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To prevent disappointment and avoid the hurry caused by belated communications, we beg to direct the attention of our contributors to the change in the date of publication from January to December, which necessitates all articles being placed in our hands not later than 1st October of each year.

The practical value of the Contribution Fund placed at our disposal can best be gauged by the quality of the articles submitted. Whatever improvement has already been effected, we feel confident will not only be maintained but surpassed in the future by the continuance of the fostering care of the Federation and the material support of the Clubs, both of which have contributed so much within the last few years to the extended circulation of the Chronicle.

We again beg to thank our friends and correspondents for the kindly interest they have taken in our editorial work.

D. M'NAUGHT,

Benrig,
Kilmarnock, 1st December, 1903.
THE eighteenth century is so far in advance of the seventeenth, both in the quantity and quality of its literary productions, that the work of condensation and summary is a somewhat difficult task. Nor are its literary productions so closely identified with poetry as was the case in the preceding centuries which have been touched upon. The philosophic thought which had made its influence felt in some other European countries a century earlier had just found a congenial habitat in Scottish soil, and claims a brief notice. It should be borne in mind, however, that philosophy was read and taught in the Universities of St. Andrews, Glasgow, and Aberdeen, as far back as the fifteenth century; but as there was no demand for its professors in their native country, they usually found their way to the Continent, hence their influence in philosophical speculation and scientific investigation became assimilated with the learning and thought of Europe. The story of the Scottish philosopher abroad, however, is a subject apart from our present one, and seems rather to belong to the history of Europe.

The theological polemics which were born of the Reformation and had dominated the minds of Scotsmen during the greater part of the seventeenth century, to the exclusion of nearly every other form of thought, had at least the merit of preparing the Scottish mind for the reception of philosophy. With the Revolution of 1688 peace was restored to Scotland, and with it came a more favourable opportunity for study and reflection.
which is ever the fore-runner of intellectual progress. This was a fitting season for the inception of philosophical ideas, and though originally inspired by the speculations of former ages, they rapidly assumed a national complexion and rose to the distinction of a school designated the School of Scottish Philosophy. The first three authors who held the field in Scottish Philosophy during the earlier and larger half of the eighteenth century were Francis Hutcheson, Andrew Baxter, and David Hume. The first of the trio was the reputed founder of the school; though an Irishman by birth he was of Scottish descent. His grandfather, Alexander Hutcheson, was a native of Ayrshire, but emigrated to Ulster and was located as Presbyterian minister of Saintfield in County Down.

The father of Francis became Presbyterian minister at Armagh, where his son was born on the 8th August, 1694. At an early age Francis was sent to school at Saintfield, where he received an elementary education, and subsequently attended an academy at Killyleagh, making rapid progress. It was at this academy he first made his acquaintance with the classics, in addition to which he studied the outlines of Scholastic Philosophy, which laid the foundation for his future achievements in this branch of learning. Leaving the Academy of Killyleagh in 1711, he entered the University of Glasgow, where he remained for six years, afterwards returning to Ireland, where he was licensed to preach in a dissenting body, and was just on the point of being settled in a church in the north of Ireland when he was urged to open a private academy in Dublin for advanced education. Believing his true sphere lay in the direction of teaching, he opened an academy and soon became popular as a lecturer and teacher. He lectured without notes, which was regarded as a great virtue in those days, and walked backward and forward in the area of his room after the fashion of the old Roman orators of whom Quintilian speaks. Having secured a reputation by his writings, he was elected Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Glasgow in 1729 (an office he retained till his death in 1747)
where he became as popular as he had been in his private academy at Dublin. In 1725 his first work was published, entitled "An Inquiry into the Origin of our Ideas of Beauty and Virtue;" in 1728, "An Essay on the Passions and Affections;" 1742, "Metaphysical Synopsis," "A Logical Compendium;" and his last work, "A System of Moral Philosophy," which was published by his son in 1755 from the original MSS., setting forth in three books a complete view of his system. The first book treats on the constitution of human nature, the second is a deduction of the more special laws and duties of life forming a prelude to civil government, and the third, a treatise on civil government. In the sphere of moral philosophy Hutcheson is entitled to high distinction, and his psychological views were far in advance of his times. The Utilitarianism of John Locke, though of the narrowest character, no doubt furnished him with hints in that direction, but he soon transferred it to a wider and more comprehensive area. Many of the principles of Bentham and Mill and later Utilitarianism are to be found in Hutcheson's Speculations. Not only so, but the doctrine of industrial liberty was taught by Hutcheson long before any of the French physiocrates had written on the subject. He was also a great advocate of civil and religious liberty, which he treated philosophically, in the course of which he manifested an ardent desire for enlightenment and culture. It is greatly to the credit of Hutcheson, too, that Adam Smith, the author of "The Wealth of Nations," first imbibed his ideas on political economy from the exposition of Hutcheson in his class-room.

The second author does not necessarily claim a detailed or lengthy comment, having done comparatively little to extend the sphere of Scottish philosophy. Andrew Baxter, the son of an Aberdeen merchant, was born in that city in 1686, and became a student at King's College. On leaving the University he chose for his occupation that of private tutor, for which he was well qualified on account of his patient and equable disposition. From what he himself indicates, he was not endowed with exceptional gifts,
but was a hard and tenacious student who could master a subject and wrestle with a problem. In 1733 he published his most popular book, "An Enquiry into the Nature of the Human Soul." In connection with this work he wrote an Appendix, which was published soon after his death. In addition to this, he left a work entitled "The Evidence of Reason in Proof of the Immortality of the Soul," which was not published for nearly thirty years after his death. In the course of his speculations he attempted to refute, or rather to laugh off the stage, the Idealism of Berkeley, but he had not a sufficiently intelligent grasp of the Berkelean system to be an effective critic. The principal ideas in Baxter's Enquiry are the inertness of matter, the duality of matter and mind, and the contention that the cosmos is controlled and directed by a spiritual and immaterial influence. By implication he went the length of believing that the dream-state is due to the influence of spiritual entities outside the human organism. Indeed, he held many of the views common to the later-day spiritualists. The contrast between Andrew Baxter and David Hume is so great that they are like the poles asunder, though they belong to the same school. The former was credulous to a degree which verged on superstition, while the latter was sceptical to an extent that shocked many of his friends and contemporaries and incurred the antagonism of many of the ablest theologians of the day. However much alarm the Scepticism of Hume may have produced in his own day, there can be no question as to the relative importance of the writings of the two men. The subsequent influence Baxter's Speculations exercised on the current of Scottish philosophy was so slight as to be almost imperceptible, while those of David Hume were so marked as to influence, directly or indirectly, all subsequent philosophic thought.

David Hume was born in Edinburgh on the 26th April, 1711. His father was a member of the Faculty of Advocates, but did not practice his profession, preferring to live the life of a quiet country gentleman, though it was in his power to have greatly augmented his moderate income. He died while his son was a.
child, hence the education of David was left to his mother, who was a woman of exceptional merit, which she no doubt inherited to some extent from her father, Sir David Falconar, who had the distinction of being the president of the College of Justice. Hume appears to have had a great deal of natural ability and aptitude for study, devoting himself to books, however, without any definite aim for the future, though his means were limited to a degree that would have been a cause for anxiety to many. During the years of his early boyhood his mother was his chief instructor, but between the ages of twelve and fifteen he attended classes at the Edinburgh University, and having little or no desire to secure a degree, he indulged his taste for literature according to his own whim and caprice. It was the desire of his father that his son David should take up law as his profession when he was old enough, and in accordance with his father's wish, he submitted to the initial steps of the proper practical training, but soon discovered that he had a strong dislike to it, which deterred him from pursuing its study and practice. He next took up mercantile life in Bristol, but commerce soon became equally distasteful to him, exercising so depressing an influence that he was seized with melancholia and great dejection of spirit. At the age of twenty-three he went to France, and lived some time at La Flèche, a stranger in a strange land, aimlessly wandering about dreaming; the dream of his philosophical system. Misfortune, it is said, makes men acquainted with strange bed-fellows, and so it was with David Hume. Having but very limited means, and yearning for sufficient independence to enable him to devote his time and energies to his favourite pursuit, he was under the obligation of becoming the companion or guardian of an insane nobleman. By a strange irony of fate then, this intellectual giant and profound thinker was for a time allied with a mind diseased, which sadly interfered with his philosophical pursuits, but a more favourable turn to his fortune was near at hand. In 1747 he secured the appointment of Secretary to General St Clair, whom he accompanied in the expedition to the coast of France and the attack on Port L'Orient, the dépôt of the French East Indian Company.
Next year he accompanied the General in a diplomatic mission to France, during which he gained much useful experience. In travelling through Holland, Germany, and Italy, he took notes of his impressions which were published in his life and correspondence, and need not be dwelt on here. In 1739, he published the first and second book of his Treatise on Human Nature, which contained the germ, if not the entire principles of his philosophy. In 1741 and 1742, he published two small volumes entitled Essays Moral, and Political, which are written in a clear and attractive style, still ranking among English classics. In 1751, he published his Inquiry into the Principles of Morals, which is considered by some his most original work, and in the following year appeared his Political Discourses, which were most valuable to the Parliamentarian who desired to augment his knowledge on the Science of Government. This work also contained his views on political economy and free trade principles, which were developed in a more comprehensive fashion by his friend, Adam Smith, in his Wealth of Nations.

Hume's famous Dialogues concerning Natural Religion were not published until after his death, being withhold by the advice of his friends, who thought that their sceptical drift might prejudice the public against his more important philosophical writings. It is in the opening sentence of the Treatise we get the essence of Hume's Philosophy, where he says "All the perceptions of the human mind resolve themselves into two distinct kinds which I shall call impressions and ideas. The difference betwixt these consists in the degree of force and liveliness with which they strike upon the mind and make their way into our thoughts or consciousness. Those perceptions which enter with most force and violence, we may name impressions, and under this name I comprehend all our sensations, passions, and emotions as they make their first appearance in the soul." Taken as a whole there can be no question that Hume's Treatise is a work of great philosophical importance; and, indeed, it has been said by some to be in many ways the most important philosophical work in the English
language. In fact, the influence of Hume is not only an active principle in modern thought, but it has been instrumental in moulding and governing the thought of every philosophical writer since his own day. For example, up to the time that Immanuel Kant was thirty years of age, he was sadly hampered in his speculations by his partial acceptance of Swedenborg's spiritualistic theories, and it is almost pathetic to observe the efforts of a great mind struggling to escape from its original moorings. These efforts, however, were subsequently rewarded by the gift of freedom, and it may be claimed for David Hume that he was the emancipator of this gifted intellect. By his treatment of causation in the inquiry, he aroused Kant from his dogmatic slumber and fired him with the first impulse to write his "Critique of Pure Reason." In saying this much it must be ever borne in mind that no great writer ever interfered less than did Hume with the writings of others in the same field as himself in a direct way. Wherein, then, does his great strength lie? It is unquestionably to be found in the power he had of vitalising the interrogative faculty. There is something in common between the mental bias of Socrates and Hume, with this difference, that inasmuch as the interrogative of Socrates was verbal and directed to the analysis of terms, that of Hume was intellectual and aimed at analysing the groundwork of thought itself. But Hume was not only great in philosophy; he has high claims as a historian, and it is to David Hume that we are indebted for the first history of England constructed on literary principles, and though it is open to the charge of defects in sympathy and imagination, it had the effect of stimulating his friend and contemporary, Dr. Robertson, to write history after the same mode. Robertson, it is true, wrote a history of Scotland which is characterised by much style and earnestness; but his entire historical researches were not confined to his own country; he also wrote the history of America and that of Charles V. of Germany. As historians, however, neither Hume nor Robertson are entitled to claims of infallibility; but they are both to be commended for their freedom from passion, their clearness, and dignified literary style.
In addition to philosophy and history, the eighteenth century was the most prolific in poetry of any century in the history of Scottish literature. This claim is not exclusively made because it was the century which gave birth to Robert Burns, who did so much to add to the lustre of its poetry, but because there was so great an outburst of popular sentiment, and the vernacular was the chosen medium of expression to a far greater extent than was the case in the century preceding it. As we have already seen, the Semple of Beltrees at the close of the last century, more especially Francis, rekindled native sentiment and stimulated an interest in those simple and natural themes with his Piper of Kilbarchan and other pieces.

This poetic current was united to the eighteenth century by John Hay, tenth Lord Yester, third Earl and second Marquis of Tweeddale. It can scarcely be claimed for him that he did more than supply one link to the chain of this poetic continuity. "Tweedside," his single known composition, is said to be the earliest remaining Tweeddale song, and was first printed by Herd in 1776. The air of Tweeddale, however, was adopted by Gray for one of the lyrics in his opera of "Polly" in 1729. Nor can much more be claimed for Lady Grizel Baillie than that she furnished another link to this chain unless there is reason to suppose that she wrote a number of pieces which were afterwards lost.

During the Persecution in Scotland both her father and lover, George Baillie of Jerviswood, were under the ban of the Government for intriguing against the succession of the Catholic Duke of York, who ascended the throne of England as James VII. Sir Patrick Hume of Marchmont remained for some time in concealment in the family vault in Polwarth Kirk, where he was secretly fed by his daughter Grizel. He and his faithful daughter subsequently escaped to Holland. On the authority of Lady Murray of Stanhope, the daughter of Lady Grizel Baillie, she composed while in exile a number of songs
which were left in a MS. volume and in the possession of her
daughter, but only two of her productions are now known to
exist. The one, “Werena my heart licht I wad dee,” and the
other, “The Ewe Buchtin’s Bonnie.” Both pieces, with their
airs, are printed in Chambers’ Songs of Scotland prior to Burns.
“Werena my heart licht” shows a fine reflective spirit and true
pathos, which were so appreciated by Burns that the eighth and
ninth stanzas were used by him as descriptive of the last sad days
of his life.

Lady Wardlaw of Pitreavie, another female author, is entitled
to notice, having produced the interesting ballad of “Hardy-
Knute,” which gave rise to so much controversy
in the early part of the eighteenth century.

Lady Wardlaw, 1627-1727.

When it first appeared it was claimed for this
ballad that it was a contemporary account of the battle of Largs,
fought in 1263, and was deemed one of the oldest ballads in the
Scottish tongue. The authoress, who evidently had a love of the
romantic, declared she had discovered it written on strips of paper
used for the bottoms of weaving (clues)—a claim which had just
sufficient plausibility to recommend it to the curious and uncritical.
The statement was at first received without questioning by literary
antiquarians of repute, and it was included by Allan Ramsay in
his “Evergreen” in 1724 among poems written by the ingenious
before 1600, and it even appeared in the first edition of Percy’s
“Reliques of Ancient Poetry,” with its original claims undisputed.
Pinkerton, in his “Scottish Tragic Ballads,” published in 1781,
manufactured a new theory, however, and “Hardyknute” was
attributed to Sir John Bruce of Kinross, and appeared with his
name attached thereto in the fourth edition of Percy’s “Reliques.”
This, too, in spite of the fact that Lord Hailes had furnished the
information to a previous edition of the “Reliques” that Lady
Wardlaw had acknowledged the authorship, which was finally put
to the test by her addition to the ballad of two new and conclud-
ing stanzas. These stanzas prove almost beyond question that
the preceding stanzas had been executed by the same hand.
“Hardyknute” was highly appreciated by Gray and Warton, and Sir
Walter Scott so much admired it that he committed the whole of the forty-two stanzas to memory, with the resolution that it should be the last poem he would forget. It has been implied by Professor Masson and others that Lady Wardlaw wrote many other poems and ballads; but the evidence in favour of the assumption is not in all respects satisfactory, and "Hardyknute" is the only ballad or poem of hers known to be extant. The poem, however, has had so rare a popularity that the authorship of such a piece is sufficient to entitle Lady Wardlaw to recognition in the history of Scottish poetry.

In William Hamilton of Bangour, we have a poet not so strictly Scottish as the two previously mentioned in this chapter; but one of a wider range and with an ardent love of the art. Born in 1704 at his father's estate of Bangour, with all the advantages of a good education and an entrée to the society of the cultured, he was the poet of the polite world in Scotland at the beginning of the eighteenth century. Amid the amenities of life and society he cultivated a taste for literature, making himself acquainted with the best writers both in ancient and modern times. His natural bias was to poetry, which he manifested early in life. These juvenile attempts were privately circulated and read among his friends, and were so well received and favourably criticised that he was encouraged to persevere in the art of poetical composition. Though he was never great enough to startle the public he gradually achieved success, and in 1724 he contributed to Allan Ramsay's "Tea-table Miscellany." When the Rebellion of 1745 broke out he took the side of the Pretender and became an active partisan in the second Jacobite rising. After its collapse at Culloden he fled to the mountains and for a time suffered many hardships, after which he made his escape to France. The period of his exile was short, however, having many friends and admirers among the more fortunate party behind him who took the earliest opportunity of appealing to the Government for his pardon. Nor was their appeal in vain, for he was permitted to return to his native country in 1749, and he succeeded to the family
estate in the following year. His military adventures, and the exposure to which he was subjected when he sought refuge in the mountains, had told upon his health, and he was compelled to go to a warmer climate. Consequently he went to reside at Lyons, where he died on March 25th, 1754, in the fiftieth year of his age.

In 1748 a pirated edition of his poems was published at Glasgow without the author's sanction, which abounded in errors. For some time this was the only edition to which the public had access, but for the sake of the author's reputation his friends published a complete collection of his works after his death, from his original manuscripts. This edition was published at Edinburgh in 1760, but fell almost still-born from the press, and when almost forgotten a review of the volume appeared in the Lounger by Professor Richardson. On this occasion the Lounger did for Hamilton's poems what it did for Burns many years afterwards, by awakening the interest of the reading public in their behalf. In spite of the flattering terms with which Professor Richardson's review sought to gain the ear of the public, Hamilton's poems do not possess in any high degree either the lyric or dramatic power which belongs to great poets. A man of culture he certainly was, and he had a due sense of balance and harmony, but, though some of the subjects with which he dealt lent themselves to gay and humorous treatment, his verses display little evidence of the mirth and brilliancy of wit which were needful to fascinate the popular mind in a period of dull and prosaic writing. Perhaps Hamilton's principal poem is "Contemplation," or "The Triumph of Love," which is more grave than lofty, more solemn than sublime. "The Braes o' Yarrow" has been estimated by some critics as one of the finest ballads ever written, while Pinkerton regards it as inferior to the poorest of the old ballads on the same subject, but at anyrate it has been popular. The verses Hamilton addressed to the Countess of Eglinton, which were prefixed to the "Gentle Shepherd," form unquestionably a fine poem, and would do honour to one who made poetry his vocation rather than his amusement. In fact, it is perhaps the
most elegant poetical production that had up to that period come from the pen of any Scotsman in the English of Shakespeare. Hamilton's warm-heartedness tinged his thoughts with a romantic hue which has sometimes the aspect of insincerity, but it is rather because he mistook a momentary gush of affection for the subdued voice of reason. This accounts for the amatory vein in so much of his poetry. Like Don Quixote, a lady Dulcinea was indispensable to his inspiration, and he was continually under the spell of some fair enchantress, but, as Lord Woodhouselee appropriately remarked, "his passion generally evaporated in song," and, one might add, without leaving any visible scar behind. Of the poems of Hamilton not devoted to love the most important is the "Episode of the Thistle," which appears to have been intended as part of a larger work never completed called "The Flowers." It is in blank verse, and though the reader must be struck with the good humour and virility of many of the passages, it is not the medium adapted to his power. There exists in MS. a fragment of a poem by Hamilton not included in his published works called "The Maid of Gallowshiels." It is an epic of the heroic-comic kind intended to celebrate a contest between a piper and a fiddler for the fair maid of Gallowshiels, and here again the author is Quixotic in his earnestness. This fragment is written in couplets, and manifests a power and sweep in its versification worthy of Pope. Hamilton's design was evidently to extend it to twelve books, but he only completed the first and a portion of the second. The second book opens with a trial of the piper's skill, and is characterised by much spirit and action. The following few lines will suffice to convey some idea of it:

"Now in his hand the artful bagpipe held,
Elate the piper wide surveys the field,
O'er all he throws his quick discerning eyes
And views their hopes and fears alternate rise,"

"The bursting sounds in narrow prisons pent
Rouse in their cells, loud rumbling for a vent,
Loud tempests now the deafen'd ear assail,
Now gently sweet is breath'd a sober gale,
As when the hawk his mountain nest forsakes,
Pierce for his prey his rustling wings he shakes;"
The air impell'd by th' unharmonious shock,
Sounds clattering and abrupt through all the rock,
But as she flies, she shapes to smoother space
Her winnowing vanes, and swims the aerial space.

W. M'J.

In the matter of seniority William Hamilton of Gilbertfield should have preceded his brother-poet of the same name, with whom he has frequently been confounded. Both of them were minor poets, but Hamilton of Gilbertfield does not rank so high as Hamilton of Bangour, though the efforts of both were admired by Allan Ramsay. The former of the two and Ramsay entered into a reciprocation of metrical epistles with much kindly humour, and this is perhaps one of the principal reasons why oblivion has not concealed him from posterity long ere now in view of the comparative unimportance of his work as a whole. The author was the son of Hamilton of Ladylands, and when quite a young man he entered the army, where the only distinction he attained was the title of Lieutenant. He subsequently became one of the contributors to Watson's Choice Collections of Scots Poems, and his principal productions are to be found there; one of these, an Elegy on Habbie Simpson, the Piper of Kilbarchan, in which he indicates the strange custom of the piper playing behind the reapers in the harvest field. In 1722 Hamilton published an abridgement in modern Scottish of the life of Wallace by Blind Harry—a piece of work which has been unsparingly condemned by most critics as an unimportant, if not a useless, production. It matters little, however, what a critic says who is first in the field, he is usually too slavishly followed by those who come after him, and so it appears to be in this case. It was Hamilton's paraphrase of the Minstrel's "Life of Wallace" Burns is said to have read, and in a letter to Dr. Moore we find him saying—"The story of Wallace-poured a tide of Scottish prejudice into my veins which will boil along there till the flood-gates of life shut in eternal rest." The most popular poem of Hamilton's, however, is "The Last Dying Words of Bonnie Heck," his favourite hound, and displays both...
humour and pathos. This elegy has been further celebrated by John Wilson, a later poetaster, in the following lines—

"Where late gay Hamilton's facetious lay,
In rustic numbers hail'd returning May,
And bade the brakes of Andrie long resound
The plaintif dirge that graced his favourite hound."

Sir John Clerk of Penicuik, like William Hamilton of Bangour, was a man of learning and culture, though much less a poet than he. In the polite and learned society of Edinburgh he was a well-known personage, with an excellent reputation for letters, though distinction as a poet can scarcely be claimed for him. Judging from the few verses he has written, however, it is more than likely that if he had courted the favour of the Muses with earnestness and persistency he would have made a mark in poetry. As the literary genius of Scotland in the eighteenth century was not exclusively confined to poetry, but extended to every branch of science and belles lettres, the intellectual tendency of Sir John Clerk was in the direction of law and economics rather than poetry. On these subjects he wrote several treatises, which show what careful attention he had given them, though long since superseded by more elaborate works. His seventh son inherited some of his father's talents and became a distinguished authority on naval tactics, the complete and final edition of his work being published in 1804. The production by which Sir John Clerk is more particularly remembered, however, is a spirited song entitled "O Merry May the Maid be," which clearly shows that he possessed the lyrical gift in a high degree. The author of the "Gentle Shepherd" was one of his chief literary friends, and he frequently entertained Allan Ramsay at his country seat. The song alluded to is included in Herd's "Collection of Ancient and Modern Scots Songs." The poets who have been noticed so far in the century under consideration were but the sparks of a poetical revival which preceded the larger flame so fully manifested in Allan Ramsay.
The author of the "Gentle Shepherd" was a man of true genuine literary tastes, but apart from this, he was less a poet born than one made by circumstances. At the very time he made his appearance the people of Scotland were in the spirit and frame of mind to receive him, inasmuch as they were aspiring after a less conventional literary spirit and blyther mode of social life. Though Ramsay's genius does not touch the high-water mark of literary greatness he must be given the credit of leading the revival of the poetry of the eighteenth century, which had been at so low an ebb for well-nigh a century. On his father's side Ramsay was descended from an old Scottish family, the Ramsays of Dalhousie—a genealogy he refers to with pride in one of his pieces as

"Dalhousie of an auld descent,
My chief, my stoupe, and ornament."

His mother, Alice Bower, on the other hand, was descended from a Derbyshire family of much respectability and solid character. The circumstances which resulted in the communion of the two spirits are void of romance and consequently soon told. The father of Alice Bower was a man of exceptional engineering skill who was invited to Leadhills to give instruction in the art of mining; thus Ramsay's father and mother became acquainted, looked into each other's eyes, saw affinity in their silent depths, and subsequently married. The poet was born of this union at Leadhills in 1686, which turned out to be a brief one. Soon after Allan was born his father died at the early age of twenty-five, leaving his wife but poorly provided for. She did not long remain a widow, but married for her second husband a small laird named Crichton of Lanarkshire, by whom she had several children. For about fifteen years Allan remained with his step-father and obtained his education at the parish school at Crawfordmoor, where he had evidently commenced the study of the classics, which could be attained in a parish school in Scotland even in his day. The assumption is, however, that Allan Ramsay had to leave school before he had made much progress in classical studies, for he himself informs us that he understood Horace
but faintly in the original. It is just possible, however, that this admission is not free from affectation since he showed in his later life that he understood and could paraphrase Horace with effect and skill. When about fifteen years of age, Ramsay's mother died, and his stepfather, having but a limited income and several other children to provide for, was anxious to see his stepson doing something towards his own support, and apprenticed him to wig-making, which was a flourishing trade in Edinburgh at that time. This was far from the profession to which his own inclinations would have led him; his natural inclination was to the art of painting, but the want of means was the chief obstacle, and his stepfather did all he could to discourage it, inasmuch as this path to either wealth or fame was long, circuitous, and uncertain. It is interesting to note that Ramsay's passion for art during his lifetime never became an extinct factor, and he encouraged his own son to take up the profession of art, which, as a portrait painter, he did not fail to adorn. It is gratifying to know that several years before the poet passed away he had the satisfaction of seeing his only surviving son, Allan, rising rapidly to distinction in this branch of art. It is true the son's reputation had not reached its zenith when his father died; but just nine years afterwards the son of the poet was appointed principal painter to the King, and for his work he could command high prices among connoisseurs of art. For some time Ramsay combined wig-making, bookselling, and ballad making; but his literary tastes and associations subsequently drew him into the more congenial occupations of bookselling and poetry exclusively. He also established a circulating library which was practically the first in Scotland. By means of this library he did much for the higher instruction of the people of Edinburgh, as he usually kept it stocked with the newest and best books. For a poet destined to exercise so great an influence on the literature of his country, the mantle of inspiration does not appear to have fallen upon Ramsay at a very early age. When he produced his first poem in 1711, he was nearly twenty-six years of age, and then it was in the form of an address to the most "Happy Members of the Easy Club," of which he
had previously become a member. In the course of time Ramsay was regarded as the poet laureate of this literary club. For political reasons the club was extinguished three years after Ramsay became a member, but it had been the means of giving a definite bias to his mind. He began to publish his verses as leaflets which were sold in the streets of Edinburgh at the price of one penny each. In this way Ramsay speedily became celebrated among the people of Edinburgh as a rhymer of no mean order, and as the street vendor appeared with his bundle of leaflets under his arm, children gathered round him with their pennies to purchase Allan Ramsay's last piece, which they bore away in triumph to their homes to be read aloud in the family circle. This method which first wafted him into fame became the standard of appeal which regulated his poetical conception to the end of his days, and deterred him from the loftier flights of poetic fancy which is ever identified with the works of poets of the first importance. It was in the two-fold capacity of author and editor that Ramsay made his more important venture. In 1716, the year after the Rebellion, he published an edition of King James's "Christ's Kirk on the Green," with a second and third canto by himself which appears to have found an appreciative public, the result being that a second edition was speedily called for. Ramsay was thus encouraged to collect his own fugitive pieces into one volume, which was issued from the Ruddiman Press in 1721, and is said to have yielded to its author a profit of 400 guineas. After an interval in which he produced some original work not distinguished by any great merit, he again appeared in the capacity of editor. In 1724 he commenced the issue of an important collection of songs in four parts entitled "The Tea Table Miscellany," which were not completed till 1740, when the fourth part was added. The songs in this publication were a strange collection of vernacular and English old and new. Some were the work of Ramsay himself; others the work of his literary friends and correspondents, and taken as a whole they did not greatly increase his fame, though they accomplished the object Ramsay had in view, viz., to please and edify the public—not to
instruct those who sought historical knowledge on the subject of Scottish song. In the same year in which the first part of the "Tea-Table Miscellany" appeared, Ramsay published a similar compilation in two small volumes entitled "The Evergreen," a series of Scottish poems purporting to have been written by the ingenious before 1600. With the exception of "The Vision," little can be said in praise of this collection. The assumption is that many of these songs were either added to or wholly composed by himself, and were either too free morally or too dangerous politically to be included among his authorised productions. The greatest of all Ramsay's productions is "The Gentle Shepherd," and the one which will preserve his name and fame from extinction in the whim and caprice of literary change. In 1721 he published an eclogue entitled "Patie and Roger," and in the following year a sequel entitled "Jennie and Maggie." The reputation he attained by these detached scenes was marvellous, and induced him to make them the groundwork of that complete drama, "The Gentle Shepherd." With the exception of Burns, no single poet did so much for the education of the Scottish peasant class as did Ramsay with his pastoral drama. For many years after it was published few social gatherings among the shepherd class were held without a dramatic representation of "The Gentle Shepherd" being given for the entertainment of the party, the dramatis personae being selected from among themselves. The prologue to the first scene in "The Gentle Shepherd" is distinguished by that natural simplicity and realistic presentation which are the characteristic features of the entire piece. Far from the madding crowd the opening scene is skilfully laid on the hill-side where the flocks are peacefully grazing around.

"Beneath the south-side of a craigy bield,
Where crystal springs the halesome waters yield,
Twa' youthfa shepherds on the gowans lay,
Tending their flocks ae bonny; month of May,
Poor Roger granes, till hollow echoes ring;
But blyther Patie likes to laugh and sing."
Patie and Roger, the two principal figures in the first scene of the pastoral, are in every way different in character and situation. It has been the lot of Roger to possess a more bountiful share of worldly wealth than his friend Patie, whose only possessions are his happy disposition and scanty earnings. Both shepherds had their shepherdesses, to whom their tender passions irresistibly revert. Roger, who has long had a tender passion for Jenny, has discovered that his darling shepherdess does not reciprocate his affections, and the consciousness of the fact haunts him like a gloomy spectre, giving a tinge of sadness to his whole existence, and making him feel the trivial reverses of life with the acutest agony. Almost distracted, he at length discloses his real state of mind to Patie in the following lines:—

"I am born, O Patie, to a thrawn fate,
I'm born to strive with hardships sad and great,
Tempest may cease to jaw the rowan flood,
Corbies and toads to grein for lambkin's blood,
But I, oppres't with never-ending grief,
Maun ay despair of lighting on relief."

Patie, on the other hand, is happy in the reciprocal love of his charming shepherdess, and the cares of life sit lightly upon him. Not having had to drink so deeply of the bitter cup as his friend Roger, he shows his impatience with him and reproves him for his sadness and gloom:—

"The bees shall loath the flow'r and quit the hive,
The sanghs on hoggie ground shall cease to thrive,
E're scornfu' queens, or loss of worldly gear,
Shall spill my rest, or ever force a tear."

Poor unhappy Roger, still beyond the reach of consolation and philosophy, acknowledges Patie's advice to be all very well and true, but his frame of mind is such that he is not able to benefit thereby. Unrequited love had driven him to that state when he could only see darkness everywhere, which even Patie's mental balance and determination could not disperse. "If she loved me, she would be kind even to my dog," thought Roger, as is inferred from the following lines:—
"My Bawty is a cur I dearly like,
Till he yowl'd sair she struck the poor dumb tyke:
If I had filled a nook within her breast,
She wad hae shawn mair kindness to my beast.
When I begin to tune my stock an' horn,
Wi' a her face she shaws a cauldrie scorn;
Last night I played (ye never heard sic spite),
O'er Bogie was the spring (an' her delyte);
Yet tauntingly she at her cousin speer'd
Gif she could tell what tune I play'd, an' sneer'd,
Flocks, wander where ye like, I dinna care,
I'll break my reed, an' never whistle mair."

To put Jenny's affections to the test the counsel Patie gives
his friend Roger displays much native shrewdness, and an acquaintance with the whims and caprices of the rustic maid, which, if not gained by experience, is the result of keen observation:—

"Daft gowk, leave aff that silly whinging way,
Seem careless, there's my hand, ye'll win the day—
Hear how I served my lass, I loe as weel
As ye do Jenny, an' wi' heart as leal."

Then follows a most natural and realistic picture which cannot fail to appeal to all who know anything of rural life:—

"Last morning I was gie an' early out,
Upon a dyke I lean'd glowering about;
I saw my Meg come linkan o'er the lee:
I saw my Meg, but Meggy saw nae me,
For yet the sun was wading thro' the mist,
An' she was close upon me e'er she wist,
Her coats were kiltit, an' did sweetly shaw
Her straught bare legs, that whiter were than snaw.
As she cam' skiffing o'er the dewy green,
Blythsome, I cried, my bonny Meg, come here,
I ferly wherefore ye're sae soon asteer:
But I can guess ye're gaun to gather dew;
She scour'd awa and said, 'Wat's that to you?'
Then fare ye weel, Meg Dorts, an' e'en ye like,
I careless cried, an' lap in o'er the dyke;
I trow, when that she saw, within a crack,
She came with a right thieveless errand back,
Misa'd me first, then bade me hounde my dog,
To wear up three waff ewes stray'd on the bog,
I leugh, an' sae did she; then wi' great haste
I clasp'd my arms about her neck an' waist;
About her yiel ling waist, an' took a fouth
O' sweetest kisses frae her glowing mouth,
While hard an' fast I held her in my grips,
My very saul came lowping to my lips.
Sair, sair she fiet wi' me 'tween lika smack,
But weel I kent she meant nae as she spak.
Dear Roger, when your jo puts on her gloom,
Do ye sae too, an' never fash your thumb,
Seem to forsake her, soon she'll change her mood,
Gae woo anither, an' she'll gang clean wud."

In the second scene the dialogue between Peggy and Jenny is not only interesting and amusing, but its natural simplicity is exquisite. Patie is to Peg the very embodiment of all that is fascinating and lovable in man, but Jenny, who does not see him through the rosy hues of love has a very different opinion of him, which she unhesitatingly expresses in the following words :—

"Heh, lass, how can ye lo'e that rattle-skull,
A very deil that ay maun hae his will,
We'll soon hear tell what a poor fechtin' life
You twa will lead, sae soon's ye're man and wife."

To which Peggy replies in the following unsophisticated fashion:

"Sic course-spun thochts as thae want pith to move
My settled mind ; I'm o'er far gane in love,
Patie to me is dearer than my breath,
But want o' him I dread nae other skaith.
There's nane o' a' the herds that tread the green
Has sic a smile, or sic twa glancing een ;
An' then he speaks wi' sic a taking art,
His words they thirle like music thro' my heart,
How blithely can he sport, an' gently rave,
An' jest at feckless fears that fright the lave.
Ilk day that he's alane upon the hill,
He reads fell books that teach him meikle skill."
tower of strength to her, without which life's journey would be 
divested of all its charm, becoming lonely and unattractive. It is 
to Patie's credit, too, that he is man enough not to treat with 
indifference or ingratitude such confidence and admiration. To 
illustrate the sincerity of his passion he embraces Peggy, and is 
made to say:—

"O charmin' armfu'! hence ye cares away," 
I'll kiss my treasure a' the live lang day, 
All night I'll dream my kisses o'er again, 
Till that day come that ye'll be a' my ain."

