1892

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<td>1.</td>
<td>There was a lad was born in Kyle</td>
<td>T.T.B.</td>
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<td>2.</td>
<td>Of a the airts the wind can blaw</td>
<td>T.T.B.</td>
<td>2d.</td>
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<td>3.</td>
<td>A' the dews on that same thistle</td>
<td>T.T.B.</td>
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<td>The dell cam siddin' thro' the town</td>
<td>T.T.B.</td>
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<td>5.</td>
<td>Corn Bides</td>
<td>T.T.B.</td>
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<td>6.</td>
<td>The deil brew'd a peck o' malt (Shore)</td>
<td>T.T.B.</td>
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<td>7.</td>
<td>O Willie brew'd a peck o' malt (Shore)</td>
<td>T.T.B.</td>
<td>2d.</td>
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<tr>
<td>9.</td>
<td>Jessie, the Flower-o' Dundblane</td>
<td>T.T.B.</td>
<td>2d.</td>
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<td>12.</td>
<td>Wilt you be my Dearie?</td>
<td>A. Patterson</td>
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<td>13.</td>
<td>Oh! open the Door</td>
<td>G. Taggart</td>
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<td>Loch-a-garry</td>
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<td>16.</td>
<td>Tinker's Weddin'</td>
<td>J. Allan</td>
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<td>John Anderson My Jo</td>
<td>W. Hume</td>
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<td>18.</td>
<td>Rowan Tree</td>
<td>A. Patterson</td>
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<td>20.</td>
<td>Sprig of Shillielah</td>
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ERRATA.

The work having been hurried through the press, Authors had not an opportunity of revising their proofs so that a few printers' errors were detected after publication. These remarks apply also to the 'Bibliography' which, unfortunately, had not, as is stated, Mr. Barrett's supervision.

Postage "4½d" should be 3d.

PAGE 43, line 14, for "or," read of.

,, 44, line 27, for "unite," read write.

,, 45, line 34, for "earl-hemp," read earl-hemp.

Four paragraphs on page 88, from "It is the work of an untrained an unskilled hand," to "same condemnation," apply to the "Kerry Miniature," and should follow the first paragraph on page 91, after the words "a moments investigation."

,, 96, line 16, for "attempt," read attempts.

,, 96, line 18, add "period," after position.

,, 97, line 8, for "masic," read music.

,, 97, line 7, after quoted stanza, for "conned," read conned.

,, 97, line 13, for "ennobled," read ennobled.

,, 97, Last paragraph, line 2, "period" instead of comma, after Scott.

,, 98, Second paragraph, line 4, from foot of page, "period" instead of comma, after style, and "comma" instead of period, after says.

,, 99, Second paragraph, line 13, "period" instead of comma, after 1847.

,, 99, "", "", poetical quotation for "sol," read sel.

,, 99, "", "", line 6, from foot of page, for "thae," read those.

,, 100, line 11, "period" instead of comma, after harmonies.

,, 100, line 9, from end, for "writing," read wedding,
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All communications to be addressed: John Muir, 2 King Street, Kilmarnock, Scotland; and matter intended for publication must reach the office not later than 30th November of each year.

Books intended for review should be sent in early. Publishers and authors whose works are omitted in the Bibliography will oblige by sending a transcription of the title-pages of their books bearing on Burns.

The Annual Burns Chronicle and Club Directory is issued early in January of each year, and is the only publication wholly devoted to the interest of Burns students; being the official organ of The Burns Federation, Burns Clubs, and Scottish Societies throughout the world.

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LIST OF CONTRIBUTORS.

The following, among others, have promised contributions to the CHRONICLE:--

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JOHN P. ANDERSON, British Museum.
THOMAS BAYNE ("Dictionary of National Biography.")
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EDITOR, etc., etc.
EDITORIAL PREFACE.

In issuing the first number of The Annual Burns Chronicle and Club Directory, the Editor takes the opportunity of addressing a few words to the reader.

As stated in the circular, the Chronicle was instituted on the 4th of September, 1891, so that we had hardly three months to prepare the Directory. This explanation, it is hoped, will account for the incompleteness of that part of the volume, as the Clubs located in the Colonies had not time to send in the necessary information; and some of the home Clubs have been most unaccountably reticent in the matter.

Most of the Clubs, however, returned the forms properly filled up, accompanied, in many cases, by letters commending the proposal, and handsomely subscribing for the Chronicle. To the Secretaries of these Clubs, and numerous individual admirers of the poet, the Editor tenders his best thanks, and trusts that, with a year to prepare the second number, and more available space for the valuable contributions promised, and an extension of the Directory, the Chronicle will meet with a corresponding increase of patronage and substantial support from all Burns Clubs and Scottish Societies.

Regarding next year’s issue: besides narrating the Burnsiana events of the year, and bringing the Directory up to date, the Chronicle will contain important articles on Burns Clubs, Portraits, Monuments, Bibliography, Notes on the Poet’s Family, and many other interesting contributions from Burnessian scholars of prominence and recognized ability.

A list of contributors is given elsewhere. While the Editor is determined to spare neither labour nor expense in producing a respectable volume, it must not be forgotten, that unless the Clubs not only support us financially, but facilitate the work by filling up the forms correctly, and returning them in good time for publication, we cannot reasonably be expected to produce a perfect work.
The Editor would like to be informed regarding the practical work done by the various Societies. Under the heading, "Sociographical Notes," he intends publishing a series of articles on notable Clubs. Secretaries are invited to furnish him with full particulars respecting the origin, history, and, above all, the nature of the work done by, and the local influence of, their Clubs. He would also take it as a favour to have sent him newspapers containing reports of the meetings, and any other information that may be thought worthy of preservation in the pages of the CHRONICLE.

The publication of the work having been delayed, we owe our readers an apology and explanation.

As the first edition of the CHRONICLE was all subscribed for before going to press, arrangements were made to increase the number of copies; and this encouragement warranted the Editor enlarging the size of the volume, and also introducing a few illustrations. These changes, unfortunately, together with the many unforeseen difficulties incidental to a first issue, retarded the progress of the work, which is now sent out with many imperfections, which the indulgent reader will perhaps look over.

The future numbers of the CHRONICLE will be issued early in January, without fail.

JOHN MUIR.

2 KING STREET, KILMARNOCK,
25th January, 1892.

Owing to pressure of space, Reviews of New Publications had to be omitted.
BRIEF SUMMARY
OF
THE LIFE OF BURNS.

