and I care not who makes their laws." Easy as it seems, song-writing is one of the most difficult of accomplishments. Indeed it has been said by a competent critic that there are but three really great song-writers—Horace in Italy, Beranger in France, and Burns in Scotland. The gift of song Burns has in perfection; no poet of any age or nation is more graphic than he is. His poetry appeals to all classes, the learned and the unlearned, for his themes are drawn from the common experience of mankind. He is true to Nature, and his songs, therefore, find an echo in every heart. What, for instance, could sum up the sweet sorrow of love better than that verse in which Scott and Byron saw concentrated "the essence of a thousands love tales"—

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

Of "Scots wha hae" Carlyle has eloquently said that "so long as there is warm blood in the hearts of Scotsmen it will move in fierce thrills under this war ode, the best that was ever written by any pen." The poet is equally at home in the wild humor of

"Tam o' Shanter," the bacchanalian revelry of "Willie brewed," the plaintiveness of "Ye Banks and Braes," the deep religious fervor of "The Cotter's Saturday Night," and the couthie, kindly "Auld Langsyne," a song which has come to be the parting chorus of goodwill amongst the English-speaking race. "A Man's a Man," with its noble refrain, speaks out a sentiment that was ever dear to the heart of Burns, and is emphatically a song for all time. Herein lies the secret of the popularity of our National Bard. He has guaged every mood of man's heart, and has found adequate expression in a language singularly adapted to be the vehicle of poetic form. Burns holds a high place in the gallery of literature, and as we have said, is now recognized as one of the great poets of the world. It is a tribute to his genius that for the sake of studying his works many persons have pierced what to them was the rough husk of our native tongue; the study of Burns in fact has become fashionable with our southern neighbors. The career of the poet was a chequered one, and marked by many vicissitudes. For much of his misfortune he was himself to blame, but in judging his actions let us always "be to his faults a little kind, and to his failings very blind."

The Bishop of Glasgow on Burns.

SPEAKING of Burns at a temperance meeting held in Greenock last spring, the Right Rev. Dr. Harrison (Bishop of Glasgow), said that after nearly a hundred years Burns still lived in the hearts of Scotsmen. England had her great national poet, Shakespeare, and she was proud of him. Germany had her great national poet, Goethe, and she honored him; Italy had her great national poet, Dante, and she boasted of him; but Scotland had her great national poet, and he would not say, although it would be true, that she was proud of him, honored him, and boasted of him; he would rather say that she loved him. And it was well that it should be so, for when God gave a country a great poet, He gave that country one of the best blessings that He could bestow. For what was the office of a poet, and what work was he intended to do? To point out to us the beauty that lay round about us. It was to show us that the earth was crammed with Heaven, that every common bush was aglow with good. It was the office of a poet to interpret in his song, as prose could not, the deepest emotions of which the human heart was capable; it was the office of the poet to make men love whatsoever things were true, pure, honorable, just and good, and to make men hate whatsoever was cowardly, base and mean. He did not wish to say a single

dishonorable word of the great poet Burns. They would wish him to condemn in the strongest possible terms those drinking customs which were sometimes associated with the memory of Burns, and which could not but bring dishonor to the dead and disgrace and degradation to the living. The truest way of honoring the memory of Burns was to pledge themselves to fight more earnestly against that great giant Intemperance, against which Burns had struggled, and too often struggled in vain.

The Ploughman Bard.

BY J. S. MORTIMER.

ON a Januar' day, the twenty-fifth,
That walie boy first saw the licht,
Whase sangs we sing wi a' oor micht,
An' Scotsmen lo'ed;
We'll meet an' sing wi' heart's delicht,
"We are na' fou."

Wi' haggis an' the barley-bree—
(Wha disna like it, let them be)—
The moments fly wi' muckle glee,
As weel's they may,
For Nature's bard we ne'er did see
Till on that day.

Just honor gi'e the poet an' man,
Though his dust lies no' in Abbey gran';—
Let him the stane throw, if he can,
That's without sin;
He died as he had lived—a man!
Nae pomp for him.

Burns.

BURNS was essentially and predominantly a lyric poet. He was no innovator. He accepted the motive, the form and style of his songs from the lyric poets of his country, but he excelled them all. He felt deeply and described faithfully the sentiments of his countrymen. In his inspiration everything is true and genuine; there is no preparation, no affectation, no machinery to catch by displays of cleverness the admiration of his contemporaries. From his humble point of life he cast a discriminating glance over the whole of society, and he looked on Nature with a penetrating eye, a clear intellect and a warm heart; and what he saw he expressed not in cold rhetorical sentences, but in his own native dialect, the living language of his native country; and he did this with such force, liveliness and point that at one stroke he raised the vulgar tongue of the peasantry into the dignity of a classical dialect of the English tongue. But the Scottish people look on Burns not only as their great lyric poet; they owe to him a yet more important debt of gratitude.