Then the impassioned lovers join hands and sing together in the 
full flow of their innocent hearts i—

"Sun gallop down the westlin' skies, 
Gang soon to bed and quickly rise, 
O' lash your steeds, post time away, 
And haste about our bridal-day, 
An' if ye're wearied, honest light, 
Sleep, gin ye like, a week that night."

Ramsay, true to the literary expression of the century in which he 
wrote, rewards honour and virtue, and the characters and 
incidents have a happy ending; this is especially so in "The 
Gentle Shepherd." Even poor, broken-hearted Roger at last 
succeeds in captivating his "scornfu' queen," by bracing his mind 
and acting on Patie's advice. He is quite overjoyed at his success, 
and expresses his amazement at Patie's superior knowledge and 
insight into human nature.

"Lord, man, I wonder ay, and it delights 
My heart, when'er I hearken to your flights, 
How gat ye a' that sense, I fain wad lear 
That I might easier disappointments bear?"

To which Patie makes the following reply:—

"Frae books, the wale of books, I gat some skill, 
These best can teach what's real good and ill, 
Ne'er grudge ilk year to ware some stanes o' cheese 
To gain these silent friends that ever please."

Rodger is determined to further act on Patie's advice, which has 
proved of so much advantage to him in his love affairs, and ex- 
presses himself thus—
The "Gentle Shepherd" is well worth careful perusal, as it is the original growth of the Arcadia of Scotland and the most faithful representation of Lowland life and manners to be found in any other poem in the language. Indeed, it is no exaggeration to say that it still remains one of the finest pastorals in any language. The realistic descriptions of rustic manners and rural scenes depicted in the "Gentle Shepherd" has determined the true sphere of Ramsay's genius in the mind of posterity. Nor does he appear to have entered the field of pastoral drama in any spirit of rivalry with those who may have previously occupied it. Yet all unconsciously he entered a sphere in which he fairly competes with Pope, in addition to showing what powerful effects may be produced by developing nature within her own dominion. In 1728, three years after he produced the "Gentle Shepherd," Ramsay published a second volume of his poems and in 1730 his "Thirty Fables," of which he formed an exaggerated estimate which posterity has refused to endorse. With these his poetical labours appear to have ceased, and during the twenty-eight years which remained to him he lived in philosophic ease and retirement. As a song-writer, Ramsay does not rank high; the greater number of his productions of this class lack the fervour and soul-stirring energy of most of those of Burns and Tannahill. Indeed, most of his songs are marred by a want of good taste and that high seriousness which Matthew Arnold claims is essential to the classical spirit. Even "Lochaber No More," the most exquisite of all his lyrics is marred by these defects. The "Gentle Shepherd," on the other hand, has been an epoch-making work, and the one by which Ramsay's reputation will withstand the test of time. It was his sincerest hope that he might one day be classed with Tasso and Gaurini, his two favourite Italian poets; and up to the present posterity has not denied him that exalted position. The "Tea-Table Miscellany" is designated "A Choice Collection of Scottish and English Songs," but comparatively few of the new songs are written in the vernacular except those by Ramsay him-
self, even when the theme and its chief associations are distinctly Scotch.

Whatever might be urged against this collection as an authoritative one, it must be admitted that the "Tea Table Miscellany" was a useful medium for those who had either the gift of song or the love of it to embellish its pages with contributions original or otherwise, and one of the most distinguished contributors was Robert Crawford. Though a poet who must be placed among the minors, Crawford exhibits a spontaneity and grace in the few pieces that came from his pen which is sometimes absent in the writings of those who have commanded greater distinction. To the "Tea Table Miscellany" he contributed four songs—"The Bush Abune Traquair," "The Broom of the Cowdenknowes," "One Day I heard Mary say," and "My Deerie if Thou Dee." Little is known of the life of Crawford except that he was a young man of attractive appearance, with refinement and accomplishments far above the average. He was the second son of Patrick Crawford of Drumsoy, and spent several years with his brother in France, who was Secretary to the Embassy to France under Lord Stair, but was subsequently appointed Envoy Extraordinary to the French Court. The poet died in 1732 on his way home to Scotland at the early age of 37. In addition to his contributions to the "Tea-Table Miscellany," he contributed three songs to the "Orpheus Caledonius," viz., "Tweedside," which was anticipated by Lord Yester; "Doun the Burn, Davie lad," and "The Bonniest Lass in a' the World." "Tweedside" is perhaps the best known of the three, and has been vastly over-estimated, probably on account of the subject; the other two are productions of considerable merit. "Doun the Burn, Davie" shows that the author was not without the gift of humour. The subjects only are Scottish; the language employed is almost pure English, and they show beyond question that Crawford had much of the true poetic spirit which entitle him to a passing notice apart from his connection with the "Tea-Table Miscellany."

WM. M'ILWRAITH.
THE SITE OF BURNS'S MONUMENT AT ALLOWAY.

The question has often been asked, and continues to be asked, why Burns's Monument came to be erected where it now stands on the banks of the Doon between "Alloway Kirk" and "The Auld Brig o' Doon," and not adjacent to the poet's birth-place, where it might have been expected to be put. It is a fact, now almost quite forgotten, that the site for the monument was all but chosen on the ground that formed the small property purchased by Burns's father in 1756, and on which he built the cottage the Poet was born in. And not only was this so, but there was at the same time the prospect, after it had been decided to build the monument elsewhere, that a rival monument would be erected on the site in question. Whether the placing of Burns's monument adjacent to the Poet's birth-place would have been a disadvantage or otherwise from the point of view of the Committee is not now a matter of much moment; but the question gave rise to a great deal of interest, not to say feeling, in the town and county of Ayr in the second decade of last century. The circumstances of the dispute—for it assumed that character—and how it arose, are pretty fully narrated in the minute books of the Incorporation of Shoemakers of Ayr, and in letters addressed to the deacons thereof, and to others. These books and documents are now in the custody of Mr John T. Goudie, solicitor, Ayr, whose father, the late Robert Goudie, Sheriff Clerk of Ayrshire, and a life-long enthusiast in all that concerned the Poet, was for many years clerk to the Incorporation. As the events happened eighty or ninety years ago, it may interest all who are interested in Burns to briefly recall them. The principal parties to the dispute were the Incorporation of Shoemakers of Ayr, to whom the cottage and grounds had been sold by the father of Burns in 1781 and who were still
the owners, on the one hand, and the Committee of subscribers to the monument, on the other; and the first narrated notice of a difference between them is contained in a minute of a meeting of the Incorporation held on 14th February, 1820. The minute is as follows:—

"The Trade this day met to take into consideration some disputes which have arisen among themselves and the public as to the site of the monument presently erecting at the Bridge of Doon to the memory of Burns. A motion was made by Robert Davidson, and seconded by John M'Creaeth, that the Corporation should set a subscription on foot to have a monument raised to the memory of the Bard upon their own property, being the spot where he was born; and he further moved, and it was seconded, and unanimously carried, that this Incorporation should subscribe a sum of £100 sterling for this purpose, for which it is understood the tenant of the property will pay, according to a rate, interest along with his rent, and the meeting authorised the present committee to insert an advertisement in the Ayr newspapers for the purpose of obtaining subscriptions to effect this desirable object. (Sgd.) Robert Mann."

Robert Mann was deacon of the Incorporation for the time being.

During the six months that followed, the "disputes" do not seem to have come any nearer an amicable settlement, as we gather from a subsequent minute of the Incorporation's proceedings and a somewhat lengthy correspondence:—

At a meeting of the Committee held on 28th September, 1820, "Deacon Mann laid before the meeting sundry letters he had received from Mr Boswell, Auchinleck, on the subject of the erection of a monument to Burns, in terms of the resolution of the last minute, which were read to the Committee, with copies of the answers sent by the Deacon, which the Committee approved, and directed the letters with the copy answers to be backed up and lodged in the books, which the clerk accordingly did; among which letters there is one dated 29th March last from Mr Hamilton Boswell in name of the Committee of subscribers for the monument now erecting at Alloway, 'conveying the thanks of the gentlemen of that Committee to the Incorporation for the offer originally made by them at the commencement of the subscription, of a piece of ground on their property for the site of the monument now erecting, but which, after being visited by that Committee, was found unsuitable.'"

The letter of Deacon Mann is for the most part as follows:—"Ayr, 16th February, 1820.—A rumour having gone forth that the Incorporation of Shoemakers of Ayr, who are proprietors of the ground on which the cottage stands where Burns first drew his breath, had either refused to give the ground necessary for the site of the monument, or required such compensation, or proposed such terms, as put it beyond the power of the Committee appointed..."
by the subscribers to the monument to accede to, the Incorporation feel it but
a duty to themselves, and requisite explanation to the public, to lay before
them this statement:—The resolution to erect a monument had scarcely been
formed when the Incorporation communicated to the Convener of the Com-
mittee their desire to make a grant of land necessary for the site of the monu-
ment. This communication was made known in the first instance verbally,
when the subscription was in a state of considerable forwardness. They
received this communication from the Convener:—‘I was only made acquain-
ted verbally with the perfect willingness of the Company of Shoemakers to
give the necessary ground, but it is requested that there should be a written
declaration to that effect, which I may lay before the Committee, which may
be a ground for further procedure.’ In consequence of this letter they im-
mediately applied for and obtained from their tenant of the ground, at some
expense and trouble, a relinquishment of tack of the ground in so far as it
would be required for the monument; and this the meeting willingly and
formally tender to the Committee, absolutely and unconditionally, and with-
out the least pecuniary consideration. This ground, cheerfully and generously
as it was bestowed, they had every reason to believe, was received with those
feelings it was calculated to excite; and in a short time the ground was ex-
amined, and the exact spot chosen and marked off by a gentleman employed
by the Committee for this purpose. Throughout the whole transaction the
wishes of the Committee were in no way counteracted; but, on the contrary,
the actions and dispositions of the Incorporation were of such a nature as
clearly to evince their cordiality in seconding the views of the Committee, not
simply without desire of gain, but at some sacrifice in a pecuniary point of
view to themselves. The transaction being thus willingly entered into, and
closely adhered to on their part, the Committee having solicited, accepted of,
selected, and marked off the ground for the situation of the monument, and
matters remaining in this state for years, they could not fail to be surprised at
finding from the late advertisement, that the monument was not raised at the
place thus granted, accepted, chosen, and prepared; but at another and totally
different place upwards of a quarter of a mile from thence; and that surprise
has not been diminished by any explanation made to them on the subject,
for in reality, and up to this date no communication whatever, direct or in-
direct, has been made. Whilst the Incorporation of Shoemakers trust they have
shown that their conduct, so far from being any subject of reprobation, has
been, on the contrary, worthy of commendation, they cannot deny that the
unexpected and abrupt change of the site has given much ground for rumour.
The reason for preferring a place where Burns was not born to one where he
was born, and which belonged to his father, . . . are very far from being
obvious. . . . Though the Incorporation are inclined to think this
statement of their conduct will serve the purpose of preventing any further
aspersions of their conduct, yet to put it beyond question they have resolved
to give, and now offer to give, not only the ground, but a grant of £100 out of
their funds. . . . provided the monument is built on the place where Burns
was born, with suitable dinner hall for the accommodation of the admirers of
the poet, a thing that may possibly still be done, as no materials have hitherto
been led to the situation, and not one stone has been placed above another.
. . . —ROBERT MANN, Deacon.”
Then follows a letter from the Secretary on behalf of the Committee of Subscribers, dated, it will be observed, about a fortnight after the first minute of the Incorporation on the subject:—

"An advertisement having appeared in the Ayr newspapers of 17th February last signed with the signature of the Deacon-Convener of the Incorporation of Shoemakers of Ayr, in which, among other circumstances unnecessary to be noticed, it is asserted that a site for the monument to Burns was 'accepted and marked off' on the property of the Incorporation, I am authorised to give a direct contradiction to this statement. And having at the desire of the Convener of the Committee of Subscribers to the monument, applied to the Convener himself to know on what supposed foundation this assertion was hazarded, I have obtained no answer but that 'they remained of the same opinion.'

"It is certainly true that the Convener of the Committee, and two other gentlemen, before any plans were given in, had a preliminary communication with the Deacon, with a view to erecting the monument on the property of the Incorporation, but the majority of the Committee who have taken an active part in carrying the matter into effect, having examined the ground, expressed a very decided opinion that a fit position could not be selected on the property of the Incorporation, and suggested two others which appeared much more eligible—one on the Rozelle estate, and the other (which has been finally adopted) on Alloway Croft, near Alloway Kirk. The consent of the proprietor was, however only lately conclusively obtained.

"The Committee have always entertained an appropriate sense of the readiness which the Incorporation evinced to accommodate them with the ground for the monument, as they understood their communications, and certainly regret that the Incorporation feel any disappointment. But I am authorised to say that although it was at one time proposed to have a room in the monument, it never could have entered into the contemplation of the Committee that the monument to Burns should become an appendage to an alehouse. I conclude by stating that a site for the monument to Burns was never selected nor marked off on the property of the Incorporation of Shoemakers by the Committee or by any member of the Committee.—(Signed) HAM. D. BOSWELL, Secretary to the Committee of Subscribers for the monument to Burns. Ayr, 2nd March, 1820."

The reply of the Incorporation is essentially as follows:—

"That no part of their statement had been denied but one, and that an ordinary and unimportant part. It has not been disputed that the property belonging to the Incorporation is the exact spot where Burns was born, or that it was the sole inheritance of his father. . . . They complain that ground for which a ransom has to be paid and obtained with difficulty is preferred to ground to be got for nothing and obtained with ease. . . . They repeat that the ground was positively and ostensibly selected and marked off in the most direct and positive manner. The subscription was not far advanced before an actual survey and measurement of the ground was made by a land surveyor, a.
plan was made out, and the spot on which it was proposed to erect the monument actually marked on the plan. This was done by express direction of the Committee. The place thus marked off was at the well about twelve feet from the south gable of the cottage. Again, two of the most respectable and active gentlemen of the Committee went personally to and inspected the ground, and actually made choice of the same spot marked on the plan, and intimated this in a formal and distinct manner not only to the tenant of the ground, but to the proprietor and tenant of the ground on the opposite side of the road on the Rozelle estate, these two last having some expectation that their ground and service would be required. And, still further, the Convener himself shortly thereafter also inspected the ground and confirmed the choice made by his predecessors, with a slight deviation of a few feet, where the view was conjectured to be still better, and actually gave the wife of the tenant special instructions for her guidance as to the keeping and use of the monument. . . . Having thus shown it is quite unavailing in the Committee to betake themselves to this subterfuge, the Incorporation might rest satisfied that the public would screen them from the abuse and misrepresentation attempted to be fastened on them. But they cannot withstand the temptation to lay before the public in addition copy of a letter with which they have been honoured from the Committee, which although of even date with their public answer, bears a strong contrast to it. It is almost impossible to believe that the spirit which gave birth to the one should have dictated the other:—'Air, 29th February, 1820. Sir,—At a meeting of the subscribers for the erecting of a monument to the memory of Burns, the poet, held here on Thursday last, I was directed to communicate to you, as Deacon of the Incorporation of Shoemakers in Air, the thanks of the Committee for themselves, and in name of the subscribers, for the offer originally made by the Incorporation of a piece of ground on their property at the birthplace of the Bard for the site of the monument, but which, after being visited by the Committee, was found unsuitable from the confined situation of the spot and other circumstances. I am, sir, your most obedient humble servant, HAM. D. BOSWELL, Secretary to the Committee.' The Committee cannot but think it is marvellous that four years should have been allowed to pass over between the receipt of the ground and the letter of thanks for the ground. . . . It is not easy certainly to understand what is alluded to by the concluding expression 'other circumstances,' but if taken in connection with the sneer at the letter in the newspapers about Burns's Cottage being used as an ale-house, and the fear of the monument being contaminated by that circumstance, the Incorporation have to answer that there was no restriction whatever laid on the Committee to place the monument immediately adjoining the Cottage, or use it in any other particular mode, and it was even possible the Cottage might be used otherwise at the lapse of the current lease, and at any rate the antipathy of the Committee to the ale-house might have given place to their love of the place where Burns was born. They suggest that a meeting of the subscribers might have been called on the subject, which indeed the third resolution of the original meeting of subscribers on 24th March, 1814, bound them to do.

"As the Committee have rejected the original grant of the land, and spurned the additional offer of £100 to erect the monument where it should be, and as it would be a material loss to have the birthplace of Burns unmarked,"
the Incorporation feel it indispensable to resort to the alternative of offering their land and their money to the public, calling on them to embrace this opportunity of preventing the land and cottage of Burns from being despised, rejected, neglected, and unknown, and if the public are inclined to act along with them, the Incorporation bind themselves to carry out measures to carry the matter into execution in a way and manner that may have some accordance with the wishes of the subscribers.

Such is the account of the matter contained in the minute books of the Incorporation, but there are several holograph letters of Sir Alexander Boswell, with whom the idea of the monument originated, which rather confirm their version of the matter, and otherwise throw interesting light on the progress of the movement relative to both proposals, and which is further elucidated by other letters. The first is a letter from Sir Alexander Boswell, which is, it will be observed, dated more than four years prior to the time at which the "misunderstanding" arose:

"Auchinleck, Oct. 25, 1815.—Sir,—As the subscription for erecting a monument to Burns at the place of his birth has at length reached a sum which enables us to proceed, it is my intention to call a meeting of the Committee to decide on the propriety of immediately advertising for plans.

"I was early made acquainted with the perfect willingness of the Company of Shoemakers to give the necessary ground for a site, but it is requisite that there should be a written declaration to that effect, which I may lay before the Committee, and which may be ground for further procedure.

"So soon as plans are given in a meeting of the subscribers shall be called to determine which shall be adopted, and also to name trustees and curators under whose superintendence the monument should be erected and afterwards preserved—proper regulations being at the same time adopted to supply vacancies which may occur by death or otherwise. As the custody of the monument must be confided to these trustees, it will be necessary that the Company of Shoemakers convey to these trustees the site of the intended building, guarded with such clauses or conditions as they may deem fit, that the ground is conveyed for that purpose and no other.

"It is impossible at present to state the extent of ground required, as that must depend on the ground plans of the architect whose plan is preferred; but it cannot occupy much. It has been suggested that the building should contain an apartment where might be placed a bust of the poet and such paintings from his works as should be presented by artists. But an architect of respectability assures me that a suitable building with such an apartment could not be executed under £1000. Had the enthusiasm and liberality of his native county borne any proportion to that of strangers, we should have had that sum long ere now; but as the result unfortunately proves a different feeling (or rather want of feeling), I fear we cannot reckon on more than £700.

"(Sgd.) ALEXANDER BOSWELL."
The next letter is also by Sir Alexander Boswell. It deals with the dispute, and is somewhat pathetic in its character:—

"Auchinleck, March 8th, 1820.—Sir,—As there lives not an individual more anxious to conciliate than I am, it has given me much concern that a misunderstanding has arisen respecting the site of Burns’s Monument. The difficulties I have encountered in carrying this into effect, from the lukewarmness of those at home and other circumstances, have been sufficiently great—so great as to have damped the energy of most men—without an unpleasant dispute at the conclusion. The monument, instead of being a building erected by subscribers who might be assembled, as was the first intention, has been the result of subscriptions from the east and from the west and south forwarded to myself; and I thus became in a great measure the representative of these distant subscribers.

"It certainly was my intention, as one of the Committee, that the monument should have been erected as near the spot where Burns was born as possible, although two-thirds of the subscriptions were sent for the purpose of erecting the monument “near to Alloway Kirk, the scene of Tam o’ Shanter.” I yielded to the taste and opinion of others, and I now think I yielded with propriety. At the same time, I may state that it was not and could not be finally resolved to build the monument elsewhere than on the ground of your Incorporation till a very short time before the foundation stone was laid. So soon as it was settled that it was to be placed elsewhere, I freely confess that there was an omission of courtesy in not informing the Incorporation, and nothing but hurry and inadvertence could have prevented me from suggesting such a communication. I mention this as an apology for what can only now be regretted.

"It is painful to me that any brother Freemens of your Incorporation should have taken the matter up in so strong a point of view, but although they are the best judges of their own proceedings, I beg to suggest to you what I requested Mr Hamilton Boswell to suggest to your Deacon, that a monument to Burns should be erected on your property in the form of a hall, to be called “Burns’s Hall,” “The Poet’s Hall,” or “The Hall of Harmony,” where the admirers of the Bard might meet, which the plan of the other monument precludes. If this suggestion is adopted, I shall most willingly subscribe and do my utmost to promote the object, and the expense cannot be very formidable. A paper war can add little to the respectability of neither party. I heard it rumoured that a long reply to Mr Hamilton Boswell’s advertisement is to be inserted in the newspapers. If so, and my opinion has any weight, the Incorporation will remain masters of the field and no answer will be given. All that I can say is that it would be more consonant to “Harmony,” if we love it, that a middle course should be taken, as I have suggested, creditable to all and beneficial to your property.—I am, sir, your most obedient humble servant,

ALEXANDER BOSWELL.”

This letter appears to have had the effect of oil on troubled waters, and to have to some extent reconciled the Incorporation to the inevitable, if we may judge from the reply to it. But we
also gather from the reply and the foregoing minutes that it did not avail to prevent the dispute being made public. The reply was as follows:—

"Ayr, 9th March, 1820.—Sir,—I had the honour of receiving your letter of yesterday's date to-day at half-past three o'clock, and lost no time in communicating it to the Deacon. He also immediately called a meeting of the Committee upon the subject, but by the time all this could be done the newspapers were published. The Committee are highly gratified with the liberal and just sentiments contained in your letter to me, and desire me to say that had these same sentiments been conveyed to them previous to any publication on the subject they would have been most happy, and nothing of the kind would have occurred; and they only regret it did not arrive sooner. Whatever feelings they had upon the subject are greatly removed by your conciliatory and gentlemanly expressions, and they are now anxious to make up the matter entirely. The proposal made by you as to erecting a hall for the accommodation of the admirers of Burns exactly meets their mind, and they hope with your assistance, and the assistance of those who are of your mind, that it will be carried into effect. Your name, countenance, and subscription will be of the greatest consequence, and they accept them with the greatest pleasure and thankfulness. They will not only be of great service to the undertaking, but will contribute to the further honour of Burns, and the accommodation of his admirers in this quarter.—I have the honour to be, sir, your most obedient humble servant,

HEW AITKIN."

The action taken by the Incorporation invoked a further letter from Sir Alexander Boswell in the following terms:—

"Auchinleck, March 16th, 1820.—Sir,—I read the reply of the Incorporation to Mr Ham. D. Boswell's advertisement, and although it is far from my wish to awaken what has been set to rest, I think it right to say that the Incorporation, in their view of my interference, has been guided by misinformation; and my own recollection of what passed is aided by that of Mr Ham. Boswell, who was present when I visited the ground of the Incorporation. It is, however, much more consonant to my feelings to be placed in an unfavourable point of view than to be in hostility with a body of men whose prosperity I wish.

I have received your letter and the copies of your circular, and shall be happy to aid your object; but it must be obvious that I could not do it with effect till I have got off my hands the monument which has cost so much exertion for so many years, and which many of the subscribers, ignorant of the difficulties which were encountered and overcome, have thought too long delayed.

It must strike you and the Committee that it is extremely difficult to press a new and nearly similar object, while the other is not yet begun. Yours, however, limited as it must be—both looking to the object and the probable means—does not appear of that magnitude that should discourage sanguine hopes of its completion.

I beg to suggest that a plan should be got of the proposed hall, and I
trust some liberal architect will give his services gratis. Mr Hamilton of
Glasgow is most liberal, and, I hope, may be prevailed on to give his aid.

"It is first necessary to consider the dimensions of the proposed building,
and perhaps a room of 40 feet by 24 feet broad would accommodate as large
an assemblage as is likely to meet. I think the expensive part of the building
should be confined to a portico, of perhaps the Doric order, facing the road.
To complete the whole in ashlar would cost more than I have any hope of
seeing raised. But the rest of the building may be plain rubble work, and the
whole place surrounded with evergreens; they would conceal the plain part of
the building and be appropriate and ornamental. The building might be
lighted from the top by a lantern light or lanterns (not a skylight), and
perhaps a range of semi-circular windows round the upper part of the side walls.
But of those points an architect could best judge. A plan and estimate pro­
cured, it would then be more satisfactory to proceed. I think that such a hall
might be executed for about £300.

"(Sgd.) ALEXANDER BOSWELL."

On March 20, 1820, Sir Alexander Boswell wrote intimating
a subscription of £5 5s to the Incorporation monument, and
stating that "if the fund does not come up to your expectation I
can increase my subscription." The last letter bearing on the
subject is one in reply from Deacon Mann as follows:—

Ayr, 25th March, 1820.—Sir,—I had the honour of receiving your letter,
and have, as you desire, caused your name to be put on the list of subscribers
for the sum you mentioned. I beg leave to assure you that the Incorporation
look on this liberality on your part not only as another instance of your great
attachment to the genius of Burns, but as a mark of your condescension and
attention to them in carrying on the subscriptions on the work itself. They
feel anxious that the whole should be to your mind, and they will be happy
from time to time to receive your advice and assistance in the matter.

"(Signed) R. MANN."

There is in existence independent evidence which further
confirms the statements of the Incorporation, and contradicts that
of Mr Hamilton Boswell with reference to the choice of the site
by the committee. In the museum at Burns's Cottage, there is
preserved in a glazed frame a plan which is inscribed "Sketch of
the ground on which it is proposed to build a monument in mem­
ory of the late Robert Burns, the Ayrshire Bard, by James
Milligan, surveyor, Ayr." The plan itself does not bear any date
so far as can be seen, but the date 1819 is marked on the frame.
Among other things the plan bears "(a) the cottage in which
Burns was born," and "(b) the spot on which the monument is
proposed to be erected.” It also shows (a) the “well” a little from the south-east corner of the cottage, and (b) a little to the southwest of the well. There is nothing to show for whom this plan was prepared; but on referring to the printed list of subscribers, a copy of which is also preserved in the cottage, the name of James Milligan appears as a subscriber of £1 1s, “being the guinea allowed to him for making plan of the site of the monument.” It is obvious from this and from other circumstances, therefore, that if the Committee did not select this site they were in a fair way of doing so. What exactly led them finally to change their mind, we have now no direct means of knowing; but the drift of the minutes and letters quoted seems to warrant the assumption that, at the outset at least, the Incorporation expected, and would, in all probability, have derived considerable advantage from the monument being associated with their property, even though the site had with all sincerity been given unconditionally. We need not assume that the topographical question had much to do with the matter, because it will be admitted that the site at Burns’s Cottage was as conspicuous, if not quite so picturesque, as that on the banks of the Doon; but that what led the Committee to go back on their earlier choice was just that inclination to dissociate the name of Burns from the remotest connection with intemperance, which has since become much more pronounced. That dissociation has now happily been completely accomplished so far as the cottage is concerned; but it seems not improbable that had the Committee latterly come back to their first choice, this desirable object might have been accomplished at the time, only that the Incorporation were somewhat late in showing a disposition to abolish the “alehouse.” At the same time, it is impossible to withhold sympathy from the Incorporation in their desire to maintain the value of their property. They were at that time essentially a benefit society, with a number of old people dependent on them for support, and their principal asset was the rent from the cottage as a public-house, and to have abolished the “alehouse” would undoubtedly have led to a very material reduction of the income from the premises. What further encouragement the Incorporation
got to proceed with the rival monument, there is nothing in their minutes to show, and we may therefore surmise that their liberal offer did not get much backing, for there is no further record of the enterprise. It may be gathered from Deacon Mann's last letter that the third site—that on the Rozelle estate—was the site on the opposite side of the road from the cottage, which eventually became the site of Alloway public school, now Alloway public hall, recreation rooms, and library.

J. M'BAIN.
It is almost impossible for us to imagine a day when "no patron" meant virtually "no public." That, however, was the case in Burns's time; to the hopes and fears of authorship he had to add the anxiety (however well concealed) of finding a literary Maecenas. It is Bacon who recommends the medium of a friend for such a crisis. In Mrs Dunlop Burns had his medium ready to hand. She introduced Dr John Moore; Dr Moore found the Earl of Eglinton.

After this connection, it is no wonder that the two men fell gradually into correspondence. Several letters passed between them, including the famous autobiographical sketch from Mossgiel. Burns takes the attitude of "one of the sons of little men" as compared with a man of "fame and reputation" like Moore. Moore on his side accepts the compliment and writes accordingly. The greater part of it was etiquette, increased, no doubt, by the fact that the two never met; nevertheless there was in time some intimacy involved — Dr Moore, the elder by 30 years, suggesting that Burns should write English for the English, and, at the same time, requesting his estimate of a novel called "Zeluco," a delicate way of urging that the poet was a judge, and therefore likely a master of English style. Burns praises "Zeluco;" avows that he shall "plan a comparative view" of the author with Fielding, Richardson, and Smollett; and finally presents his copy to Mrs Dunlop, to whom, to be sure, he would never present the worst. The copy, "disfigured with annotations," is marked with "asterismo parentheses, etc., wherever I meet with an original thought, a nervous remark on life and manners, a remarkably well-turned period, or a character sketched with uncommon precision." "How much (he adds in another place) is every honest heart obliged to you for your glorious story of
Buchanan and Targe. I have just read over once more of many times your "Zeluco."

"Zeluco," whatever its intrinsic worth may chance to be, belongs to that period of the 18th century which looks out upon the 19th. By that time Percy's "Reliques" had unveiled a new world. The classics were not forgotten, the influence of the "unities" in their French form was still felt; but, imperceptibly, the old ballads took men away to a new life, and what they found there they looked for all round. Especially was this the case among the patrons of the "grand tour." To find their hero abroad, to give him a grand tour of his own, to make his fortunes tell for good or evil, and finally to direct his course by means and ways half human, half grotesque, and at all events unfamiliar—was the object of this new school. After the fashion of the explorer of a strange land, it was a collecting of unrelated curios at the first, yet none the less a preface of orthodox exchange of trade. The "Castle of Otranto," the "Mysteries of Udolpho," the "Monk," "Frankenstein," and "Zeluco"—abnormal instances of the new—were followed in due time by the rational romance of Scott.

In such a period, and amid such literature, "Zeluco" was produced. It is its own distinction, however, that it should apparently owe its inspiration to France, and be correspondingly free from Teutonic horror and weirdness. As became a true Scot, Dr. Moore was French in sympathy; and, though we have no express proof on the point, his methods, if not his characters, speak for themselves. In any case "Zeluco" marks itself out from the books of the time by its freedom from unearthly influence and ghostly atmosphere. Its personages account for their final position by simply living out their life; are they very good or very bad, it is without "airs from Heaven or blasts from Hell." After all, it is not for nothing that La Rochefoucauld provides the texts for every other chapter; wherever he is, there can be neither Teuton ghost nor Eastern magic.

Turning now from book to hero, it may at once be remarked that while "Zeluco" is a successful illustration of the "windings of vice" and the "disgusting features of villainy," he is no warning
whatever to the average man. The average man, as Thackeray
shews, is moved not so much by great passions or by great occa-
sions as by the every day motives and moments of life. To assure
him, therefore, that a life of extreme villainy is of no use, even
when it has wealth behind it, is merely to present him with a pious
opinion. What is extreme villainy to him? The coat is too big.

On the other hand, if it were needful to dissuade him from
becoming, a Zeluco in point of crime, the illustration would still
require to be altered. From first to last Zeluco has the appearance
of being a pre-established blackguard whose turns of remorse are
mere concessions to virtue; once bad, he never can be good.
Heredity notwithstanding, the ordinary man is free—free enough
to contemplate villainy at a distance. At any rate, Zeluco is out
of court; no genius, designed as he may be for warning or example,
can be the rule to mediocrity.

So far—as a hero with a purpose—Zeluco comes short. On
the other hand, his fellow-characters, especially those with whom
he has least to do, “adorn the tale” and “sometimes point a
moral” just because they are, some more, some less, of Nature’s
mixture.

Burns mentions Buchanan and Targe, the two feudal valets
as we might call them, who differ as to the virtue of Mary Stuart.
In cool blood they have either been to school or mimicked their
masters, but when the pulse beats quick they make as pretty a
picture of Lowland and Highland as one could expect.

Then there are the rival priests, Father Nulo and Father
Pedro. More bitingly etched, they would be as much alive as
their brethren in Balzac’s “L’Abbe Biratteau.”

As for the profession which Dr Moore had best reason to
know there is no more “fooling” picture anywhere. So wittily
do physician and surgeon take off each other that they equally
take off themselves. The apparent unconsciousness of it all recalls
Moliere.

At this point it may be remembered that Burns meditated a
“comparative view” of Moore with Fielding, Richardson, and
Smollett. His plan or meditation never matured. The poet
admired Home (the author of "Douglas") for "forming wild Shakespeare into plan," and perhaps the courtly way in which Moore evolves a monster like Zeluco raised the issue whether Fielding and the other masters of prose had ever accomplished, or could accomplish, such a task. In no other respect is comparison possible. The principal female character in "Zeluco" has less hysterical goodness than the heroines of the 18th century, possibly because she was the product of a Scotch brain; but in every quality she is not so much a living woman as a foil to the hero, and when we tire of him we tire of her. So with the sentiments of the book. Belonging more to the age than to the tale, to the revolution than to the hero, they may have attracted Burns, but they could not form a true basis of contrast with the writers of a prior generation. It is with "Monk" Lewis, the famous friend of the slave, that Moore should be compared, and Burns died just when his day began.

The truth of the matter appears to be that Burns, who was far above the calibre of types and individuals like Tom Jones and Joseph Andrews, felt the spell of Zeluco. One extraordinary being recognised another. Conversely, the resistance of Virtue to such masterly assault, and its ultimate triumph against odds, were sure to enthral his mind. Moreover, since "Zeluco" suggested "Childe Harold," could it fail to touch Burns?

"Zeluco," writes the poet to Mrs Dunlop, "is a most sterling performance." At another time he remarks, "I have just been reading over again for the hundred and fiftieth time his (Dr Moore's) 'View of Society and Manners;' and still I read it with delight." We wonder, as we note this, what Burns would have thought of "Edward" (the companion-picture to Zeluco), where Benevolence takes the field instead of Vice. "Edward," after the manner of "Sir Charles Grandison," was "the perfect man," "the man of true honour," and very wearisome at that. We can only conjecture the Poet's estimate of Dr Moore in regard to this "good young man," but we may be sure that the faults he observed in "Zeluco" would have been more patent in "Edward." In both we have lengthy discourses at wrong times or from the wrong
persons. A general reprimands his subordinate in 10 pages before his regiment; a surgeon, brief at other times, discourses interminably on the true art of healing. Here and there you have a little bit of nature from the lower orders—an old soldier, a groom, a cunning maid—but they come in and pop out as if their author were ashamed of them. To be sure, there are smart things too—“it seems to be a prevailing opinion in this island that talents and genius, like cats, are more attached to particular walls and houses than to the persons who reside within them”—still even these are discounted by the surrounding prose, and by the witty mottoes of each chapter.

On the whole, had Burns set Edward (who goes where goodness leads him) against Zeluco (who rides where the Devil drives), he would not only have multiplied the minor defects of Dr Moore’s art, but would have recognised more fully how far he falls behind the great novelists of the day in giving his characters life, freedom, and purpose.