THE fascinating life-story (more romantic almost than romance itself) of Robert Burns, the Scottish Poet, is already so widely known and familiar to the reading world, that it would seem an impertinence to obtrude it in any serious biographical shape into the forefront of this CHRONICLE, whose chief business, and we might say, justification, is to present in historical sequence the main facts and incidents in the posthumous history of Burns, which, of course, only properly begins after the Poet's death. Nevertheless, in order to give a certain amount of continuity and completeness to this historical narrative, it might, perhaps, be well to precede it with a very brief summary of the more conspicuous events in the Poet's life, from his birth at Alloway down to his death at Dumfries, where the record naturally merges into the narrative of Burns-worship, the subject-matter proper of this CHRONICLE.

One hundred and thirty-three years ago, then, this very month, on January 25th, 1759, Robert Burns, Scotland's dearly beloved, National Poet, first beheld the light of day at Alloway, parish of Ayr, in a clay-built cottage which had been erected by the hands of his own father, William Burnes, a native of Kincardineshire, who was at this period following the occupation of a gardener and farm over-seer in the neighbourhood of Alloway. His mother, Agnes Brown, was, like her husband, a child of the "mailen," being the daughter of a farmer in Carrick, Ayrshire; and the Poet was their first born.

When Burns was six years of age, he was sent to a school at Alloway Mill where he had the good luck to be under a young teacher, Mr. John Murdoch, a gentleman of uncommon merit.
This was a year before his father, wishing to try his fortune on a small farm, removed to Mount Oliphant, some two miles distant from Alloway. His children, however, continued to attend Mr. Murdoch's school for other two years, until indeed that gentleman left Alloway; then the father took his place, instructing them at his own fireside by candle light after his day's labour in such abstruse subjects as Arithmetic, Geography, Astronomy, and Natural History; besides building up their youthful characters by selected reading and conversation on religious and other high moral topics. His mother, who was a sweet singer, contributed her share towards her son's education from her excellent store of song and ballad; as did also an old woman, Betty Davidson, living in the family, from her well-filled wallet of tales, songs, ghost-stories, and legendary lore.

During the latter part, at least, of this most interesting period of domestic night-schooling at Mount Oliphant, Burns may be said to have been doing the larger half of a man's work on the farm. When he was thirteen, his father ever anxious about the progress of his children's education, sent his sons, Robert and Gilbert, week about, during the summer quarter, to the parish school of Dalrymple, two or three miles distant, to improve their penmanship. About this time, too, their old teacher and friend, Mr. Murdoch, was appointed English Master in Ayr; and Burns boarded with him for three weeks to revise his studies in that tongue. Mr. Murdoch, who was a frequent guest at the Mount Oliphant fireside, already noted for its high and serious talk, "Such as grave livers do in Scotland use." also lent the family books, and introduced them to several new names in literature, both in poetry and prose. It was in his fifteenth year that love and poetry, in a twin-birth, dawned on the young bard, and he wrote his first song on his partner in the harvest field, Nelly Kilpatrick, the blacksmith's daughter, O, once I loved a bonnie lass. In his seventeenth year he went to Kirkoswald, a little place on the smuggling coast of Ayrshire, for the purpose of learning mensuration, surveying, etc. Here he was making good progress with these subjects, and likewise seeing a good deal of another subject, even more congenial to his tastes, viz., glimpses into life and character of the rough and free and easy sort, when the charms of a certain Peggy Thomson, "overset his trigonometry and set him off at a tangent from the
sphere of his studies.” Returning to Mount Oliphant he next attended a dancing school for a season, “to give his manners a brush,” as he puts it himself, which practically concluded his education—all at least that the schoolmaster could do for him.

The farm enterprise, for the last few years, at Mount Oliphant, had, on account of the unproductiveness of the soil, loss of cattle and other causes, been a failure, and William Burnes had got into pecuniary difficulties, which we are told, brought threatening letters from the factor, plunging the distressed family into tears. Mount Oliphant was at last abandoned for a larger farm, Lochlea, in the parish of Tarbolton. For a little the cloud showed its silver lining, and all went well. Robert and his brother Gilbert had £7 per annum each, as wages from their father, and they also took land from him for the purpose of raising flax on their own account. Burns was now in the full flush of opening manhood, between the years of nineteen and twenty-three—the most gifted member of the “Bachelor’s Club,” Tarbolton, and the most popular young gallant among all the lads and lasses of the countryside—writing, in his leisure moments, such poems as, Winter.—a Dirge; The Death of Poor Mailie; John Barleycorn; and such songs as, It was upon a Lammas Night; Behind yon Hills where Stinchar Flows, &c.; and passionately cultivating the society of Ellison Begbie, the daughter of a small farmer near Galston whose hand he had asked in marriage and been refused. In the height of all this love making, and song writing, and speechifying at Bachelors’ Clubs, he was suddenly taken, partly by whim, and partly with a view to better his prospects in life, with a desire to go to Irvine to learn the business of flax-dressing. This, however, turned out a most unlucky venture. The shop, in which he and his partner wrought, took fire during a welcoming carousal to the New Year, and consumed his all. Returning to the plough again at Lochlea, he found his father’s affairs in utter ruin, and the old man dying of consumption. His brother Gilbert and he rented a new farm, Mossgiel, parish of Mauchline, to which the whole family removed after the father’s death, which took place on February 13th, 1784. Burns had been made a free-mason before leaving Lochlea.

During his residence at Mossgiel he became more popular, and even celebrated, than ever, among the wits and New-Light
Clergy of Ayrshire; and, though only twenty-six years of age, he had written nearly all the poems which were printed in the Kilmar-
nock edition.—“Such a body of original poetry,” says Alexander Smith, “written within about 12 months—poetry so natural, forcible, and picturesque, so quaint, sarcastic, humorous, and tender—had unquestionably not appeared since Shakespeare.”