This great singer appeared at a time of great national decline. After a religious struggle of more than a hundred years, and the unfortunate issue of an ill-conceived rising in favor of the exiled Stuarts, exhausted Scotland was fain to submit herself to an incorporating union with England. The country remained not only without its own King, but with-

out its own national Parliament, and ran the risk of being swallowed up wholesale by its bigger and more powerful sister. The inherited pride of the Scottish people in their stout nationality rudely shaken could no more show face; and the Scottish literary men both in prose and verse using the English only as the medium of polite expression, were afraid of nothing so much as any touch of a patriotic hue in their cast of thought and expression.

In the midst of this colorless, featureless generation suddenly appeared Burns, choosing as the subject of his poems the Scottish life of the Scottish people, a subject unknown to literary Europe, and as the medium of expression the vulgar and despised dialect of his countrymen; and in doing so the force of his genius enabled him to revive in their hearts noble emotions which had died out, and to fan into flame the feebly-flickering sentiment of national self-esteem. The substance of what I have here said I have taken from a recent English biography of the poet, whose exact words I will here set down. "If at the present day," says the writer, "the Scottish people cherish the sentiment of their noble nationality more fervidly than their fathers in the last century; if they are proud of their country, and if strangers have learned to look upon it as the native land of poetry and patriotism, they owe thanks in the first place to Robert Burns, and in the second to Walter Scott."

Scotia's Bard, Robie Burns.

BY WILLIAM LYLE.

I SING no classic lay, I give no sound
To place new wreaths on Homer's brow;
To Dante's fame, with all its laurels bound,
Or Virgil's verse, we bow not now.
We strike a plane in reach of every heart,
The world of men—its joys and sighs;
We speak a name that owed not much to art:
Thus the true poet lives and dies.

Brave Robie Burns! was he not brave to come
Right from behind the lowly plough,
And tell the world that he could not be dumb,
That Nature bound him with a vow—
A vow to rhyme, whatever men might say,
In spite of genius bright before,
To claim a wreath for Scotland in his day,
That shall be green for evermore?

Great Robie Burns! did he not know each heart,
And meet his weird with honest mind?
Did he not show his hate for trick and art,
And stand as brother to mankind?
Did he not speak such patriotic words
As live to-day, though years have gone?
Did he not touch affection's softest chords,
And sit a king on Momus' throne?

Poor Robie Burns! he owned no sounding name
To lift him to a lord's degree;
Only a poet's soul the bard could claim,
While he was frail as mortals be.
Ah! then, as now, the minstrel's numbers sweet
'Twas some one's interest to damn,
And though they pelted Robin with their sleet,
They have not dimmed his oriflamme!

Rich, Robie Burns! rich in a noble soul—
In that the Muse to him was kind.
Is there in gold, though millions you control,
To match true grandeur of the mind?
Down at the gate of death we lay our gold;
But mind, Death's cunning can defy
The one; we dig, and give it back all told;
The other makes us rich on high.

Dear Robie Burns! what words shall tell how dear
To every Scottish heart that beats?
He spoke a language, and he gave a cheer,
That thrills us yet with music's sweets.
On Ayr's green banks, and by the braes of Doon,
Where Ballochmyle lies bright and fair,
Our widowed souls can yet with him commune,
And mourn a loss Time cannot repair.

Dead Robie Burns! ah, yes, dead to time;
But while we meet to speak his name,
Lives he not yonder in a land sublime,
Where man no more can smirch his fame?
To-night we celebrate his mortal birth;
Years have not taught us to forget,
But Scotland still has tears for this, that earth
Is poorer since his sun has set!

Living Robie Burns! as the sun though set
Still leaves earth warmer for its rays,
So, o'er Scotia's shores there lingers yet
A mellow light from Robin's lays.
Lay low his faults, my friends, beneath the good;
The great have faults in all their urns;
Let us esteem men in their noblest mood,
And stake our worth on ROBIE BURNS!

Discovery of a Burns Relic.

A UNIQUE and interesting "find" has been made in the shape of the well-preserved minute book of a club that met monthly in Mauchline for the purpose of mutual improvement during the decade between 1786 and 1795. This book is in the hands of a gentleman belonging to Ayrshire, who had it presented to him in South Wales by William Fisher, a native of the neighborhood of Auchinleck. The society whose record it contains was formed after the model of the Bachelors' Club in Tarbolton established by Robert Burns, and its rules, which are substantially similar, though less copiously extended, are prefixed to the minutes. The rules are subscribed to by 22 original members, the first on the list being David Sillar, a well-known name in connection with the great Scottish Bard, which is followed by the signature of the poet's brother, Gilbert Burns. The writing of these men, all intent on the pursuit of knowledge, and undoubtedly under the spell of the Burns family, is a quaint enough study in itself. But the book is rendered still more interesting by the insertion of the subject of each evening's discussion under its appropriate date, along with the names of the members present or absent, and also those excused. The fines imposed for non-attendance without excuse were collected and expended on the purchase of books and magazines of the day, and there are pregnant notes of income and expenditure

in this connection, which are racy of humble living and high thinking on the part of the members of the Club. The subjects of discussion themselves abound with interest, as indicative of the sentimental or intellectual bias of a group of Burns' contemporaries and friends.

New Year Sermon by Burns.