Dr Moore died in 1802, aged 72. In that time he had travelled a deal, and evidently seen the class of people whom we meet in his novels. Burns speaks with enthusiasm of his “Views of Society and Manners in France and Italy,” but neither it nor the “Journal” have had the day of Arthur Young’s famous travels. Who knows, nevertheless, but that these forgotten volumes inspired the Poet with that Revolution ardour which (as a French critic puts it) “caused in him a daily irritability?” We cannot say. It may be true that Dr Moore’s reputation would have been as dead as himself had he not been the friend of one great man and the father of another—the friend of Burns and the father of Sir John Moore. It cannot be disputed that in his day his reputation was sufficient to extract biography (in prose or verse) from Burns and Byron, and to confirm the former in his practice of using the native tongue.

To be a literary man is something; to break new literary ground is something more; to stimulate the genius of men whom you have never seen is greatest of all. That was the last and best work of Dr John Moore.

ALEX. S. BROWN.
BURNS AS A TOURIST.

I PROPOSE to deal here with Burns as a tourist. I am not aware that the poet has been described in this way before. Yet as a tourist he occupies a unique and interesting position. In these days, when innumerable inducements, both in the means of locomotion and low expenditure, are offered for travelling at home and abroad, everybody is a tourist. It was vastly different in the eighteenth century. The facilities with which we are now all so familiar did not then exist. There were only three means available to the traveller—he could go on foot, ride on horse-back, or drive in a post-chaise. Roads were bad, rough tracks many of them, and the inns were not the most comfortable. A tourist had to be a person with a good deal of leisure, and have a purse pretty well stocked with sovereigns. He had also to be a person of some courage, for one can understand that considerable risks were attached to travelling under such conditions. Tourists were therefore few, and their travels, whether within the bounds of their own country or in other lands, could not but bring them into some prominence.

Not the least prominent of eighteenth century tourists was Robert Burns. If he has not in this respect the fame of others that could be mentioned, the reason is that he did not produce a formal record of his journeyings. How well he could have done it had he been so inclined, or some one had suggested the task to him! In the scrappy journals which were the outcome of his two longest tours there was the essence of notable books.

The spirit of the tourist was fostered in Robert Burns by the study of the history and the songs and ballads of his native land. He became imbued with a passionate desire to see the places which had been made famous by the clash of arms or the glamour of poetry. I think I can point to the first tour which he ever made—a boyish one, short as most of such excursions are, but likewise as romantic and memorable. He was in his fourteenth
poems made a great change in the fortunes of Burns. He was suddenly taken out of a position of toil and penury and placed in one of ease and comparative affluence. The opportunity so long desired, and so little expected, had come, and he was not slow to accept and make the most of it. The Scottish Border was the district most celebrated in the ballad literature which had fired his enthusiasm, and it was the district which he had the greatest ambition to see. And so one of the first things he did was to arrange a tour in what he calls "the classic

![Kelso Abbey and Bridge on Tweed.](image)

ground of Caledonia — Cowden Knowes, Banks of Yarrow, Tweed, etc."

For three weeks Burns toured in zig-zag fashion in the border counties and in the north of England. He traversed the banks of the Tweed and the Jed; saw, but did not seem to be greatly impressed by, the ruins of Melrose, Jedburgh, Kelso, and Coldingham Abbeys; visited most of the larger towns, and was received by a host of people — distinguished and undistinguished — and had various honours paid to him, for his fame had travelled before him. He saw all the places he had intended to see, with the exception of Yarrow and Ettrick — being prevented by stress of weather. On the English side the tour extended as
or fifteenth year at the time, and living at Mount Oliphant, his life composed of, "the cheerless gloom of a hermit, with the unceasing toil of a galley slave." He describes the ramble in a letter to Mrs Dunlop:—"Many a solitary hour," he wrote, "have I stole out, after the laborious vocations of the day, to shed a tear over the glorious but unfortunate story of Wallace. In those boyish days I remember, in particular, being struck with that part of his story where these lines occur:—

'Syne to the Leglen wood when it was late,
To beat a silent and a safe retreat.'

I chose a fine summer Sunday, the only day my way of life allowed, and walked half a dozen of miles to pay my respects to the Leglen wood, with as much devout enthusiasm as ever pilgrim did to Loretto, and as I explored every den and dell where I could suppose my heroic countrymen to have lodged, I recollect—for even then I was a rhymer—my heart glowed with a wish to be able to make a song on him in some measure equal to his merits."

It is, of course, impossible to say how great was the influence of this pilgrimage upon him; but we may be sure that it greatly stimulated his desire to further acquaint himself with the classic places of Scotland. In another of his letters to Mrs Dunlop he wrote:—"I have no dearer aim than to have it in my power, unplagued with the routine of business, for which heaven knows I am unfit enough, to make leisurely pilgrimages through Caledonia; to sit on the fields of her battles, to wander on the romantic banks of her rivers, and to muse by the stately towers or venerable ruins, once the time-honoured abode of her heroes." But there was one insuperable obstacle to this desire being gratified—his poverty. So long as Burns was a poor man his wanderings had to be confined to his native Ayrshire. One can picture him fondly imagining that some day and somehow fickle fortune would fulfil her fair promises, and bestow upon him sufficient wealth and leisure to enable him to carry out his dearest aim. Far earlier than he ever dreamed, his hopes were largely realised.

The success which attended the Edinburgh edition of his
In the end of June Jenny Geddes was again taken from the stable to carry her master for a few days through the wilds of Argyllshire and Dumbartonshire. Of this tour little is known, and its object is a mystery. He did not get on very well in Argyllshire. He penned a biting epigram at Inveraray, and, writing from Arrochar to his friend Ainslie, he described the country as one "where savage streams tumble over savage mountains, thinly overspread with savage flocks, which sparingly support as savage inhabitants."

Strathearn.

The next journey on which the Poet set out is commonly known as the Highland tour, though only a small portion of it was spent in the Highlands proper. It occupied 22 days—from 25th August till 16th September—and the distance traversed was fully 600 miles. It embraced some of Scotland's more picturesque scenery—the ranges of Perthshire and Inverness; several of her stateliest rivers—the Tay, the Findhorn, and the Spey; and her two most celebrated battlefields—Bannockburn and Culloden. Burns's fellow-traveller was William Nicoll, assistant master in Edinburgh High School. In character and disposition he greatly resembled the Poet, who promised himself much entertainment from his friend's originality of humour. Nicoll thought that a
far south as Newcastle, and westwards as far as Carlisle. Burns returned to Mossgiel via Annan, Dumfries (of which he was later to become such a noted citizen), and Nithsdale.

One remarkable feature of this tour is that it was poetically unproductive. Beyond the epistle to Willie Creech—written from Selkirk—a few epigrams and letters, and a journal composed of mere jottings, Burns wrote nothing. Various explanations of the silence of the Poet in such interesting and inspiring surroundings have been given. Principal Shairp narrates the mental and physical troubles from which he suffered at the time, and asks:—“When all these are remembered, is it to be wondered that Burns should have wandered by the banks of the Tweed in no mood to chant beside it a music sweeter than its own?” If I may be allowed to dissent from such an authority I would say that the explanation is that Burns was enjoying his first long release from toil—was on holiday, as we say now-a-days—and was living the free, careless life that makes a holiday real. This being so, he did not feel it incumbent on him to sing merely because of a certain environment. Burns, like all true poets, sang when the spirit moved him, and not when he was expected to sing.

In his few weeks’ absence, Burns had different travelling companions. First, Robert Ainslie, a jovial young Edinburgh law clerk; and afterwards two farmers called Hood and Kerr, men of more mature years and somewhat sombre temperament—not so congenial to the Poet. But his means of conveyance was always the same; his “auld, ja’d, gleyde o’a mere”—Jenny Gedde, whom he celebrated both in prose and rhyme—carried him safely “up hill and down brae in Scotland and England as teuch and birnie as a very devil.”

Before starting on his Border tour Burns, in a letter to Dr Moore, sketched out the ground he had to cover and added: “I shall return to my mural shades, in all likelihood never more to quit them.” But the experiences of the Poet in the Border had still further stimulated his ambition to explore his native land, and ere the year was out he had gone three other tours, one of them about the same length as that which he had just completed.
worth rehearsing. "Warm as I was from Ossian's country, where I had seen his very grave, what cared I for fishing towns or fertile carses?"

The third tour of Burns this year was a short one, though it extended for about a fortnight. Starting from Edinburgh, which was still his residence, in company with his young friend Adair, Burns went to Stirling and thence up the banks of the Devon, where the two travellers stayed for ten days at Harviestoun with Mrs Hamilton, step-mother of Burns's Mauchline friend; then they proceeded to Kinross and Dunfermline, and so back to Edinburgh. It was on this tour, at Clackmannan, that the Poet and his friend were knighted by Mrs Bruce, who claimed to be a descendant of Scotland's deliverer. The honour was conferred, so it is said, with the two-handed sword of the hero. She was a Jacobite and declared that she had a better right to do it than some people. How odd "Sir Robert Burns" reads! Knowing his devotion to the cause of Scottish freedom, is it to be wondered at that the Poet knelt upon the grave of Robert the Bruce in Dunfermline Abbey, and "kissed the stone with sacred fervour?" This tour was also poetically productive. At Harviestoun Burns was impressed with the charms of Charlotte-
post-chaise was more comfortable than horse-back, and so, says Burns, writing from Edinburgh, "Jenny Geddes goes back to Ayrshire, to use a phrase of my mother's, 'wi' her finger in her mouth." The two travellers started from Edinburgh, and drove via Linlithgow and Bannockburn to Stirling; then went up Strathallan into Strathearn, and thence through Glenalmond to Dunkeld, and so on by Killiecrankie and Tummell to Blair Athol. Next they climbed the Grampians, crossed the Spey and Findhorn, and penetrated as far as Fort George, visiting Cawdor Castle in passing. Returning, they paused on Culloden Moor, then entered Inverness, and went up Loch Ness as far as the Falls of Foyers. The route then lay due east, through Nairn, Forres, Elgin (Burns thought that the venerable ruins of the Cathedral had a grander effect at first glance than Melrose, but not so beautiful), by Fochabers and Cullen to Aberdeen; then down the east coast to Edinburgh. As in the Border tour, he was the honoured guest of many distinguished people, being entertained by the Dukes of Athol and Gordon, and everywhere he had fitting respect paid to him as the Poet of his country.

This tour was much more prolific than the Border one. He kept a diary, wrote a number of letters, and produced about a dozen poems and songs, several of them showing how much he was impressed by the scenery through which he had passed. But no place seems to have had such an effect on him as Bannockburn, where he "said a fervent prayer for old Caledonia over the hole n a blue whinstone where Robert de Bruce fixed his royal standard." This is an extract from his diary:—"I fancy to my­self that I see my gallant, heroic countrymen coming o'er the hill and down upon the plunderers of their country, the murderers of their fathers, noble revenge and just hate glowing in every vein, striding more and more eagerly as they approach the oppressive, insulting, and blood-thirsty foe. I see them meet in gloriously­triumphant congratulation on the victorious field, exulting in their heroic royal leader, and rescued liberty and independence." The part of the tour which had the least interest for him was the east coast; he describes this part of his journey as not
Hamilton and Peggy Chalmers, and the result was "Banks of Devon," "Peggy's Charms," and "My Peggy's Face."

For the next six years Burns found no opportunity for touring—there was too much work to do—though as an exciseman he became familiar with a large tract of country, his duties entailing about 200 miles riding each week. His last tour was made from Dumfries with his friend Syme. It was only of a few days' duration, and embraced a portion of Galloway—the picturesque Glenkens, Kennmure Castle (where the travellers were entertained by Mr Gordon (afterwards Viscount Kenmure), Gatehouse, Kirkcudbright, and St. Mary's Isle, the seat of Earl Selkirk, who also hospitably entertained the Poet and his friend. This tour was notable as giving birth to that battle song of all time—"Scots wha hae."

These, then, were the tours of Robert Burns, and they make it clear that it is no exaggeration to describe him as a tourist. He was unquestionably one of the best travelled men of his day. There are thousands of people at the present day who, with ever so many more opportunities, are very much less acquainted with the scenery of their country. Speaking generally, Burns explored Scotland from end to end, and he saw the best scenery that his country had to show. His tours had an influence on him, and how great that influence was has been roughly indicated. It did, not, of course, affect his position as Poet of Scotland. He would have risen to that great height though he had never travelled beyond the bounds of his native county. But it is pleasant to think that he who knew so well the hearts of the people of Scotland also knew its rivers, its mountains, its glens, and the places chiefly renowned in the national history.

ANDREW M'CALLUM.
JAMES BURNES, OF MONTROSE.

THE JAMES BURNES whose life it is here proposed briefly to sketch, was the uncle of the poet Burns, and elder brother of William Burnes, the Poet's father. Very little has been told of James, and that little is for the most part incorrect. He led an uneventful life of obscure respectability, of which the only account now possible must be pieced together from hitherto unexplored local records; and its chief interest for us lies in its marking a turning-point in the fortunes of the Burneses. The relative view of it, in fact, is the most suggestive and by far the most engrossing.

James is, in the first place, one of the central figures in a somewhat tangled chapter of the Poet's history—that which treats of the causes of the decaying fortunes of Robert Burnes, of Clochnahill, the grandfather of Robert Burns, and of the ultimate dispersal of his family. The confusion referred to is wholly of artificial production. Burns himself was strangely misled into assuming that the cause of his forefather's ruin was loyalty to the Stuarts, which, he says, threw his father on the world at large. For this belief there is no foundation in the form of trustworthy testimony. His grandfather certainly suffered through the Jacobite rising of '45, but in a manner far from the Poet's romance of loyalty. This will be shewn hereafter. As for the speculations of Dr Rogers and others, be they ever so confidently phrased, they are not worth controverting. Rogers contradicts himself. He first ruined Robert of Clochnahill by an exceptionally hard winter, and afterwards by putative Jacobitism. Rogers, in short, is utterly destitute of the historic sense, and in this matter seems to have discovered a new form of amusement in theory building.

It is not known that any of the Burneses of the two generations preceding the Poet took up arms for the Stuarts. The causes of family decadence lie elsewhere, and lead to reflections of a.
widely different colour from those of either Burns or Dr Rogers. All the ascertained facts point to the Burneses having kept clear of the Stuart broils of both 1715 and 1745. They retained possession of the ancestral farms upon the Inchbreck estate, on the braes of Glenbervie, far into the reign of George III. Bogjordan remained in the hands of the third William, who held that farm until 1784, when he died and it passed out of the family. Brawlinmuir was tenanted by Burneses until 1807. These two dates are far more suggestive of their having led lives of peaceful agricultural industry than of their having taken an active part in the Jacobite risings. As for Robert of Clochnahill and his sons William and Robert, the Poet’s father and uncle, they may have been out in the ’45. It was within their option to fight for Prince Charlie, but they were under no such feudal obligation to do so as Robert Chambers insists upon, and that they actually did take up arms is well-nigh incredible. They had other things to think about. At May, 1745, a crisis was reached in the domestic life of Clochnahill which had no connection with the Stuart struggle to regain a throne, and might well have shut it out of view of the sorrowing and beaten home circle at the farm.

There also lie the causes of the family decline. Clochnahill proved a hard bargain for Robert Burnes. A speaker at one of the Mearns Centenary gatherings said that “after a hard struggle upon the muirland farm of Clochnahill against bad crops and low prices, the great frost of 1740 reduced the family to beggary.” It was, in truth, a terrible season, the most disastrous of the century to farmers, and for many a year afterwards the countryside teemed with sad and harrowing tales of privation, suffering, and even death from famine and cold. From this it appears that no single catastrophe overwhelmed the Burneses. They were slowly worn down and impoverished by a long course of adversity, and the dreadful season of 1740 only brought a continuous series of misfortunes to a climax. The life of the household was spent in battling with hardship and ill luck, and yet surrender was never thought of until May, 1745, when Robert renounced his lease and left Clochnahill. He was then behind with his rent, and other-
wise immersed in financial difficulties. Even when he left the farm he could not free himself from the clutches of what looked like an adverse fate. Retiring from Clochnahill at Whitsunday '45, Robert went into Kinneff, and the farm at once passed into the occupancy of the new tenant, John Duncan. In the course of the Jacobite campaign of that year, however, the Highland clansmen who followed the standard of Prince Charles lived chiefly by foraging. They levied supplies upon many Mearns farms, and Clochnahill suffered with the others. The result was that Duncan could not fulfill his engagement to Robert Burnes to pay for the standing crop and the other charges due him as outgoing tenant. Harassed in other ways, this disappointment proved too much for the impoverished and rapidly ageing farmer. He sought remeid in a court of law, and from the papers in the lawsuit, Burnes v. Duncan, the facts here detailed are taken. Thus worsted on every side, Robert Burnes gave up the battle of life and went to reside at Denside, Dunnottar.

What William and the younger Robert were doing during the few years after 1745 is not quite clear. Their self-denying conduct towards their father hardly needs comment. They fought adversity by his side, and clung to the family homestead until virtually compelled to leave it. Their loyal bearing brings into striking relief a very beautiful family trait of the Burneses—their love of kindred, and their strong attachment to home. So far, furthermore, the narrative throws a new and clear light upon one or two previously obscure points in the history of the family. The first is that while Robert Burnes suffered grievously in consequence of the Jacobite rising, it was in a manner widely different from the Poet's imagining. The second is that, be the cause what it may, no Burns ever rose in the world by farming.

We know that there were Burneses in Inchbreck in 1547. In spite of the gilding of Dr Burnes and Dr Rogers, we also know that the tillers of the several farms in Glenbervie could not, by any stretch of imagination, be looked upon as men of substance. They were tenant-farmers of the poorer sort, who knew nothing of what would now be considered ordinary com-
fort, and to whom luxury was only a name. Strength of will, solidity of moral principle, and force of character taught them to endure, but did nothing towards sweetening life by ameliorating its conditions. They fenced themselves round with "the small economics," partook of hard fare, lived in comfortless dwellings, and practised the most vigilant frugality. The plain truth is that, for at least two centuries, the Burneses engaged in a hand-to-hand fight with poverty. In the sixteenth century we see them settled upon Inchbreck; in the eighteenth, we see two young men inspired by filial duty, pride in family independence, and love of those nearest them in blood—father, mother, and sisters—still fighting the family enemy, and doing it against an overwhelming combination of misfortunes which must at length have assumed the shape of predestined ruin. At last we see them involved in the defeat of Robert Burnes, their father.

A good many reflections have been made upon the Poet's want of success in farming, but we now see that he only followed in the wake of many poverty-stricken ancestral generations, and that his grandfather was compelled to give it up as a hopeless means of making a livelihood. Pushing the older Mearns farmers out of view, the remarkable and suggestive circumstance remains that agriculture wrought havoc with the lives and fortunes of three successive generations of Burneses. Against none of them, including the Poet at Ellisland, could failure be urged as arising from moral causes. Read aright, there is no more eloquent, though melancholy, comment upon the conditions of the farming industry in Scotland than the record of the Burneses from Clochnahill to Mount Oliphant and Lochlea, thence to Mossgiel, and closing with the baffled Poet's exit from Ellisland. Beside Robert of Clochnahill's collapse, a second fact ranges itself, viz., that it was not wholly unforeseen. It was no sudden stroke that felled him, either political or climatic. For a long time prior to the ruinous experiences of 1740 and 1745, as the sons of Robert grew in years and intelligence, they must have seen that under no conceivable circumstances could they find a permanent home at Clochnahill. We are left to imagine the long and anxious con-
sultations of the united family as to the future years before the wintry ravages of 1740.

The first gap in the home circle was made by the going of James. He was the first to venture out into the world, and in view of the shadow thrown with heartless deliberation by some of his biographers and commentators across the Poet's life, it cannot be made too clear that the family as a whole only began to make its mark, to mount the ascending road towards distinction, affluence, position and title, when farming was exchanged for other pursuits. For his branch of the family, the day on which James left home was big with fate. On it began the emancipation of kindred and descendants from the benumbing gloom of grinding poverty and obscure isolation. And how rapidly the inherited training in hardship told in "the bivouac of life" may be shown in a sentence. The son of the first James, of Montrose, was James, solicitor, the Poet's cousin and correspondent; the son of the latter was the third James, who became Provost of Montrose, and was latterly joint Town-Clerk; of the Provost's sons one, Alexander, was knighted and with his brother Charles was massacred at Kabul in 1841; a grandson of the Provost also sacrificed his life to duty and patriotism at Lucknow. These are tragic events, but they are set round with many instances of success in life; and, in any event, the tragedy is brilliant when placed against the sombre pathos of the earlier tragedy enacted by one generation of Burneses after another, between the wind-swept Braes of Glenbervie and the still more unsheltered slopes where Clochnahill lies on Carmount.

The exit of James, then, from the unlucky farm proved the starting-point of his race upon the upward way. Else a sorrowful enough figure, he seems as, some hundred and seventy years ago, he probably marched down the road between Carmount and Bruxie Hill—the same highway along which the Poet drove fifty years later, when on his Highland tour. Swinging round close by Drumlithie, crossing the Bervie water, and nearing Laurencekirk, James would be bound to feel the growing distance between himself and the cradle of his race. He was virtually a pioneer before
whom the unrealisable world, with all its hidden potentialities, was spread out. Passing Marykirk, he would cross the North Esk at Craigo, and, mounting the hill upon which Sunnyside now stands, he would see before him a splendid panorama of woods and grassy slopes, river-course, stormy North Sea and Eastern sky, and over on his right towards the South his goal—Montrose, to this day one of the stateliest and most picturesque of all the towns of the North.

Born at Kinmouth in 1717, James would be four years old when (1721) his father took Clochnahill. His experience of life at the farm extended from childhood well into youth, and, although he witnessed none of the darker scenes of 1740-45, he undoubtedly saw enough to make his boyhood little more than a depressing memory. His reasons for going to Montrose are sufficiently obvious. It was a rising town and becoming a centre of industry as well as of fishing, trade, and commerce. Further considerations likely to have had weight with him were that it was not very far from home, and that he had relatives there. The latter were two cousins, sons of his uncle James of Hawkhill and Bralinmuir; one of them, William, was in either the excise or customs and was stationed in Montrose; the other was a farmer at Higham, near the town. Two years, 1732 and 1739, are mentioned in connection with James's going from Clochnahill, and although in so far as any known consequences are concerned, the question is of little importance, it may be noted that the earlier date is preferable. At fifteen James was old enough to understand the downward drift of affairs at the farm, and he was much more likely at that age than at twenty-two to turn his attention to a new occupation. In his usual dogmatic way, Dr. Rogers says: "Trained to merchandise, he in 1732 settled in Montrose." A search for evidence that he was ever "trained to merchandise" has proved fruitless. The only occupation James is, with certainty, known to have followed, was the trade of wright, which he learned in Montrose. Of the passing years of apprenticeship and service as journeyman, we know nothing, and that any intercourse was maintained between Montrose and Clochnahill is a matter of
conjecture. James was obviously a man of character, industrious, well-living, possessed of a goodly share of the Scots instinct to 'get on,' keeping his eye steadily fixed upon the upward path, and coming before us in many ways as the type of the "men of the Mearns." He clearly meant to make a home in his new surroundings, and began by "settling down." It seems natural and appropriate to sketch him in homely words and phrases. Esteemed a man of solid worth in the community to which he attached himself, he almost reconciles one to the Scots virtue of respectability too frequently the cloak and disguise of self-concealment and hypocrisy.

That there was something good about James is placed beyond doubt by his having induced one Margaret Grub to look upon him with loving favour, and in 1745—when we are asked to believe that his father and brothers were doing battle for Prince Charlie—they were wed. Of their family, the second son, James, is the only one concerning the present inquiry, and the other may be briefly disposed of. A son and two daughters passed early, leaving James with only two sons and one daughter. The latter was named Elizabeth, and on 8th January, 1768, she married George Hudson of Bervie, who came in time to be Provost of that burgh. Dr Burnes says ("Notes on his Name and Family") that Hudson was of English descent, his father and grandfather having accompanied Lord Robert Manners' regiment to Montrose in 1745. He adds that the father married Elizabeth, daughter of William Carnegie, convener of the incorporated trades at Montrose. Of James Burnes's eldest son, David, born 30th July, 1749, there is nothing to record except that he married and had children.

After six years of married life, James Burnes somewhat suddenly emerges into public view. In the Minutes of the Kirk-Session of Montrose appears the following relic of an extinct usage:

"May 6th, 1751.

"There was given in to the session by James Burness a petition ye tenor whereof follows: 'That as your petitioner cannot procure a convenient shop in the Town he yrfore earnestly begs yt you would be pleased to grant him ye
privilege to build a shop at ye foot of ye Kirkyard betwixt ye Kirk style & Brotherton's Barn & yt upon ye whole of ye dyke if need require it excepting what must necessarily be reserved at ye end of Brotherton's Barn & yt you would let him know upon what conditions he may have ye grant.

"'And your petitioner shall ever pray,'

"The Session referr giving him an answer to ys petition to next session day."

Two pro re nata meetings intervene, and then occurs the entry:—

"Referrs James Burness's petition till next meeting."

There is no further mention of James and his petition, which was, nevertheless, certainly granted. He built his workshop on the site indicated, and there for many a day—nearly a century and a half—it stood, to the disfigurement of both the street in front and the kirkyard behind. It occupied the eastern or lower end of the northern division of the Parish Church Cemetery. Anyone going from High Street eastwards down the Church Wynd to the Links or shore, passes close by the spot upon his left, as he descends the broad steps leading into Baltic Street. When, a few years ago, it was decided to lay out that part of the burial ground in more ornamental fashion, by planting it with shrubs and finishing it off with a low wall of dressed stone and an iron railing, it was necessary to remove the painfully prosaic, if not unsightly, workshop of James Burnes (or Burness), the eighteenth century wright. It is doubtful if any of the workmen who took part in the demolition of the building ever associated it with an uncle of Robert Burns.

The next that is heard of James is that he was admitted a burgess of Montrose upon 11th September, 1751. That he stood well in the opinion of the burghers may be inferred from their having on 26th September, 1753, elected him a Town Councillor. That in that capacity he did his duty in an unobtrusive way may well be believed; but a comparatively early death probably prevented him from making any mark in the annals of the Burgh. In the same year he received a yet more emphatic token of his fellow-townsmen's respect, by being ordained an elder of the Kirk. According to the Kirk-Session Minutes, on 29th January,
In 1753, "James Burness, wright," was proposed "as a proper person to be ordained elder." In the ensuing December he was ordained accordingly, and his name appears amongst those attending a sederunt upon the 25th of that month, at which his ordination on the previous Sunday was announced by the Moderator. Thereafter his name occurs frequently and, if the entries have no other value, they at least give an insight into the opportunities and duties of an eighteenth century elder, which is not uninteresting. In these days of many sects and sharply divided functions and obligations, the following extract from a minute of 26th August, 1754, is likely to prove curious to many readers:—

"There having been laid before the Session this day an account of £2 3s 10½d, signed by John Young and James Burness wrights, for necessary works about the stiple, as particularly specified in the account; which the Session considering were of opinion that the support and maintainance of the stiple was rather a charge on the town than the Session, and therefore appointed an extract of this their minute to be laid before the Council at their next meeting, that they may take the same under their consideration, especially as it has been further represented, by workmen, that the spire of the stiple is in a bad and dangerous condition, and if not speedily repaired is likely soon to fall."

On the fourth of the following November it was reported "that the representation concerning the reparation of the stiple was laid before the Council," and that a committee had been appointed to meet a committee of the Session to come to an arrangement. There is no record of their having met, either in the minute of 23rd December, 1754, or down to that of 24th February, 1755; and nothing more is heard of the account and the adjustment of the respective responsibilities of the Town Council and the Kirk Session anent the "stiple." It may be explained that the steeple here referred to is not that most graceful example of Presbyterian architecture which now confers distinction upon Montrose, but a comparatively graceless and dwarfed square tower with an hexagonal spire. The latter was removed, some seventy years ago, to make way for the present shapely and majestic structure. It is perhaps characteristic of burgh life that the charge levelled at the old steeple of being in a dangerous
condition and "likely soon to fall" should have been perpetuated and be periodically brought against its successor.

The name of James Burness is occasionally met in connection with accounts for work done by him as wright, but a more important matter is his discharge of the duties of eldership. He does not seem to have been very exemplary in his attendance at Session meetings. From 25th December, 1753—the day when his ordination was announced—down to the 23rd December, 1754, of sixteen meetings he was only present at eight; in 1755 he attended nine and missed eight meetings; 1756 was an unusually busy year for the session, and out of twenty-four meetings he only attended twelve; in 1757 he shows an improvement, appearing at eight meetings out of eleven; in 1758 he was present twelve times and absent nine; in 1759 his absences numbered eleven out of twenty-one meetings; 1760 was his most regular year, he being absent only five times and present fifteen; the next year was his last, and of eleven meetings between 12th January and 6th April, when he made his final appearance, he attended seven, and was thus only absent from four.

One of his duties as elder is defined under date of 8th December, 1755. He was then appointed visiting elder for the district "all about the Fisher-gate and up to John Dun's house on the west side of the street." The special function he was thereby called upon to perform was, according to the minute, "to use all diligence to see what strangers come to their several quarters; who have certificates and who not," etc. James had, in all likelihood, to take a share of the detective work it was the custom in his day to impose upon elders, such as perambulating the town to take note of Sabbath-breakers, to report barbers who plied their trade on the Sabbath, drinkers in taverns and the like; but his name does not occur in any connection with any discovered laxity or mis. demeanour. On 19th April, 1756, he made a declaration that he had complied with the above order of the previous December, and nothing more is related of him in that particular connection.

Another odd custom of the period comes out in an entry in the minutes of 21st April, 1756, when he became purchaser by.
public roup of "2 seats in the 5th pew distant from the pulpit on the south side of the body of the Church," at a price of £26 8s. On 28th June the sale was formally confirmed, and he was warranted to peaceably possess and enjoy the two seats for all time coming "for himself his wife and lawful successors, with the proviso that neither he nor they shall either sell or dispose the said seats, with leave asked of & granted by ye Session." Here the use of the words "with leave" instead of "without leave," by a clerical error, makes James's title rather stringent.

Of minor matters one or two only need be mentioned, as showing that his eldership did not disqualify him as wright. In 1758 he was paid a joint account for mending the kirk-stiles. He was next appointed a member of one committee to measure the plumber-work on the roof, and of another to examine one of the stairs in the Kirk which it subsequently fell to him to repair. On 11th December, 1758—

"James Burness reports that he has mended the stair leading to Bailie Morison, Mrs Ramsay, the Bakers, and Mr Hutcheon their lofts, the charge whereof amounts to twenty shillings sterling."

Thereupon the methodical and prudent Session appointed a committee to calculate the share of the twenty shillings due by each proprietor. James, as we have seen, was present at the Kirk Session meeting on 6th April, 1761, but was soon after laid aside by his last illness. His name is not recorded in connection with the meetings of 25th May and 4th July, and on 10th August occurs this entry:—

"The Session allow James Burness relict to sell the two seats that belong to her in the fifth pew distant from the pulpit on the south side of the body of the Church."

More than a year elapsed, and on 15th November, 1762, Katharine Greig produced to the Session a disposition of the two seats from Margaret Grub, widow of James Burnes, and asking an act of Session to confirm the deed. This was granted on 24th January, 1763. James had died on 17th July, 1761, at the age of forty-four, and Mrs Burnes seems to have at once set about making preparations to leave Montrose. As she is stated to have
died at Bervie in or about 1795, she would appear to have gone to live with her daughter Elizabeth, wife of Provost Hudson. James, but not his widow, was buried in the Old Kirk-yard, Montrose, within sight of his workshop, and in the same grave his son James, the cousin and well-known correspondent of Robert Burns, was also laid to rest. Several others of the name, in the two forms of Burnes and Burness, lie around, but, so far as known, the above is the whole story of the first James Burnes, of Montrose.

EDWARD PINNINGTON.
THROUGH the courtesy of Mr John R. W. Clark, banker, Arbroath, we have been favoured with a perusal of an edition of Burns, published in 1823, by David Hill, Montrose, (2 vols. 24 mo.) containing Dr Currie's "Life of the Poet," with manuscript marginal annotations by John Syme, of Ryedale, who was, perhaps, on closer terms of intimacy with Burns than any other of his Dumfries friends. The volumes bear that they were once the property of H. M'Quhae, Castle-Douglas, who informs us, in a note on the title-page, that the annotations on the text are by "John Syme, Burns's intimate friend, and favoured me by the kindness of James Napier, Esq., of Crago," the inference being that the originals were in the possession of the last-named gentleman, who allowed him to copy them. From the notes scattered throughout the volumes (which are distinguished from Syme's by being written in pencil), it is evident that Mr M'Quhae was a Burns enthusiast of the most fervent kind, careful to note down everything attributed to the Poet, which did not appear in the editions of the era in which he lived. Hill's edition contains Miss Williams's "Evan Banks," and Richard Galt's "Farewell to Ayrshire;" and the list of heresies is further augmented by a M.S. copy of Burt's "O'er the mist-shrouded cliffs," which is inserted before the title of the second volume, with the expressed hope "that it will be joyfully recognised as the effusion of the Poet's care-worn muse at that gloomy period when he was about to bid adieu to the Banks of Ayr." On a fly leaf at the end of the same volume appear manuscript copies of the following "Epigrams by Burns, never published"—to wit, "On Rollo Gillespie," "On the late Sir D. Maxwell of Cardoness," "On Lascelles," "On Gray of Craig boasting of his high acquaintances," "On the Earl of Galloway of Burns's time," "On a Numbskull," and "On Mr.
Winter, the Tax Collector.” The first and last of these are new; we therefore give them for what they are worth:—

Would’st thou know, gentle reader, who rests in this earth,
’Tis Rollo Gillespie of true Irish birth;
This brazen-faced column was raised to his name,
A record at once of his manners and fame.

There sits Mr Winter, Collector o’ Taxes,
Who takes from each person whatever he axes,
In all he collects he deals in no flummery,
For though his name’s Winter, his proceedings are summary.

The fourth usually appears under the title of “The Toad-eater,” whose identity, so far as we know, is here for the first time revealed. The version given is in a different measure from that which appears in Scott Douglas’s Edinburgh edition, and the substitution of “a crab louse” for “an insect,” gives it a Cloaciniad character, which effectually excludes it from every respectable edition. Dr Wallace, however, in the new Chambers’ edition, gives a purified version in the same measure. Though we have credited M’Quhae with this collection of epigrams, the fact that they are written in the same small, careful hand as the marginal notes which profess to be copies of the original—a hand, by the way, entirely different from that in which the copy of Burt’s song is written—affords grounds for supposing that Syme himself was the collector. This can only be verified by comparison with the original. At the Craibe-Angus sale, if we mistake not, a volume was catalogued as containing annotations by John Syme. If this is the original possessed, circa 1835, by James Napier of Crago, M’Quhae’s copy can easily be verified if its present possessor is willing to provide facilities. The probability of the authenticity of the epigrams quoted would undoubtedly be strengthened by the authority of Syme, though he is not to be implicitly trusted, as some of his notes bear witness. Many of the annotations are simply names and designations to fill up the elisions of Currie, and a few are trifling and irrelevant. The former are now so well-authenticated from other sources that their reproduction is unnecessary, while the latter are absolutely valueless as Burnsiana. We therefore give both the go-by, and confine our
attention to those which either pointedly comment on the biography or elucidate the text of the poems.