It was here that he made the acquaintance of Jean Armour, daughter of a stone-mason in Mauchline, a personality destined to tint his life with its “brightest lights and its darkest shadows.” In a fit of bitter resentment at Jean for consenting, at the urgent entreaty of her father, to the destruction of the written acknowledgement of marriage which Burns in her unhappy dilemma had given her, he renewed his intimacy with a former love, Mary Campbell, or Highland Mary. He proposed marriage to her; was accepted; thereafter she left her service at Coilsfield to go home to Argyleshire to make the necessary preparations, after a most romantic parting with her lover on the banks of Ayr, in which they exchanged Bibles and vows of eternal constancy. They never saw each other again. Mary, while on an ostensible visit to some friends in Greenock (but whether she had come to see Burns off to Jamaica, by a vessel sailing, Aug. 15th), caught fever and died, October 20th, 1786, and was buried in the West Church-yard of that town.

To add to the Poet’s increasing embarrassments the farm had proved a failure, and his connection with the unhappy mason’s daughter brought him new entanglements, from which he saw no way of escape but by quitting his native country. In order to procure as much money as would pay his passage to Jamaica, whither he had resolved to go as a book-keeper on an estate, he published his poems by subscription in Kilmar-
nock. They were no sooner published than they attracted considerable notice. When on the eve of embarking, a letter from Dr. Blacklock, urging him to publish a second edition, led him to abandon the idea of going abroad, and to try his fortune in the Scottish Capital.

In Edinburgh he instantly became the lion of the season. He was feted, and feasted, and flattered by the nobility and gentry, and men of letters. Witty Duchesses, it is recorded, vied with each other in paying him homage; and even ostlers and waiters at Inns where he happened to arrive in the night, left
their warm beds and came crowding to hear him speak. He reached Edinburgh in November, 1786, his twenty-seventh year; and in the following April the second edition of his poems appeared, which included, *Death and Dr. Hornbook; The Ordination*, and, *Address to the Unco Guid*, which had been left out of the first edition; and also several new pieces, such as, *The Briggs of Ayr*, and, *Tam Samson's Elegy*. On the 5th May, he set off on a tour with a young friend, Robert Ainslie, through the south of Scotland, visiting Dumfries, where he was made an honorary burgess, arriving at Mossiegil and Mauchline on June 9th, when he renewed his intimacy with Jean Armour. Towards the end of the month he made a short tour in the West Highlands, the "calf-country" of his Highland Mary, returning to Mauchline at the end of July, on the 25th of which month he presided as Depute Grand Master of the Tarbolton Masons Lodge, when Professor Dugald Stewart, Mr. Alexander of Ballochmyle, and others were made honorary members. In the following month he was again in Edinburgh, and started on a northern tour with his friend William Nicol of the High School. He visited Bannockburn, spent a couple of days at Blair with the Duke of Athol and family, proceeded as far as Inverness, then by way of Elgin, Fochabers, (dining with the Duke and Duchess of Gordon), on to Aberdeen, Stonehaven, and Montrose, where he visited his relatives the Burneses. He arrived in Edinburgh in the end of September, and in December, he made the acquaintance of Mrs. M'Lehose (Clarinda), with whom he kept up a sentimental correspondence for about three months while detained in his room with an injury to his knee. As a provision against dependence, and the probable failure of future ventures, which from past experience he had too good reason to fear, he got his name at this period enrolled among the number of expectant Excise officers through the influence of the commissioner, Mr. Graham of Fintry. The necessity for settling in life became now more and more apparent to him every day. He frankly recognised that the Edinburgh drama was played out, and he exhibited both worldly wisdom and moral courage in resolving to return to the plough-tail, to use his own phrase. With a view to this end he left Edinburgh for Dumfries to inspect Mr. Miller's lands at Dalswinton, stopping by the way at Mossiegil to renew old friendships, Jean Armour's included. He returned to Edinburgh in March, and on the 13th took a
lease of the farm of Ellisland, on the banks of the Nith. On the 19th he settled accounts with Creech, his publisher, bade farewell to Edinburgh and all its brilliant lionizing, married Jean Armour privately at Mauchline in the end of April, and went to reside on the farm at Ellisland, his wife following in December after he had got his house built.

His four years farming experiences at Ellisland, owing to a variety of causes, some of which ought to have been within control of his own will, proved the reverse of prosperous, and he was glad to combine the duties of exciseman with those of farmer in order to live. If, however, fortune deserted him, and even friends, which was harder still to bear in Burns' case, the Muse, never forsook him. While at Ellisland he wrote, *O' a' the airts the wind can blow; Verses in Friars-Carse Hermitage; To Mary in Heaven; Elegy on Capt. Matthew Henderson; Lament of Mary Queen of Scots; Lament for James, Earl of Glencairn,* and the immortal, *Tam O' Shanter.*

At Martinmas, November 11th, 1791, he sold his stock and other effects, and surrendered his lease, and removed with his wife and family to Bank Street, Dumfries, his sole occupation now being that of exciseman. In the course of another year, or little more, he removed to a better house in Mill-hole Brae (now Burns Street), where he resided till he died. This somewhat chequered, Dumfries life of his, extending over fully four years, is perhaps the most remarkable for poetic achievements, eclipsing even the Mossgiel record. In addition to the performance of his excise duties, which, it is alleged, he did very well; not to speak of his social pleasures and indulgencies, which, it is also alleged, he did not neglect, he performed an amount of literary work, which makes it a marvel how he found time for the performance of anything else. It was during these years that he wrote the greater part of his finest songs for his friend Thomson's publication, disclaiming, at the same time, all idea or acceptance of fee or reward. They were often produced under varying circumstances of gloom and misfortune, and even indifferent health, but neither in the effusions themselves, nor in the enthusiastic epistles which he was continually sending off, at all times and seasons, to Thomson with each new song, or old one amended and purified, is any trace of these circumstances discernible.
His strong constitution, which he was always the reverse of niggard in conserving, began to give way at last. He looked already prematurely old. An attack of rheumatic fever, from which he never properly recovered, hastened the catastrophe. In his intervals of relief, however, aye, and sometimes when racked with pain, both of body and mind, he still wrought on, building up that marvelous structure of Scottish song which is without its equal in the annals of the world's literature.

As a last resource he went on the 4th July to Brow, a sea bathing hamlet on the Solway, in search of that health which he was doomed never to recover. He returned home again on the 18th, if anything, weaker, and more feverish. The hand of death was evidently upon him. He had to be assisted into the house from the cart which brought him to the foot of the Millhole Brae, and to his bed. His condition rapidly became worse. His mind was lost in delirium, and he expired on the 21st, shortly after daybreak.
SUMMARY OF THE POSTHUMOUS HISTORY OF BURNS.