PREACHING in his own church in London on the evening of Sunday, January 12th, 1890, from the words, "How old art thou?" Dr. Thain Davidson made an interesting allusion to Robert Burns. Exactly a hundred years ago last Wednesday, he said, the great Scottish poet in a serious turn of mind sat down and wrote as follows to one of his most intimate friends:

NEW YEAR'S DAY, 1790.

THIS day, Time winds th' exhausted chain,
To run the twelve months' length again.

. . . . . .

The voice of Nature loudly cries,
And many a message from the skies,
That something in us never dies;
That on this frail uncertain state
Hang matters of eternal weight;
That future life in worlds unknown
Must take its hue from this alone;
Whether as heavenly glory bright,
Or dark as misery's woeful night.
Since, then, my honored first of friends,
On this poor being all depends,
Let us th' important NOW enjoy
And live as those who never die!

Sales of Burns' Autographs.

A WELL-KNOWN firm in London recently sold the library of the Hon. Mrs. William Ashley, which included a number of autograph letters and original compositions by Robert Burns. Among these was a letter from Burns to his father, written at the time when he was learning the business of a flax-dresser. It realized £53. The manuscript of Burns' epitaph on his father, beginning "Oh ye who sympathize with virtue's pains," was sold for £10, while £21 and £12 respectively were given for his poems "On Cessnock banks a lassie dwells" and "Keen blaws the wind o'er Dornochthead." At Dowell's Rooms in Edinburgh a few days later there was another sale, at which a number of Burns' manuscripts and letters were disposed of. Mr. Munro, who presided, said the genuineness of the manuscripts had been called in question, but from inquiries that had been made he thought that there was every reason to believe that they were what they purported to be. The sale was then proceeded with, when five autograph letters by Burns, one of them with a poem entitled "Dysart's Carles," realized prices varying from one to two guineas. A manuscript described as a song by Dr. Blacklock, "For Lack of Gold," in the handwriting of Robert Burns, signed by James Hogg, the auctioneer explained had been submitted to Sir William Fettes Douglas, who pointed out that the description was a mistake on the part of Burns, or

some one else, the song named not being by Dr. Blacklock. This manuscript was sold for £1 10s. A discharge for £3, granted and signed by Burns, was sold for £1 12s.; a manuscript signed by him realized £3 7s. 6d.; a poem written and signed by him changed hands at £2 2s.; and a poem to Clarinda was sold for £3. The highest price paid was for an autograph letter of three pages quarto from Robert Burns to Robert Ainslie, W. S., St. James Street, Edinburgh, signed "Spunkie"—with certificate by Robert Ainslie that "This letter is in the handwriting of the poet Burns, and was received in April, 1793." After some competition it was purchased by a Glasgow gentleman for 10½ guineas.

Burns in the Land of Flowers.

IT is not our province to-day to speak of the genius that places Burns in the first rank of the poets of the world. It is enough to know that woman's hearts respond to the magic of his verse, and men are stronger in all that constitutes true manhood wherever his song is known; and if daisied knolls or ferny dells could speak, or wimpling bays give forth in tuneful strains the hidden melody of their liquid depths, Nature would greet this day with glad acclaim, and whispering breezes, toying with the withered foliage of birch and hawthorn, would tell of tribute paid to leaf and flower when love was young. —*Jacksonville (Fla.) News, Jan. 25, 1887.*

A Stramash Among the Stars.

(Written for the Fourth Anniversary of the Irvine Burns Club, 1830.]

BY CAPT. CHAS. GRAY.

THIS day, as our own, we claim it, lads;
And a Scot should be proud to name it, lads;
For ye ken wha was born
On this Januar' morn,
And fame to the last shall proclaim it, lads;
While poortith licked the ladle, lads,
And labor thro' dubs did paidle, lads,
With a sweet lullaby,
And a tear in her eye,
Fair Coila sat rocking his cradle, lads.

O cauld blew the blast owre that dwelling, lads,
Where the bud o' young genius was swelling, lads;
Still, fancy wad throw
Her warmest glow
O'er the witch-tale his fond nurse was telling, lads.
Let minstrels wake the morn, my lads,
On which our bard was born, my lads;
For song and mirth
Should hail his birth,
And the laurel his brow adorn, my lads.

Fill high, fill high, your glasses, lads;
Let Burns be the spell as it passes, lads;
While on wings of rhyme
We soar sublime
High o'er the bare peaks o' Parnassus, lads;
Then afar we'll bend our flights, my lads,
To a spot ever sunny and bright, my lads;
There, we'll rove among
The garden of song,
And list to his lays wi' delight, my lads!

Then away we'll a' be speeling, lads,
Till of heaven we reach the ceiling, lads;
O we'll dance in the moon
To some auld Scots tune,
While the planets around us are reeling, lads;
We'll hound the *Dog* at the *Lion*, lads,
And follow the chase wi' *Orion*, lads;
And at night we'll regale
On the *Scorpion's* tail,
While the *Fishes* for supper are frying, lads!

When wi' Senus we've danced a measure, lads,
O' the *Bull* and the *Ram* we'll make seizure, lads;
And yoking the twain
In Charlie's wain,
Come jogging awa' at our own leisure, lads.