Currie's Life, as everyone knows, begins with Burns's letter to Dr Moore, concerning which Syme says little beyond emphasizing some of the passages. Where Burns speaks of his character as resembling Solomon's save "in the trifling affair of wisdom," Syme writes on the margin "True." Alongside of the passage referring to the Poet's obligation "to the old woman who resided in the family" for his fairy and folk-lore, appears a laconic "Yes," Burns's father's death is commented on as "A salve for a sore," and the only other criticism on the autobiographical letter appears in connection with the Poet's account of the curious effects produced upon his mind by the knowledge of his father's displeasure—an opinion which Syme endorses by the remark, "Sands make the mountain." To Syme's own letter to Currie, describing his tour in Galloway in the company of the Poet, the following addenda are added:—"We spent two or three days very happily at Terrochtry, Mr. Heron's house." When they arrived at Kirkcud bright, Currie goes on to say that Burns was "in a wild and obstreperous mood, and swore he would not dine where he would be under the smallest restraint." Syme adds on the margin, "He expressed it thus at the inn, 'where he might drink like the devil and swear like hell.'" There is just a hint of exaggeration in Syme's description of the highly-strung condition of Burns's nerves during this Galloway tour, and it must be remembered he had wounded the Poet's susceptibilities by his "priest-ridden" joke in connection with the ruin of his riding-boots. The "two young ladies of Selkirk," whom they met at St Mary's Isle, are designated "Lady Elizabeth and Lady Helen." Another notable addendum is appended to the Excise enquiry episode which Syme characterises as a "fama clamosa," and adds the following in a foot-note:—"Corbet, Supervisor-General of Excise. Burns wrote a card to John Syme begging him to dine that day with Mr Findlater, Supervisor at Dumfries—a friend of Burns and intimate of John Syme's—observing that the Supervisor-General was on the mission for cashiering Burns. Therefore, Burns pressed J. Syme's support,
adding that Corbet had such power as was attributable to Omnipotence."

As appears from Burns's correspondence, he was on the best of terms with Mr Corbet. His wife was an intimate friend of Mrs Dunlop, and the good offices of this lady had been solicited on Burns's behalf by the latter long before any question had emerged as to the manner in which he performed his duties. That he expected Mr Corbet's influence in securing his promotion is evident from his letter to that gentleman (Sept., 1792), in which he speaks of sending him some specimens of his rhyming wares, as also in presenting his wife with a copy of the 1793 edition of his poems. Cordial as were the relations between him and this official of the omnipotent powers, it is clear that he did not consider the friendship strong enough to defeat the machinations of his enemies; and the extent of his fears can be pretty accurately gauged by the steps which he took to secure the prompt intervention of Syme and Findlater to ward off the "cashiering," which doubtless was the common talk of the town. Whether Corbet was prejudiced in his favour, or convinced by the evidence that the complaint was essentially baseless and inspired by malevolence, certain it is that Burns was not officially reprimanded, though a hint may have been conveyed that he might comport himself more carefully in the future. He himself states that he was only partly forgiven, and that all his hopes of getting officially forward were blasted. He was mistaken in this, as subsequent events proved; yet the extreme alarm he manifested is convincing proof that the episode was not the trifling affair some commentators represent it to be, but a matter of official life and death to the Poet.

Pursuing our investigations, we find that in a letter from Cunningham to Burns, dated 14th October, 1790, Syme is designated "Barncaulzie," and described as "a charming fellow lost to society." A somewhat puzzling commentary is affixed to a passage in the letter to Mrs Dunlop of date March 22nd, 1787, in which Burns refers to the responsibilities of the individual. "Where God and Nature have entrusted the welfare of others to his care, where the trust is sacred and the ties are dear, that man
must be far gone in selfishness or strangely lost to reflection whom these connections will not move to exertion," says Burns, and Syme adds, "Yet they did not" (in Burns's case, presumably), which makes one wonder what is meant to be conveyed when read in connection with his other comment on the same letter, "How was he rewarded? A subaltern of Excise."

Coming to the poetry, opposite line 3, stanza ix, of "The Holy Fair," the words, "From Edinburgh," are written with an asterisk prefixed, which refers to "racer Jess." Syme is evidently in error here, for the frail female indicated was the daughter of Poosie Nancy. The Kilmarnock Museum M.S. has "Bet Barb- r there," regarding whose identity we have no information, though the probability is that she also was a local celebrity of the same sort. He trips again in writing "Bannatyne" for "Ballantyne," in the title of "The Brigs of Ayr." He also sets down "Heron, afterwards minister of Kirkgunzeon," as the hero of "The Calf," thus depriving Steven of Kilwinning of the questionable laurels. Gavin Hamilton he locates in Ayr, instead of Mauchline, in the heading to "The Dedication." "Willie Simpson" appears disguised as "Willie Swinton," and "Eliza" is described as "a female to whom Burns was first attached," without any hint of her surname. There are very few notes of value on the Thomson correspondence. "When wild war's deadly blast" is docketed "Matchless," and in a footnote Syme adds, "I remember Burns was almost beside himself when he made this beautiful burst." "Jean Armour" and "Robert Burns" he makes the heroine and hero of "There was a lass and she was fair." To Burns's letter to Thomson, declaring he was hurt by receipt of his "pecuniary parcel," is appended—"This is such as I knew to be the mind of Burns. How could Mr Thomson (whom I also knew well) press the subject on Burns?" The only other note worth quoting is that attached to "Scots wha hae," and is to the following effect, "See Mr Syme's letter in Life of Burns. See this (the 4th line of each stanza) altered according to Mr Thomson's recommendation. Burns thought the alteration more energetic in the 4th line." From this it would appear that
Syme still adhered to his account of the circumstances in which the ode was composed, and was unaware of the harassing importunity of Thomson, which ultimately resulted in the Poet consenting to his clumsy emendations against his own better judgment.

D. McNAUGHT.

LINES TO BURNS.

Ance mair thy natal day draws near,
While memory lasts 'twill aye be dear
Tae Scottish hearts, baith far and near,
'Tis a' the same,
Oor hearts are stirred whene'er we hear
Thy honoured name.

Nae ither Poet holds half thy charm,
To dim the e'e or steel the arm,
Your lines mak' a' oor bluid rin warm,
An' memories flee
Tae cities, clachans, cot an' farm
Beyond the sea.

Scots wander frae their land o' birth,
Tae every spot aroun' the earth:
The sound o' a' thy honest worth
Is aye the same,
Oor hearts are moved to wae and mirth,
By thy sweet name.

I've stood beside thy honored grave,
Where flowers in sweet profusion wave,
But a'ne I viewed among the lave
Abune them a',
To which thy pen a tribute gave
The Daisy sma'.

Marbles may crumble, flowers may fade,
Aroun' the spot where thou art laid,
An' heartfelt tributes will be paid
While ages roll,
Thy name shall live throughout decade,
On Fame's bright scroll.

ANNIE Q. COULTER.

This poem was composed for a concert under the auspices of the Scottish Thistle-Club, Victoria, and a pathetic interest attaches to it from the fact that Miss Coulter was accidentally drowned a few hours before the concert began.
THE letters here printed, all for the first time, may be considered supplementary to the volume, "Burns-Dunlop Correspondence," published in 1898. Following that volume they are given, with one exception, in full, and are "pointed." The exception is the long letter of 24th January, 1794, the manuscript of which is only fragmentary. Parts of these fragments are printed below, but it is impossible to tell the order in which they should read. All seven letters were written by Mrs Dunlop: three to the Poet, three to Gilbert Burns, and one to Mrs Gilbert Burns. The originals of Nos. 2, 3, 5 and 6 are in possession of Mrs J. G. Burns of Dublin; the others form part of the Watson Collection in the Scottish National Portrait Gallery, Edinburgh.

Read in conjunction with the volume of "Burns-Dunlop Correspondence," these letters require little elucidation. Attention may, however, be drawn to two points—(1) the letter of 24th January, 1794, makes clear certain statements in Mrs Dunlop's letter of 14th February following; and (2) "the book" referred to in letter No. 7—which, by the way, though not dated from Dunlop, bears the Stewarton post-mark—was probably Burns's autobiographical letter to Dr Moore. In connection with letter No. 4 it may be noted that Mrs Dunlop appears to have been, if not a "splendid pauper," at any rate not burdened with un embarraš de richesses. That Burns resented the liberty taken by his correspondent, in asking him to hawk her home-made "fringe to ornament furnitor" among his rich neighbours, is shown by the fact that he ignored her repeated request for his assistance in her little "scheme."

The references at letters Nos. 1-4 are to the British and the
American editions of the "Correspondence." The former was issued by Messrs Hodder and Stoughton, London; the latter (in two volumes, and more accurate than the other) by Messrs Dodd, Mead and Company, New York.

(1.) MRS DUNLOP TO GILBERT BURNS.


LOUDOUN CASTLE, 10th April, 1791.

SIR,—One of our maids having gone about a fortnight ago to visit her Friends in Annandale, called at your Brother's house in her return. While she was there he had the misfortune, as she tells me, to fall from his Horse and break his Arm just at the Elbow; she added that he was appointed to a Supervisor's office. I have wrote him twice since, to enquire after his Health and promotion, and begged his making some one about him drop me a line in answer; but as I have never heard a word in return I grow afraid he continues very Ill, a thing I should very much regret. I therefore take the liberty of asking it as a favour that you may by return of post acquaint me whether his mother or you have had any particular accounts from Ellisland during that period of time, and how the family were, and if Mrs Burns is Brought to Bed, or if Mr Burns has got any appointment or by what means. A note addrest to Mrs Dunlop of Dunlop, Loudoun Castle, Kilmarnock, will find, Sir, Your most humble Sert.,

FRAN. A. DUNLOP.

(2.) MRS DUNLOP TO ROBERT BURNS.


23rd Novr., 1792, DUNLOP.

I wrote you, my dear Sir, from Morehame the day before I left it, and carried my letter in my pocket to Edinburgh, to get it franked by Willy Kerr. But even in this trifle fate thwarted me, and I missed my aim. However, I sent it the day after, from Glasgow, by post, being then on my road home, which I reached this day was a fortnight ago, and found all my family better than I expected, except Nanny, who reminded me of poor Lucy, in Liffy's limpid stream, "whose life was near an end." Yet she is greatly better now, and so am I, although I measure seven inches fewer round the waist than I did seven weeks ago.

On my arrival here I was told there had been a letter from you, but they had sent it east, from whence, in process of time, however, it found its way back, and was brought me yesterday. My heart leaped at the sight of the well-known welcome hand with more than ordinary fervour. I was revived
and put in good humour with you and with myself, by having hung over the
warm effusions of your pen for the preceding three days, when I had read over
every scrap of paper you ever sent me. Dear Burns, I forgot for a time all your
faults and my own cares. But think not this was all, or nearly, your work. No,
it had the powerful assistance of the presence of the lovely Lesley Baillie, and
I begin to hope old time may one day help you to put your abrupt a·pro-pos
more intelligible to her name than when you applied it last, in writing me
that letter, which I had the pleasure of letting her look over, but which it
would have been very difficult to persuade her to overlook. Nor can you
think it calculated to abridge her partiality for the writer. I am to carry her
home to-morrow, and your friend Satan torments me with a suggestion that
you may possibly arrive here in my absence, a misfortuné for which I should
not know how to comfort myself, especially at this moment, when all your
past kindness has just gone over in the review of my eyes and my grateful
heart. Yet when you pronounce letters the sacraments of friendship. I
rejoice to find you like our modern new-light clergy, curtailing the weekday
service from those holy ordinances, and making them as abridged a set of
duties as you possibly can. If you decline as far in your religious professions,
Lord help your salvation! The number and length of those pages dated '88
delight me, but I dread that was the year of the Revolution. A·pro-pos, as
you say when there is no visible connection, I think we will not be long
without another revolution. The minds of men have undergone a strange and
rapid ferment within the last moon. God forbid they should turn lunatics!
May He guide all her sons to the good of their native land by the smooth
path of peace and safety, and may she never want the patriot Hero or the
patriot Bard! But spite of the democratical demon that has haunted me
all my life, when I hear the old cry of Liberty, Property, and no Excise, my
spirit dies within me and can hardly whisper "Amen." When my friend is,
like Iphigenia, to be sacrificed for the safety of his country, nor offered up
alone, but, contrary to the merciful Mosaic code, the dam will be taken with
her young. How do I wish you had remained the Farmer of Ellisland, a
character to which I always looked up with respect and deference, and to
which every fresh idea of freedom and independence must add a more sacred
dignity and Importance—a truth which, should you just now meet the Farmer
I have just left, you would see marked in his step, painted on his cheek, and
sparkling from animated Eyes that seem to dart forth the lightning of a soul
kindled with fire from Heaven. Never before did I conceive the force of cir-
cumstances on the characters of men. But tell me, thou who art greatly favoured
among men—favoured with poetic vision, and admitted behind the Curtain of
Futurity—whose mystic songs oft prove to distant times predictive as the
prophecies of the rapt Isaiah, what are your hopes or fears from the present
high·wrought leaven of Times, which to me seem big with the fate of Caesar
and of Rome? It has been my lot to shake with every blast that swept over the
Continent of Europe, the Pacific Ocean, or the land of Hindostan. No
wonder, then, if I shiver in the breeze, when the impending storm hangs over
our little Island and seems just ready to break over my head. Wherever I have
gone of late the flame has been spreading like muir burn in the spring. God
grant it may not turn out a consuming fire sent in His wrath on a guilty
land, but rather the pillar sent by the Almighty, as formerly, to lead the
Israelites to the promised land of their wishes and hopes. Even this was, by Times, only a dark cloud of smoke, but cold encouragement amid the threatening dangers of the wilderness and the surrounding crowds of hostile nations, which they, and, possibly, we too, may have to encounter. My mind dwells on things at present much above my conception, and while private concerns put me on the rack, I feel a bitterness added by the apprehension of approaching publick calamity, whose sweeping ruin may involve all I hold dear, in short, may overwhelm us all.

I would like to have your, or rather your Brother’s, sentiments on this subject. Yours will be too cold or, like my own, too volatile. Yet I am vex’t not to know what has become of you, nor can I guess, unless you are gone to Edinburgh about your publication, which I cannot say I wish, on more accounts than my missing your visit, since I look on it as a bad vortex to encounter by surprise where one requires calm deliberation and steady judgment to direct themselves, instead of being led by the undigested impetuosity of others, impelled more by Chance than Reason, and therefore more apt to be wrong than right, plausible than solid. No letters from France. I am anxious for my poor little Boy or his father. Alas, I mean his Grandfather, whom I pray Heaven may preserve. You see I have got a sheet of large size. Don’t call it foolscap. Yet I have no objection to the name, and less to the thing itself. When it used to come from you the word single sheet gave a wonderful grace to the address on the outside, in my eye. I have some fear it might not seem so enchanting in yours were I necessitated to insert it on this, which, I believe, would be very proper, to save mistakes at the post office. How vain should I be could I ever learn that you rejoiced at sight of this word as sincerely as you have many a time taught me to do! Farewell! The wind is so loud to-night I doubt I shall be Homestaid to-morrow. Do steal a moment from G. R. and the Rum duty, to write me, and pour balm on our wounded spirit.

Yours,

FRAN. A. DUNLOP.

(3) MRS DUNLOP TO ROBERT BURNS.


DUNLOP, 14 April, 1793.

DEAR BURNS,—There are situations in which one finds it impossible to write. Such is mine for a great while past. I have not had a pen in my hand but once since the last letter I sent you. It is one of the drawbacks of so large a family as mine that it brings a multiplicity of intermixed concerns which, although they twist and tear your heart-strings, are not so your own as to admit your dividing them with those to whom you would have pleasure in communicating every sentiment arising in your mind, from circumstances where your own Interest and Happiness had the only, or at least the most predominate, part. The joy of letters is where one just thinks, and the rising thought becomes visible to the Eye of that friend whose presence we imagine could assuage its bitterness or divert our attention from its present Ill, or presage
Horror which gleam athwart its future prospects. When the heart is full of something one is not at liberty to mention, they write with an embarrassed restraint which cannot escape the immediate perception of that Friend they have been accustomed to address with openness and freedom, to whom they have poured out the pure effusions of the soul, without allowing any moment of prudent distrust to check the hand and keep back the blackest dreg that might float in the spirit, uncorrected by time or refinement. 'Twas thus I have often wrote to you, and that I would ever wish to write to Him who by His works has convinced me of the truth of Imlac's position that a Poet must be more than a man. Imlac adds, I think, that God never made a Poet, or the Prince of Abyssinia observes it for Him; and I am of the same opinion, for I cannot help super-adding to the most perfect of His works in that line every grace and quality my own imagination can afford to lend. An absent friend, whose notice flatters and whose kindness pleases, soothes, and often makes me happy, in whose company I can forget the world, and forgive its forgetting me, can find every good propensity gain strength, and every wrong bias diverted into a better course—in short, I never consider myself one moment in the light of holding a place in your Esteem and friendly Remembrance, without a consciousness of redoubled ardour to be more worthy of so enviable a distinction, and you know "to wish more virtue is to have," says a great Master of harmony and morality. So you see one good end for which you have come into this world, to make one human creature better and more deserving to be so than she would have been without you—more than many a preacher has to boast. May not this be one step to help you up to Heaven yourself? If our friend Satan, whom both you and I so cordially join in admiring in the picture Milton draws of Him, does not tie some stone to your foot, too heavy to be counterbalanced by all my merits drawn from your writings, your conversation, and the noble motives which I have frequently seen influence your conduct, even where it was not supported by that sanction of applause in which few have so warmly basked without being sun-struck out of their senses too far to pursue calmly the narrow path of private rectitude, tender attachment, or unknown charity. Yet it is in these retired walks of life my Fancy follows you with unequalled delight, when, almost withdrawn from publick light, as myself, the blessings of the Poor and the orphans' prayers announce the name of my Friend, makes me ashamed to find how far I lag behind, and wish hereafter to emulate what it is impossible not to love and admire. Instead of a sermon, I feel my heart warm to benevolence when I look at the little musline swatch of Fanny Burns' marriage gown, but the fatal word marriage deranges all my Ideas. I cannot tell you why, nor can I now write of anything else, it so runs in my head. Yet do not, dear Burns, believe me such a fool, or think I am going to proclaim myself so; no, I think I may venture to say my first union will be with Death and Eternity. I am, however, pretty well just now, but never so for a week together since I saw you last.

The Major is returned in peace from London, but the Carrier has, I fear, lost your volumes I expected from Edinburgh. Console me with a letter, and tell me all you are doing. I dare not ask what you are thinking, unless you can properly indulge me. Alas! Shall I ever more see my poor little Henry! O my Dear Burns, what a ravelled Haspe of sorrow is that woman's heart who has thirty children! How oft must her thread of life be tugged and broken!
My compliments to Mrs Burns, love to Frank, and good wishes to all who call you Friend or Father, from yours,

FRAN. A. DUNLOP.

Write me on the 16th, it is my 63rd birthday.

(4.) MRS DUNLOP TO ROBERT BURNS.


DUNLOP, 24th January, 1794.

... Your fears have of late been thrown into that Channel from whence, I trust, ere now they are respirë. Should they not think for a moment of my poor little Henry? I have stood by the sick bed of an expiring Infant, but believe me that equalled not the agony of my Contemplations on his forlorn unknown deserted state. For what does the adventitious advantages of Rank and fortune serve—often to create Misfortune. Had I been your wife, my Dear little boy had now been picking with the rest of the sweet little Chickens of your flock, instead of being in the land of foes from whence every friend is expelled by Death or Banishment, and where my very enquiry after him might cost the head of his protector, if his Infant Innocence has actually still procured him one. Alas, to what has the fatal prospect of property, and my foolish anxiety to preserve it for his use, exposed him and myself! Let my distress on this score serve for a Beacon to my friend, and trust in the goodness and wisdom of Him who is willing and able to provide for all his Creatures, and does it in ways so incomprehensible to us, in spite of the ill-judged steps our false, self-conceited, worldly views are hourly taking to thwart the wiser benevolent designs of providence, which, however, we are not able to counteract. ...

... Believe me, its Ghost will be often rising, and is far from a cheering apparition, in spite of all the moral courage my Poet can impart to help me to laugh in its face and shake hands serenely with what we must in all Events soon leave behind us, if it should not set out first to leave us. Let, then, the phantom fly on the Clouds which are no more flitting than the destination of wealth, and let neither you nor I torment our minds about what we have or what we have not. Who can say whether your Children or mine may live or die richest? Let us then seek to make them virtuous, and hope to leave them happy. It is long since I told you we were all like spoilt bairns: most testy who were most carrest. Are you not a mark of this: favoured with superior abilities, advanced to a line which you once could never have looked beyond, able to assist your family and contribute to the happiness of all that know you and the pleasure of multitudes that you will never know? Do you not encourage a thousand fears, anxieties, and distrustful apprehensions, to which your years of peaceful penury were utter strangers? Is this, my Dear friend, the manly gratitude of a being highly distinguished by his creator and favoured ... 

... You proffered for my Happiness, adding the interested petition for myself that all those Hours of blessed life I prayed for to my friend might run in the same uninterrupted course of Goodwill to me which has hitherto
afforded me so much pleasure, and the enjoyment of which is now become so
habitually necessary that the deprivation of it would be like wresting away
part of my remaining existence, nay, like a stroke of the palsy, would create
an unfeeling insensibility for the rest, or an untrusting anxiety for the continu­
ance of any other attachment that could promise to sweeten and support the
now almost languid Eve of my sinking day, to the comfort of which I cannot
express how much your acquaintance and kind attentions has for now a
train of years contributed, and been an unfailing resource in every moment of
Dejection, whether brought on by misfortune, weakness of Mind or Spirits,
bad health . . .

. . . The recollection has hindered me twenty times since from writing
you, but I have hardly yet said one word I intended when I sat down, and
behold the last page of my large paper. Do you know, I believed for some
months that Corbet was dead, and with him every hope I could ever form
to serve you. You cannot conceive how much this relaxed my satisfaction in
writing. The most distant Idea of a possibility of proving useful to those we
regard is a wonderful spring to move our affections, which, when it is
removed, become wholly dormant to each action by which they formerly
exerted themselves to expression. I hope you feel something like this too,
and like those to whose happiness you contribute, for in this case I shall
always be certain of a Considerable portion of your kindness, since I cannot
e numerate the occasions on which I have been indebted to you for more
pleasurable recollections than many have it ever in their power to bestow.
Cowper is a feast. Your “Zeluco” can never be compensate by mine,
which, however, you shall have whenever I can know how; and how I envy
that friend for whose library you plan such a decoration! I am half sorry you
told how far must I find myself left behind, where a preference could have
flattered me most, yet even the reading you promise is sure a hundred times
more than I durst have expected . . .

. . . I dare not venture, as you know every body says it is doubly unlucky
to lose aught intended for a Child, and an old woman can never acquire courage
to Brave Sprites, particularly when, for reasons I may tell you at meeting, I
could not procure another Copy. I cannot Close this without telling you one
debt you have unintentionally laid me under by the Verses you were so good as
send me, which has, I hope, made the fortune of a very great favourite of
mine, to whom I took it upon me to lend them for that purpose, yet under
promise of giving no Copy except to one Lady to whom he wished to give him­
self, and by whom, I believe, by your timely aid, he has no small chance of
being accepted. This must gratify you, since I presume to favour Love was
the Original Aim of Verse. and perhaps still the most valuable manner in which
it can be turned to use for the good of oneself or their friends, so that I hope
you will not be in a relentless passion at me when you read this
anecdote . . .

. . . Another day is gone and the snow still falling, tho’ it seems to pro­
mise. Then I have a scheme in which I want your Aid. This I have never
yet asked in vain, so am encouraged to hope you may contrive to help me now.
I have found a very entertaining work making fringe, of which I have under­
taken to ornament the furniture of a Room for the Major. But you have many
Rich Neighbours, and if you will dispose of my work to some of them as that of
a friend of yours who, tho' born to better days, wants ready Cash, I will dedicate a year of the profits to my charming little godson, and you cannot imagine with what cheerful alacrity this destination would make my shuttle fly, and add life and joy to the inanimate occupation of tying knots. Besides, you know all women love Mystery, and as you would, I hope, find no scruple in keeping so very innocent a secret, it would give a zest, I dare say, to my work perhaps not inferior to what you have felt in some of the most sublime of yours.

... Here too I must remind you that the longer we live the task grows the most difficult, to fix the true ingrained Colour of friendship, notwithstanding the glow of its first appearance may be so dazzling as to promise its fresh lustre will only wear out with ourselves. Yet we find often not all the new dyes with which we labour to strengthen it can make it last one quarter of our year. Dare I hope Excise business, want of time or inclination, sickness of the bairns, nor a protest against your travelling in bad weather by Mrs Burns, will not prevent you paying us your oft promised annual visit? The more years we receive it I can assure you the more valuable it will become, if it can yet increase in value, which I am not very sure if it can, being already full. I ended my paper.

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(5.) Mrs DUNLOP TO GILBERT BURNS.

Sir,—It gives me real concern to hear your Brother has been in a bad state of health for some time past. Will you forgive me taking the liberty to beg you will be so good as let me know what were your last accounts of him, when you heard, and what was the nature of his complaints, which I sincerely hope are not of the nature to be attended with any danger? I shall also be happy to learn that your own family are as well as I can wish them, and your cousin Fanny, to whom pray remember me.—From, Sir,

Your most humble sert.,

FRAN. A. DUNLOP.

Dunlop, 20 July, 1796.

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(6.) Mrs DUNLOP TO Mrs GILBERT BURNS.

[Undated. ? End of July, 1796.]

Madam,—I received with concern, only to be exceeded by that of your family and his own, the melancholy account you send me of your worthy Brother's death. Spite of all the world's admiration, that few knew his real value and still fewer can ever suffer such a loss. I think myself much indebted to you, Madam, for being so attentive as to write me, and still more for the obliging intention Mr Burns expresses of seeing me, as nobody can more sincerely sympathise with his present distress than I do. I hope he, too, may have a kind of satisfaction in meeting me, whose concern is in unison with his own. That will compensate the trouble of his coming this length.

I am, Madam,

Your obliged humble sert.,

FRAN. A. DUNLOP.
(7.) Mrs Dunlop to Gilbert Burns.

July 21, 1799.

DEAR SIR,—I had last night the pleasure of your very obliging and kind letter, and assure you the picture which Robt. Armor left with me I found a great Regal, and it now adorns the spot where Daniel and all his lions used to reign; and, at least for a time, Scots simplicity, I dare say, must be thought a blessed exchange for eastern oppression, however counter-balanced by Devout, pious Resignation, whose reward seems a very faint shadow of security in the picture, far indeed out of sight of hope that I can promise an Idea as pleasant as Allan here offers. I shall take care of it till I see some of your family to whom I can deliver it in safety, and meanwhile contemplate it with various feelings and remembrances, some pleasing and some painful too, but none of which I would willingly lose, and for all which I sincerely thank the Donor, who has so obligingly considered the Value I would put on the Compliment thus paid me, which I assure you affords me more enjoyment than I can well express. As to Mrs Burns’s goodness to me in the offer she makes, I know not how to thank her sufficiently for a present which, I am perfectly conscious, I ought not to accept, yet beg to assure her every instance of goodwill from her or any of the family I feel with pleasure, Pride, and gratitude.

I am sorry your Hay is coming on hand, since I fear, as well as prevent your going to Air, it may make it inconvenient for you to send the Boys to see me this last time that in all probability they will visit Air Shore, and when I think I had half a promise of your doing me this favour last year; but I will not recur to that argument, but trust to that constant inclination I have always seen you have, to do every thing reasonably to be expected, and even perhaps sometimes a little more to please me, as I gratefully perceive in your intention. With regard to the book, of which you are, however, certain I would make no bad use, as I should shew it to nobody without the Doctor’s leave, as well as your own, should you agree on a premature indulgence of my curiosity, a Curiosity springing from various motives, some of which I can hardly explain to myself or imagine can be guessed by any one else, yet I feel have a powerful force to whet my impatience, even at the expense of costing you some trouble. Among all your Plans I hope you never exclude one circumstance, which is, a look of Dunlop before you quit this Country. The time when, as most easie or agreeable to yourself, never can come wrong to a place where everyone is always glad to see you. My service to Frank, to whom I address the following lines, which he may connect if He pleases with a promise he made me last year of a letter, and which I now claim; but Robert has no right to laugh at Him on this account, till He shall have fulfilled his own promise of writing Rachel. Farewell! Compliments to your Wife and Sister, and good wishes to the whole fire side.—From your obed.

FRAN. A. DUNLOP.

A man of words and not of Deeds
Is like a Garden full of weeds,
And when the Weeds begin to Blow
Looks like a Garden full of Snow,
But when the Snow begins to melt
What chilling Disappointment’s felt,
The Spirit then runs all away:
The Man is but a Lump of Clay.

Humbly inscribed to Mr Francis Burns.
JOSEPH TRAIN, F.S.A. (SCOT.)

THE subject of this sketch claims credit from his fellow-countrymen on various grounds, but chiefly because he rescued from destruction numerous priceless relics of the past, and from oblivion a vast quantity of our native folk-lore. His life over-lapped that of Robert Burns, and in a certain sense ran on parallel lines to it.

The surname Tran, Trane, or Train is said to be derived from the Gaelic *treun*, brave. It is common in Ayrshire, and a most respectable family of that name was long settled in Irvine, had considerable property there, and gave several Provosts and Councillors to the Burgh in the 17th century. Joseph Train was born at Sorn on 6th November, 1779. His father was land steward to Mr Farquhar-Gray of Gilmilnscroft; and the estate then, as now, had coalpits and lime quarries. As the owner held these in his own hands, the work, centred in the home farm offices, was varied and interesting. Workmen's wages then ranged from 9d. to 1s. 2d. a day. The river Ayr, with its windings and steep rocky banks, adds much beauty to the neighbourhood; and from Blackside Hill the view stretches across the whole county, with the Galloway Hills, the Irish Channel, Arran, Bute, parts of Argyll, Renfrew, and Lanark, in the distance. What a geography lesson the parish schoolmaster could have given from the top of this hill! Perhaps Mr John Reid sometimes led his flock to these hill pastures; for he appears to have been both a wag and a scholar. We know from the parish registers that he wrote a good hand, and he prefixes his new marriage register with these lines from Horace:

"Felices ter et amplius
Quos irrupta tenet copula, nec malis
Divulsus querimoniiis
Suprema citius solvet amor die."

Any book learning the boy got from John Reid must have formed a sound basis for his subsequent acquirements. In 1787
the family removed to the Townhead of Ayr, where his scanty school education was completed, and he became a weaver's apprentice. His childhood passed amongst beautiful surroundings; in his boyhood he "often climbed the Brown Hill and traversed the shores of Carrick," and he had learned to love the country life; but now the hard fates cooped him up in a weaver's shop. What a life for a tall, sturdy stripling, eager for open air exercise, having a keen interest in every natural object and a poet's love of the beautiful! The working hours were from 6 a.m. till dusk in summer, and till 10 p.m. at least in winter. His first daily duty was to awake his master in the morning; and he occupied the interval till the latter's arrival in cleaning up. Poor Tannahill underwent this discipline about the same period at Paisley, but he had to work at the loom until he could no longer endure the burden of life. Train's "Invocation to the shade of Robert Tannahill" bears internal evidence that the two poets had met:

"'Twas there by thee a vow was made
To which I witness was alone,
If first beneath the green turf laid,
Death's secrets thou could'st soon make known.

Tall waves the wild flower o'er thee now,
'Tis midnight, Robin, come away—
Come and fulfil thy sacred vow,
While in this lonely wild I stray."

But Train was cast in a different mould. He pluckily worked out his seven years' apprenticeship, and afterwards took the first opportunity to escape. During the war fever of 1799, when the Ayrshire Militia was called out, he became a substitute for a farmer whose name had been drawn in the ballot, and we next hear of him with his regiment at Inverness, where he was noted among his comrades for his quiet and studious habits. In 1800 Sir David Hunter-Blair, Colonel of the regiment, saw a copy of Currie's Burns, just published, price 31s. 6d., lying on the counter of an Inverness book-seller, and was surprised to hear that it had been ordered by a private called Train. He thereupon paid for it himself and presented it to the student in whom ever after he continued to take an interest. In 1802, after the Peace of Amiens,
the regiment was disbanded and Train returned to his trade. About this time he obtained, through the recommendation of Mr Hamilton of Pinmore, an agency for Messrs James Finlay & Co., of Glasgow. Things now looked bright to him and the light of love began to sparkle in his eye. The following is an extract from the Ayr Register:

"30th April, 1803.—Joseph Train, weaver, and Mary Wilson, both in Air, gave in their names to be proclaimed in order for marriage, and after proclamation were married accordingly."

She was daughter to Robert Wilson, gardener in Ayr, and had an uncommon share of beauty and common-sense. They had been acquaintances long before marriage, and during their subsequent life together they lived up to the Horatian standard of his. Sorn teacher—"Felices ter et amplius," etc.

He had now to "buckle to" to support his wife and family; but he also wrote verses, and in 1806 appeared his first little book, Poetical Reveries. In 1808, at the instance of Sir D. H. Blair, he received an Excise officer's commission and was attached to the Ayr District. This was a happy change for Train, for the steady nature of the new employment relieved his mind from anxiety, although the cast-iron regulations tended to stamp out ambition and individuality. It was not, however, an unsuitable occupation for an antiquarian, and if Train was sometimes harassed and punished unjustly in the Excise, yet it afforded him an opportunity of studying the antiquities and folk-lore of many parts of Scotland, which otherwise he might never have seen. His service record is as follows:

<table>
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<tr>
<th>A.D.</th>
<th>1808, Assistant</th>
<th>1810</th>
<th>1811, Officer</th>
<th>1813</th>
<th>1820, Acting-Supervisor</th>
<th>1821</th>
<th>1822, Supervisor</th>
<th>1823</th>
<th>1824</th>
<th>1827</th>
<th>1837, Pensioned</th>
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<td></td>
<td>Ayr</td>
<td>Aberfeldy</td>
<td>Largs</td>
<td>Newton-Stewart</td>
<td>Cupar-Fife</td>
<td>Kirkintilloch</td>
<td>Queensferry</td>
<td>Falkirk</td>
<td>Wigtown</td>
<td>Dumfries</td>
<td>Castle-Douglas</td>
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When we reflect that each of these names represents a wide tract with which he had to make himself thoroughly familiar, we realise how well he was enabled to pursue his natural bent and to leave his country so much the richer for his researches. Indeed, when we consider all its advantages, we can think of no other occupation that could afford such good opportunities to a poor man for pursuing antiquarian studies. When he was assisting to put down illicit distillation in Breadalbane and smuggling across the High-
land Line* at Aberfeldy, he marked particularly the true causes of so much opposition to the law. Subsequently he wrote a "Statement of the evils wrought in Scotland by the Excise Statutes," in which he advocated—1st, the abolition of the artificial division of the country into Highlands and Lowlands in which different rates of duty were exacted; 2nd, permission to distillers to use stills of greater content than 500 gallons; and 3rd, permission to make malt duty free for distillation. Sir Walter Scott gave this essay to Mr Edward Earle, Chairman of the Scotch Board of Excise, who highly approved of it and forwarded it to the Lords of the Treasury. These suggestions were all ultimately adopted, but when the Scotch Board was abolished a batch of English officials were sent North who rode rough-shod over their Scottish subordinates. Many good men were discharged or reduced. Train's services were over-looked, and it required the combined exertions of several influential friends to keep him even in the Supervisorship, although he was always a painstaking and duty-doing officer. It is not proposed to follow him through his official career, interesting details of which are furnished in Paterson's Memoir. He once fell into an ambush of smugglers near Balingar, and two armed men mounted guard over their prisoner until the others had worked off the stills and all was safe. Wherever he was located he maintained an unceasing interest in ancient history and relics, and with advancing years his zeal grew greater, until it culminated at Dalry, when he attempted to remove the ancient stone chair of St. John. On this occasion, says Dr Trotter, the gauger was worsted and his gig smashed by an angry crowd.

In 1813, at Newton-Stewart, he made friends with a brother antiquary, Capt. Denniston, and the enthusiastic pair projected a scheme for writing a History of Galloway. They issued printed circulars to all the schoolmasters and parish clerks in the South of Scotland requesting them to furnish information as to old camps, monuments, stories, ballads, etc., in their respective districts. The scheme was not carried out; but Train received great

*See Chronicle 98 p., 925.
quantities of material of the most interesting character, and he was placed in communication with many kindred spirits to whom he could apply at any time. In this manner, before he knew Scott at all, he had unconsciously prepared himself for the important work of his life.