The sun of Robert Burns was eclipsed by the Great Shadow, before it had reached its meridian splendour, midst poverty and muttered execrations against the legal agent whose letters, threatening him with the horrors of a jail, are so agonizingly alluded to by the Poet in his letter to his cousin, Mr. James Burnes, Writer, Montrose, in which he asked to be accommodated, by return of post, with the loan of ten pounds.

The funeral is thus described by Dr. Currie: "The Gentlemen Volunteers of Dumfries determined to bury their illustrious associate with military honours, and every preparation was made to render this last service solemn and impressive. The Fencible Infantry of Angusshire, and the regiment of Cavalry of the Cinque Ports, at that time quartered in Dumfries, offered their assistance on this occasion; the principal inhabitants of the town and neighbourhood determined to walk in the funeral procession; and a vast concourse of persons assembled, some of them from a considerable distance, to witness the obsequies of the Scottish bard. On the evening of the 25th of July, the remains of Burns were removed from his house to the Town Hall, and the funeral took place on the succeeding day. A party of the Volunteers, selected to perform the military duty in the church-yard, stationed themselves in the front of the procession, with their arms reversed; the main body of the corps surrounded and supported the coffin, on which were placed the hat and sword of their friend and fellow-soldier; the numerous body of attendants ranged themselves in the rear; while the Fencible regiments of Infantry and Cavalry lined the streets from the Town Hall to the burial ground in the southern
church-yard, a distance of more than half a mile. The whole procession moved forward to that sublime and affecting strain of music, The Dead March in Saul; and three volleys fired over his grave marked the return of Burns to his parent earth! The spectacle was in a high degree grand and solemn, and accorded with the general sentiments of sympathy and sorrow which the occasion had called forth."

Dr. Currie, adds: "It was an affecting circumstance, that on the morning of the day of her husband's funeral, Mrs. Burns was undergoing the pains of labour, and that, during the solemn service we have just been describing, the posthumous son of our Poet was born."

The *Edinburgh Advertiser* for July 26th, contained the following announcement: "The public are respectfully informed, that contributions for the wife and family of the late Robert Burns, who are left in circumstances of extreme distress, will be received at the houses of Sir William Forbes & Co.; of Messrs Mansfield, Ramsay & Co., and at the shops of the Edinburgh Booksellers.

"As it is proposed to publish, sometime hence, a posthumous volume of the poetical remains of Robert Burns, for the benefit of the author's family, his friends and acquaintances are requested to transmit such poems and letters as happen to be in their possession to Alexander Cunningham, Writer, George's Street, Edinburgh; or to John Syme, Esq. of Ryedale, Dumfries."

Meanwhile, the subscription went on, but not flourishingly. In Dumfriesshire somewhat more than £100 had been contributed within the first three months. In Liverpool, Dr. Currie gathered seventy guineas. By the end of the year, Edinburgh had sent in about eighty pounds. In London, there was greater success, and the entire sum realised was £700. Mr. James Shaw, subsequently Sir James Shaw, Baronet, (a native of Ayrshire, to whose memory a statue was erected at the Cross of Kilmarnock) and Chamberlain of London, besides contributing £100, took upon himself the whole trouble connected with the subscription in the metropolis. He purchased £400 of the 3 per cent Reduced Stock in June 1797, at £50½, and £100 of the same Stock in October 1799, at £59; and
this £500 of Stock was transferred in May 1800, to the Magistrates of Ayr, for the benefit of the Poet's family. With Sir James's £100, which was also invested in the same stock, £676, 19s. 10d., 3 per cents stood in the name of the Provost and Bailies of the town of Ayr, for the benefit of the widow and children of Robert Burns. The worthy Baronet on learning that Burns had left two daughters, natural children, who had not hitherto benefited by the liberality of the public to their father's family, was induced to renew a subscription for making a small provision for the destitute girls. From the newspapers of the time we learn that "the subscriptions have amounted to £310, 11s., at the head of which is fifty guineas from William Fairlie, Esq., Calcutta, with this sum £523 have been purchased in the reduced 3 per cents., which added to that already purchased in the same fund, and together standing in the name of the Provost and Bailies of the town of Ayr, makes a total of £1200, of which £800 is to be appropriated to the use of Mrs. Burns and her three sons, and £400 to the use of the two girls; one moiety payable to each on marriage, or on attaining the age of twenty-one, and in the event of either of them dying under these periods, the moiety due to her to go to the survivor."

During this time preparations were being made, by collecting the poet's manuscripts, for publishing a new edition of his works, the proceeds of which were to be handed over to his family. After some delay in the selecting of a suitable person to edit the publication, it was finally agreed that Dr. James Currie should undertake the duties. In 1800 appeared

"The Works of Robert Burns; with an account of his Life and a Criticism of his Writings. To which are prefixed some observations on the Character and Condition of the Scottish Peasantry. In Four Volumes." Two thousand copies were printed, price 31s. 6d. This realised £1,400 for the benefit of the Poet's family.

Immediately after the death of Burns there was much talk of a subscription for a monument to mark the spot where he was buried, and which he himself had selected in the north-east corner of St. Michael's Church-yard, but nothing came of it at the time. In one of his letters we find him using this proud
language: “When I am laid in my grave, I wish to be stretched at my full length, that I may occupy every inch of ground that I have a right to!” Mrs. Burns, beginning to think that her husband had got every inch of ground he had a right to, covered his grave at her own expense with a plain tombstone, inscribed simply with the name and age of the Poet. In 1813 a public meeting was held at Dumfries, General Dunlop, son of Burns's friend and Patroness, being in the chair; a subscription was opened, and contributions flowing in rapidly from all quarters, a costly Mausoleum was at length erected on the most elevated site which the churchyard presented.

Thither the remains of the Poet, and those of his two boys, Maxwell, a posthumous child, who lived two years and nine months, and Francis Wallace, who died in 1803, aged fourteen, were solemnly transferred on the 12th September, 1815. The original tombstone of Burns was sunk under the pavement of the Mausoleum; and the grave which first received his remains is now occupied, according to her own dying request, by the eldest daughter of Mrs. Dunlop—Mrs. Perochon, who died in October, 1825.