. . . . . .

'Twas glorious to see us mountin', lads;
And the stars our companions courtin', lads;
Now we're landed again,
Inspiration we'll drain
At mair than the Muses' fountain, lads.

O leeze me on love and liquor, lads,
For they baith mak' the blood run quicker, lads;
And the Bard wha was born
On this Januar' morn,
Like us took a waught o' the bicker, lads.
Then join me in a lay, my lads,
To hail his natal day, my lads;
For the tones of his lyre
Shall never expire
Till feeling and fancy decay, my lads!

"Scots Wha Hae."

THE London *Daily Telegraph* says :—Scotsmen all over the world will rejoice to learn that the original manuscript of their national war song, which but a few days ago was on the point of expatriation, has not been permitted to quit the Land of Cakes for a foreign shore; it is at the present moment in the possession of the ancient city of Edinburgh. The masterpiece of passionate patriotism and martial exhortation, popularly known as "Scots wha hae," a happy combination of poetical and musical inspiration, which has been aptly described as "immortal verse wedded to undying strains," is as familiar to every native of Caledonia as is "Rule Britannia" to Englishmen of the Victorian age, or "La Marseillaise" to Frenchmen of the Third Republic. It stands first and foremost in every printed repertory of Scottish song; it never palls upon the ear of a true-born Scotsman; there is no fear that its popularity will ever wane in the country to which the valiant and chivalrous William Wallace owed his birth, and for which that true hero of history and romance died a martyr's death. As long as stands Scotland where it did, the grand lyric protest against "proud Edward's power" will live in the hearts of the people.

Paraphrase on Poem "To a Mouse."

BY JOHN DUNLOP BROWN.

VERSE 1.—Small, sleek, cowering, timid creature, your heart contains much sudden terror. You need not run away so quickly with careering speed. I would be unwilling to pursue you with murdering plough-stick.

Verse 2.—I feel sincerely sad to think that man has severed the bond of friendship which should unite him with the lower animals, and given good cause for the fear that makes you run away from me, your natural friend and fellow-creature.

Verse 3.—I have no doubt that you sometimes steal, but then you must eat to live. Poor animal, you are to be pitied. An ear of corn now and then in twenty-four sheaves is a very small portion. I will receive a blessing with the rest and miss it not.

Verse 4.—Your tiny house also is in ruins. The winds are scattering its frail walls, and no materials, such as rank grass, are left wherewith to build a new one. Dull December will soon come with its cold and piercing winds.

Verse 5.—You saw the fields laid bare and desolate, with dreary winter fast approaching. Here you hoped to dwell, comfortably protected from the raging winds. These hopes, however, are now rudely dispelled when the cruel fore-iron of the plough has crushed your dwelling-place.

Verse 6.—That little mound of leaves and straw has caused you a great deal of toil with your teeth. Now, notwithstanding all your trouble, you are expelled from home and hold to bear the drizzling sleet and cold, hoar frost.

Verse 7.—But, little mouse, you are not alone in discovering that forethought may be useless. The most carefully concocted plots of animals and human beings are often unsuccessful and fail to accomplish the intended object, leaving nothing but disappointment and sorrow in place of the expected happiness.

Verse 8.—Still you are happier than I. You are affected by the present only; but, alas! when I review my past life, I cast my eyes on dark scenes, and despairing of the future, I am filled with fear.

Burns.

BY HOPE A. THOMSON.

THE bells of fame are ringing,
We hear, with every chime
Sweet memory to us bringing
His grand, though simple rhyme;
And Scotsmen true are singing
His praise in every clime.

It is the old, old story:—
That men are ever prone
To stone the prophet hoary
Now as in ages gone;
And then, to tell his glory
And fame, they raise a STONE!

Burns' Highland Mary.

ON the first morning of January, 1827, I was at Coilsfield giving a welcome to the New Year. It seemed a use and wont in the various neighbors, after friendly visiting each other, bottle in hand, to assemble in the house of Hugh Andrew, who lived in a cottage of two apartments. Hugh at this time was nearly 64 years of age, and was hale, hearty and garrulous. A dance was going on in the room, while he and I were the only inmates of the kitchen. He was in bed. As the mirth was going on in the room, he fired up differently to the most of old people. Listening for a time he gave vent to speech. "Lord, man, I like to hear the young anes enjoying themselves!" In confidence before this he told me that he had the honor to be the whipper-in mentioned by Burns. "Man, I hae danced wi' Highland Mary in other years in that same room! Man, she was a tight hizzie! and feth sae was I a tight chiel! Man, I could hae thought to hae rivalled Burns mysel'! But man, the times then werena such as they are noo. I wad be ayont fifteen, a sturdy fellow, feth! but hadna the power o' a bawbee. Callants were callants then, and had to gang barefit till they could earn their ain shoon. And I'se tell you what it is: it doesna matter how gude-looking a young chiel be, if he hasna siller and gude claes, he is held light amang the lassies; altho', man, Mary an' me were great when we were alane, and mony a time I thought