Sir Walter Scott.—In 1814 he published "Strains of the Mountain Muse." The proof sheets came accidentally under the notice of Sir Walter Scott, who sent an appreciative letter to the author and thus began a correspondence which continued till Scott's death. Scott's second novel, "Guy Mannering," published in 1815, was founded upon the tale of the astrologer sent him by Train, and all the others fell hot from the press in quick succession, sometimes at the rate of two or three in a year. It has always been the wonder of mankind that the Wizard of the North produced his brilliant series of romances with such startling rapidity, and while it in no way detracts from Scott's merits, it is no assumption when we say that his spade work was done by others—especially Joseph Train. Until he was pensioned in 1837, the general public knew nothing of Train except for his two little volumes of poems, as his occasional contributions to Chambers' Journal and other periodicals appeared anonymously or over initials only. The titles of some of his verses in the Dumfries Magazine from 1825 onwards are "What dirdrums a body maundree," "Cake an' puddin'," "The man of straw," etc. He feared his official superiors, he was diffident of his own powers, and his antiquarian work was a labour of love. During all these years Train's discoveries and writings are embedded in those of others—in Scott's novels, in Chalmers' Caledonia, in Nicholson's History of Galloway, &c. Even modern writers have to confess their indebtedness to Train's stores (or their raw material.

'It is therefore impossible to establish the value of Train's labours in any better way than to say that for eighteen years the author of Waverley looked upon him as his most useful assistant. These labours can only be estimated in schedule form, and consist of old relics, ballads, facts, and fables, which at intervals he poured out of his literary wallet at the feet of his master.
Train’s connection with George Chalmers is equally honourable to both. When Sir Walter was in London in 1815, Chalmers explained to him the great difficulty he was experiencing in getting material for the third volume of his Caledonia, which deals with the West of Scotland, and Sir Walter recommended him to apply to Train. The result was that Chalmers for years had the assistance of Train, who sent him lengthy and frequent budgets—one being 17 ounces in weight. Train did all this gratis, but Chalmers, like Sir Walter, makes him generous acknowledgments, both in letters and in the work itself. He thus writes:

“You will enjoy the glory of being the first who has traced the Roman footsteps so far westward into Wigtownshire, and the Roman Road from Dumfriesshire to Ayr.”

DUMFRIES AND BURNS.—Train was supervisor of Dumfries district from 1824 to 1827. He succeeded John Lewars, and took a house in Maxwelltown near that of Burns’s old friend. These years are described as particularly happy ones, and with such kindred spirits as Dr William Maxwell, John M‘Diarmid, of the Courier, and William Bennett (afterwards of the Glasgow Free Press) dropping in, many a pleasant and profitable evening was spent. Paterson says of Train that he did not monopolise conversation, but rather chose to stand in the background, occasionally by a well-timed remark showing his knowledge of the subject under discussion. His home was a scene of domestic happiness and comfort. In the words of one of his friends:

“There could be no finer picture of calm flowing mutual affection than existed between them and their children, and nothing so pleasing as their unostentatious hospitality. Mrs Train had been exceedingly good-looking, and when I first saw her, with her look of quiet, matronly sagacity and affection, she impressed me with an almost filial esteem.”

Train conducted his antiquarian researches with great care, and his authority as a scientific investigator has always been quoted with respect; but lately his name has been brought forward—not in a friendly way—in connection with some of his MSS. now in the Advocates’ Library, or Laing Collection of Edinburgh University.
Dr W. Wallace shows in the *Glasgow Herald* of 22nd Feb., 1896, that Sir Walter got Train to send him information for Lockhart's Life of Burns. The papers sent contained a story of John Richmond's reflecting on the good name of a Mary Campbell, supposed to be Highland Mary. Lockhart selected what was suitable, and rightly rejected Richmond's incredible story, neglecting, however, to destroy the MS. It is not easy to see how any one can blame Train for this. In his time, and for long afterwards, false stories about Burns were disseminated in Dumfries. They were kept alive and added to not only by the frequenters of alehouses who asserted their devotion to his memory, but also by the "unco' guid," who passed them on with solemn faces. Currie's biography had more than hinted at peccadillos in Burns's conduct which he suppressed out of respect for his memory. This sort of thing only excited scandal-mongers to do their worst, and has raised questions which will perhaps never be settled. Now, Train's admiration for Burns was unbounded. They were both Ayrshire born, their lives overlapped by 16 years, and the early life of the former was passed in an atmosphere ringing with gossip about Burns and the Kirk and the lasses. When he could ill afford the money he ordered an expensive copy of his poems. He followed his great predecessor into the Excise, and for years he lived in the same town with Bonnie Jean. From boyhood he tried his own hand at versifying in the vernacular, and did not give up trying even in old age. Of all men he was the least likely to stir up a puddle round the memory of our National Bard or any one connected with him.

The History of the Isle of Man.—In 1827 Train was appointed supervisor at Castle-Douglas, a wider and more arduous district; but he settled down there contentedly for the rest of his service, and retired in 1837, after nearly thirty years' service. Sir Walter had strongly urged him to write a History of the Isle of Man, and he kept the advice steadily in view. However, it was not till 1842 that the publication of the work began. He consulted such previous authorities as existed,
had to sojourn for some time in the island, and succeeded in completing a work which had previously baffled Lord Hailes and others. It was agreed on all hands that a long-felt and often-expressed want had been amply supplied. This work is still delightful to the modern reader, who may well wonder at the learning displayed by the author. It met with a good reception from the press, especially the local journals. Take, as an example, the *Manx Herald* of 7th May, 1844:—

"The work evinces extraordinary research, sound judgment, and impartiality. Mr Train has nobly discharged his difficult task. It contains accurate summaries of facts, expositions of peculiar laws and customs, popular superstitions, antiquities, constitution, &c., in which singular accuracy of information is displayed and every known authority consulted, forming a standard reference of real utility, a work not only indispensable to the library of each intelligent Manxman, but which no library throughout the United Kingdom with any pretension to completeness ought to or can be without."

**The Buchanites.**—In 1846 he published his "Buchanites from First to Last," a rare book which must be read to be appreciated. The story of Luckie Buchan and her crazy followers, and their wonderful pilgrimage from Irvine through Ayrshire and Dumfriesshire to their final settlement at Crocketford, is told with admirable and unvarnished simplicity. He got most of his information from Andrew Innes, the last of the Buchanites, who, in his old age, sat in his house guarding the sacred remains of the prophetess, which were deposited in the next room. Every night through a hole in the wall Andrew religiously spread a blanket over the coffin to keep the saintly bones warm. Thus was the hallucination sustained till the end.

In Burns's letter of August, 1784, to his cousin, Mr James Burns, Montrose, there is a masterly account of this deluded sect. Although the Poet was burned out of Irvine at the New-Year, 1781, yet he did not lose touch with his Irvine acquaintances, and his friend Davie Sillars opened a shop there in 1783. Knowing personally so many members of the new sect, he doubtless turned out in May, 1784, like the rest of the countryside, to see them pass by Tarbolton on their famous journey, for he says in his "Remarks on Scottish Song":—
When I was a boy, 'The Beds of Sweet Roses' was a very popular song in Ayrshire. I remember to have heard those fanatics, the Buchanites, sing some of their nonsensical rhymes to this air, which they dignify with the name of hymns."

Andrew Innes, who was clever and clear-headed on all subjects but religion, gives particulars about Jean Gardner, a Buchanite—a young woman of surpassing beauty with whom Burns was acquainted in Irvine. It was Train's opinion that the Poet,
in his first Epistle to Davie (written in the summer of 1784) when he says:

"You have your Meg, your dearest part,
And I my darling Jean,"

refers to Jean Gardner. Andrew goes on to say:

"When I was sent back from Thornhill for Mr Hunter, Jean Gardner came back with me from Irvine to Closeburn, and when we were in the neighbourhood of Tarbolton she seemed to be in fear, and rather in a discom­posed condition. When I enquired the cause, it was lest Burns the Poet should see her, for if he did he would be sure to interrupt her, for they had long been on terms of intimacy. But we proceeded on our journey without meeting with any obstruction."

Innes also declared that Burns wrote a long poem about the sect, beginning:

"The wicked ane frae Glasgow came
In April eighty-three,
And lodged her spawn among the sawn,
And noo her fry we see."

The latter part of Train’s life was tranquil, and he enjoyed fifteen years of learned leisure to follow his hobbies. Lochvale Cottage was often the resort of eminent men, who came to show their respect for the aged antiquary, to examine the collection of relics, and to discuss their theories with him. James Hannay visited him not long before his death, which took place on 7th December, 1852, in his 74th year, and thus described his visit in Household Words of 16th July, 1853:

"At my visit I was shown into a little parlour, where the antiquary joined me. He was a tall old man, with an autumnal red in his face, hale-looking, and of simple, quaint manners. The room was full of antiquities—here a rude weapon of the aboriginal Celt, or one of the conquering Roman; there a baptismal font from Wigtown Monastery, with the fleur-de-lis faintly visible on it, marking its foreign origin. In the corner was a stately white­headed yellow staff, which belonged to John Knox, or at least had a very good pedigree, and one which, as it satisfied Train, satisfied your humble servant. I have never seen a more venerable staff; it was stiff, sober, yet elegant; all that a Puritan gentleman could require. This staff, thought I, had strength in it to destroy abbeys, and to make the work of centuries shake. Near the staff was a modern and homely relic—a pair of substantial cloth boots that had been worn by Sir Walter Scott. Having replaced them, he produced a specimen of oaken binding curiously carved. He was not very talkative;
perhaps—though I little thought so at the time—he felt the cold shadow creeping towards him which was to make him one with his beloved Past. Once or twice, as he stood and gave the brief history of a curiosity, a dreamy look came over him a minute; he seemed wandering into the period of the objects he was discoursing on. But his eye brightened, and there was a pleasure mingled in his modest disclaimer when I spoke to him of his life-long pursuits, and the interest with which I told him I should speak of my present visit to men whose names he held in regard. He showed me his curious specimens of ancient furniture, part of a bed from Threave Castle—a black oak fabric, curiously carved with morrice-dancers, Runic knobs, and most quaint horses, drawn as children draw them. Also, he had a cabinet of oak which a Gordon of Earlston carved away at, and worked into wondrous forms, during an imprisonment in Blackness Castle. I returned to London soon after this visit, and it was not without a shock that the quiet old house, with its antiquities and their owner, was recalled to me amidst the din of town, when I heard that, one morning in December, after a short illness, he turned himself round in his bed and expired in perfect peace in his seventy-fourth year."

In Trotter's *Galloway Gossip*, the author thus speaks of the Trains:—

"Joseph Train was an Ayrshireman. I dersay he couldna helpit for he was a very decent man for a', an' his wife was a very nice buddy too an' a gran' maker of boretree berry wine. . . . He was supervisor o' Excise at Castle-Douglas an' deet there, an' he was a great collector o' antiquities an' hunted for them a' ower the country an' locht awfu' lots o' rubbish fae folk jooist tae get them tae fetch him things yt micht be o' mair use tae him . . . We used tae visit them whenever we gaed tae Castle-Douglas, an' he cam' oor wey whiles too, for the doctor was antiquity mad as well as him "

His last poem, "The Wild Scot of Galloway," was published in 1848 in the *Scottish Journal*. Train's works are now all out of print, and it would contravene the intention and assigned limits of this article to give extracts. The following lines will show how keen his perceptions were. We feel as we read them that the sights and sounds on that Carsphairn hill-farm come to us in all their freshness:—

"Gin ye wad gang, lassie, to Garryhorn,
Ye micht be happy, I ween,
Albeit the cuckoo was never heard there,
And a swallow there never was seen.

While cushats coo round the Mill of Glenlee,
And little birds sing on the thorn,
Ye micht hear the bonnie heather-bleat croak
In the wilds of Garryhorn."
'Tis bonnie to see at the Garryhorn
Kids skippin' the highest rock,
And rapt in his plaid at Midsummer day
The moorman tending his flock.

The reaper seldom his sickle whets there
To gather in standing corn,
But many a sheep is to smear and shear
In the bughts of Garryhorn.

There are hams on the bauks at Garryhorn
Of braxy, and eke a store
Of cakes in the kist and peats in the neuk
To put aye the winter o'er.

There is aye a clog for the fire at yule,
With a browst for New-Year's morn,
And gin ye gang up, ye may sit like a queen
In the chamber at Garryhorn.

We conclude with the following very fair estimate by a writer in 1873:—

"Train was no mere dry-as-dust antiquarian. He was a man of taste and of some poetical ability. Already he had published two successive volumes of poetry before his acquaintance with Scott began. But no sooner did he discover how he could be useful to the greater poet than he abandoned all ambitious aims for himself and turned his efforts to promote the literary projects of his friend; and that without pay, and apparently without expectation that his name would ever be heard in connection with his work. I doubt whether history can adduce another such instance of a literary man so consecrating himself to be absorbed into the splendour of another."

R. W. MACFADZEAN.
AULD LANG SYNE.

IN view of the strong latter-day tendency to turn the searchlight of enquiry into every corner of the life of Burns, to find the origin and to trace the inspiration of every scrap of his verse, it is remarkable that none even of his more recent editors has made use of available material to construct a connected account of the antecedents of "Auld Lang Syne." The word "antecedents" is used advisedly in preference to history, for of history, strictly speaking, Burns's song may be found to have none. As in sundry other cases, his own evidence on the subject is worthless. When in September, 1793, he wrote George Thomson with the song, his obvious intention was to mystify his correspondent. "One song more," he says, "and I have done—'Auld Lang Syne.' The air is but mediocre, but the following song—the old song of the olden times, and which has never been in print, nor even in manuscript, until I took it down from an old man's singing—is enough to recommend any air." In a similarly cryptic and misleading manner he wrote Mrs Dunlop on 17th December, 1788:—

"Is not the Scotch phrase, 'Auld Lang Syne,' exceedingly expressive? There is an old song and tune which has often thrilled through my soul. You know I am an enthusiast in old Scotch songs. I shall give you the verses on the other sheet [where "Auld Lang Syne" accordingly appears]. Light be the turf on the breast of the Heaven-inspired poet who composed this glorious fragment! There is more of the fire of native genius in it than in half-a-dozen of modern English Bacchanalians!"

Burns, it will be observed, was not greatly burdened with modesty in his harmless deception. When he set himself to blindfold his correspondents he carried it bravely through. In this case, in fact, he overdid it so much as to go perilously near self-exposure. How could we have known that the song had never been in either print or manuscript until he took it down from an old man's singing? Was any one of the wandering songsters, old or young, who degrade the lyric into a plea for
charity, touching our pity while offending our ears, ever known to bring out of his wallet a song so artistic in form and so adequate, so marvellously fitted to its theme, as "Auld Lang Syne?" Burns, in short, overshot the mark, and at least one of his correspondents must have seen through his thin disguise. George Thomson could hardly have helped seeing in Burns himself the old man who sang "the old song of the olden times." What object the Poet had in trying to throw dust in the eyes of Thomson and Mrs Dunlop cannot even be surmised. He also told his lady friend that the song, "My Bonie Mary," or "The Silver Tassie," consisted of two old stanzas which pleased him mightily.

Instead of speculating, it may be pointed out that in the Thomson version, the verse beginning "And surely ye'll be your pint stowp" comes last. In Johnson it comes second, and that undoubtedly is its proper place. The two cronies order the pint stowp when they meet; it stimulates memory and leads to reflections upon their wanderings; at the close they clasp each other's hands in token of mutual confidence and unbroken friendship. If at parting they "tak' a right gude-willie waught" as a stirrup-cup, that is their own affair; but by that time, so far as the song goes, the play, as Scott-Douglas said, is over. That editor advances no theory of an origin for the song, no precedent model for either its form, its sentiment, or its title. His reticence may have been due to ignorance, but it may prove to have been wisdom.

Later editors, at any rate, have not been very fortunate in dealing with the antecedents of the song. Dr Wallace begins by mistakenly inserting "Auld Lang Syne" in the letter to Mrs Dunlop, and giving it in the Johnson form, i.e., with the "pint stowp" verse second. Currie (Dr Wallace's authority) prints the letter, but only refers to the song—"Here follows the song . . . as printed Vol. IV., p. 123," where it is given; not as Dr Wallace quotes it, but in the Thomson form, with the "pint stowp" verse last. It is a matter of regret that Currie did not publish the song as actually sent to Mrs Dunlop. Dr Wallace gives no reason for including the Johnson text in the Dunlop letter (II. 391).
That editor, however, gives some interesting information, so far as it is right, in Appendix IV, to his second volume. He says that the "earliest version" of the song has been traced in broadsides prior to the close of the seventeenth century, but gives no specimen. He then refers to Watson's Collection, 1711, and the disputed authorship of "Old Long Syne" there given. Upon the claims advanced by Rev. Charles Rogers on behalf of Sir Robert Ayton, and by James Paterson on behalf of Francis Sempill of Beltrees, Dr Wallace passes no opinion. Claimants and verses will be reverted to hereafter. Dr Wallace also prints "Auld Lang Syne" from Allan Ramsay's "Tea-Table Miscellany" (1724). The Centenary Editors give the correct or Johnson version of the song, with the "pint stowp" verse second. Of Burns's letter to Thomson they write alternatively. It is not impossible, they think, that Burns may have got "the germ of his set as he said he did." Otherwise, he may, in their view, have devised his story to Thomson, in order to ensure the acceptance of a piece which he was too modest to describe as his own improvement on the Watson and Ramsay sets.

This hypothesis has one serious flaw. It does not account for Burns's repetition of his flimsy fable to Mrs Dunlop. In a more suggestive and informing strain, Messrs Henley and Henderson continue:—"The broadside from which Watson got it, and of which there is a copy (probably unique) in the Laing collection at Dalmeny, is headed thus: 'An Excellent and proper new ballad, entitled Old Long Syne, newly corrected and amended, with a large and new edition of several excellent love lines.'" Although the ballad is called new, the title, as these editors point out, indicates the existence of an older set: "and that Burns either knew the set, or had seen this said broadside is clear, since, instead of the mere refrain of 'Old Long Syne,' as in Watson, it has this burden:

On old long syne,
On old long syne, my jo,
On old long syne:
That thou canst never once reflect
On old long syne."
Leaving the editors of Burns, Ford, in his "Song Histories," goes nearer the root of the matter than any of them. He mentions an anonymous fifteenth century poem preserved in the Bannatyne MSS. of 1568, entitled "Auld Kyndness Forgot," as the earliest lyric germ of "Auld Lang Syne." "No one," he adds, "seems to have thought it worth while to print the words." In that Mr Ford is mistaken. He becomes ecstatic:—"Oh, glorious Robert Burns, thy country owes thee more than tongue can tell!" an outburst in which the types play havoc with the sentiment; and he then disfigures his excellent paper by giving Burns's song in the erroneous Thomson version.

Without calling Burns's song an evolution, it is possible that earlier singers may have fancied or felt that, like the uncarved statue in the block of marble, a lyric or a poem was lying unworded in the music and suggestive meaning of the phrase "Auld Lang Syne." They tried to give it verbal shape and failed. Burns came and caught the hidden sense they all had missed. It came to him as an inspiration, and he achieved that which verse-makers had been essaying to accomplish for between two and three centuries. Whether by intuition, divination, or otherwise, he saw the adaptability of phrase and melody to the meeting of long sundered friends. In that consists the preponderating element in the lyric, although Burns contrasts it with "modern English Bacchanalians." The simplicity and perfect naturalness of his thought and feeling are so obvious that something like surprise comes to be felt that it was left to him to write the song. As in other cases, it needed a poet of nature's dower- and spontaneous power to set free the poetry lurking in the commonplace. Life is largely made up of partings and meetings. They are every-day experiences, but it took a Burns to realise the shadowed gladness of the autumn meeting of those who parted in life's spring, and to sing the song of "Auld Lang Syne."

The most complete and trustworthy account of the earlier forms of "Auld Lang Syne," is contained in a paper by Mr James Dick, of Newcastle-on-Tyne, included in the Proceedings of the Society of Antiquaries for 1892. He and Ford both find the
germ of the song in the anonymous poem of 1568, which George Bannatyne inserted in his manuscript. The writer is unknown, but Mr Dick referred the poem to the latter part of the fifteenth or the beginning of the sixteenth century, and thought it an excellent example of the masculine strength of the Scots language. He goes on to say that Lord Hailes included it in "Ancient Scottish Poems," published in Edinburgh in 1770, from the Bannatyne MS., under the title of "Auld Kyndnes Foryett," where "Kyndnes" appears to mean acquaintance on a basis of familiarity.

It is very curious that neither Dick nor Ford, nor any of the editors of Burns thought of looking into Allan Ramsay's "Evergreen," published in 1724. Its very title is suggestive and attractive to one given to research: "The Ever Green being a collection of Scots Poems, wrote by the Ingenious before 1600." In his preface, Ramsay calls attention in the most candid manner to the source from which he obtained his collection. He there acknowledges his indebtedness to the Honourable Mr William Carmichael, Advocate, who "assisted me in this undertaking with a valuable number of Poems in a large manuscript book in folio, collected and wrote by Mr George Bannyntine, in anno 1568; from which MS. the most of the following are gathered." To the poem in question he gives the title—"Auld kyndness quite forget quhen ane grows pure." Here, then, are two versions of the poem which were accessible to Mr Ford. Before pointing out their differences it may be noted that there are eight verses of eight lines each, and that, as Mr Dick explains, they form the soliloquy of a man who has fallen into poverty. He reflects with a good deal of bitterness upon the ingratitude of those who had professed themselves friends in the days of his prosperity. The poem occurs on folio 80 B of the Bannatyne MS. Whether Ramsay or his friend Carmichael tried to improve upon it, or only to make it more intelligible cannot now be stated with certainty. In any case, the differences between the two versions are chiefly verbal and unimportant, and nowise affect the general import of the poem.
The first and second verses strike its keynote, and sufficiently indicate its drift. They are here quoted for the further purpose of comparison:

AULD KYNDNES FORYETT.

I.
This world is all but fenyeit fair,
And als unstable as the wind,
Gud faith is flemit, I wat nocht quhair,
Trest fallowship is evil to find;
Gud conscience is all maid blind,
And cheritie is nane to gett
Leill, loif, and lawte lyis behind,
And auld Kyndnes is quyt foryett.

II.
Quhill I had ony thing to spend,
And stuffit weill with warldis wrak
Amang my freinds I wes weiil kend;
Quhen I wes proud, and had a pak,
Thay wald me be the oxtar tak,
And at the hé buird I wes set,
Bot now thay latt me stand abak,
Sen auld kyndnes is quyt foryett.

In the “Evergreen,” Ramsay gives the following version, only in one case altering the sense—in the seventh line of the first verse:

AULD KYNDNESS QUITE FORZET QUHEN ANE GROWS PURE.

I.
This Warld is all but fenziect fair,
And as unstable as the Wind,
And Faith is flemit I wat not quhair,
Trest Fallowship is ill to find,
Gude Consciences is all made blind,
And Charity thairs nane to get;
Leil Luve and Lawty lys behind,
And Auld Kyndness is quite forzet.

II.
Quhyte I had ony Thing to spend,
And stuffit well with Warld’s Wrack,
Amang my Friends I was wel kend;
Quhen I was proud and had a Pack,

1feigned. 2 banished. 3 trusty. 4 praise. 5 loyalty. 6 cargo.
In view of his Preface and the nature of his alterations, Ramsay's intention, in all probability, was to smoothe the Bannatyne original, and to make its meaning less obscure. The only radical change he makes is in the line referred to above, where for "Leill, loif, and lawte," he substitutes "Leil luve and Lawty"; i.e., for truth, love or praise, and loyalty, he reads true love and loyalty. To return to the Bannatyne MS., the speaker complains in verse III. that "Now I find bot freindis few," and in IV. wisely, though cynically, concludes that moaning does no good—

"The proverb now is trew I sé
Quha may nocht gife, will littill gëtt."

He then enlarges upon the second stanza in

V.

Thay wald me hals1 with hude and hatt
Quhyle I wes riche and had anewch2
About me friendis anew I gat
Ryczth blythlie on me thay leuch3;
Bot now they mak it wondir teuch4
And lattis me stand befoir the yett;
Thairfoir this warld is verry freuch5
And auld Kyndness is quyt foryett.

The sixth stanza opens with the two lines—

"Als lang as my cop·stud evin
I yeid bot seindill myne allane."

This means "I seldom went alone." As to "my cop," &c., it simply means "so long as I was prosperous." The story is quoted from Kelly's Scottish Proverbs about a minister preaching against the Pope—"For all that I have said, even stands his cap-drinking gud Romany wine this day." Spelling was very loose and inexact, so that the "freinds" of verse II. becomes the "freindis" of verse III., and the "friendis" of verse V. Too much importance, therefore, should not be attached to such variations.

1 Hail. 2 enough. 3 laugh or smile. 4 difficult, hard, or tough. 5 brittle.
as cop and cap. They may both mean bonnet, as in the verse quoted by Burns—

"His bonnet stood ance fu' fair on his brow."

The closing verses mingle the advice of experience with the depressing study of poor human nature. They are here given from the "Evergreen" version:

VI.

As lang as my ain Cap stude even,
I zied but seindle myne allane,
I squyrit was with Sax or Sevin,
Ay quhyle I gave them twa for ane;
But suddenly frae that was gane,
They passd me by with Hands plett,
With puritith frae I was oertane,
Then auld Kyndness was quite forzet.

VII.

Into this Warld suld nae Man trow,
Thou may weil see the Reason quhy,
For ay but gif thy Hand be fou,
Thou art but little setten by,
Thou art not tane in Company,
Bot ther be fund Fish in thy Net:
Therfore this false Warld I defy,
Sen auld Kyndness is quite forzet.

VIII.

Sen that nae Kyndness kepit is,
Into this Warld that is present,
Gif thou wald cum to Heavins Bliss,
Thyself appeist with sober Rent,
Live weil and give with gude Intent,
To every Man his proper Debt,
Quhat eir God send hald thee content,
Sen auld Kyndness is quite forzet.

Summing up the sentiment of the song, it may be described as a lament for lost riches combined with a saddened commentary upon shallow human nature and the hollowness of friendship, and closing with an exhortation to live well and to be content. The second version of the lyric is found in Watson's collection, and is a loosely constructed, rambling love lament, remonstrance and pleading intermingling in somewhat distracting fashion. It
is divided into two parts of six and four eight-line stanzas respectively. It is called "Old Long Syne," and opens thus:—

"Should old acquaintance be forgot,
    And never thought upon,
The flames of love extinguished,
    And freely past and gone?
Is thy kind heart now grown so cold
    In that loving breast of thine,
That thou canst never once reflect
    On old long syne?"

There are reproaches for forgotten protestations and for broken vows and oaths, and a forsaken lover's search for causes—

"Or is't some object of more worth
    That's stolen thy heart away?"

It is natural in so far as it indicates an irresolute want of resignation. At one moment the lover is hopeless, but vows—

"And though thou hast me now forgot,
    Yet I'll continue thine,
And ne'er forget for to reflect
    On old long syne."

His next mood is one of hospitality, and he is willing to share his home with his cold love, with an important proviso—

"If e'er I have a house, my dear,
That truly is called mine,
And can afford but country cheer,
    Or ought that's good therein;
Though thou were rebel to the king,
    And beat with wind and rain,
Assure thyself of welcome, love,
    For old long syne."

He dwells upon the tantalising pleasures of memory, and passionately adds that if it banishes grief—

"How doth your presence me affect
    With ecstasies divine,
Especially when I reflect
    On old long syne?"

The closing verse is probably the best, less artificial in sentiment, and more smoothly phrased than some of the others—
"'Tis not my freedom I do crave,
   By deprecating pains;
Sure, liberty he would not have
   Who glories in his chains;
But this I wish—the gods would move
   That noble soul of thine
To pity, if thou canst not love
   For old long syne."

The question of authorship has never been decided, but remains open between Sir Robert Ayton of Kinaldy, and Francis Sempill of Beltrees. The clash of authorities is curious. Dick is in favour of the latter; he thinks that the internal evidence is against Ayton for the dubious reason that he did not live (1570-1638) in rebellious times, as suggested in the verse above quoted, while Sempill (1605-80) lived in the middle of the troubled seventeenth century. To him are assigned "The blythsome bridal," "She rose and loot me in," and "Maggie Lauder." Dick adds somewhat inconsequently that although "Old Long Syne" is admittedly not in Sempill's style, he has the best claim to be considered the author. Dr Wallace ascribes Burns's song to no specific source, and in the Centenary Burns, Sempill is named, but no mention whatever is made of Ayton, while Grant Wilson and Sheriff Mackay do the reverse. The latter says absolutely that Ayton, the friend of Ben Jonson and Hobbes, wrote the first printed version of the song, and adds—"His poem, 'Old Long Syne,' has the credit of preserving the opening words, and the motive of the air which Burns made the national song of Scotland." Language so positive permits of no argument. It must, however, be pointed out that the Sheriff adduces no proof in support of his position.

Turning to the best editions of the two poets—"The Poems of Sir Robert Ayton, by Charles Rogers, London, privately printed 1871," and "The Poems of the Sempills of Beltrees, by James Paterson, Edinburgh, 1849," the satisfaction to be had is still far from being perfect. Paterson makes no mention of Ayton, and Dr Rogers none of Sempill. In speaking of the Sempill manuscripts, Paterson admits that they were not preserved among the Beltrees papers, and probably consisted of loose sheets (which
came into his possession from the representatives of the Sempills),
containing "pieces attributed to Francis in different hands of
write—none of them holograph of the author himself." They
may, he surmises, be copies from the original of Francis Sempill,
or made from memory. "Old Long Syne" occurs in the more
modern part of the MS. Of it, Paterson says, "which appeared in
Watson's collection—there are two copies—one in the same round
bold hand as the older MSS., though apparently written at a
later period, and when the copyist was more advanced in life.
We therefore entertain no doubt of their accuracy in attributing
the verses in question to Francis Sempill." It is headed,
"A song called Old Longsyne, made by Francis Sempill of
Beltrees."

Manifestly, and on the face of it, the reasoning is fine-spun
and by no means convincing. The copies, be it observed, are in
the handwriting of different persons, and none of them holograph.
Here arise two questions. What has become of the originals, and
why were they not preserved amongst the family papers? If made
from memory, from whose memory could they have been made?
That a copyist could correctly transcribe a poem of eighty lines
of Sempill's composition from memory is, to say the least of it,
an extraordinary supposition. It becomes all the more so when
it is remembered that the "loose sheet" containing "Old Long-
syne," was only one of several. The circumstances seem, rather,
to suggest an album-portfolio to which Sempill's friends sent any-
thing coming in their way, and that a copy of verses by Ayton
should have appeared amongst the others—Ayton being Sempill's
senior by a generation—is quite natural and credible. In the
light of internal evidence, as will presently appear, the claim on
Sempill's behalf perceptibly shrivels.

Editing Ayton in 1844, and not even alluding to Sempill, Dr
Rogers only succeeds in making out a halting case for Sir Robert.
He says that the two parts "of this song have been ascribed to
Aytoun (sic), chiefly on the ground of sentiments and manner
bearing such marked resemblance to his own. Neither 'Parts'
are included in our MSS." He only claims, in fact, that Ayton
rendered the poem "in its present form," and admits that he was not the original author, but simply gave the English version of "Old Long Syne." Rogers adds that it was probably first written by one of the earlier Scottish poets, "as the language in its original form appears very antiquated." To what "original form" does Dr Rogers allude? He neither argues the matter nor advances in evidence the work of the earlier Scottish poet. He is probably a myth, a creature of the editor's imagination. Dr Rogers had an unfortunate weakness for playing the oracle, for making a brave show of confidence upon insecure grounds, and for making reckless assertions upon no ground whatever. When he says that Ayton "has been ascertained" to have given the poem its English dress, but produces no testimony to that effect, he is simply straining credulity to an extent which his reputation for accuracy will not enable it to bear. He and his statements may most safely be, in legal phrase, "put to silence."

Unaffected by either James Paterson or Dr Rogers, the claim preferred on Ayton's behalf, nevertheless, is unquestionably sound. The internal evidence is conclusive. In the first place, the weakness of the case for Sempill is his strength, his greater poetic power. He nowhere cowards his wing to the level of "Old Long Syne." There is not a line in it comparable with a single passage in any one of the above mentioned triad of lyrics ascribed to Sempill. The poet of "Maggie Lauder" could not have wandered mooning in lovesick indecision through "Old Long Syne." He would have loved a dozen before the other had forgotten one. There is nothing in it that approaches the ebullient realism of "The Blythsome Bridal." Nor does its icy breath waft even a veiled hint of the burning impulsiveness, the warmly-tinted but sincere passion throbbing in "She rose and loot me in." It serves no purpose to compare a snowball with a furnace. Who wrote the last-named song was incapable of the milder glow, the lukewarmth of "Old Long Syne." There is, moreover, a finer touch of artistry, a sweeter music in his verse.

Between Ayton's known productions, on the other hand, and "Old Long Syne" the parallel is perfect. Grant Wilson says of
the bronze bust of Ayton, in Westminster, that “in his looks there is as much of the gentleman as the genius.” Secretary to Queen Henrietta Maria, and accustomed to the atmosphere of courts, there is in his verse as much of the courtier as the poet. His verse, both sonnet and lyric, is chiefly amatory or sentimental, and dedicated to mistresses who have turned cold and disdainful. He depicts no passion, but uses the language of remonstrance and reason or argument. He likes, but never loves. He is artificial, and rings the changes upon a trifling fancy. He often pleases, but rarely charms. Two of his best verses occur in “Inconstancy Reproved,” and they express only regret—

“And I will sigh, while some will smile, 
To see thy love for more than one, 
Hath brought thee to be lov'd by none.”

The climax of comparison, however, is reached in “On Woman's Inconstancy” and “The Answer.” One or two selections are better than much analytical comment:

“I lov'd thee once, I'll love no more, 
Thine be the grief as is the blame:

He that can love unlov'd again, 
Hath better store of love than brain: 
God send me love my debts to pay, 
While unthrifts fool their love away.”

“When new desires have conquer'd thee, 
And chang'd the object of thy will, 
It had been lethargy in me, 
Not constancy, to love thee still.”

“The height of my disdain shall be, 
To laugh at him, to blush for thee; 
To love thee still, but go no more 
A-begging at a beggar's door.”

In “The Answer” the sentiment is healthier, and there are a few good lines and couplets. There is, for instance, the rebuke of the lover for following his inconstant mistress's example:

“Example led revenge astray  
When true love should have kept the way.”
In respect of feeling the best verse is the third:—

"True love has no reflecting end,
The object good sets it at rest,
And noble breasts will freely lend
Without expecting interest.
'Tis merchant's love, 'tis trade for gain,
To barter love for love again:
'Tis usury, yea, worse than this,
For self-idolatry it is."

The feeling is sound, but there is little poetry in these reasonings of love. In "Inconstancy Reproved" the couplet occurs:—

"Thy favours are but like the wind
That kisses everything it meets,"

and, having found a simile for his mistress in a plucked rose, "strain'd through ruder hands," from which, beauty and perfume both having vanished, the leaves fall one by one, the poet works it out in two six-line verses.