A ponderous Latin inscription was composed with the view of informing visitors that “Hoc Mausoleum” was built “in aeternum. honorem Roberti Burns, Poetarum Caledoniae.” By the rarest good fortune it was never put up, although some of the Poet’s biographers have quoted the whole inscription as “noted down from the original,” and Allan Cunningham laments that “the merits of him who wrote Tam O’ Shanter, and the Cottar’s Saturday Night, are concealed in Latin!”

Mrs. Burns continued to live in the same small house in which her husband died, an object of general respect on account of her modest and amiable character, and the interest associated with the memory of the Poet. She died on March 26th, 1834. At the opening of the Mausoleum for the interment of Mrs. Burns, it was resolved by some citizens of Dumfries, with the concurrence of the nearest relatives of the widow, to raise the cranium of the Poet from the grave, and have a cast moulded from it, with a view to gratifying the interest likely to be felt by the students of phrenology respecting its peculiar development. This purpose was carried into effect during the
night between the 31st March and the 1st April, and a description of the cranium, drawn up at the time by Mr. A. Blacklock, Surgeon, one of the individuals present.

Of the Poet's family, Robert, the eldest son, whose early intelligence seems to have excited general admiration, attended for two sessions at the University of Edinburgh, and one in the University of Glasgow. A situation being procured for him in the Stamp Office, London, he removed thither in 1804. In 1833, having obtained a superannuation allowance he retired to Dumfries where he died on the 14th May, 1857, aged 70 years.

James and William, the two other surviving sons of the Poet, obtained commissions in the East India Company's Service through the kindness of the Marchioness of Hastings. They passed through a most honourable career of service, attaining respectively the ranks of Lieutenant-Colonel and Colonel. For many years the two brothers lived together. James died at Cheltenham, 18th November, 1865; William on 21st February, 1872, bequeathing to the nation the Nasmyth portrait of his father, which now hangs in the National Gallery of Scotland, Edinburgh.

The Cenotaph which rears its graceful proportions on the "Banks and Braes O' Bonnie Doon," beautifying, as far as art can, the garden of Burns' fame, owes its creation to Alexander Boswell, Esq., of Auchinleck, afterwards Baronet, and is a grand trophy of his love and indefatigable zeal to do honour to the memory of Burns. To the invitations issued for the preliminary meeting in the County town, the only response was the Rev. Hamilton Paul. These two constituted the assembly, Mr. Boswell took the chair, and his solitary auditor was appointed secretary. The business was conducted according to the usual mode of procedure, resolutions were proposed and seconded, "that it was desirable to perpetuate the memory of the Bard in some tangible form, etc., etc.," which of course were adopted, Mem. con., and a vote of thanks passed to the chairman, by the improvised secretary. A minute was drawn up, signed officially by the two enthusiasts, and advertised in all the local and leading newspapers. Publicity at once wafted the enterprise into popular favour, committees were appointed, and subscriptions flowed in till the fund reached an aggregate of £3,300.

The site selected for the monument is in Alloway Croft, on
one side of the river Doon, and forms one of the corners of a right angle with the auld and new brigs, which span the classic stream, and which stand apart from each other only about a hundred paces. The public road passes close by it, and on the opposite side of the road stands Alloway Kirk. The Cottage in which the Poet was born is seen in the distance. The building consists of a three sided rustic basement, supporting a circular peristle of the Corinthian order, surmounted by a Cupola, the decorations of which are of a peculiar character, and in direct accordance with the purest specimens of Grecian art. The substructure is very massive, and forms an appropriate basement, the monument being so placed that each side is respectively opposite one of the three great divisions of Ayrshire—Carrick, Cunninghame and Kyle. The interior of the basement affords a circular chamber upwards of eighteen feet diameter, and sixteen feet high, which forms a museum for Burns relics. Opposite the entrance is a large semi-circular recess, supported by columns of the Grecian Doric order; the entablature of which is continued round the whole apartment. A staircase, entering from the interior, leads to a gallery above, which commands an extensive prospect of varied landscape. The superstructure is composed of nine columns, corresponding to the number of the Muses, and the freize of their entablature is richly decorated with chaplets of laurel. The design of the columns is from that of the Temple of Jupiter Stator in the Campo Vaccini at Rome, which is by far the finest example of the order extant. The foundation stone of the monument was laid on the 25th January, 1820, by Alexander Boswell, Esq., of Auchinleck, supported by all the Masonic Lodges in the province, and surrounded by a vast concourse of spectators; after which he delivered an eloquent address. An inscription on the tripod of the monument, dated 4th July, 1823, completes its history.

The proposal to erect a National Monument in Edinburgh to the memory of Burns, originated in Bombay, with Mr. John Forbes Mitchell, who commenced a subscription in the year 1812. The names appended to the first list comprises the Hon. Sir John Abercromby, K.C.B., and other officers in the army, who head the appeal with twenty-five guineas each; other subscriptions are twenty pounds, ten guineas and five
guineas each. The first intention was to erect a Colossal Statue of the Poet in some conspicuous part of the Scottish Capital, but it was not until the return of Mr Mitchell to his own country that he succeeded in forming a committee to promote his object. A numerous meeting of noblemen and gentlemen, admirers of the genius of Burns, was held within the Free Masons' Tavern, London, on Saturday, 24th April, 1819, under the patronage of His Royal Highness The Prince Regent. His Grace the Duke of Atholl, in the absence of His Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex, in the chair.

Subscriptions amounting to £1,500 were announced at a meeting of the committee in London, on the 26th May, 1821. In July, 1824, an agreement was entered into with John Flaxman, P.R.A.S., the first British Sculptor of his day, not for a Colossal Bronze Statue, as originally intended, but for a White Marble Statue, life-size, for which they were to pay fourteen hundred pounds; when the issue of the subscriptions was uncertain, the distinguished sculptor proffered to undertake the execution of the statue, either in bronze or marble, without any consideration of remuneration; he did not live to complete his work, but left it unfinished at his death, on December 7th, 1826. It was in course of time completed by his brother-in-law, and pupil, Mr Denman. When the statue was ready, the committee finding a surplus of about £1,300 in hand, resolved to erect a monumental structure for its reception. An elegant design of a circular Grecian Temple, with twelve columns, and a Cupola, crowned by winged Griffins supporting a tripod, by Thomas Hamilton, Architect, Edinburgh, was furnished gratuitously. The foundation stone was laid in 1831, and the building soon completed, but not until a further appeal was made for funds to meet the additional expense. The whole amount of the Statue and Temple is estimated to have cost over £3,300. The space within the Monument, in course of years, was found to be too circumscribed to show the statue to advantage, and it was removed to the National Gallery, and afterwards to the Scottish National Portrait Gallery, Queen Street, Edinburgh, where its beauty, as a work of art, commands the admiration of visitors. Since then the interior of the Monument has been appropriated as a Museum for depositing Burns Memorials.
On the anniversary of the Poet's birth, January 25th, 1842, a handsome monument, which had cost about £100, raised by subscription, was consecrated to the memory of Highland Mary on the spot of her sepulture in the West Kirk-Yard of Greenock. On the Monument there is a representation of the parting of the lovers at Montgomery, bearing these words:

Oh! Mary, dear, departed shade!
Where is thy place of blissful rest?