o' putting my han' round her neck. But, man, there was a dignity aboot her that garr'd me aye stan' back; and when that ugly deevil Burns made his appearance, it was then she looked doun on me athegether, an' I'se tell you that was what I took warst o' a'. I used often to muck the byre for her, and then she wad joke wi' me; so you see, sir, that I could hae fand in my heart to despise her! Ay, feth, sir, it was gallin' to ony chiel o' spirit! But, O, man, she was a tight hizzie! I hae ne'er seen in my day aught to match her; an' min' ye, I count mysel' a judge. I really shouldna hae ca'd Burns an ugly deevil, altho' to me he was. The truth is, he was owre gude-lookin'; he was a manly-lookin' chiel, and I had still a bit o' the callant lookin' out o' me, and the want o' the bawbees was against me. Ony chiel wha could tak' a lass into the yill-hoose atween the preachin's on Sabbath had aye mair standin' amang them through the week. Women believe in siller, depend on't. Aweel, ye see, Burns and Mary are baith awa', and I am here yet. Man, I can see them baith before me just as if they were in life; but we maun a' dee."—*Hunter's Life Studies of Character.*

The Bards of Scotland.

BY WILLIAM LYLE.

SOUL of Poesy, rest thy rose-tipped wing
Awhile upon a harp of low degree;
Inspire a bard, who would essay to sing
Of higher minstrels, and their minstrelsy.
The same life-love that warmed their nobler strains
Will fire his heart, and prompt him in his theme;
But, with thee, sweet spirit, still remains
The task to perfect his aspiring dream.

Was it not thine, O Scotland, fair and free,
To nurse our BURNS within a mother's arms?
Was he not born to be a bard for thee,
And tell the world of all thy wondrous charms?
He paid thy care in every burning line,
He sung thy thoughts in thrilling "Scots wha hae,"
He spilled no drop of bright Castalia's wine,
But fell perfumed of thee, and shines to-day!

What marvel SCOTT could people every dale
With plaided warriors, in stern array?—
Had he not drank of old-time song and tale
From every torrent in thy rockland gray?
Until his soul, like golden goblets, filled
To overflowing, sparkling largess gave,
That touched men's hearts, and through them thrilled
Like new-made blood, with life in every wave.

Does my soul love thee for thy heather hills?
Is my heart proud to call thee motherland?
Do I hear music in thy dancing rills?
Do I see beauty in thy rocky strand?—
Not less, but more, O Scotland, loved and dear,
Art thou mine own because of minstrel song.
Still let them sing! Men cannot choose but hear—
And while they sing, love will not think it long.

The Heroines of Burns.

AT a celebration of the Burns Club of Cumnock, Ayrshire, Mr. A. B. Todd made a most interesting speech on "The Heroines of Burns." He said it was a toast which should at least find favor with all young men who were beginning to "feel a new pulse unfelt before," and indeed, with all men who had any high ideal of gentle woman, "the last but loveliest of the Almighty's plan." Burns, they well knew, had heroines who were not, in a sense, his loves; such as Mrs. Dunlop and Mrs. Riddell, or such high-born beauties as Miss Alexander and Miss Burnett, who were looked upon by the poet as bewitching divinities set down to walk the earth! Burns, however, had numerous heroines and real love affairs—he would not name them all—although, in reality, he was no inconstant lover. Of the Tarbolton lassies, of whom he sang so sweetly, there was Agnes Fleming, whom he immortalized in one of his best songs—"My Nannie O." And there was also Annie Rankine, of Adamhill, of whom, in "Corn Rigs and Barley Rigs," he had sung in strains so sweet that they could never die. It might not, he said, be known to all of them that Annie Rankine afterwards married a John Merry, who dying in 1802, she for long years after had kept a hotel in Cumnock, surviving her poet lover for no less a period than 47 years. Dying in 1843, she lay buried in the old churchyard of the town. Some three years ago, at

the request of a gentleman, he (Mr. Todd) had written the following epitaph for her tombstone, but with a peculiarity of taste—as some might think—her descendants had refused to allow these lines to be carved thereon :—

"Ah! Annie, now, how changed thy lot
Since 'mong the corn rigs bonnie
Ye romped and ran, a lassie gay,
As blithe and loved as ony?
To thee, like Burns, Death came and called,
Nor would he treat or parley;
And here ye spend a long dark night,
Where bloom nae rigs o' barley."

The Mauchline belles were his next heroines; and chief among these was Jean Armour, who, if she had her frailties as a lass, had afterwards all the virtues of the best of wives and the most prudent of widows, in which last lonely state she lived honored and respected for 38 years, dying at Dumfries in 1834. He could not, he said, wait, and he would not do so if he could, to relate the several causes which drove Burns from the warm kisses of Jean Armour to the still more burning ones of Mary Campbell, the "Highland Mary" of immortal song.

Birthday of Robert Burns.

BY WILLIAM MACKENZIE.

THIS nicht, this nicht, o'er a' supreme
Tae ilka Scottish hearth,
Whaur memories thirl wi' bygane dreams
O' genius, gems o' worth,
There's ane aboon the serried thrang
Auld Scotia fondly mourns,
Her treasured bard o' lay and sang,
Her ain dear Robbie Burns!