All these poems are pitched in exactly the same key of sentiment as "Old Long Syne." They are not the inspirations of a poet, but the amusements of a trifler with rhymes. They are all marked by poverty of ideas, shallowness of sentiment, and by little conceits. Thought has its habitual groove, and expression its customary phrase. In one we hear of freedom, thraldom, and a captive's captive; in "Old Long Syne" we again hear of freedom, liberty, and chains. The stamp of kinship is most plainly discernible, perhaps, in the exasperating weakness of the vacillating though discarded lover, who loves, loves not, yet loves on. His wavering explains his mistress's contempt. He is Ayton's type, the artist's model we recognise as Ayton's own. Sempill never thought him or any other sighing hermaphrodite, but lovers who are at least men. Without hesitation I ascribe "Old Long Syne" to Sir Robert Ayton.

The third form of "Auld Lang Syne" is Allan Ramsay's, published in 1724, in the "Tea Table Miscellany," a wretched string of ill-matched rhymes—haste and blast, bough and you, and the like—put into the mouth of a woman immodestly venting in words a counterfeit and unworthy passion. It is difficult to
believe it Ramsay's. In it, however, we reach the immortal title "Auld Lang Syne." In "Tullochgorum" Skinner's "Old Minister's Song," is the idea of friendship, and again in the opening line, "Should auld acquaintance be forgot," is touched what was most probably the germ of the song of Burns. The link connecting it with the Laing broadside is far less trustworthy and convincing. Aside from that, in none of the earlier forms of the song is any clear and full suggestion discoverable of the feeling inspiring Burns's matchless lyric. Skinner went towards it, but he went feebly in a tone of reproach. Burns is filled mainly with the joy of meeting, and there is little more than a back-ground or sub-structural flavour of regret, in the references to long and weary wandering and the roaring of broad separating seas. They neither dim the eye nor make the voice quaver. The long ago, "Auld Lang Syne," is only mellowed with sadness, as the ancient cronies look into the retrospect of life. They know nothing of "divine despair" concerning days that are no more. There is, gladness rather than repining in the memory of childhood, the gowany brae, the burn they paidlet in together, and it is worth noting the sensitive touch of art in the "But" dividing the picture of happy morning from the severed movements of later years. The dawn was bright although the day was clouded. Reflection only warms jollity as they, the hale survivors of time's wreckage, once more clasp hands in the friendship that years and absence have not staled, but which is still living in the grey gloamin' of age. As "A Man's a Man" is the song of manhood and democracy; as "Of a' the Airts" is the song of present passionate love, and "My Nannie's Awa" its lament; so "Auld Lang Syne" is the song of friendship and good fellowship.

As such the world has accepted it. Ford tells how, after a congress of working men at Brussels, in a many-nationed company in which the interpreter was kept busy—"Just at the break-up, each man at a signal got upon his feet, all joined hands, and the walls of the hall were made to resound with the words of a song which evidently required no interpreter, for every man present knew and could sing Auld Lang Syne." Dick considers it the
best-known song in the civilized world, and has this to narrate:

“I have heard a mixed company of Scots, English, Germans, Italians, and French Swiss sing the chorus in an upland hotel in Switzerland.” In that case, at least, Burns was not “the singer of a parish,” but sang for mankind.

To sum up, in truth and reality his song has no history. It was not an evolution but grew independently, with only a tiny hint from Skinner, out of a current phrase, and lang syne, sin’ syne, and auld lang syne were in the mouths of Scottish school-boys a generation ago. Burns may have seen some of the earlier verses, but he need have seen none, so perfect is his originality, so exclusively his own is his treatment of the theme. He looked into the heart of the phrase, and with an instinct unrivalled and infallible seized upon its haunting burden of bright and glowing reminiscence, ending in reunion. He cares nothing for precedents. Neither the Bannatyne moraliser nor Ayton can do anything for him. He is inspired; he shades joy lightly with reflection, for that is human nature; he hears but a whisper of pathos from thoughts of the olden time; he is too much of an artist to mix violently contrasted colours; he only sees two joyously meeting in eld who parted in youth; and there, without parentage, precedent or history, self-originating, and fresh as the dew on Nithsdale holms, is the song, “Auld Lang Syne.”

EDWARD PINNINGTON.
THE CRAIBE ANGUS BURNSIANA.

"U N I Q U E" was the comment of a lady on the late Mr William Craibe Angus. The criticism is probably the briefest ever applied to the man; and it is true. Unique he certainly was, and we think that William Bell Scott's reflection that he himself had "just escaped being famous" may be applied, with equal truth, to Mr Angus.

His was, indeed, a magnetic personality. Of a class by himself, he thought and lived along original lines. He was a strong man, holding strong opinions, which he did not hesitate to express in vigorous terms. The habit of trenchant criticism was characteristic, and could not fail to create feeling; but those who knew him best remember only the brilliant conversationalist and correspondent, and revere the memory of a charming and lovable man.

Well-known though he was in the political world and in Scottish art circles—he was the champion of the French and Dutch romanticists—Mr Angus is, and probably will be, best remembered as a Burns collector and authority. He himself told, in the introduction to his "Bibliography in outline," how he became a collector. But he omitted to say, what we believe to be the case, that it was his close association with the romanticists in modern art that really led him to form that collection of books—unique as himself—by, and on, Robert Burns—the first great romanticist in modern literature. As David Garrick dreamed of Stratford as a centre of Shakespearean study, so did Mr Angus think of Alloway as the centre of Burns study; and we think that, through all the years of his collecting, he had before him the hope that one day his library would form the nucleus of a national collection at "the cottage," and thus realise the best idea of honouring the memory of the greatest of Scotland's sons. He wished to see at Alloway a Burns library, which would contain (as far as practicable) "every edition and every translation of Burns; all
the commentators—good, bad, and indifferent; in short, every book connected with the life and work of the poet." He set out to make what bid fair to be such a library, and made very considerable progress towards the accomplishment of that object.

Mr Angus was a book-collector of the most liberal and excellent kind. Bringing taste, judgment, and knowledge to the formation of his library, he bought books continuously. But he did not purchase them in the "state" which satisfies the average collector. To Mr Angus beauty of condition, external and internal, was indispensable; the finest possible copies must be got, no matter how long they had to be waited for, no matter the cost. He knew, as J. R. M'Culloch knew, and as every fastidious collector knows, that it is "not difficult to find books, provided you are content to take them in the state in which they are usually found. But it is quite a different matter if you wish to have select or choice copies. These are always scarce, and sometimes of very great rarity." For nearly a quarter of a century Mr Angus concentrated his attention on the making of his library, and found the greatest pleasure in its possession and use. For he was a reader as well as a collector. Better-informed on the subject than any of his contemporaries, his great knowledge, and his library, were ever at the service of the student; and it does not require to be told what use he made of that knowledge—how sincerely and vigorously he used his pen to produce a better understanding of Burns's life and writings.

Mr Angus's hope was not to be fulfilled. After his death, attempts were made to keep the collection intact, but without success. There was, therefore, no alternative but to submit the books to the hammer of the auctioneer; and on 8-10 December, 1902,
the entire library was sold in Edinburgh. The sale aroused great interest among Scottish collectors, and competition for many of the books was very keen. The total amount realised was nearly £1400.

How far Mr Angus had progressed with the formation of his ideal Burns library is shown by the catalogue of the sale. The lots number 1069, representing nearly 3,500 volumes. Included in these are 650 editions of Burns's poetical and prose writings. Nearly all were in their original bindings; few had seen

"the cropping crew
That dock a volume's honest size."

There were copies of books printed on large paper, and copies on vellum. There were editions of that "greatest gift to Scottish literature" from the libraries of celebrated men; and others bore the autographs of men and women famous in literature and the arts. Very many were rare; of several no other copies are known to exist.

Mr Angus's last Book-plate.
The ana included, in its 2,500 volumes, books of biography and criticism, and works on the Burns country. Books by friends and acquaintances of Burns, and by the more famous of his contemporaries, were represented in large numbers, and nearly all were in the best condition. Special mention may also be made of the extensive collection of editions of the Scottish poets before and since the time of Burns, including many of "Ramsay and famous Fergusson."

A list of the chief items, with prices at which they sold, would have formed a suitable conclusion to these notes. Such a list was intended. But to have given it meant reprinting a very large portion of the catalogue of the collection, and that does not appear desirable in this place.

J. C. EWING.

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTE.

Mr Angus's writings on Burns consist chiefly of articles and letters, many of them controversial, in the leading Scottish newspapers. Of these only the series on "Portraits of Burns" (Glasgow Herald, 1890-1) calls for mention here. His "Printed works of Robert Burns, a bibliography in outline" (60 copies privately printed, Glasgow, 1899), though revised by himself, was not bound and circulated until after his death. He also wrote, jointly with Mr H. D. Colvill-Scott, "The autograph of Robert Burns" (Archivists' Society, 1898); and "Notes on the first and early editions" of Burns is the title of his only contribution (1893) to the "Chronicle."

Mr Angus wrote also on natural history, on politics, and on art. Long before he settled in Glasgow he had been a student of ornithology, and had formed a collection of specimens. He gave valuable evidence before the Select Committee on Wild Birds Protection (1873), from whose report his evidence was reprinted (Glasgow, 1875); and contributed many papers to the "Transactions of the Natural History Society of Glasgow," from which, also, several were reprinted in pamphlet form.

J. C. E.
In Memoriam.

THE LATE WILLIAM FREELAND.

READERS of the "Burns Chronicle" and those interested in Scottish Literature generally will learn with deep regret of the death of Mr. William Freeland, the veteran poet and journalist, which took place at his residence in Govanhill, Glasgow, on the 27th of October last.

Born in Kirkintilloch seventy-five years ago, Mr. Freeland's literary tastes led him when about thirty years of age to join the ranks of journalism, in which he ultimately held responsible posts successively on the staffs of the Glasgow Citizen, Glasgow Herald, Glasgow Weekly Herald, and Glasgow Evening Times. In his earlier years he was the friend of, and happily associated with, David Gray, the short-lived but gifted author of "The Luggie and other Poems," Robert Buchanan, William Black, and others, who won distinction and honour in literary fields. He was the founder, and, up to the time of his death, the loved and revered president of the Glasgow Ballad Club. For many years he was also associated with the Bridgeton Burns Club, and for some time held the presidency of that society. But it is also noteworthy that he was the originator of a scheme for the founding of a Chair of Scottish Literature in Glasgow University, and although his efforts in this direction have not yet been crowned with success, it is satisfactory to know that the Burns Federation still keep it in view. The scheme is one that must commend itself to every Scotsman who is a lover of the literature of his own land and would strive for the retention of its life and distinctive characteristics.

But Mr. Freeland was not only a journalist; he was pos-
sessed of literary powers and abilities that made his name known far and wide. He was the author of "Love and Treason," a three-volume novel which dealt with the Radical risings of the West of Scotland, which, although long "out of print," contains much that makes it still sought after by Glasgow readers. But possibly "A Birth Song and other Poems" was the best literary effort of his warm heart and brilliant intellect—the poems in that volume being of a rare order and characterised throughout by felicity of expression, loftiness of thought, and purity of tone. We understand Mr Freeland has left sufficient material for another volume which we hope will yet see the light.

To those who love a genial personality, a kindly disposition, quiet, pawky humour, and never-failing courtesy, William Freeland will ever be dear, and these qualities form a fitting and life-long memorial in the heart and memory of all who knew him.

To the mourning relatives and friends, and especially to his loving helpmate and companion through many years, we would respectfully tender our warmest sympathies.

WILLIAM FREELAND—1828-1903.

Dead? Dead? He whom our souls revered,
Whose words we cherished as they came
From lips where truth and love ensphered
Shown with the spirit's gentle flame,
The jewels rare and worthier far
Than gauds for which the sordid war.

Not his the worldling's vexing quest—
The strife that stifles nobler aims,
And fills the racking, wearied breast
With fierce Remorse's lurid flames,
When conscience quickened moans the good
Oft missed, or flouted and withstood.

His song, his book, his thoughts that sprang
Like flowers to gladden all his way.
While tuneful through his spirit rang
The chimes that owned Love's kindly sway—
Life's golden links and gems enwrought
By Honour's skill—but these he sought.
And joy was his, full-measured, sweet,
    That none but Nature's lovers know,
When kindly Fate the willing feet
    Guides far 'mid scenes where all things glow,
The fair in earth and air and sky
    To passion moved and ecstasy.

Dead? Nay! not dead—he liveth still,
    Though rigid lies the tent of clay;
And sweeter songs the spirit thrill
    Than e'er break on our earthly day.
His now the guerdon of the pure,
The light nor storm nor cloud obscure.

And kindred souls, with whom in youth,
    When lusty hope urged effort strong,
He sought far fields in search of truth,
    And battled to redress the wrong—
These comrades leal have welcome given—
Earth poorer is, but richer—Heaven.

With loving hand and reverent heart,
    While of his worth thoughts tender throng,
Lay down the lone frail mortal part
    That recks nor sun nor flower nor song;
It hallowed is, for there did dwell
The gentle life we loved so well.

And she whose loyal love made dear
    And brightened years that swiftly sped,
Still faithful, striving, yearning, near
    When life its last faint flicker shed,
Be hers the hope that dawning grows
To day's clear noon through night of woes.

Farewell! Brave heart! Rest now is thine,
    Nor mar its calm earth's storm and roar,
Thy sun but sank 'mid glows divine,
    To rise where night is known no more.
The song thou sangst is in our ears.
Farewell! That song chides fears and tears.

JAS. WALSH.
CLUB
NOTES.

[COMMUNICATED.]

SUNDERLAND BURNS CLUB.

ANNUAL MEETING.

There is no sign of waning interest if one may judge by the number of members who attended the Annual Meeting. True, discussions and difference of opinion existed, but this is the very life and soul of the Club. No difference of opinion, no interest. Great discussion, great interest, and so the value of the meeting must be determined by the amount of good which has been accomplished. Reports from the Secretary and Treasurer also proved that progression is being made, indeed all along the line the feeling has been one of steady growth and improvement. The election of officers filled up what was a very pleasant and memorable evening.

DINNER.

The Anniversary Dinner of Saturday, January 25th, will long live in the memory of the members as being the most enjoyable we have had since the inception of our Club.

Ald. G. B. Craig, Mayor of Thornaby, did us the honour of proposing the toast of the evening, “The Immortal Memory.” This he did in a style which was at once stirring and interesting. We do not make enough of those speeches; we should like to have them fully reported and incorporated in this report. We were also favoured with a return visit of our esteemed Hon. Vice-President, the Rev. David Tasker, who on this occasion made a very interesting and humorous reply on behalf of “The Lasses, O.”

CONCERT.

The Annual Scottish Concert promoted by the Club is now regarded as the musical event of the season. This is what may be expected when we have such an energetic Committee, so ably assisted by the members of the Club, each doing his best. By our co-operating with the Clubs on Tyneside, we are enabled to procure the very best Scottish talent available, and the concert of the past year was no exception.

CONVERSAZIONE.

This event falls to be chronicled in this report, although it was really held on St. Andrew’s Eve, Friday, November 29th, 1901, in Mr Wetherell’s Rooms. The gathering was in every way most enjoyable. The duties of M.C.’s were carried through by Messrs Shaw, Lyness, and Neilson. Mrs Potts provided the refreshments, and the music was from Mr Fred Wood’s band.
PIC-NIC.

This summer outing seems to be fading into obscurity. The cause may be the three months’ recess during June, July, and August, which makes it difficult to get the members together. I know the difficulties which must be met, but I should like to suggest a visit to the “Scott Country,” or, even better, to that most hallowed spot, dear to every Scotsman—Dumfries.

CHRONICLES.

In again drawing the attention of our members to this publication, we would like to say that we do not support it as we ought. Orders may now be given to the Secretary for the forthcoming issue, which promises to maintain its usual high standard of literary excellence.

MEMBERSHIP.

We are now within a measurable distance of obtaining a real, sound, and active list of members. This is what we want, men who feel they have a heartfelt interest in the working of our Club and the spreading of a love for Burns, Scott, and all that has made Scotland and Scotsmen great.

IN MEMORIAM.

It is with extreme regret that we draw the attention of the members to the loss the Club has sustained by the death of two members, the late Captain James Henderson and Mr Richard Aisbett.

It was not the privilege of the former to attend our meetings, being prevented by illness, nevertheless he had a keen interest in the doings of the Club. He was a Scot in the truest sense of the word. Our late member, Mr Aisbett, was a regular attender at our meetings till his health gave way. He was a Burns enthusiast, and was in his glory when repeating selections from the works of the Poet. The sympathy of the members was conveyed to the relatives of the deceased gentlemen.

M. NEILSON, Hon. Secy.

LONDON ROBERT BURNS CLUB—HALLOWE’EN DINNER.

31ST OCTOBER, 1903.

SPEECH DELIVERED BY PRESIDENT, J. CLIFFORD BROWN.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,

"Years come and go," says the poet, but so regular, and so silent does time pass, that we require landmarks and red letter days to remind us of its flight. Birthdays, Christmases, and New Years are milestones on life’s march, marking our progress to the universal terminus.
Surely Hallowe'en, noting, as it does, the end of another summer and harvest time, and the advent of another winter, may be regarded as one of those reminders which we do well to commemorate.

Past presidents and proposers of this toast have time after time expatiated on Hallowe'en and its associations, and we have heard over and over again of the "dookin'" for apples, of the "puint" o' kail stalks, of the burnin' o' nuts, of the dirty and clean plates, etc., and so I will leave all that alone—and yet, why should I leave alone those innocent enjoyments that cheered us when "we were boys, merry, merry boys together." No, as a Scotsman, I must speak of them, and once again bask in love's young dream.

To the elder members of the Burns Club it would be an insult to refer to the "Ayrshire ploughman's" vivid description of the rural Hallowe'en of his day, which it is evident he did most thoroughly enjoy. It is not only at the witching time of life, when youth is at the prow and pleasure at the helm, that Hallowe'en appeals to us. From earliest childhood we have regarded the festival as connected with some of our happiest hours, and I cannot but recall to those present, who like myself have had the delightful experience of his first turnip lantern (if pilfered from a farmer's field so much the better), for stolen waters (aye and turnips) are aye sweetest, and then the pleasure of cutting off the lid, and hollowing out the lamp, meanwhile gorging the contents with infinite relish. Then the artistic ornamentation of the outside, with its stars, monograms, etc., and above all the marvellous faces with which it was embellished, each with such a genial smile as reminded one of Hood's laughter "from ear to ear."

Do you recognise the "hamely" description, ye Scottish London doctors? Does it appeal to you, ye prosperous Scottish London merchants? Does it not thrill you with delight my Scottish sisters, to look back upon those scenes?

To-night, in town and village, by homestead, and in solitary shieling, youngsters are as busy and as happy as we were ourselves a long time ago. Is it not good for us all to recall such early scenes, and to continue to observe Hallowe'en, for with these there crowd upon us many, many more recollections of the bye-gone days? And old familiar faces too, often forgotten in the hurry and bustle of modern life, rush vividly before the mind's eye, each reviving some scene of early days. Where are the old familiar faces? Some have gone to the majority, some have failed. Some have succeeded, but most of them have passed out of our ken, and whether living or dead we know not. Yet to-night we remember them, and doubtless, if living, they remember us, and are reviving early scenes and early pranks on memory's screen.

Wha hid the maister's spec's, and burned his taws?

Wha put a divot on Luckey Tamson's chimney head and smeaked the auld body out o' her hoose?

Wha tied Miss Craw's door handle to the doctor's nicht bell opposite, and made the doctor rise a dizzen times during the nicht, wi' his door handle to Miss Craw's knocker; eh, wha did that?

Dae ye min' when Wullie Burnie put a silk thread across the session house door when the elders were countin' the nicht's collection, and a' the hats were knocked aff except Johnny Simson's, because he was a wee body and got below?

Then the memory of fishing, guddling, nutting, brambling, blackberrying,
aye and rabbiting, come back from the dim past, causing sometimes a smile, sometimes a sigh, and it may be sometimes a tear. To-night if our old folks are living, we are again to them as in those days, and all our childish looks, and ways, and sayings are flashing through their minds, and unconsciously a silent prayer for our welfare is rising up on high. Will such memories and aspirations not be reciprocated, and though hundreds of miles separate the bodies, Hallowe’en again to-night unites the affections so closely allied.

Though we have become so genteel in these days that we can dook for apples with a fork, and pare the skin wi’ a silver knife, and waltz and polka, but cannot dance the Hieland Fling, or the Flowers o’ Edinboro’, or the Scottish Reel, or even sing all the words of Auld Lang Syne, yet it is good that occasionally we renew our associations with the land of “brown heath and shaggy wood,” and that we commemorate her customs, that we recall early memories; and meeting our fellows, hand to hand, and heart to heart, refresh ourselves for the battle of life, and where we can, lend a helping hand or a cheering word to a brother in distress.

"Then closer yet my brother nearer,  
Hand joined with hand, heart entwined with heart,  
Shall we not be to each the kindlier, dearer,  
Meeting thus briefly that we soon must part."

Ladies and gentlemen, with great pleasure I give you Hallowe’en and its associations, and God bless the bairns, old and young.

KIPPEN AND DISTRICT BURNS CLUB.

The annual general meeting of this Club was held in the Gillespie Memorial Hall. Mr Robert Jackson, president, acted as chairman. Minutes of previous meetings were read and approved of. The items of income and expenditure for the past year, as contained in the treasurer’s books, were read over, and showed that the income of the Club for the year had been £26 8s 6d, and the expenditure for general purposes of the Club £20 10s 3d, leaving a balance of £5 18s 3d to carry to surplus fund. This balance was considered most satisfactory, as the Club had, during the past year, spent nearly double the sum of the previous years in providing better prizes for the school children’s competition, besides some valuable prizes presented by honorary members and friends, who look upon the competition as an item worthy of encouragement. On the whole, the Club has had a most prosperous year, the membership now being the largest since its inauguration. A great measure of this success is due to the past year’s acting committee, who have been most diligent and attentive in promoting the usefulness of the Club. W. Forrester, Esq., of Arngibbon, and D. H. Mack, Esq., Bank of Scotland, Buchlyvie, were added to the list of hon. members. J. Monteath, Esq., J.P., Wright Park, was unanimously elected hon. president of the Club; Mr Robert Jackson, Mains of Boquhan, president, and Mr Thomas Syme, Strathview, secretary and treasurer. The committee was empowered to arrange for having the annual concert about 20th November in aid of the scholars’ competition fund. A vote of thanks to the chairman terminated the proceedings.
The Secretary writes:—It might also be interesting to other Federated Clubs to learn that this Kippen Club is specially favoured in having Stephen Mitchell, Esq., J.P., of Boquhan, as one of its honorary members, because he forms, as it were, a direct link from the Poet to the Club, in that Mr Mitchell's grandfather was a trusted and warm friend of the Poet. The present Mr Mitchell has also in his possession many most valuable relics of the Poet which have been handed down from his grandfather—such as poems in Burns's own hand-writing, one of his Excise day-books with signatories, besides the original Burgess Ticket presented to Burns when he was made a burgess of Linlithgow in 1787. I enclose you a copy of the Burgess Ticket:—"At Linlithgow, the seventeenth day of November, one thousand seven hundred and eighty seven years, The Which Day In presence of James Andrew, Esquire, Provost of the Burgh of Linlithgow, William Napier, James Watsone, Stephen Mitchell, John Gibson, Bailies; and Robert Speeden, Dean of Guild; composed Mr Robert Burns, Mossgeil, Airshire— who was made and created Burgess and Guild Brother of the Said Burgh, having given his oath of Fidelity according to the Form used thereanent.—Extracted by Jas. Taylor, Ck.". This Burgess Ticket has also a Roll seal on Back.

THOS. SYME, Sec.

DUNDEE BURNS CLUB.

(INSTITUTE 1860).

On the 43rd session of the Club, the annual dinner was held in the Club rooms, 36 Nethergate, Dundee, on Friday, 25th January, 1902, Mr James Binny, president, in the chair, who proposed the "Immortal Memory" in exceptionally eloquent terms. The following is an abstract:

"And this suggests to me what I might call, paradoxically, the glorious inconsistencies of Burns. The desire to be, or rather to appear consistent, is generally the index of a poor nature. If a man is a live man at all he must have varying moods and passions, changing likes and dislikes, and if he resolves that he shall only appear in one attitude, as if he were perpetually sitting for his portrait, he is to that extent unreal, and, without using the word in its worst sense, hypocritical—the man is acting a part. I think that is true of ordinary men, but when we come to a rich nature like that of Burns, with his broad outlook and his wealth of sympathy, such a thing is impossible."

A LB A N Y B U R N S C L U B.

SYLLABUS.—SESSION 1903-1904.

Jan. 13 Poets who have influenced Burns, J. H. Pearson.

,, 25 Anniversary Dinner—The Immortal Memory, William Wallace, M.A., LL.D.

Feb. 3 The Graphic Arts—A Retrospect, Andrew Black, R.S.W.

Mar. 2 A Trip to Songland and some singers we met there, James Walsh.
"SOME BURNS CHARACTERISTICS—A CLUSTER OF FLOWER AND FRUIT FROM THE POET’S GARDEN."

UNDER the above title Mr James Walsh, who is already well-known in Burns literary circles, embodies the substance of a lecture delivered before the Rosebery Burns Club, on 10th March, 1903, which was so favourably received that the author was induced to preserve it in the permanent form of the elegant brochure now before us. Adopting the figure of a flower garden, Mr Walsh culls a nosegay of blossoms as he strolls with us through the Burns Elysium, and descants upon the beauties of each blossom before adding it to the bouquet. In this way he directs attention to Burns’s naturalness, his truth, his pity, his sympathy, his big-hearted charity, his penitence, and his remorse, his suggestive comments being pointed by an apt quotation under each head. But he does not follow the wearisome path of mere platitude and illustration; he manifests throughout a thorough grip of his subject, and expresses himself clearly, forcibly, and eloquently. For example, when speaking of the poet’s intense sympathy with the honest poor, he says—“There was the surging of a divine discontent within his soul—an intense longing—possibly not for what is generally considered the supreme good—the higher, holier ideals and objects of the spiritual—but certainly for better things and sweeter conditions, and these, perhaps, not so much for himself as for his fellows.”

We are sorry to observe that Mr Walsh quotes the second-rate doggerel of “The Tree of Liberty” as an authenticated production of Burns, and that against his own better judgment as partially revealed in the context. The evidence on which Robert Chambers admitted the composition in 1838 is of the flimsiest character, and immeasurably distant from conviction even though substantiated. The production condemns itself, and how the Centenary editors printed it, after stigmatising it as “trash which Burns neither composed nor copied,” is beyond our comprehension.

We heartily commend Mr Walsh’s book to every true lover of the Bard.

GUIDE AND DIRECTORY TO MAUCHLINE, CATRINE, SORN, AND SURROUNDING DISTRICTS.

This is entirely a local production and therefore all the more valuable as a reliable repository of topographical facts. The author is Mr William B. Reid, who is also the proprietor of “Ye Burns Press” from which the “Guide” has been issued. In addition to the dry facts of the “Directory,” this little book contains an admirable epitome of the Burnsiana of Mauchline and its neighbourhood. An excellent map accompanies the letterpress, which cannot fail to prove useful to the pilgrim in the Burns country.


We have much pleasure in calling the attention of our readers to the excellent article on the national bard, by Mr T. P. O’Connor, the accomplished editor
of the "Weekly," which appeared in that serial last January. Apart from its intrinsic excellence as a thoughtful and sympathetic deliverance on Burns, it is specially interesting as coming from an Irishman whose literary faculties render him no mean authority on the subject. His broad method of treatment is a refreshing commentary on the narrow Anglicanism which disfigures certain recent attempts in the same line.

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NOTES AND QUERIES.

THE DEATH OF BURNS.

FROM THE DIARY OF A CONTEMPORARY.

Thursday, 21st July.—This morning Mr Robert Burns died after a long illness.

Monday, 25th July.—This day, at 12 o'clock, went to the burial of Robert Burns, who died on the 21st, aged 38 years. In respect to the memory of such a genius as Mr Burns, his funeral was uncommonly splendid. The military here consisted of the Cinque Ports Cavalry and Angusshire Fencibles, who, having handsomely tendered their services, lined the streets on both sides from the Court-House to the burial ground. (The corpse was carried from the place where Mr Burns died to the Court-House last night.) Order of procession.—The firing party, which consisted of twenty of the Royal Dumfries Volunteers (of which Mr Burns was a member) in full uniform with crapes on the left arm, marched in front with their arms reversed, moving in a slow and solemn time to the Dead March in “Saul,” which was played by the military band belonging to the Cinque Ports Cavalry. Next to the firing party was the band, then the bier or corpse supported by six of the Volunteers, who changed at intervals. The relations of the deceased and a number of the respectable inhabitants of both town and country followed next. Then the remainder of the Volunteers followed in rank, and the procession closed with a guard of the Angusshire Fencibles. The great bells of the churches tolled at intervals during the time of the procession. When arrived at the churchyard gate the funeral party formed two lines and leaned their heads on their firelocks pointed to the ground. Through this space the corpse was carried and borne to the grave. The party then drew up alongside of it, and fired three volleys over the coffin when deposited in the earth. Thus closed a ceremony which on the whole presented a solemn, grand, and affecting spectacle, and accorded with the general sorrow and regret for the loss of a man whose like we can scarce see again. As for his private character and behaviour, it might not have been so fair as could have been wished, but whatever faults he had I believe he was always worst for himself, and it becomes us to pass over his failings in silence, and with veneration and esteem look to his immortal works, which will live for ever. I believe his extraordinary genius may be said to have been the cause of bringing him so soon to his end, his company being courted by all ranks of people, and being of too easy and accommodating a
temper, which often involved him in scenes of dissipation and intoxication, which by slow degrees impaired his health, and at last totally ruined his constitution. For originality of wit, rapidity of conception, and fluency of nervous phraseology he was unrivalled. He has left a wife and five children in very indigent circumstances, but I understand very liberal and extensive subscriptions are to be made for them. His wife was delivered of a child about an hour after he was removed from the house.—[The Grierson Diary—Reprinted from the "Dumfries and Galloway Courier and Herald," 1890.]

ANECDOTES OF BURNS.

10 FORTH STREET, EDINBURGH,
May 14, 1903.

DEAR MR EDITOR,

I am just recovering from a surfeit of Royalty, and been taking a quiet read, and I came across the following:—

C. R. Leslie, R.A., has a lot of very interesting anecdotes in his memoirs. This is one note concerning Burns—"Visited Ayr, to me the most interesting spot in Scotland, associated as the town itself and the scenery of its neighbourhood is with Burns. A lover of Burns (and who is not?) may imagine the feelings with which we crossed the Brigs o' Ayr, listened to the drowsy donjon clock, looked up to Wallace Tower, visited the cottage in which the Bard was born, and Kirk Alloway, and strolled up the side of the 'Bonnie Doon' where Burns had so often strayed, composing his enchanting songs. I bathed in its clear stream. 'What are these mountains?' I asked of an old man, who said he had often had a gill with Burns. 'They are the Cumnock hills.' 'What a beautiful companion Burns must have been.' 'Oh, not at all,' said he, 'he was a silly chield; but his brother Gilbert was quite a gentleman.'"

A Scotch gardener told me that he knew the original Tam o' Shanter. I forget his name, but he was very proud of being immortalised by Burns, though he said that part of the poem in which his wife rates him for his drunkenness was a "lie," for there never was a better tempered woman, and she never scolded him in a' her life. Leslie's companion was Newton, the painter, but I am afraid of troubling you with this gossip. However, you may not have seen the book I refer to.

I got a miniature from Ayr by your suggestion, which was condemned by you as not being at all an approach even to a likeness of Burns. I sent the letters, &c., back to Mr Scoular, stating my reasons fully for coming to the same conclusion.

In C. R. Leslie's memoirs he mentions that when living with Sir Walter Scott at Abbotsford painting his portrait for Tiknos of Boston, U.S.A., Sir Walter told him that he (Sir Walter) had known a labouring man who was with Burns when he turned up the mouse with his plough. Burns's first impulse was to kill it, but checking himself, as his eye followed the little creature, he said, "I'll make that mouse immortal." Sir Walter showed him in the library at Abbotsford an autograph MS. of "Tam o' Shanter." There were either in this MS., or Scott had noted that there were in some other
copy, two lines that had never been printed. They occurred after "The landlord's laugh was ready chorus," and ran thus—

"The cricket joined his chirping cry,
The kittlin' chas'd its tail with joy."

Scott remarked in a note that Burns probably rejected them from the resemblance to Goldsmith's "The cricket chirruped on the hearth."

On another occasion Leslie asked Sir Walter where he should be likely to meet with a haggis. "I don't know a more likely place than the house you are in," he said. And the next day a haggis appeared on the table. It was placed before Scott, and he greeted it with the first lines of Burns's address to the "Chieftain of the Puddin' Race." He repeated them with great effect, and at the words "Weel are ye wordy of a grace as lang's my airm" he extended his arm over the haggis.

GEO. AIKMAN.

BURNS RELICS EXTRAORDINARY.

INLAND REVENUE,
AYR, 6th August, 1902.

I enclose a cutting from Lloyd's Newspaper, which a correspondent has sent me. It would be a labour of Hercules to investigate the thousand and one marvels that are daily brought to light about the great R. B., but it would make the most credulous "Burnsite" smile to ask him to believe that he presented a silver coffee pot to his Highland Mary. Please note the name Birns. While I am writing you I may mention another funny story in this connection.

In a gentleman's house recently, I was shown a large, handsome sampler in frame, and glass-covered. It was said to have been the work of Isabel Robb, daughter of Annabella Burns, the sister of the Poet. The inscription on the Bolter tombstone states that Annabella died unmarried, but the story of the owner of the sampler is that she was married to Ronald Robb, who lived in a small house opposite Rozelle called Burnhouse. The inscription in the sampler is "E.G., D.R., M.R., A.R., J.P.," whatever that may mean.

R. W. MACFADZEAN.

P.S.—If the name on the "Argyle Cup" is "Birns," he was probably a Cockney critic.

LORD YOUNG'S BOYISH REMINISCENCES

STORIES OF THE BURNS CIRCLE AND OF CARLYLE.

Lord Young, the famous Scottish Judge, was yesterday (June 26th, 1903) presented with the freedom of his native town, Dumfries, and made an extremely interesting speech in replying to the presentation.

Lord Young, in the course of his address, said: — My memory of Dumfries goes back to the time when the widow of the great Poet
Burns was still alive. I am one of the few now living who have had her hospitality—such hospitality as the old—I may say certainly elderly—widow could give to a mere boy, to a child; I have received such hospitality from her in the house where she lived till her death, which was the house in which her husband died. I have got cups of tea from her, and bread and jam from her—(laughter)—and many kind words from her. She survived her husband, I think, until the year 1834; and I knew her and her granddaughter who lived with her till her death, and whose daughter—a great-granddaughter of the Poet—is, I am glad to tell you, present among us to-day. These are old memories of mine. I knew several—not many—of the great Poet's friends, those with whom he was intimate. I was as well acquainted as a child and a boy could be with Dr Maxwell, who attended him in his illness, his last illness, and at his death. He has attended me in my childhood and my boyhood, and a very picturesque and very interesting man in every way he was. I knew, as a child or a boy could know, another very intimate friend of Burns, Mr Syme of Ryedale, from whom he received a great deal of hospitality—perhaps even excessive hospitality—(laughter)—as I remember to have heard, even in my childhood—in a cottage which was built on the Ryedale property, close to the roadside, and which has often been pointed out to me as a place where these festivities with Burns and other jovial companions took place. Mr Syme of Ryedale was a very interesting man. He was an old gentleman when I saw him and was introduced to him, and an interesting old gentleman, and one heard a great many stories of him. I remember one particularly. I heard it as a boy as characteristic of him. He had been upon the Dock when a man fell into the river when the tide was up—apparently a stranger in the place, but he was well dressed, and looked as a man belonging, and probably he did, to the upper classes. A sailor jumped out of one of the coal-boats that used to be frequently there, and saved his life—got him ashore on to the Dock. As soon as he recovered consciousness completely and was able to stand on his legs, he put his hand in his pocket and brought out a shilling, which he gave to the man who had saved his life. (Laughter.) The spectators, who had gathered about, expressed their disapproval of the generosity which had been bestowed, by something like hissing and hooting; upon which the sailor—which was the point of the story as Mr Syme told it—said: “Oh, don't behave so to the gentleman; he knows best what his own life is worth.” (Laughter.) But the story of Mr Syme was, that in relating that anecdote to a party at which a distinguished old doctor in Dumfries was present, when he ended it with the point as it occurred to him and probably will occur to most, of the witty sarcasm of the sailor's retort, the doctor said, “And what did he say to that, sir?” on which Mr Syme said in vigorous language, which would have delighted Burns I suppose—“Oh, the stupid old fool, he does not know a whole story when he hears it.” (Loud laughter.) So one can imagine some of the conversations that took place at these festivities at Ryedale, in the old roadside cottage, which I believe, stands there still. It was often pointed out to me as the place where these parties were held, and carried on until well into the morning at least. (Laughter.) Another old memory of mine is of Tom Carlyle. I first saw Tom Carlyle in my father's house, and my father called my attention particularly to his splendid forehead; he had a magni-


MR SIDNEY LOW ON MR HENLEY.