Quite recently the local Burns Club had the grave dressed and planted with flowers, but the ground having sunk below the surrounding level was unfavourable to successful growth, and the hollow has now been filled up with white boulders, resting on a base of cement.

The Scottish nation was beginning to awake from that apathy of feeling with which it had regarded its Poet. On Tuesday, 6th August, 1844, a grand Festival was held in honour of the sons of Burns, at the very spot where he had walked "in glory and in joy" by

"The banks and braes o' bonnie Doon."

The whole proceedings of the day were a great and memorable success. Thousands and tens of thousands of all ranks, gentle and simple, from every corner of the land, assembled to do honour to the genius of Scotland's Ploughman Poet.

The sons of Burns, accompanied by a large party of friends, arrived early at Ayr, from Dumfries. The Union-Jack was floating from Wallace Tower, and the ships in the harbour were decorated with their colours in the grandest manner. Numerous Masonic, Trades, and other bodies were formed into procession. A magnificent pavilion had been erected capable of accommodating over two thousand persons. A grand banquet was given at which the 'princely Eglinton,' the first man of rank who had spoken nobly of the Poet since his death, presided. He was supported on the right by Robert Burns, Esq., late of the Stamps and Taxes Office, Somerset House, London, eldest son of the Poet; Major Burns, youngest son of the Poet; Miss Begg, niece of the Poet; Henry Glassford Bell, Esq., Sheriff-Substitute of Lanarkshire; Rev. Mr. Cuthill, Ayr; Mr. Robert Burns Begg, Teacher, Kinross, nephew of the Poet, and father of the present Sheriff-Clerk of Kinrosshire, who contributes to the present number of the CHRONICLE, the article on 'Bonnie Jean;
Miss Begg, the youngest niece of the Poet; Mr. and Mrs. Thomson of Dumfries, (Jessie Lewars of the Bard); on the left by Colonel Burns, second son of the Poet; Mrs. Begg, sister of the Poet; Sir John M'Neil, Bart., late Plenipotentiary to the Court of Persia; The Right Hon. Lord Justice General; The Countess of Eglinton; Sir D. H. Blair, Bart., of Blairquhan. The Croupier, Professor Wilson of Edinburgh, was supported on the right by Archibald Alison, Esq., Sheriff of Lanarkshire, and author of the 'History of Europe'; Colonel Mure, of Caldwell, author of 'Travels in Greece;' Wm. Ayton, Esq., Advocate; A. Hastie, Esq., M.P., for Paisley; James Oswald, Esq., M.P., for Glasgow; on the left by Sir James Campbell, Glasgow; Provost Miller, Ayr; James Ballantine, Esq. of Castlehill; etc., etc.

The Rev. Mr. Cuthill, of Ayr, asked the blessing, in language brief, impressive and appropriate, the Rev. gentleman also returned thanks.

The Chairman then rose amidst the most enthusiastic applause and said—Ladies and Gentlemen, the subject of the toast which I am now going to bring before you is one of such paramount importance on this occasion, and is so deeply interesting, not only to those whom I have now the honour to address, but to all to whom genius is dear, that I could have wished it committed to more worthy hands; more particularly when I see the enormous assemblage collected here of distinguished persons who grace our board to-day. (Cheers).

It is only because I conceive that my official position renders me the most formal and fitting, though most inefficient, mouth-piece of the inhabitants of this country, that I have ventured to intrude myself before you on this occasion, and to undertake the onerous, though gratifying, duty of proposing in such an assemblage the thrilling toast—"The Memory of Burns." (Great applause—the company rising to testify their approbation by waving of handkerchiefs).

This is not a meeting for the purpose of recreation and amusement; it is not a banquet at which a certain number of toasts printed on paper are to be proposed and responded to which to-day marks our preparations; it is the enthusiastic desire of a whole people to pay honour to their Countryman; it is the spontaneous offering of a nation's feelings towards the Illustrious Dead, and added to this the desire to extend a hand of welcome
and friendship to those whom he has left behind. (Tremendous applause). Here on the very spot where he first drew breath, on the very ground which his genius has hallowed, beside the Old Kirk of Alloway, which his verse has immortalized, beneath the Monument which an admiring and repentant people have raised to him—(Great applause)—we meet, after the lapse of years, to pay our homage to the Man of Genius. (Cheers). The master-mind who has sung the *Isle of Palms*—who has revelled in the immortal *Noctes*—who has already done that justice to the memory of the Bard, which a brother poet can alone do,—Christopher himself is here—(Great applause)—anxious to pay his tribute of admiration to a kindred spirit. The historian who has depicted the most eventful period of the French Empire, the glorious triumphs of Wellington, is here—(Cheers)—Clio, as it were, offering up a garland to Erato. (Cheers). The distinguished head of the Scottish Bar is here—(Cheers)—in short, every town and every district; every class, and every sex, and every age, has come forward to pay homage to their Poet. The honest lads whom he so praised, and whose greatest boast is to belong to the Land of Burns, are here. (Cheers). The bonny lasses whom he so praised, those whom he loved and sung, are here; they have followed hither to justify by their loveliness, the Poet's worth; while the descendant of those who dwelt in the "Castle of Montgomerie," feels himself only too highly honoured in being permitted to propose the memory of him who then wandered there unknown on the banks of Fail. (Loud cheering). How little could the pious old man who dwelt in yonder cottage—with his "lyart haffets" o'er-sparing his venerable brow—when he read the "big ha' bible"—could have guessed that the infant prattling on his knee was to be the pride of his nation—the chief among the poetic band—was to be one of the brightest planets that glows around the mighty sun of the Bard of Avon—(Cheers)—in knowledge and originality second to none—in the fervent expression of deep feeling, in the genuine perception of the beauties of nature; equal to any who revel in the fairy land of poesy. Well may we rejoice that Burns is our own!—that no other spot can claim the birth-place of our Homer, except the spot on which we stand. (Cheers). Well does he deserve our homage, who has portrayed *The Cottar's Saturday Night*—not in strains of inconsiderate mirth, but
in solemnity and truth,—who breathed the patriotic words that
tell of the glories of our Wallace, immortalizing alike the
Poet and the Hero; he who could draw inspiration from the
humble daisy; breathed forth the heroic words of The Song of
Death—strains, the incarnation of poetry and love, and yet of
the bitterest shafts of satire and ridicule!—obeying but the
hand of nature, despising all the rules of art, yet trampling over
the very rules he set at naught. (Loud cheers). At his name
every Scottish heart beats high. He has become a household
word alike in the palace and the cottage. Of whom should we be
proud—to whom should we pay homage, if not to our Immortal
Burns. (Cheers). But I feel I am detaining you too long in
the presence of a Wilson and an Alison. (Cries of "No, No."
and applause). In such a presence as these, I feel that I am not
a fit person to descant upon the genius of Burns. I am but an
admirer like yourselves. There are others present, who are
brother poets, kindred geniuses,—men, who, like Burns, have
created a glorious immortality to themselves,—to them will I
commit the agreeable task of more fully displaying before you,
decked out with their eloquence, the excellence of the Poet,
and the genius of the man, and to extend a welcome to his sons
to the land of their father—(Cheers)—and I will now ask you,
in their presence, on the ground his genius has rendered sacred
—on the “banks and braes o’ bonnie Doon”—to join with me
in drinking one overflowing bumper, and in joining to it every
expression of enthusiasm which you can, to “The Memory of
Burns.” The toast was received with the most rapturous
and enthusiastic bursts of applause.