Is there a man she hauds sae dear
Wad ilka bosom thrill—
A man that memories still revere,
That een wi' teardraps fill;
Or spot, within her annals past,
Whaur glory brichter burns,
Than roun' the place whaur peacefu' rest
The dust o' Robbie Burns?

That genius star that lit oor isle,—
Nay, wider still, the earth,—
Wha's gifted power 'neath Poesy's smile
Proclaimed his matchless worth;
The shaggy woods, the lanely flow'rs,
Secluded an' forlorn,
Did burst in beauty 'neath the pow'rs
O' gifted Robbie Burns!

His noble theme, sae clear displayed,
"The Cotter's Saturday Nicht,"
The rustic, hamely scene portrayed
Aroun' the ingle bricht;
His pathetic min', when puirtith toss't,
His "Man was made to mourn,"
Recall the noble talent lost
In brilliant Robbie Burns!

Burns' Masonic Apron.

BY G. M. C.

IN February, 1886, I was on ministerial duty in Almonte, a brisk manufacturing town in Ontario, and while there was the guest of the excellent and erudite Rev. Dr. Bennett. On one of the days of my sojourn there Dr. Bennett took me to visit a Mr. John Reid, a native of the parish of Fossoway, Perthshire, who has been only five years in Canada. His residence for many years had been on the Aldies estate, in Perthshire, where his forbears—his maternal ancestors—had been since A. D. 1250. These maternal ancestors were named Robertson, and had occupied the farm of East Hilton. He gave me interesting information about the Lansdowne family, to whom the estate belongs. He spoke of the excellence of the good dowager Lady Lansdowne, but on account of disagreements with the factor he left the estate in 1878. From the time of his leaving the estate till he left for Canada he resided in Pathhead, near Kirkcaldy. Here he made the acquaintance of a Mr. William Shepherd, who had been for some years Councillor of Kirkcaldy. Mr. Shepherd was a native of Elgin, and while in his native town had made the acquaintance of a plasterer who came from Kilwinning, in Ayrshire, which for long years was the Mother Lodge of Masonry in Scotland. This plasterer began his business in Elgin, but was unsuccessful;

and at his roup (for he became bankrupt), Mr. Shepherd bought the masonic apron of Burns, Scotia's bard, and at the time of his acquaintance with Mr. Reid had it in his possession for forty-six years. Mr. Shepherd became very intimate with Mr. Reid, and, in grateful remembrance of their sincere friendship, at the departure of Mr. Reid for Canada gave him Burns' apron as a souvenir of their friendship.

After our introduction Dr. Bennett said I would be glad to see Burns' apron. He replied in choice Scottish Doric, "that he would gang and fesht, an' lat me see't," which he at once did. It is needless to say that I examined it carefully, and found it, though old, in good preservation. I think it is made of goat's skin. It is of large size, and the emblems, all-seeing eye, pillars, compass and square, are all quite distinct, indicating the degree of Fellowcraft. I put it on, that I might be able to say that I had worn the apron of him who had composed the exquisite poem—

> "Adieu, a heartfelt warm adieu!
> Dear brothers of the mystic tie," etc.

I asked Mr. Reid what siller would be needed to buy it. Oh! he said he wouldna sell it; but if I wanted it ony time to let the Scotsmen o' Ottawa see't, he would let me hae't; but would look to me for its safe return.

A College Professor on Burns.

PROF. KUNO MEYER, of University College, Liverpool, recently delivered a lecture on the "Genius of Celtic Poetry," in which he said there was one Scottish poet on whom the genius of the Celtic muse had descended in all its characteristic beauty—Robert Burns. It was curious that Matthew Arnold should never have mentioned him. To the lecturer Burns was wholly un-English—wholly Celtic. He found in him that Celtic fire and power of imagination, that humor—now delicate and light, now grotesque, but above all, that wonderful eye for Nature which was peculiar to the Celtic mind. Commentators on Burns called this his faculty of extracting out of details common and trivial a fine train of sentiment and imagery—they claimed this as a most brilliant triumph of original genius. But it came to the same thing. A final characteristic of Celtic poetry was the melancholy by which it was pervaded. There was a note of sadness in it which was always pathetic, never sentimental. In concluding, Prof. Meyer said that if his paper persuaded any Celt born and bred to enter on the study of Celtic literature, he should feel himself amply repaid.

Auld Scotia's Peasant Bard.

BY "JENNIE NETTLES."

NAE better theme for poet's praise
Than he, to wha's soul-stirrin' lays
O' Caledonia's joys an' waes
The richt belangs?
What cleeds dull care wi' golden rays
Like Burns' sangs?

Ae Januar' nicht auld Boreas skirled,
An' feathery snowflakes twined and twirled
Aroon' a cot whase sneck was thirled
Wi' eerie care;
The fleyed guidwife her creepie birl't,
An' speired, "Wha's there?"

"Oh, draw the sneck an' let me in;
The sleety snaw and nor'lan' win'
Blaws keenly through my sark sae thin,
Scant to the knee,
Baith cauld an' droukit to the skin;—
I'm Poesy."