By far the best estimate of W. E. Henley published so far, is that contributed by Mr Sidney Low to the Cornhill Magazine. Mr Low was editing the St. James's Gazette when Henley had the National Observer, and as a journalist able to take the measure of things, he indicates with much exactness Henley's real position. Of the famous Stevenson article Mr Low says: "The final savage attack on Mr Graham Balfour's 'Life'—the worst, though not the first, assault by Henley on the memory of his dead friend—was hard to pardon. Would Stevenson have pardoned it? . . . Stevenson might have made allowance for the angry egotism of the literary temperament, and the scalding jealousy of the literary friendship," This is well said, but it is not the whole story by any means. Excellent also are the following remarks: "This fervour and warmth of appreciation was among the traits that made Henley delightful. But, like other discoverers, he sometimes exaggerated the quantity of his own achievement, and ignored the work of other explorers. I believe he had come to regard himself as the 'inventor' of various distinguished men of letters of this era, who would assuredly have attained success if there had been no Henley to encourage them, and no National Observer. He vastly overestimated and so I note have many other people since his death, his share in the making of Stevenson's literary fame. It is absurd to say that 'R. L. S.' owed anything substantial to such advertisement and opportunities as it was in Henley's power to give him. The great reading public of England and America, who were first attracted by 'Treasure Island,' and then found themselves captivated by one masterpiece after another, till the splendid series ended with the broken column of 'Weir of Hermiston'—these people, for the most part, had never heard of Henley, and of the journals and articles he produced for the benefit of a minute literary coterie in London. No National Observer, no journalistic fly-posting, was needed, to spread the fame of the man who could write 'Dr Jekyll' and 'Kidnapped.' But I do not think Henley ever quite understood this. In his later days, especially, worn and old, and drifted into a backwater, he was apt to magnify the importance of his editorial career. It is a common habit with gentlemen who have been, and have ceased to be, editors of journals with some pretension to influence. To have sat conspicuously in the seat of judgment; to have it in your power to
reward merit and damn incompetence, loading one author or politician with honour, and ordering another to the scaffold or the vivisection chamber; to have, or think you have, the power of life and death over the new book that steals trembling into your presence; to spend your life accepting, rejecting, praising, condemning—all this does undoubtedly tend to ubris, and more perhaps in the recollection than the act. The editor on the retired list remembers that he was once a cloud compeller, and forgets that his thunderbolts never really shook the spheres. Henley was undoubtedly hubristical, and even beyond the average of his craft. And when the fledglings of his nest emerged, and found their wings, and soared into the sunlight of public applause, he was inclined to take the credit of the flight to himself, and was sometimes jealous and irritably pettish if the obligation was not admitted."

Nothing could be more true. To Henley, Stevenson owed nothing in comparison with what Henley owed to him. As I have said before this, Stevenson was in the first instance discovered by the Americans. It was from them that he first received large prices for his work. This is not to deny that Stevenson had many discerning admirers in this country before Henley was ever heard of. They did their best, and after "Dr Jekyll and Mr Hyde" was published, they found little difficulty in their path. As for the motion that a critic or editor can do much for an author it is ridiculous. All that can be done is to hasten by a little the day of recognition. Macaulay took particular delight in Bentley's fine apothegm: "No man was ever written down save by himself." It is equally true that no man was ever written up save by himself. Stevenson had very little help from his own friends of the Savile Club in the days when he would have been thankful for good notices in the Saturday Review. He did very well all the same.—British Weekly, Sept. 3rd, 1903.

THE BELFAST EDITION OF BURNS

Mr Andrew Gibson, Belfast, writes the following letter to The Literary World:—"One of the matters in the "Table Talk" department of your current number is an account of certain "Burns" and "Burnsiana" objects which are said to have been recently added to the new museum, Alloway Cottage, near Ayr, including a 'pirated facsimile of the first edition of his (the Poet's) works, printed in Kilmarnock, 1786, and published in Belfast by James Mayee in 1787.'

The portion quoted is entirely erroneous. No person of the name of 'Mayee' ever existed as a publisher in Belfast; no facsimile of the Kilmarnock edition of 1786 was published in Belfast in 1787, or in any later year; and no such facsimile anywhere else appeared until the publication of the one produced by James M'Kie, Kilmarnock, in 1867.

What did issue from the Belfast press in 1787 was the following free-trade duodecimo edition, with a frontispiece portrait of the poet, engraved by Halpin, and with an 'Extract from the Lounger, No.97, lately published in Edinburgh': 'Poems, chiefly in the Scottish Dialect, by Robert Burns. Belfast: Printed and Sold by James Magee, No. 9 Bridge Street. M.DCC.LXXXVII.'

A copy of this extremely rare edition is in the 'Gibson Collection of Burns.
and Bursiana,' a collection embracing more than 2000 volumes, which has lately been acquired for free reference in the Belfast Library and Society for Promoting Knowledge, commonly known as the Linen Hall Library.

The edition is, however, not even an ordinary reprint of the Kilmarnock edition of 1786 or of the first Edinburgh ('Skinking') edition of 1787. It is only a reprint of the second Edinburgh ('Stinking') impression, or of the London ('Third') edition of 1787, printed in Edinburgh. But it has the distinction of being the first edition of the poems of Robert Burns printed out of Scotland.

Simultaneously with the publication in Belfast, the edition was published in Dublin, with the title page bearing the substituted imprint—'Dublin: Printed for William Gilbert, Great George's Street, m.DCCC.I.XXXV.' A copy of this other issue, equally scarce, is also in the 'Gibson collection.

The copy recently added to the new museum, Alloway Cottage, near Ayr, is that of the herein accurately-described Belfast edition; and Burns collectors will be saved an infinity of trouble by the prompt correction of a very misleading statement, which is being further circulated in the columns of the daily newspapers.—[Belfast Evening Telegraph, 19th April, 1901].

DISPOSAL OF THE CRAIBE ANGUS COLLECTION.

The principal part of the Craibe Angus collection of Burnsiana came under the hammer in Dowell's Rooms Edinburgh, yesterday (Dec. 9th, 1902). When proceedings began at noon there was a large attendance of Edinburgh and Glasgow dealers. The earlier lots had little value apart from their place in the collection or the autographs which they bore on their title-pages. When a copy of the first issue of the first edition of 'The Letters to Clarinda' was put up a spirited competition took place for its possession. The edition was suppressed after publication, and the book, beautifully bound by Zaehnsdorf, of London, and as clean as when it was issued, was ultimately knocked down for £13 10s. A copy of the first American edition of the letters fetched £5. What to the uninitiated was regarded as the chief item of the sale was reached shortly after noon. Having in view the record price of £572 bid in the same place in 1898 for a perfect copy of the 1786 Kilmarnock edition of the poet's works, there was some natural curiosity as to the state of the market with respect to a less perfect copy of the original issue of Burns's poems. The book, which was no part of the late Mr Craibe Angus's collection, has had the title repaired, and has been bound in crimson morocco by MacLehose. Bidding was started at £50. Another sovereign was offered, and a similar advance was intimated by the original bidder. The competition broke down at that point, and the lot was knocked down to Mr James Bishop, of Leith, for Mr Dinwoodie, of Minneapolis, for £52. A splendid copy of the second, or Edinburgh, edition, having the autograph of Robert Browning upon the title-page, brought £28, and an uncut copy, bound in Spanish morocco, and bearing the autograph of Robert Louis Stevenson, fetched £12 10s. Lord
Byron's copy of Burns's Works was knocked down at £8 15s, and a volume made up of Burns's poems and poems selected from the works of Robert Fergusson, £27. The feature of the sale, as it turned out, was the Burns manuscripts. A letter from the poet from Auchtertrye to Mr William Nicol, of the High School, Edinburgh, signed in full Robert Burns, brought £36. Mr William Brown, Edinburgh, acquired at least four of the seven lots known as the Creech manuscripts. For a letter to Creech, the publisher and bookseller in Edinburgh, and the manuscript of "Willie's Aw", he paid £132; for a letter to Creech, dated Dumfries, April, 1792, regarding the publication of 50 pages of new material, £68; for another letter, dated Dumfries, February, 1793, asking Creech to send him 20 copies of his (Burns's) book, "as I mean to present them among a few great folks whom I respect, and a few little folks whom I love," £52; and for the memorandum of agreement with Creech respecting the sale of the property in Burns's poems, together with a promissory note for £80 guineas, dated October, 1787, by Creech to Burns, endorsed by Burns, £31. The gem of the collection of manuscripts fell to Mr Denham, of London. It was a letter to Creech from Dumfries, dated 30th May (presumably in 1793), and the manuscripts of the "17 epigrams, and the song, "My Chloris, mark how green the grove," which the poet enclosed. The bidding was very keen, and the lot was ultimately knocked down to Mr Denham for £250. A letter by Sir Walter Scott, dated 1829, regarding a portrait of Burns to be inscribed to the great novelist, brought three guineas; and five letters by R. H. Cromek, dated in 1808, regarding the publication of the London edition of Burns's works, £4 15s. To the representative of the Transatlantic purchaser went the chief item in the Craibe Angus library. It was the presentation copy of the second edition, in two volumes, considerably enlarged, from the author to Patrick Miller of Dalswinton, with inscription by Burns. The books are in the original boards, blue with white backs. After keen bidding the lot was knocked down to Mr Dinwood's representative for £250. Volume six of an edition of Laurence Stern's works originally issued in seven volumes, was the next item of interest. It had been the property of Burns, and its pages bear characteristic marginalia in the Ayrshire bard's handwriting. The little volume, after spirited competition, became the property of Mr Brown, Edinburgh, for £80. Part I (uncut) of the first edition of Fergusson's poems, in its original wrapper, and bearing the book-plate of the Earl of Glencairn, fetched £17; and one of the two copies known to exist—the other being in the Mitchell Library, Glasgow—of the edition princeps of Burns's "Jolly Beggars" brought £26. Uncut, and originally issued at twopence, the copy cost Mr Angus 20 guineas. An octavo volume of Lockhart's "Life of Burns," published in 1828, containing unpublished manuscript notes on Burns by a contemporary who was on terms of intimacy with him during the closing years of the poet's life, went to Mr John Grant, Edinburgh, for £42. The day's sales realised £1524, which, with £300 as the result of Monday's sale, makes a total of £1824 for the two days.—Glasgow Herald.
MAUCHLINE.—DEATH OF MRS A. HAMILTON.—In the death of Mrs Alexander Hamilton, The Castle, another of the links which connect us with the past, and more especially with the poet Burns, has been broken. The deceased lady was married to Alexander Hamilton, commonly called “The Bailie,” who was son of Gavin Hamilto, Burns’s first patron, of whom mention is frequently made in his works, and in whose house the Poet was married. Daughter of an English clergyman, Mrs Hamilton came to reside at Mauchline at her marriage, and was a widow for the long space of 45 years. At her death she was 84 years of age, and her memory being unimpaired she could relate many incidents and anecdotes of bygone times and associations with many who had known Burns well, but who are now all passed away.—[Glasgow Herald, 2nd February, 1885.]

HAMILTON.—At the Castle, Mauchline, on the 3rd ult., in the 84th year of her age, Mary Jane Gilbanks, relict of Alexander Hamilton, Esq., writer.—Friends will please accept this intimation.—[Glasgow Herald, 3rd February, 1885.]

W. INNES ADDISON, Glasgow University.
MOTTO—“A MAN'S A MAN FOR A' THAT.”

The Burns Federation,

INSTITUTED, 1885.

Hon. President.—The Right Hon. The EARL OF ROSEBERY, K.G., K.T.

OFFICE-BEARERS.

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J. B. MORTON, Burns Club, 36 Nicholson Street, Greenock.
ROBERT FORD, 142 Ingleby Drive, Dennistoun.
J. THOMSON FINDLAY, Findlayson House, Killbowie Road, Clydebank.
THOMAS BROWN, Hamilton.
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A. M'CALLUM, Thornliebank.
T. B. MORRIS, Town Clerk, Stirling.

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Hon. Treasurer.—JOSEPH BROCKIE, J.P., Royal Bank, Kilmarnock.
Editor, "Burns Chronicle."—D. M'NAUGHT, J.P., Benrig, Kilmaurs.
Auditors.—GEORGE DUNLOP, The "Standard" Office, Kilmarnock.
DAVID MURRAY, M.A., B.Sc., Kilmarnock.

CONSTITUTION.

I. The Federation shall consist of an Hon. President, Executive Council, and the affiliated members of each Club.

II. The Executive Council shall consist of a President, Vice-Presidents, Hon. Secretary, Hon. Treasurer, Editor of Annual Burns Chronicle, and two Auditors—all of whom shall be elected annually and be eligible for re-election—also of the President, Vice-President, and Secretary of each affiliated club, and other gentlemen of eminence as Burnsites nominated by the Executive.

III. All Past Presidents of the Federation shall ex officio be members of the Executive Council.

OBJECTS OF THE FEDERATION.

1. To strengthen and consolidate the bond of fellowship existing amongst the members of Burns Clubs and kindred societies by universal affiliation.

2. To superintend the publication of works relating to Burns.

3. To acquire a fund for the purchase and preservation of Holograph Manuscripts and other Relics connected with the Life and Works of the Poet, and for other purposes of a like nature, as the Executive Council may determine.

RULES.

1. The headquarters of the Federation shall be at Kilmarnock, the town in which the Federation was inaugurated and carried to a practical issue, and which contains the only properly organised Burns Library and Museum in the United Kingdom.
2. Properly organised Burns Clubs, St. Andrew's Societies, and kindred Associations may be admitted to the Federation by application in writing to the Hon. Secretary, enclosing copy of Constitution and Rules.

3. The Registration fee is 21s., on receipt of which the Diploma of the Federation shall be issued, after being numbered and signed by the President and Hon. Secretary.

4. Members of every Burns Club or Kindred Association registered by the Federation shall be entitled to receive a pocket Diploma on payment of 1s. (These payments are final—not annual.)

5. The Funds of the Federation shall be vested in the Executive Council for the purposes before mentioned.

6. A meeting of the Executive Council shall be held annually during the Summer or Autumn months at such place as may be agreed upon by the Office-bearers, when reports on the year's transactions shall be submitted by the Hon. Secretary and Hon. Treasurer and Office-bearers elected for the ensuing year.

7. A meeting of the Office-bearers shall take place some time before the Annual Meeting of the Executive Council to make the necessary arrangements for the same.

8. That each Federated Club shall subscribe 10s 6d per annum towards the fund for the publication of the Burns Chronicle.

9. Notice of any amendment or alteration of the Constitution or Rules of the Federation, to be considered at the Annual Meeting, must be sent in writing to the Hon. Secretary not later than the 31st March.

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**BENEFITS.**

1. Registered Clubs are supplied free with copies of newspapers containing accounts of meetings, demonstrations, &c., organised, conducted, or attended by the Executive Council of the Federation, and of the Annual Meeting of the Kilmarnock Burns Club.

2. Exchange of fraternal greetings on the anniversary of the Poet's natal day.

3. Members of Registered Clubs, who have provided themselves with pocket diplomas, are entitled to attend meetings of all Clubs on the Roll of the Federation, they being subject to the rules of the Club visited, but having no voice in its management unless admitted a member according to local form.

4. Members are entitled to be supplied, through the Secretaries of their respective Clubs, with copies of all works published by the Federation, at a discount of 33½ per cent.

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**BOOKS PUBLISHED BY THE FEDERATION.**

**Burns's Holograph Manuscripts in the Kilmarnock Monument Museum,** with Notes, 1889 1s 6d

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MINUTES OF THE ANNUAL MEETING
OF THE
BURNS FEDERATION.

BALMORAL HOTEL,
EDINBURGH, 5th September, 1903.

The Annual Meeting of the Executive Council of the Burns Federation was held here to-day at 11.30 a.m. The following representatives from Federated Clubs were present:

No. 0, Kilmarnock.—Ex-Provost Mackay, J.P., (presiding); Capt. D. Sneddon, J.P.; D. M'Naught, J.P.; and T. Amos, M.A.
No. 1, London.—J. C. Brown, president.
No. 9, Glasgow Royalty.—Messrs M'Culloch and Hamilton.
No. 13, St. Andrews.—Messrs Brown and Duncan.
No. 21, Greenock.—Messrs Bruce, Anderson, Buchanan, and Nicol.
No. 22, Edinburgh.—Messrs Clunie, and Martin Hardie, R.S.A.
No. 30, Glasgow Rosebery.—Messrs Bayne and Armour.
No. 50, Stirling.—Councillor Ridley Sandeman.
No. 53, Govan Fairfield.—Messrs Maltman and Peacock.
No. 57, Thornliebank.—Messrs M'Callum, Neilson, and Marshall.
No. 66, Crossgates.—Messrs Dall, Ness, and Guthrie.
No. 67, Glasgow Carlton.—Messrs Cameron and Pearson.
No. 76, Brechin.—Mr W. G. M. Cameron.
No. 79, Corstorphine.—Messrs Murray, Darge, Smith, M'Gown, and Wallace.
No. 83, Glasgow Co-operative.—Mr J. Jeffrey Hunter.
No. 88, Glasgow Caledonian.—Messrs Muirhead and Dunn.
No. 89, Sunderland.—Mr. Turner.
No. 91, Shettleston.—Messrs Hogg and Gilmour.
No. 94, Uphall.—Messrs A. Cook, Gilchrist, and Mutter.
No. 96, Jedburgh.—Councillor Smail.
No. 100, Hamilton Mossgeil.—Messrs Brown and Lindsay.
No. 105, Rutherglen.—Messrs Stewart and M'Kie.
No. 111, Edinburgh Southern.—Messrs Walker, Galt, and M'Laren.
No. 113, Vale of Leven, Glencairn.—Mr A. Campbell.
No. 115, Kippen and District.—Messrs Muirhead and Jackson.
No. 123, Auchinleck.—Mr W. Fleming.
No. 124, Edinburgh Ninety.—Messrs Lawson, Irvine, Clues, and Mackay.
No. 125, Blackburn on Almond.—Messrs Middleton, Samson, and Smith.
No. 126, Falkirk.—Messrs Watson, Johnston, and White.
No. 128, Cowdenbeath Glencairn.—Messrs Thomson, Bonnar, James Wilson, and John Wilson.

Apologies for absence were intimated from Sir Robert Cranston, President of Edinburgh Club; Robert Ford, Dr William Findlay, and J. S. Jamieson, Vice-Presidents of the Federation; John Adam, V.P., No. 48; J. Edward Campbell, Secy., No. 48; Wm. M’Ilwraith, President, No 60; Rev. Wm. Brownlie, V.P., No. 73; J. Orr Robertson, Secy. No. 87; Archd. Clark, Jr., Secy., No. 100; Wm. Wilson, Secy., No. 121; and Mr Kennedy, Aberfoyle.

In his opening remarks, the Chairman, Ex-Provost Mackay, expressed his delight at seeing such a large gathering of delegates at the first meeting of the Federation in Edinburgh.

The Minutes of the last Annual Meeting were read and approved of.

The Treasurer’s statement was also submitted and passed. The total income of the year was shown to be £35 7s 6d; total expenditure, £17 6s; and the credit balance in bank. £158 13s 1d.

Mr D. M’Naught, Editor of the Chronicle, reported that the whole impression of the Chronicle was sold out last year. He also emphasised the fact that the subscription of half-a-guinea from the Clubs was not to be considered a subsidy to the Chronicle, but was expended in procuring as much original matter as possible on Burns subjects for publication in the Chronicle. Last year £10 had been spent in this way, and he desired that the grant this year should be continued, and, if possible, increased. He hoped the change of date of publication had suited the Clubs, and promised that the new volume would be published at the beginning of December. In reply to a delegate who asked if all the Clubs notified had responded to the call of half-a-guinea for the Chronicle, Captain Sneddon said that, while every Club had not yet subscribed, the Executive Council were satisfied with the results of the appeal made last year, and hoped to see an increase next year.

The following office-bearers were elected for the ensuing year:—

Ex-Provost Mackay, proposed by Mr C. Martin Hardie, R.S.A., was unanimously re-elected President. In the list of Vice-Presidents, Mr Thomas Brown, Hamilton; and Mr D. B. Morris, Town Clerk, Stirling, were substituted for Mr Thomas Clark, Hamilton; and Mr Hunter, Dumfries.

Capt. Sneddon, Hon. Secy.; Thomas Amos, Hon. Assistant Secretary; and D. M’Naught, Editor of the Chronicle, were unanimously re-elected; and Messrs Murray and Dunlop, Kilmarnock, were re-appointed Auditors.

Mr Maltman, Govan Fairfield Club, suggested that in the next publication of the Chronicle, the place, day, and hour of meeting of the Clubs should be published.—This was unanimously agreed to.

Mr. Turner, Sunderland, asked for advice and assistance in getting speakers to propose the toast of “The Immortal Memory of Burns” on the-
25th of January. He thought that an interchange of speakers would be stimulating and helpful, especially to Clubs south of the Tweed.

The President held that this matter was outwith the sphere of the Federation.

Mr Hogg, Shettleston, asked why there was no report on the Burns Lectureship Scheme.

In reply, Capt. Sneddon said that Mr Freeland, Convener of the Committee, was laid aside by illness. The matter had been brought before the Trustees of the Carnegie Fund, and on the advice of several of these gentlemen, it was agreed not to press the subject at present, as the Trustees could not make the Lectureship a first charge on the Trust. He had no doubt that by keeping the subject under the notice of the Trustees, they would ultimately give it their favourable consideration.

Mr M'Culloch, Glasgow Royalty Club, proposed that the next Annual Meeting be held in Stirling on the first Saturday of September, 1904.—This was unanimously agreed to.

It was also agreed to grant the Editor of the Chronicle £10, to be extended to £15 if necessary, for the purpose of obtaining fresh contributions for the Chronicle. Messrs Nicol and Kerr Bruce, Greenock, suggested that neighbouring Burns Clubs should have joint friendly meetings, so as to bring members of Burns Clubs into closer touch with each other. Such meetings had proved a great success in Greenock.

The suggestion met with approval.

Votes of thanks were tendered to Capt. Sneddon, Mr Amos, and Mr M'Naught, for their services; and the Chairman, Ex-Provost Mackay, had a similar compliment paid to him.

LUNCHEON AND DRIVE.

The delegates, joined by their lady friends, lunched in the Balmoral Hotel immediately after the business meeting. The company numbered more than one hundred. Ex-Provost Mackay again presided. The Chairman, in a few eloquent words, proposed the toast of "The Edinburgh Clubs" who had made arrangements for their entertainment. Mr John Irvine, President of the Ninety Club, replied on behalf of the Edinburgh Burns Club, the Ninety Club, and the Edinburgh Southern Club. Mr Martin Hardie, R.S.A., proposed "The Prosperity of the Burns Federation," and spoke of the worthy way in which its aims were being carried out by its office-bearers. Capt., Sneddon briefly replied.

Through the generosity of the Edinburgh Clubs, the delegates were entertained to a drive to Dalmeny House, the seat of the Earl of Rosebery, Hon. President of the Federation. The day was fine, and the drive much appreciated. After a visit to Dalmeny House and Barnbougle Castle, where a photograph of the party was taken, the delegates returned to Edinburgh.

THOMAS AMOS, Hon. Assist. Secretary.
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DIRECTORY

OF

BURNS CLUBS AND SCOTTISH SOCIETIES

ON THE

ROLL OF THE BURNS FEDERATION, 1904.


No. 2.—ALEXANDRIA Burns Club. Instituted 1884. Federated 1885. Place and date of meeting, Village School, First Friday each month, 7.30 p.m. President, James M’Farlane, Linnbrane Terrace; Vice-President, Matthew Campbell, 29 Susannah Street, Alexandria; Treasurer, Donald Campbell, 116 Bank Street, Alexandria; Secretary, Duncan Carswell, Linnbrane Terrace; Committee, Walter Calder, Donald M’Vean, John M’Gown, Arch. Woderspoon, Thos. M’Nicol, and Arch. M’Farlane. 25 members.

No. 3.—GLASGOW Tam o’ Shanter Burns Club. Instituted 1880. Federated 1885. President, J. P. Thomson, 14 West End Park Street, Glasgow; Vice-President, A. Crawford, 118 Main Street, Rutherglen; Secretary, John Carmichael, 158 St. George’s Road, Glasgow; Committee, J. K. Watson, John Smith, John Mair, Wm. Kelly, Robert Milne, G. L. Cumming, Robert Lees, Peter Mathieson, and ex-President Charles Marshall.

No. 4.—CALLANDER Burns Club. Instituted 1877. Federated 1885. President, William Russell; Secretary, James S. Anderson, Callander.

No. 5.—ERCLIDOUNE Burns Club. Instituted 24th January, 1885. Federated 26th November, 1885. President, William Kerr, Earlston; Vice-Presidents, T. Murdison and A. Nicol, Earlston; Secretary, and Treasurer, Archibald Black, Aitchisons’ Place, Earlston; Committee, Messrs Grieve, Wallace, Bone, Aitchison,
Cameron, Douglas, Stafford, Miles, Fox, Noble, Wight, Monroe, Blackadder, and Huggans. 100 members.

No. 6.—ALLOA Burns Club (formerly Alloa Haggis Club). Instituted 1873. Federated 1896. President, Thomas Young, Corn Exchange Buildings; Vice-Presidents, John Colville, Fenton Street and A. P. Shearer, Mar Place; Secretary, R. Tait Melville, 44 Mill Street, Alloa; Committee, Wm. Galloway, Geo. Burton, and Robert Smith.

No. 7.—GLASGOW Thistle Burns Club. Instituted 10th March, 1882. Federated 1885. President, James Mearchant, 136 Govan Street, S.S.; Vice-President, Alexander Rennie, 41 Cumberland Street, S.S.; Treasurer, A. Kerr, 44 Bath Street, Glasgow; Secretary, James Peters, 150 Main Street, Anderston; Committee, R. Crockhart, D. Douglas, D. Liddell, John Frame. Limited to 40 members.

No. 8.—MORPETH and DISTRICT Burns Club (dormant). Last Secretary, John Dobson, Oldgate Street, Morpeth.

No. 9.—GLASGOW Royalty Burns Club. Instituted 1882. Federated 1886. Acting Honorary President, James M'Culloch; President, James Martin, 133 Albert Street, Townhead, Glasgow; Vice-President, James M'Guffie, 143 Govan Street, S.S.; Treasurer, Wm. C. Rodger, 44 Bath Street, Glasgow; Secretary, John Peters, 150 Main Street, Anderston; Committee, R. Crockhart, D. Douglas, D. Liddell, John Frame. Limited to 40 members.

No. 10.—DUMBARTON Burns Club. Instituted 1859. Federated 1st July, 1886. President, Chas. M. Stevenson, Clydesdale Bank House, Dumbarton; Vice-Presidents, Wm. Mayer, Norwell House, Dumbarton, and Capt. Cockburn, Bruce Cottage, Dumbarton; Secretary, Jas. M'Gilchrist, Gasworks House, Dumbarton; Committee, Dr M'Lachlan, M.D.; Dean of Guild Kirk, Major Thomson, Provost MacFarlane, Capt. M'Farlane, Dr Little, M.D., and Messrs John M'Phee and Wm. Baird.

No. 11.—CHESTERFIELD Burns Society. President, Robert Howie, Ashgate Road; Vice-Presidents, D. S. Anderson, West Park; Dr Goodfellow, Old Road, Brompton; Hon. Secretary, George Edward Drennan, 77 Salter Gate, Chesterfield, Derbyshire.

No. 12.—BARRow-IN-FURNESS Burns Club. Federated 1886. President, Samuel Boyle; Secretary, Alexander M'Naught, 4 Ramsden Square, Barrow-in-Furness.


No. 14.—DUNDEE Burns Club. Instituted 1860. Federated 1886. Place and date of meeting, 36 Nethergate, Dundee, 1st Wednesday of every month, at 8.30 p.m.; President, D. R. Roberts, 36 Nethergate, Dundee; Vice-President, Charles Wood, 36 Nethergate, Dundee; Secretary, James Binny, 36 Nethergate, Dundee; Treasurer and Librarian, E. Dobson; Curator, John A. Purves; Committee, D. Maclagan, John Laycock, and J. C. Niven; Auditors, Thomas Bennett and R. H. Robertson. 60 members.
No. 15.—BELFAST Burns Club. Instituted 1872. Federated 1886. President, W. H. Anderson, East Hillbrook, Holywood; Vice-President, Peter Galloway; Secretary and Treasurer, Barclay M'Conkey; Auditor, James Gemmel; Committee, A. M'Cowatt, J. Denvar, W. Campbell, J. L. Russell, J. Jenkins, A. E. M'Farlane. 64 members.

No. 16.—SYDNEY Burns Club. Instituted 1880. Federated 1886. President, Alex. Kethel, J. P.; Vice-Presidents, James Muir and Thomas Lamond; Treasurer, W. W. Bain; Secretary, W. Telfer, School of Arts, Pitt Street, Sydney, N.S.W. 400 members

No. 17.—NOTTINGHAM Scottish Society Burns Club (dormant). Federated 1886.

No. 18.—LIVERPOOL Burns Club. Instituted 1877. Federated 1886. Secretary and Treasurer, James M'William, 8 Normanby Street, Liverpool. 100 members.

No. 19.—AUCKLAND Burns Club and Literary Society. Instituted 1884. Federated 1886. President, James Stewart, C.E., Shortland Street, Auckland; Vice-Presidents, George Fowlds, James M'Farlane, A. Moncur; Treasurer, Charles Dunn, c/o Messrs Brown, Barrett & Co.; Secretary, John Horn, Wellington Street; Committee, Alex. Wright, Arthur Dunn, William Moncur, Earnest Jones, William Stewart.

No. 20.—AIRDRIE Burns Club. Instituted 1885. Federated 1886. Place and date of meeting, Royal Hotel, January 25th, 6.45 p.m. President, Lieut.-Col. Peter Spence, V.D., Northfield, Airdrie; Vice-President, John B. Allen, Ruthven Bank, Airdrie; Secretary, R. C. Platt, 72 South Bridge Street, Airdrie; Treasurer, D. Johnston, Hallcraig Street, Airdrie.

No. 21.—GREENOCK Burns Club. Instituted 1802. Federated 1886. Place of meeting, Club Rooms, Nicholson Street. Hon President, T. P. O'Connor, Esq., M.P.; President, Colin M'Culloch, Town Clerk, Municipal Buildings, Greenock; Vice-Presidents, James Nicoll, Accountant, Bank Street, Greenock, J. H. Hutcheson, Shipbuilder, Port-Glasgow; Joint Secretaries, A. Kerr Bruce, 47 Brougham Street, Greenock, Hugh N. Whitelaw, Messrs D. & J. Dunlop, shipbuilders, Port-Glasgow; Treasurer, Hugh Ritchie, Accountant, Municipal Buildings; Directors, J. B. Morison, A. T. Anderson, W. B. Ingram, James L. Gilloran, William Wilson, James Buchanan; Director of Music, Gilbert Moffat; Librarian, J. M'K. Farquhar. Club rooms are open daily; keys with Curator on premises, 36 Nicholson Street. Library has valuable collection of editions of Burns, Ferguson, Galt, &c., and on the walls are numerous signed portraits of the most distinguished men in the country who are honorary members of the Club. The Club makes a special feature of inter-visitation meetings with Burns Clubs of the West of Scotland. Strangers are always welcome to attend Club meetings. The Greenock Club is the oldest Club in the world.

No. 22.—EDINBURGH Burns Club. Instituted 1848. Federated 1886. President, Robert Cranston, City Treasurer, 33 Princes Street; Vice-President, Archibald Menzies, S.S.C., 22 Rutland Street; Secretary, George T. Clunie, C.A., 2 St. Andrew Square, Edinburgh; Treasurer, J. A. Trevelyan Sturrock, S.S.C., 34 Castle Street. Members of Council, Thomas Carmichael, S.S.C., J. Miller Craig, W. Fraser Do'ie, James Ewart, James L. Ewing,


No. 24.—GLASGOW Bank Burns Club. Instituted 1844. Federated in 1886. President, William Bowie, 220 Buchanan Street; Vice-President, Robert Johnston, Spoutmouth; Treasurer, Alex. Gray, 97 Great Hamilton Street; Secretary, John Gentle, 116 Gallowgate, Glasgow. 150 members.

No. 25.—WINNIPEG St. Andrew’s Society. Federated in 1886. Chief, W. A. Dunbar; Secretary, David Philip, Government Buildings, Winnipeg, Man. Rooms, Unity Hall, Hain Street.

No. 26.—PERTH Burns Club. Instituted 1873. Federated on 19th June, 1886. President, William Whitelaw, Huntingtower Park, by Perth; Vice-President, Dr Holmes Morrison, Marshall Place; Treasurer, William Stevenson, Balhousie Villas; Secretary, James Harper, 68 St. John Street, Perth. Meet in Salutation Hotel, Perth. 80 members.

No. 27.—GLASGOW Springburn Burns Club. Instituted 1884. Federated 25th June, 1886. Place of Meeting, Mr T. D. Wilson’s Rooms, 771 Springburn Road. President, Councillor G. Brodie Breeze, The Tower, Balgrayhill, Springburn, Glasgow; Vice-President, Robert Gibson, 400 Parliamentary Road, Glasgow; Secretary, Thos. Forsyth, 36 Elmvale Street, Springburn, Glasgow; Committee, Messrs C. Henderson, W. D. Wilson, John Flint, James Bryce, and John Stewart. 40 members.

No. 28.—The JOLLY BEGGARS Burns Club, Mauchline.

No. 29.—BOLTON Junior Burns Club. Instituted 6th September, 1881. Federated 1886. President, Peter Nisbet; Vice-President, James Flockart; Secretary and Treasurer, Harry George, 32 Halstead Street, The Harregh, Bolton. 82 members.

No. 30.—BLACKBURN Burns Club. Instituted 1883. Federated 1886. President, William Ferguson, 40 Ainsworth Street; Vice-President, James Shorrock, 116 Darwen Street; Secretary, William Ferguson, 40 Ainsworth Street, Blackburn; Committee, J. Smith, J. Robertson, John Graham, and J. W. Wells, M.B., C.M. Special features of Club, to celebrate the poet’s natal day, January 25, &c., and study of literature generally.

No. 31.—SAN FRANCISCO Scottish Thistle Club. Instituted 18th March, 1882. Federated 1886. Royal Chief, W. A. Dawson, Hughes Hotel; Chieftain, Andrew Ross, 1208A Howard Street; Treasurer, John Ross, 26 Eddy Street; Recorder, George W. Paterson, 801 Guerrero Street. 250 members.
No. 32.—NEWARK Caledonian Club. Federated in 1886. President, John Huggan; Treasurer, Paul Buchanan, corner of 16th Avenue and Bergen Street; Secretary, John Hogg, Caledonian Club, Newark, New Jersey, U.S.A.