Mr. Templeton sang with admirable effect, Ye Banks and
Braes o’ Bonnie Doon, which elicited the warmest plaudits of
the meeting.

Mr. Robert Burns, on rising to return thanks, was, with his
brothers, received with enthusiastic cheering. He said—My
Lord, Ladies and Gentlemen, of course it cannot be expected,
at a meeting such as the present, that the sons of Burns should
expatiate on the merits and genius of their deceased father.
Around them were an immense number of admirers, who, by
their presence there that day, bore a sufficient testimony of
the opinion which they held of his memory, and the high
esteem in which they held his genius. In the language of the
late Sir Christopher Wren, though very differently applied, the
sons of Burns could say, that to obtain a living testimony to
their father's genius, they had only to look around them.
(Cheers). He begged, in name of his brothers and himself, to
return their heartfelt and grateful thanks for the honour that
had that day been paid to their father's memory. (Cheers).

Professor Wilson then delivered an oration which, followed
by other toasts and sentiments, brought the Demonstration to
a close.

His Lordship having responded to the toast, 'The Earl of
Eglinton,' proposed by Lord Justice-General Boyle, the brilliant
assemblage left the Hall.

The weather during the greater part of the day was very
unfavourable, the afternoon particularly so, but with all this
drawback, the whole proceedings were conducted with great
taste, and have left an impression that will not soon be forgotten.
So intense indeed was feeling at particular periods in the course
of the day, and especially during the delightful and high-toned
proceedings in the splendid banquet hall, that many tears of
pure delight were shed at the greatness and genuineness of the
tribute paid to the Poet.

"—— Glory without end
Scattered the clouds away: and on that name attend,
The tears and praises of all time."

Like many other great events, the Universal Burns Centenary
Celebrations of 1859, had but a very humble and unpretentious
origin.

It arose in this way. Early in the summer of 1858, the
proprietors of the _Glasgow Daily Bulletin_ (the first Daily
Penny Paper issued in Great Britain after the passing of the Act
repealing Stamp Duty on Newspapers), gave their _employés_ a
dinner at the Brig o' Doon Hotel, which abuts on the grounds
of the classic pile raised to the memory of the King of Song.

Mr. John Belch, of Glasgow, the Senior Shareholder of the
Company presided on the occasion, while Mr. Colin Rae-Brown,
the founder and Managing Proprietor of the journal, undertook
the duties of Croupier. To the latter was allotted the toast of
"The Memory of Burns." In subsequently communicating
with the sons of Burns, with a view to securing their presence
at the National Centenary Festival to be held at Glasgow, Mr.
Rae-Brown sent on the following resumé of the proceedings at the Brig o’ Doon dinner, and as no more satisfactory description of the initiation of the Centenary movement can possibly be furnished, we reproduce it here. It ran as follows:

"It seemed to me that afternoon, as I strutted over the ‘Brig’ before dinner, that some one else would have done more justice to the even then well-worn theme. I must go over much of the same ground as formerly. Suddenly, it occurred to me that the next "glorious twenty-fifth" (of January, 1859) would be the Centenary of the immortal Bard’s Birth. "Eureka!" I exclaimed to my inner self. I had at length fallen upon fresh material for the toast. Scotsman like, I resolved to keep my own counsel till later on in the day.

"When the excellent viands supplied by our worthy landlord had had full justice done them, and the usual loyal toasts excellently well disposed of by our genial chairman, I approached the "Memory" with greater ease and alacrity than I had done for many years past. My proposal, as then originally put forward, was to celebrate the approaching Centenary by meetings in every town throughout the kingdom, and by one on a national scale to be held on the same spot, and under similar arrangements as the Welcome to the sons of Burns, in 1844.

"Loud cheers greeted the plan so sketched out; Mr. James M’Kie of Kilmarnock, the Rev. Mr. Thomson, and other Ayrshire guests following up my suggestions with the heartiest of good will and encouragement.

"On the following day I called on my valued Wallace Monument Colleague, the late Mr. William Burns of Glasgow (author of ‘The War of Scottish Independence’) and told him what had taken place at the Brig o’ Doon the previous evening. As might have been expected of such a worthy Scot and fervent worshipper of the Bard, Mr Burns was overjoyed. He at once consented to become a member of the Provisional Committee which I had determined to at once organize. So as to begin operations immediately, we called on Sir Archibald Alison, Bart. (the ‘Historian of Europe’) then Sheriff of Lanarkshire, and Mr. Henry Glassford Bell, his deputy. Both gentlemen agreed to become members of the first committee, while Sir Archibald
consented to allow himself to be nominated as President of the General Committee."