The wife, grown bauld, the door braid flingin'
In owre the floor cam', lichtly springin',
A maid, wi' sarkie scrimpit hingin'
Owre shapely thigh,
An' on her breist a bairnie clingin'
Richt lovingly.

Quo' she, "Guidwife, I've brocht ye fairin',
Your humble ingle-neuk to share in."
The wifie, cuddlin', clasp'd the bairn,
An' croodlin', gashed,
While fled the maid, wha's garments, sparin',
Nae wilyart fashed.

A cotter's bairn—braw, gaucy cheild—
Tho' laigh his birth, and puir his beild,
Frae puirtith's arms belyve he speeled
To fame and glory;
At his magic touch the Muses reeled
Aff rhyme an' story.

When but a haflin in life's morn,
Love met him 'mang the wavin' corn—
Wi' modest mien an' seemin' scorn
She bashfu' scanned him;
His soul wi' joys conflictin' torn—
Thus Genius found him.

She touched wi' inspiration's wand,
His youthfu' heart wi' love-flames fanned;
The fickle jaud could aye command
A shelter there;
Ambition followed, hand in hand,
Wi' cauldrife care.

Tho' aft wi' love we fin' him jinkin',
Or at some sonsie hizzie blinkin',
Or whiles wi' neebor cronies drinkin'—
But what o' that?
There's nane but feckless cuifs, I'm thinkin',
Without a faut.

Tho' sturdy Labor barely fed him,
An' Folly daft through sheughs aft led him,
When Envy's breath, wi' senseless smeddum,
Wad owre him blaw,
Nae hypocritic cloak e'er hid him—
He scorned it a'.

His wit, like meteors flashing high,
Or glints o' sun in April sky,
While darts o' satire, loose let fly
At kirk an' bell,
Gar't mony a godly sinner sigh,
In fear o' hell.

When dandled in the lap o' fame,
The rustic bard, prood o' the name,
His manly pride, in conscious shame
An' apprehension,
Was scouthered wi' the lowin' flame
O' condescension.

Tho' fawsont bodies praised or blamed him,
Tho' puirtith's spurtle sairly tanned him,
The breeze o' independence fanned him,
Caressed by fame;
An honest man Dame Nature planned him—
Revere his name!

In princely ha' or hamely fauld,
His sangs—baith tender, skouth an' bauld,
Are sung alike by young an' auld;
Great history painters
Hae mony a rattlin' story tauld
O' Rab's adventures.

When at the pleugh, baith ear' an' late,
Wi' eident mien an' thochtfu' gait,
He mourned the daisy's helpless state—
Was't premonition
Foreshadow'd wi' relentless fate
His ain condition?

Great son o' toil! his works astoundin'—
Wi' pathos, love, an' wit aboundin';
While orators this nicht's expoundin'
The poet's worth,
The memory o' the man's resoundin'
Owre a' the earth!

SCOTTISH WORKS BY JOHN D. ROSS.

Scottish Poets in America, with Biographical and Critical Notices. One volume, 8vo, cloth, 225 pages, Price, $1.50.

Scotsmen take to rhyme and sentiment almost as naturally as to theology and athletic games. Any one who doubts it will change his mind while looking through Mr. Ross' volume on "Scottish Poets in America." Here are poems by twenty-five Americans, who once were Scotsmen, and who love the land of their adoption none the less because they have a warm spot in their hearts for the land that gave them birth. The theme is seldom Scotland, but the manner—at least the diction—is after Burns' own heart. The interest of the volume is enhanced by biographical sketches of all the poets whose verses are presented.—*New York Herald.*

Celebrated Songs of Scotland, from King James V. to Henry Scott Riddell; with Memoirs and Notes. One volume, 8vo, 400 pages, cloth, gilt tops. Price, $2.50.

In adding another to the long list of collections of Scottish songs, which range from the voluminous publications of Chambers, Cunningham, Scott, Ramsay, etc., to the little book in the Golden Treasury, Mr. Ross has apparently desired to bring together the largest possible number of pieces in a cheap form. * * His book is to be praised for its comprehensiveness, its good index, and the general adequacy of the historical and biographical notices.—*New York Tribune.*

Round Burns' Grave.—A collection of the finest poems which has been written from time to time on or about ROBERT BURNS. One volume, 8vo, new and enlarged edition, 316 pages, cloth. Price, $1.50.

The volume extends to 316 pages. It is nicely printed and got up, and will no doubt receive a hearty welcome from the admirers of our National Bard. *It is one more cairn to his memory, perhaps more enduring than those of stone and lime, which are scattered over the land.—Edinburgh Dispatch.*

Burnsiana.—A collection of literary odds and ends relating to ROBERT BURNS. Volume I., 115 pages, small qto. cloth. Price, $1.50.

Altogether we have here ninety pebbles added to the cairn which the world has erected to the memory of ROBERT BURNS, and the scheme promises to make valuable and curious contributions to the already voluminous Burns literature.—*Scotsman.*

Burnsiana.—Volume II. Price, $1.50.