No. 33.—GLASGOW Haggis Club. Instituted 1872. Federated 1886. Place and date of meeting, "McCulloch's," 109 Argyle Street; last Friday of February, March, April, September, October, November, and December, at 8 o'clock. President, Robert W. Turner, Gallamatta, Maxwell Park, Glasgow; Vice-President, Bailie David Willox, 48 Burgher Street, Parkhead, Glasgow; Hon. Secretary, Joseph Martin, Solicitor, 163 West George Street, Glasgow; Hon. Treasurer, Thomas Macfarlane, 90 Stirling Road, Glasgow. Special feature, "Social."

No. 34.—GLASGOW Carrick Club. Instituted 25th January, 1859. Federated 22nd January, 1887. Place and date of meeting, 62 Glassford Street, Glasgow; last Tuesday of each month at 8 p.m. President, Duncan Norval, Reside Cottage, New Cathcart; Vice-President, Matthew Ferguson, 422 Parliamentary Road, Glasgow; Secretary, Wm. Brownlie, 11 West Nile Street, Glasgow; Treasurer, Robert Norval, 8 Park Drive South, Whiteinch. Special features, study of Burns Literature.

No. 35.—DALKY Burns Club. Instituted 1826. Federated 1887. President, David Johnstone, Inspector of Schools; Vice-President, Robert Fulton, Writer; Secretary and Treasurer, Alexander Comrie, Accountant, Dalry, Ayrshire. This is the oldest known Burns Club with an unbroken record of its transactions to date. 30 members. The anniversary meeting is held on the Friday nearest 25th January.

No. 36.—GLASGOW Rosebery Burns Club, Instituted 1885. Federated 1887. President, H. P. Bayne, 36 Annette Street, Crosshill; Vice-President, Alex. Pollock, 52 West Nile Street; Secretary, Charles F. M'Pherson, 3 Holmhead Crescent, Cathcart, Glasgow; Treasurer, Wm. Graham, 35 Carfin Street, Govanhill; Director of Music, J. F. M'Donald; Librarian, John Smith; Committee, J. S. Jamieson, James Angus, William Davidson, George Armour, Dr Biggs, and J. F. MacDonald. A series of lectures given during the winter session.

No. 37.—DOLLAR Burns Club. Instituted 14th January, 1887. Federated 29th December, 1887. Place and date of meeting, Castle Campbell Hotel; 25th January; 7 p.m. President, James Begg, Myrtle Cottage, Dollar; Vice-President, Morton Fischer, Elm bank, Dollar; Secretary, John Murray, Cairnpark Street, Dollar; Treasurer, John Fleming, Bloomfield, Dollar; Committee, John Hunter, John M'Gruther, P. Nicol, Richard Malcolm, Jas. M'Geachan, A. Ferguson. Special feature of the Club, to give prominence to the power and beauty of Scottish Song.

No. 38.—GLASGOW "Jolly Beggars" Burns Club. Federated in 1888. Vice-President, David Caldwell; Secretary, James Gillespie, jun., 80 Gloucester Street, Glasgow.

No. 39.—GLASGOW "St. David's" Burns Club. Instituted 1887. Federated 1889. President, Henry Cowan; Secretary, Alexander Porteous, 5 March Street, Strathbungo, Glasgow. Meetings held at 163 Ingram Street, Glasgow.

No. 40.—ABERDEEN Burns Club. Instituted 1887. Federated 1889. President James M'Intosh, 50 Mushit Hall.
No. 41.—DENNISTOUN Burns Club. Instituted 1886. Federated 1889. President, Thomas Baxter; Vice-President, W. Williamson; Secretary and Treasurer, John B. M'Intosh, 300 Duke Street. Club Room, Loudon Arms Hotel, Glasgow. 25 members.

No. 42.—CRIEFF Burns Club. Instituted 1889. Federated 1891. President, Thomas Edwards, Dalearn; Vice-President, Bailie Williamson; Secretary and Treasurer, William Pickard, Meadow Place, Crieff; Committee, Provost Finlayson, ex-Provost Macgregor, Charles E. Colville (Town Clerk), John Philips (Herald Office), S. Maitland Brown (Teacher). 50 members.

No. 43.—GLASGOW Northern Burns Club. Federated in 1891. President, Peter R. MacArthur, 11 Randolph Place, Mount Florida; Vice-President, John S. Hunter, 33 West Princes Street; Treasurer, John Duncanson, 90 North Frederick Street; Secretary, James Weir, 216 New City Road; Committee, James M'Kay, Mr Machie, C. Demangeat, William Reid, A. B. Mitchell, Alex. MacLaughlan, R. W. French. 80 members.

No. 44.—FORFAR Burns Club. Instituted 1890. Federated 1891. President, John Ferguson, Allen Bank; Vice-President, George S. Nicholson; Treasurer, Andrew Rennie; Secretary, Henry Rae, 14 Montrose Road, Forfar. 150 members.

No. 45.—CUMNOCK Burns Club. Instituted 1887. Federated 1891. Place and date of meeting, Dumfries Arms, 25th January, 8 p.m. President, W. G. Ogilvy, Clydesdale Bank; Vice-President, Dr M'Queen, Square, Cumnock; Secretary, H. B. M Culley, Hazlebank, Cumnock; Committee, Messrs A. B. Todd, James Muir, W. Hill, W. M'Lanahan, H. Black, S. Galbraith.

No. 46.—WARWICKSHIRE Burns Club. Instituted 1888. Federated 1891. Secretary, Robert Greenfield, F.R.H.S., Ranelagh Nursery, Leamington.

No. 47.—GLASGOW St. Rollox Burns Club. Instituted 1889. Federated 1891. Place and date of meeting, 184 Castle Street, Glasgow, last Friday of October, November, December, 8 p.m. President, Robert Brown, 139 Kennedy Street, Glasgow; Vice-President, John Chalmers, 139 Kennedy Street, Glasgow; Secretary, Robert J. Carruthers, 74 Alexandra Parade, Glasgow; Committee, William Cameron, Thomas Smith, James Murphy, Adam Paterson, Matthew Stevenson; Steward, Thomas Smith; Treasurer, Donald Crawford, 184 Castle Street. 24 members, limited to 30.

No. 48.—PAISLEY Burns Club. Instituted 1805. Federated 1891. Place and date of meeting, Globe Hotel, Paisley, first Thursday of each month, at 8.30 p.m. President, James H. Young, Eccleston, Castlehead, Paisley; Vice-President, James A. D. MacKean, 8 Garthland Place, Paisley; Secretary and Treasurer, James Edward Campbell, M.A., B.L., Writer, 3 County Place, Paisley. Limited by constitution to 40 members.

No. 49.—GLASGOW Bridgeton Burns Club. Instituted 1870. Federated 1891. President, Daniel Duncan, 140 Trongate; Vice-President, D. L. Stevenson, 1 Morris Place; Secretary, William Cochran, 190 West George Street, Glasgow; Treasurer, James Murray; Assistant-Secretary, W. Stevenson Cochran. 318 members.

No. 50.—STIRLING Burns Club. Instituted 1887. Federated 1891. President, D. B. Morris, Town Clerk, Stirling; Vice-Presidents, John Craig; Laurel Hill, and Alexander Sands, Kildean; Secretary,

No. 51.—CHICAGO Caledonian Society. Instituted 1883. Federated 1892. Place of meeting, 185 E. Madison Street, Chicago, Ill.; Secretary, Charles T. Spence, 3002 Wabash Avenue, Chicago. 197 members.

No. 52.—DUMFRIES Mechanics’ Burns Club. Instituted 1884. Federated 1892. Secretary, James Anderson, 55 St. Michael Street, Dumfries. 40 members.

No. 53.—GOVAN Fairfield Burns Club. Instituted 25th January, 1886. Federated 23rd September, 1892. Place and date of meeting, 4 Holm Street, Govan, 1st Wednesday of month September to March. President, William Peacock, 92 Hoxier Street, Partick; Vice-President, James Lean, 4 Langlands Road, Govan; Secretary, Charles Maltman, 6 Broomloan Road, Govan; Treasurer, Andrew Torrance, 5 Mathieson Street, Govan; Committee. Hugh Marr, William Boyle, and William Munro; Honorary Presidents, Ex-Bailie Hugh Lymburn, and George Maclachlan. Honorary Vice-President, Thomas Black.

No. 54.—PERTH St. Johnstone Burns Club. Instituted 1892. Federated 1892. Secretary, Thomas Macgregor, 15 Balhousie Street, Perth. 100 members.

No. 55.—DERBY Burns Club. Instituted 1891. Federated 1893. Secretary, George M’Lauchlan, 49 Molineaux Street, Derby. 100 members.

No. 56.—MUIRKIRK Lapraik Club. Instituted 1893. Federated 1893. Place of meeting, Eglinton Arms Hotel. President, Andrew Pringle, Roxburgh Place, Muirkirk; Vice-President, Thomas Weir, 17 Victoria Buildings, Muirkirk; Secretary, Hugh Cameron, Victoria Buildings, Muirkirk; Treasurer, Andrew Pringle; Committee, Thomas B. Marshall, Sam Colville, Robert Colville, David Greenwood, Robert Morrison, Richard Bell, Alex. Donald, Thos. Murray, John Armstrong, John Robertson. Special features of the Club, the observance of Hallowe’en and 25th January.

No. 57.—THORNLIEBANK Burns Club. Instituted 25th January, 1891. Federated 13th February, 1893. Place of meeting, Village Institute. President, Malcolm Jamieson, Franklin Terrace, Thornliebank; Vice-President, David Marshall, Campsie Terrace, Thornliebank; Secretary, John Neilson, Lochiel Terrace, Thornliebank; 15 members of Committee. Special feature of the Club, School Children’s Competition for singing and reciting Burns’s songs and poems.

No. 58.—KIRKCALDY Burns Club. Instituted 1891. Federated 1893. Secretary, John A. Miller, 12 Quality Street, Kirkcaldy.

No. 59.—GOUROCK Jolly Beggars’ Burns Club. Instituted 1893. Federated 1894. President, James Adam, Parklea, Gourock; Vice-President. D. B. Brown, 19 Binnie Street, Gourock; Secretary, Alex. Duthie, 9 Binnie Street, Gourock; Treasurer, Jas. Wilson; Committee, Messrs Magrath, M’Cracken, Geddes, Wilson, and Wingate.

No. 60.—WOLVERHAMPTON Burns Club. Instituted 1891. Federated 1893. Secretary, James Killin, Beechgrove, Compton Road, Wolverhampton. 81 members.
No. 61.—GLASGOW-GLENCAIN Burns Club. Instituted 1890. Federated 1893. Place and date of meeting, 375 Paisley Road, Glasgow. Secretary, James Laing, 218 Watt Street, Glasgow. 46 members (limited to 60).


No. 63.—GLASGOW-MOSSGIEL Burns Club. Instituted 1893. Federated 1893. Secretary, J. M. Blair, 186 Cumberland Street, Glasgow. S.S. 50 members.

No. 64.—BEITH Burns Club. Instituted 1892. Federated 1893. Secretary, James S. Anderson, Craigwell, Beith. 42 members.

No. 65.—MUSSELBURGH Federated Burns Club. Instituted 1886. Federated 1894. Place and date of meeting, M‘Donald’s Hall, January 25th, 7.30 p.m. President, Robert C. Menzies, St. Michael’s, Inveresk, Musselburgh; Vice-President, Provost Whitelaw, Eskhill, Inveresk, Musselburgh; Honorary Secretary, William Constable, 1 Inveresk Terrace, Musselburgh; Honorary Treasurer, W. Stewart, Monktonhall, Musselburgh; Committee, Rev. James Sharp, Dr Robertson, and Messrs W. Andrew, P. M‘Ewan, R. D. Blain, W. French, Alex. Mitchell, and James Paul. 200 members.

No. 66.—CROSSGATES Burns Club. Instituted 1889. Federated 1894. Secretary, Robert Dall, Addison’s Buildings, Crossgates.

No. 67.—GLASGOW Carlton Burns Club. Instituted 1894. Federated 1894. Place and date of meeting, M‘Culloch’s Restaurant, 109 Argyle Street, first Tuesday of the Month, at 8 p.m. President, Thomas Cameron, 212 St Vincent Street, Glasgow; Vice-President, J. H. Pearson, 3 Cathkin Avenue, Rutherglen; Secretary, John Ballantine, 95 Bath Street, Glasgow; Directors, Messrs James Tudhope, James Learmouth, James M‘Kelvie, William Thomson, James Ballantine, N. J. M‘Culloch, John Anderson, Andrew M‘Lure. Special features of the Club, the perpetuation of the memory of Burns, and the intellectual and social intercourse of its members by such means as may from time to time be agreed upon.

No. 68.—GLASGOW Sandyford Burns Club. Instituted 1893. Federated 1894. Secretary, Robert S. Brown, 121 St Vincent Street, Glasgow. 200 Members.

No. 69.—DUNEDIN Burns Club. Federated 1894. Secretary, William Brown, Choral Hall, Dunedin, N.Z. 400 members.

No. 70.—GLASGOW St. Rollox “Jolly Beggars” Burns Club. Instituted 1893. Federated 1894. Secretary, Matthew Ferguson, 64 St. James’ Road Glasgow.

No. 71.—CARLISLE Burns Club. Instituted 1885. Federated 1895. President, James Porteous, Scotland Road, Hanwix, Carlisle; Vice-Presidents, W. Mather, 37 Chiswick Street, Carlisle, M. Malcolm, and Dr. Bird; Secretary, John Jardine, 20 Broad Street, Carlisle; Committee, Messrs Bowman, Muir, Meldrum, Buckle. R. Brown, Jones, G. Brown, Reid, Caton, Welsh, and the Rev. A. Davidson. 50 members inclusive.

No. 72.—PARTICK Burns Club. Instituted 1885. Federated 1895. Secretary, William Scott Wyllie, Writer, 149 St. Vincent Street, Glasgow. 155 members.

No. 74.—GLASGOW Mauchline Society. Instituted 1888. Federated 1895. Place of meeting, Christian Institute, Glasgow. President, Dr Jas. F. Gemmill, The University, Glasgow; Vice-President, W. Wilson, 511 Duke Street, Glasgow; Secretary, W. Campbell, 166 Buchanan Street, Glasgow; Treasurer, Thos. Killin, 168 West George Street, Glasgow. Special features of the club, to afford relief to those in needful circumstances, to obtain situations to persons of good character, and to promote friendly intercourse among those connected with Mauchline in Glasgow; to erect, endow, hold, preserve, and manage the National Burns Memorial and Cottage Homes, Mauchline.

No. 75.—KIRN Burns Club. Instituted 1892. Federated, 1896. President, Alex. Erskine; Vice-President, James Reid; Treasurer, Thomas Sydes; Secretary, John Macnair, Sea View, Grn.

No. 76.—BRECHIN Burns Club. Instituted 1894. Federated 1896. Secretary, Edward W. Mowat, 1 St. Ninian's Square, Brechin. 230 members.

No. 78.—GLASGOW Ardgowan Burns Club. Instituted 1893. Federated 1896. Secretary, John Fairley, 160 Cathcart Street, Kingston, Glasgow.


No. 80.—DUNOON Cowal Burns Club. Instituted 1896. Federated 1896. Secretary, Walter Grieve, James Place, Dunoon. 224 members.

No. 81.—CARSTAIRS JUNCTION Burns Club. Instituted 5th April, 1895. Federated 28th April, 1896. Place and date of meeting, Carstairs Junction Mutual Hall, 7.30 p.m., Fridays. President, A. P. Gray, P.C., Carstairs Junction Station Hotel. Vice-Presidents, Mr Yule, Mr Russell, and Mr Milligan, Carstairs Junction; Secretary, William Neil, Burnsiden Cottages, Carstairs Junction; Treasurer, James Shaw; Bard, Alex. Blake; Croupiers, Thomas M'Ghee, and John Dickson. This is a Railway Man's Club. With the exception of a few Business Men, all are Railway Servants or Officials of the Railways in this district.

No. 82.—ARBROATH Burns Club. Instituted 1888. Federated 1896. Secretary, Henry Lorimer, Solicitor, 25 Market Place, Arbroath.
No. 83.—GLASGOW Co-operative Burns Club. Instituted 1896. Federated 1897. Place and date of meeting, M’Culloch’s Restaurant, 9 Maxwell Street, Glasgow; first Saturday of each month from October till May; 8 p.m. President, Jas. M’Murren; Vice-President, Robert Fraser; Secretary, Wm. Galbraith, 9 Renfrew Road, South Govan; Treasurer, J. M. Brown, 57 Houston Street, Glasgow, S.S. Special features of Club, to cultivate and foster a love and appreciation of good literature amongst its members and friends, combined with genuine admiration for the works of the Poet generally.

No. 84.—ABINGTON Burns Club. Instituted 1886. Federated 1896. Secretary, Robert Colthart, Arlory Villa, Abington. 83 members.

No. 85.—DUNFERMLINE Burns Club. Instituted 1870. Federated 1896. Secretary, Wm. Fraser, Free Abbey School, Dunfermline. 24 members.


No. 87.—CAMSIE Burns Club. Instituted 1890. Federated 1896. Place and date of meeting, Lennox Arms Hotel, last Saturday every month; 7.30 p.m. President, William R. Richmond, Muckroft Cottage, Lennoxtown; Vice-President, Peter Kincaid, Main Street; Secretary, John Britton, Barnside Cottage, Lennoxtown; Members of Council, A. M’Lennan, S. Blakely, J. Pryde, A. Hosie, J. Gray, J. M’Donald, G. Whyte, J. O. Robertson. The Club holds 8 meetings per annum for the study of literature. 50 members.

No. 88.—GLASGOW Caledonian Burns Club. Instituted October, 1886. Federated 2nd March, 1897. Place and date of meeting, 25 Caledonia Road, every alternate Tuesday during months of September till April inclusive; 8 p.m. President, John Magarry, 115 Ledard Road, Govanhill; Treasurer, George Philips, 389 Crown Street, S.S.; Secretary, John Muirhead, c/o Crawford, 263 Cumbernauld Road, Dennistoun.

No. 89.—SUNDERLAND Burns Club. Instituted January 25th, 1897. Federated March 24th, 1897. Place and date of meeting, Palatine Hotel, 1st and 3d Wednesday, 8 p.m. President, Hugo MacColl, St Bede Park, Sunderland; Vice-President, Wm. Ogilvie, 2 Clarence Terrace, Willington, Durham; Secretary, M. Neilson, 61 Roker Avenue, Sunderland; Committee, W. H. Turner R. Archibald, J. Allan, J. F. Crooks, G. Mackay, J. R. Johnstone. Special features of Club, reading of papers, annual Scottish concert, anniversary dinner, Hallowe’en dance, Lectures, &c.

No. 90.—GARELOCHHEAD Burns Club. Instituted 1895. Federated 1897. Secretary, John Currie, Station House, Garelochhead. Limited to 60 members.

No. 91.—SHETTLESTON Burns Club. Instituted 25th January, 1897. Federated 18th August, 1897. Place and date of meeting, 106 Eastmuir Street, Shettleston, 27th October, at 8 p.m. President, Alexander R. Watt, Woodend Place, Shettleston; Vice-President, William M’Lennan, Cluny Cottage, Earlybraes, Shettleston; Secretary, Effingham H. Deans, Deanbank, Carmyle, by Glasgow; Hon. Presidents, W. J. Grant, James Mair, and Thomas Hogg; Treasurer, H. Y. Reid, 13 Victoria Buildings, Shettleston.
No. 92.—KILBOWIE Jolly Beggars Burns Club. Instituted 10th August, 1897. Federated 26th August, 1897. Place and date of meeting, Cleddans Hall, Radnor Park, Clydebank, on 2nd Thursday of each month, at 7.45 p.m., September to April inclusive; President, Alex. M'Donald, 15 Janetta Terrace, Radnor Park, Dalmuir; Vice-President, William Paterson, 2 Livingstone Street, Clydebank; Secretary, James Dickson, 65 Livingstone Street, Clydebank; Hon. President, Dr J. S. Robertson; Treasurer, John Seright; Chairman of Committee, D. Robertson. Special features of Club, the cultivation of a better knowledge of the life and works of the Bard, and the study of Scottish literature by reading of papers, &c.

No. 93.—CLYDEBANK Burns Club. Instituted 1896, Federated 1897. Secretary, John Murphy, c/o James M'Haflly, 2 Kilbowie Gardens, Clydebank.

No. 94.—UPHALL "Tam o' Shanter" Burns Club. Instituted 1895, Federated 1897. Secretary, Walter Crawford, Dechmont, Uphall. Limited to 60 members.

No. 95.—BOLTON Burns Club. Instituted 6th September, 1881. Federated 1897. Place of meeting, Swan Hotel, Bolton. President, R. H. Swindlehurst, Wyresdale House, Chorley Old Road, Bolton; Vice-President, Charles Maullison, Seymour Road, Astley Bridge; Secretary, John Watson, 21 Russell Street, Bolton; Treasurer, Arthur Graham, 35 Manchester Road, Bolton; Committee, W. M'Nabb, G. Guthrie, P. Halliday, J. Boyd, J. Graham, G. P. Robertson, J. Dickison, T. Laidlaw, G. Begg, C. Fogg, C. E. M'Nabb, and J. C. Broadbent. Special features of the Club, to promote the study of the National Poets and the ancient Ballad Poetry of Scotland; annual dinner, January 25th; annual gathering and dance, Hallowe'en night, and annual country ramble during summer months.

No. 96.—JEDBURGH Burns Club. Instituted February, 1869. Federated 13th November, 1897. President, Councillor T. S. Smail, High Street, Jedburgh; Vice-President, A. R. Telfer, 12 Market Place, Jedburgh; Secretary, Peter Telfer, 58 Castlegate, Jedburgh; Committee, J. Wright, R. Wright, Jas. Cree, Andrew Oliver, R. Halliday, Geo. Aitken, K. Waldey, J. K. Young, and John Oliver.

No. 97.—KILMARNOCK Bellfield Burns Club. Instituted 1895. Federated 1898. Place and date of meeting, Bellfield Tavern, 1st Monday of Month, at 8 o'clock. President, William Duff, Paxton Street, Kilmarnock; Vice-President, Thomas Rarity, Gilmour Street, Kilmarnock; Secretary and Treasurer, Daniel Donnelly, 29 M'Kinlay Place, Kilmarnock; Committee, J. Aunderson, W. Cooper, D. Picken, B. Murray; Auditors, J. Carson and W. Thomson.

No. 98.—LANARK Burns Club. Instituted 1891. Federated 1898. Secretary, Robert M'Kean, Commercial Bank House, Lanark. 55 members.

No. 99.—GLASGOW, Barlinnie Burns Club. Instituted 1893. Federated 1898. Hon. President, Robert Ford; President, Dr Sinclair; Vice-President, D. S. Robertson; Treasurer, W. Russell; Secretary, J. Stewart, Officers' Quarters, Barlinnie; Committee, J. Swan, J. M'Quaker, R. Sutherland, and G. Wilson.
No. 100.—HAMILTON Mossgiel Burns Club. Instituted January, 1892. Federated 4th April, 1898. Place and date of meeting, County Hotel, 1st Tuesday, 8.15 p.m. President, Hugh Mair, Woodside Avenue; Vice-President, John Campbell, 36 Selkirk Street; Secretary, L. Stewart Smellie, 56 Millar Street, Hamilton; Treasurer, Wm. Maxwell; Committee, W. Hastings, T. Brown, H. L. Buchan, W. G. Craig, W. Hamilton, John Brown, and A. Clark, jr. 50 members (limited).

No. 101.—MOTHERWELL Workmen's Burns Club. Instituted 1897. Federated 1898. Secretary, John King, 128 Muir Street, Motherwell. 30 members.

No. 102.—CARLISLE Border Burns Club. Instituted 1898. Federated 1898. Secretary, Andrew Raffel, 36 London Road, Carlisle. 105 members.

No. 103.—COALBURN Rosebery Burns Club. Instituted 1895. Federated 1898. Secretary, John Woodburn, Coalburn Inn, Coalburn. 50 members.

No. 104.—DUMFRIES Oak Burns Club. Instituted 1897. Federated 1898. Secretary, Thomas Haining, jun., 26 Swan's Vennel, Dumfries. 40 members.

No. 105.—RUTHERGLEN Cronie Burns Club. Instituted 30th October, 1896; Federated 13th Dec., 1898. Place and date of meeting, Burnhill Rest, last Friday of each month, at 8 p.m.; President, Alex. Crawford Alston, 40 Cathcart Road, Rutherglen; Vice-President, David Robertson, 24 Harriet Street, Rutherglen; Secretary, Robert M'Luckie, 10 Bankhead Road, Rutherglen; Treasurer Wm. Morrison, 2 Burnhill Street, Rutherglen; Trustees, A. Stewart, J. Love, and Sergeant J. Canning; Committee, J. M'Kee, D. M'Quaker, W. Stewart, J. Russell, A. Hannah.

No. 106.—BROXBURN Rosebery Burns Club. Instituted 1898. Federated 1898. Secretary, Joseph Miller, Ashfield Buildings, Uphall. 40 members.

No. 107.—GLASGOW Hutchesontown Burns Club. Instituted 1898. Federated 1898. Secretary, Alexander M'Whirr, 12 Wolseley Street, Glasgow.

No. 108.—EAST CALDER and District Jolly Beggars Burns Club. Instituted 1898. Federated 1899. Secretary, Samuel Hislop, Mid Calder.

No. 109.—GLASGOW Caledonia Burns Club. Instituted 1898. Federated 3rd March, 1899. Place and date of meeting, 1 Cathcart Road, last Friday of month, 8 p.m. President, James Marchant. 106 Govan Street; Vice-President, James G. Alexander, 21 Westmoreland Street; Secretary, T. A. Hutton, 188 Pollokshaws Road; Treasurer, W. Burns, 125 Caledonia Road.

No. 110.—CAMBUSLANG Burns Club. Instituted 1898. Federated 1899. Secretary, Andrew D. Strachan, 4 Morrison Gardens, Cambuslang.

No. 111.—SOUTH EDINBURGH Burns Club. Instituted 1879. Federated 27th July, 1899. Place and date of meeting, Adelphi Hotel, Edinburgh, 2nd or 3rd Monday of each month, 8 p.m.; President, John M'Laren, 1 Parkside Terrace, Edinburgh; Vice-President, James Wallace Gault, 8 Blackwood Crescent, Edinburgh; Secretary, John S. T. Walker, 1 Summerbank, Edinburgh; Treasurer, W. J. Coltmann; Committee, George

No. 112.—DUMFRIES Burns Howff Club. Instituted September, 1889. Federated 11th August, 1899. Place and date of meeting, Burns Howff, 1st Wednesday in every month, 8 p.m. President, John Connor, 1 Maxwell Street, Dumfries; Vice-President, John Grierson, Troqueer Road, Maxwelltown; Secretary, John C. Gill, 1 Henry Place, Dumfries; Committee, T. Craig, R. Potter, A. M'Meeking, C. Bertram, J. Houston, Neil Sharp, J. Dickson; Auditors, John Sinclair and J. Reid; Treasurer, John Maxwell.

No. 113.—VALE OF LEVEN Glencairn Burns Club. Instituted 1898. Federated 1899. Place and date of meeting, Albert Hotel, Alexandria, last Saturday each month, 7.30 p.m. President, William Smith, 265 Main Street, Bonhill; Vice-President, Robert Mossman, Thomas Street, Alexandria; Secretary, Alex Campbell, 55 Hillbank, Bonhill; Hon. President, William White, Bridge Street, Alexandria; Treasurer, John Macpherson, 153 Main Street, Bonhill; Committee, Daniel Macmillan, Daniel M'Innes, David Graham, Peter M'Farlane, and Hugh M'Vean. 30 members.

No. 114.—BRODICK Burns Club. Instituted 1899. Federated 1900. Secretary, John S. Currie, Brodick. 32 members.

No. 115.—KIPPEN and District Burns Club. Instituted 21st July, 1896. Federated 20th January, 1900. Place and date of meeting, Gillespie Hall; annual meeting October, 8 p.m. Hon. President, John Monteath, J.P., Wright Park. President, Robert Jackson, Boquhan Mains, Kippen Station, by Stirling; Vice-President, Andrew Main, Strewiebank, Kippen Station, by Stirling; Secretary, Thomas Syme, Strathview, Kippen, by Stirling; Committee, George M'Queen, Peter Matson, J. M. Syme, Archibald Gray, Samuel Thompson, Alexander Davidson, D. J. Muirhead, George Watson, David Young, Archibald M'Diarmid, Robert Leckie, and Robert Chrysal. Special features of Club, to promote a knowledge of the life and works of Burns, and establish a fund for the cultivation and learning the works of Burns and Scottish literature among our school children, and having competitions in which handsome prizes are given.

No. 116.—GREENLOANING Burns Club. Instituted 1892. Federated 1900. Place and date of meeting, Greenloaning Inn, 25th Jan., 7 p.m. President, Thomas Stewart, The Braes, Greenloaning; Vice-President, Francis Sands, Glenbank, Greenloaning; Secretary, James Rayne, Kinbuck, Dunblane; Committee, W. Brydie, J. M'Laren, W. Blair, J. Stirling, J. Shearer, and J. Robertson.

No. 117.—GLASGOW Southern Burns Club. Instituted 1899. Federated 1900. Secretary, John M'Gillivray, 168 Mathieson Street, Glasgow.
No. 118.—GLASGOW Albany Burns Club. Instituted 1899. Federated 1900. Place and date of meetings, Trades House Restaurant, first Wednesday of each month from October till March, at 8. President, Robert Goodall, 28 Grafton Street, Glasgow; Vice-Presidents, J. Wilson Bain, 113 West Regent Street, and James Taylor, 143 West Regent Street; Secretary, John Brown, 37 Dalmousie Street, Glasgow; Treasurer, James Raeside, 36 Grafton Street; Librarian, Thos. Kennedy, 33 Hope Street; Directors, Hamilton, Brown, Peter Clark, John Wood, John Green‘ees, Alex. Gray, George Kerr. Special features of Club, harmony, essays read every night. Membership 150 (limited).

No. 119.—BONHILL Burns Club. Instituted 1902. Federated 1900. Place and date of meeting, Bonhill Inn, first Saturday of month; President, Thomas Cornack, 84 Bridge Street, Alexandria; Vice-President, Mr James White; Secretary, Mr John F. Eadie, 9 Dilliechip Terrace, Bonhill; Treasurer, Daniel Miller; Committee, Donald Campbell, William Cuthbertson and Malcolm M‘Naught.

No. 120.—BRISTOL Caledonian Society. Instituted 1820. Federated 1900; Secretary, Alexander K. Simpson, 11 Small Street, Bristol.

No. 121.—HAMILTON Junior Burns Club. Instituted September 8th, 1886. Federated April, 1901. Place and date of meeting, Robert Ball’s, Monday, Nov. 3rd, 8 p.m. President, David Kirk, Portland Place, Hamilton; Vice-President, Charles Stewart, Chapel Street, Hamilton; Secretary, William Wilson, 28 Orchard Street, Hamilton; Treasurer, John Stewart; Committee, J. M‘Ewan, J. Welsh, A. Dickson; M. Secretary, A. Thomson; Steward, J. Gourlay. Special features of Club, reading of essays on various subjects, concerts, competitions, and social evenings. 30 members.

No. 122.—DARNCONNER Aird’s Moss Burns Club. Instituted 5th Aug., 1901. Federated 4th Nov., 1901. Meet in Sorn. President, Hugh Sloan, 71 Walker’s Row, by Auchinleck; Vice-President, Robert Cameron, Sorn, Mauchline; Secretary, Andrew Stevenson, 18 Darnconner, Auchinleck; Committee, Hugh Reynolds, John Lyons, John Morton, and James Gray. Special feature of Club, to foster and encourage an interest in, the works of our National Bard.


No. 126.—FALKIRK Burns Club. Instituted 1866. Federated 1902.
Place of meeting; Mathieson's Rooms. President, Frederick
Johnston, Woodville, Falkirk; Vice-Presidents, R. H. Loch-
head, Commercial Bank House; D. M. Wilson, Weitlands;
Secretary, H. B. Watson, Broompark, Falkirk; Treasurer, Ro.
White; Hon. President, Marquis of Zetland. Special features
of Club, annual festival and dinner, January 25th; two literary
and musical evenings, April and October; annual excursion,
July.

No. 127.—COWDENBEATH Haggis Burns Club. Instituted 1st Feb., 1902.
Federated 30th June, 1902. Place of meeting, Foulford
Arms. President, John Davidson, Union Street, Cowdenbeath;
Vice-President, Samuel White, High Street, Cowdenbeath;
Secretary, Alex. Smith, Foulford Arms, Cowdenbeath; Committee,
William McLeary, Henry Brown, John Bain, William
Davidson, Thomas Bisset, and William Ritchie. Special features
of Club, the celebration of the birth of the Poet
Burns and the mutual improvement and innocent recreation of
the members.

No. 128.—COWDENBEATH Glencairn Burns Club. Instituted May 14th, 1903.
Federated 14th May, 1903. Place of meeting, Raith Arms,
7 p.m. President, A. M'Arthur, Robb, Buildings, Moss-side
Road, Cowdenbeath; Vice-President, A. Hughes, School Street,
Cowdenbeath; Hon. President, William Brengan; Treasurer,
Thomas Ferguson; Secretary, David Hutchison, Robb's Build-
ings, Moss-side Road, Cowdenbeath.

President, James Cameron, L.D.S., F.P.S.G., 77 Main Street,
Gorbals, Glasgow; Vice-President, David H. Drummond, 9
Caledonian Road, Glasgow; Secretary, James MacKitchie. 14
Park Terrace, Govanhill, Glasgow; Treasurer, David McKelvie,
152 Main Street, Gorbals. Special features of Club, to foster
and encourage a knowledge of the works of our National Bard,
and the noble aspirations therein contained concerning the
universal brotherhood of man.

No. 130.—ROW Burns Club. Instituted January 25th, 1901. Federated
November 2nd, 1903. Place of meeting, Row Inn. President,
Francis C. Buchanan, J.P.; Vice-Presidents, Charles Don-
toun, J.P., James Kay; Secretary, John Laird, 7 Cumberland
Terrace, Row; Treasurer, Mr Sheldon; Committee, J. Spiers,
E. Page, J. Don, A. Lyon, J. Irvine, J. Mottin, J. Richardson,
J. Campbell, A. M'Leod, R. Beaglehole, J. Maitland.

No. 131.—NOTTINGHAM Scottish Association. Instituted October, 1902.
Federated November, 1903. Place and date of meeting. Room
75, Mechanics' Institution, 2nd and 4th Tuesday of each month
from October to April, 7.10 p.m. President, Andrew Crawford,
The Oaks, Bestwood, Notts.; Vice-Presidents, J. M'Keating,
Clipstone Avenue, Nottingham, and Dr J. Watson, 94 Mansfield
Road, Nottingham; General Secretary, A. Innes, 32 Dryden
Street, Nottingham; Minute Secretary, D. Stillie, 9 Kimbolton
Avenue, Nottingham; Treasurer, Geo. E. Bain, Capital and
Counties Bank, Market Place, Nottingham; Committee, J.
Aitken, J. Currie, A. R. Ferguson, J. A. Forsyth, D. S.
Hepburn, J. Menzies, E. Merson, D. M'Gregor, Dr Millar, G.
A. Mitchell, R. M'Kechan, N. C. Stewart, J. M. Stewart,
Special features of Club, to promote social and intellectual inter-
course among the members. Present membership 182.
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