At the opening of the present year (1893) a second volume was issued. Mr. Ross informs us that it is his intention to make "Burnsiana" a "Burns Annual;" and if this scheme be carried out—as we sincerely trust it may—we will soon have a work which as years pass will doubtless prove more interesting and valuable, not only to Scotsmen, but to the admirers of the poet everywhere and for all time.—*The Weekly Scotsman.*

Mailed to any address, postage paid, on receipt of price, by

L. D. ROBERTSON & SON, 7 Barclay St., N. Y.

Cheap and Valuable Scottish Books.

Reminiscences of Scottish Life and Character. By E. B. RAMSAY, M. A., LL.D., late Dean of Edinburgh. With Portrait of the Author. One vol., 16mo, 367 pages. Cloth, ... $1.25

This is an interesting volume, consisting of historical facts and anecdotes of the old Scottish people, of their manners and customs, their religious feelings and observances, their domestic habits, languages, wit and humor; and being perfectly reliable, it will be eagerly sought after by Scotsmen and all who are interested in Scottish literature. It is worthy a place in any library.—*N. Y. Observer.*

The Proverbs of Scotland. With Illustrative Notes and a Glossary. By ALEXANDER HISLOP. One vol., 16mo, 367 pages. Cloth, ... $1.00

This is the latest, largest and best collection of Scottish Proverbs in existence. The volume contains nearly **5000** Scotch sayings, alphabetically arranged, and possesses the charm of novelty combined with humor and satire, and all the other elements that make up the choicest fruits of the intellectual life of the people of Scotland. The volume may be styled a Collection of the Gems of Scottish Wisdom, and deserves a place in every Scottish household beside the works of BURNS and SCOTT. —*Scottish-American Journal.*

A Summer Ramble in Scotland. By JAMES C. MOFFAT, late Professor of Church History in Princeton, N. J. One vol., 16mo. Cloth, ... $1.00

Every book that recalls to us the memory of our native land is always welcome. This book, unpretending, but well written and eloquent, is one of those that we wish to see in the hands of every tourist who desires to visit the land of "the mountain and the flood." The scenery of Scotland is grandly beautiful, and this is a book that will help the tourist to appreciate and love it.—*The Scotsman, N. Y.*

The Songs of Scotland. A Collection of One Hundred and Ninety Songs, with Music, and Pianoforte Accompaniment. The Music edited by J. PITTMAN and COLIN BROWN. The Songs edited (with Notes) by Dr. CHAS. MACKAY.

In Paper Covers, ... $1.00
Cloth, Gilt Edges, Illuminated Cover, . . . 2.00

Poetical Works of James Kennedy—"Poems on Scottish and American Subjects," and "The Deeside Lass and Other Poems." Two volumes, cloth extra, 50 cents each.

Mr. Kennedy is in a high degree gifted with the true poetic faculty; and, like all poets, love for his fatherland is a distinguishing trait of his character, and a favorite fountain at which his muse drinks inspiration. Pathos and humor play their several parts with good effect; and the versification is correct, smooth and graceful.—*Northern Ensign.*

☞ For any of the above publications, address, inclosing price,

L. D. ROBERTSON & SON, 7 Barclay St., N. Y.

ipes, of reels and songs, of fun and fights, has eveloped popular elements. Perhaps the lovers f sensationalism on the stage are glad of a hange, and they get it in the Scotch things so bundant in this piece.

The bomb in "Humanity" will explode eight imes this week at the Grand Opera House. his is a drama of war in South Africa, with onsiderable of crude force in its serious scenes, nd excellent broad fun in several of its characers. Joseph Grismer and Phœbe Davies, who ad the leading rôles in the first New York prouction, are still in the company to give disinction to the realistic matter.

A play lately described in THE SUN as containg rough but recognizable sketches of New ork life and people is called "A Bowery Girl," hich goes to the Harlem Columbus for a week. dynamite explosion, which hurls rocks from he Palisades into the Hudson, and the heroine long with it, so that the hero may plunge recksly after her, is the rousing episode. A typial girl of the Bowery is the central character.

That respected classic, Goethe's "Faust," is ade to yield a play for the Bowery. A draatic version is at the People's. Joseph Callaan is its *Mephistopheles*. Impressiveness is romised for a Hades scene modelled after ante's description of the descent of the wailing amned to their place of eternal torment. That hould be a thrilling spectacle, and possibly edifying to orthodox visitors to the theatre.

A mimic devil of mysticism, the well-known ellar, gives the entertainment at the Brooklyn Park. He has for many years ranked with he best of the tricksters and illusionists, and as introduced some of the greatest puzzles in he line of mechanical mysteries. His wife asists him in his deceptions, and figures in the ore spectacular exhibitions, wherein her disppearances do have a magic aspect.

The Brooklyn Columbia gets "His Excellency" irectly from its prolonged season in Broadway, ith an unaltered cast, and with the full outfit f scenery and costumes. This play by W. S. ilbert is rich in his characteristic humor, and, hough called a comic opera, it is performed in spirit of burlesque by the uncommonly capble company which was brought with it from ondon.

The Brooklyn Montauk has "The Queen's ecklace," with Kyrle Bellew and Cora Urqu-