Mr. Rae-Brown undertook the duties of Honorary Secretary, and arranged to convene a meeting within a week, and to lay before his colleagues the draft of a circular to be issued from Glasgow, as the headquarters of the movement. When issued, and sown broadcast over Great Britain, India, our Colonies and the United States, the Circular advising a Memorial Celebration of the Bard’s Centenary read as follows:—

119, St. Vincent Street,
Glasgow,
1858.

SIR,—In connection with the approaching National Celebration of Burns’ Centenary in Glasgow, the Committee suggest that a simultaneous celebration should take place, wherever Scotsmen are congregated, throughout the world.

Without starting invidious distinction between the merits or reputations of the two great Representative Authors of Scotland—each having been great in his own sphere, and both having acquired more than European fame—it may be asserted, without fear of contradiction, that the songs and the sayings of Burns are sung and cherished by countless thousands at home and abroad who know little of Scott save the name. In the People's great Heart of hearts—whether beating among the unlettered masses or the more favoured children of light—the words of the ploughman Bard find a congenial and a permanent abode; where they not only "breathe and burn" but stimulate to honest independence, love of liberty, and brotherly affection; in short, creating a worship of that beauty whose only standard is Truth.

There was a time when the name and fame of Robert Burns were traduced by sectarian bigots and blinded zealots. For years they hurled their vituperations on the—to them—"lewd and blasphemous works of Burns!" But those base detractors, sprung from a soil of rank hypocrisy, met with a signal and lasting defeat on the occasion of the ever-memorable Burns' festival of 1844, when Lord Eglinton, aided by that brave old man, Christopher North, and other friends of truth, utterly and for ever demolished the hollow fabric of fallacies which those self-blinded fanatics had erected. Since then all intelligent and well-informed minds must have felt that every civilised country—Scotland in particular—lies under a deep debt of gratitude to Burns for the unrivalled courage he displayed in fearlessly levelling his shafts of irony against the then dominant sway of Bigotry, Hypocrisy, and Intolerance.

To Scotsmen and Scotswomen everywhere—and to their posterity in the generations to come—this Centenary Celebration will, if
universal, prove not only a source of the greatest delight, but a lasting bond of union between the inhabitants of Caledonia and those of every country and clime who sincerely adopt as their creed—"A MAN’S A MAN FOR A’ THING!"

Earnestly soliciting your co-operation, and that of the members of your Association, I now leave the matter in your hands, and in those of your fellow members, and shall feel deeply obliged by hearing from you as soon as convenient.

Believe me, Sir, yours very sincerely,

C. RAE-BROWN.

Both Colonel William Nicol and Colonel James Glencairn Burns had, some years before promised the Dumfries people that, when next in Scotland during the "red letter" month of January, they would be present together at the local Anniversary Meeting. The elder gentleman (Colonel William Nicol Burns) had always been noted as a strict disciplinarian in India, and when the proposal was put before him and his brother to arrange that one of them, at least, should be the guest of the Committee who were organizing a National Demonstration in the Glasgow City Hall, he demurred at first, on the ground that this would be a “breaking of faith” with the Dumfries people. Ultimately, his scruples were overcome, and it was arranged that Colonel James Glencairn Burns, should be present at the Glasgow Festival, while the other went to Dumfries.

The space at our disposal will not admit of more than a brief resume of this great event.

In Edinburgh, some ten Centenary celebrations took place: the principal gathering being that which assembled in the Music Hall, under the genial auspices of Lord Admillan who, most effectively and impressively, dealt with the toast of the evening. His eloquent peroration, called forth cheer after cheer.

At the platform tables, in addition to the Members and Honorary Secretary of the Universal Centenary Celebration Committee, and many eminent citizens of Saint Mungo, there were seated, Colonel James Glencairn Burns; Mr. Robert Burns Begg, and Mr. Burns Begg, Jr.; Samuel Lover; Richard Monckton Milner, (Lord Houghton); Sir David Brewster; Judge Haliburton; Blanchard Jerrold; Peter Cunningham, (son of Allan Cunningham); Rev. Dr. Norman Macleod; Dr.
Charles Rogers; Henry Glassford Bell; John T. Rochead, Esq., (Architect, National Wallace Monument); Rev. Principal Barclay Monteith, of Carstairs; etc., etc.

Sir Archibald Alison, Bart., as Chairman of the great assemblage, took an early opportunity (before dealing with the usual loyal toasts) of informing all present that "The Immortal Memory of Burns" would be given with all the honours. "It was," he said, "customary to drink the health of deceased persons in solemn silence. But no such custom could apply to the toast of the evening—Burns never will be dead, his spirit is immortal, and, like his works, is present with us now: hence we shall give the toast with all the honours."

In proposing "The Army and Navy," Sir Archibald made a most graceful allusion to the sons of Burns, and called special attention to the presence of Colonel Glencairn Burns, with "the Burmese Medal on his breast"—an allusion which called forth enthusiastic and prolonged plaudits heartily joined in by the brilliant galaxy of ladies who lined the galleries, and fluttered quite a daring display of cambric over the heads of the sterner sex beneath. Towards the close of the brilliant oration with which the gifted historian of Europe proposed the "Immortal Memory," he said:—Ladies and Gentlemen, we are told that Burns was a Radical. I know he was, but there are Radicals and Radicals. I wish we had more of them such as he was. Most men of his ardent and poetic temperament are inclined to such opinions. It is well they are so: they would be outside of their mission if they were not. But if Burns was a Radical, he was not the less a Patriot. The poems on which his immortal fame rests secure are as stainless as the driven snow; and as such, they will for ever unite Britons and their children in every part of the world—a bond which will survive the maturity of our colonies and the severance of the Empire!"

When Colonel Burns rose to reply, the house rose en masse—the ladies actually leading the way. "While," the Colonel said, "I humbly thank my God that He has spared me to see this glorious day, a day on which countless thousands are paying homage, in almost every part of the earth, to the Genius of Scotia, I cannot but remember that my mother told the late Mr.
M'Dermid of Dumfries, that my father said to her, from his death-bed:—"Jean, a hundred years hence, they'll think mair o' me than they do now! As a leal and true Scot, and a warm admirer of the genius of the Bard, I have joined you in doing honour to his memory, as his son, permit me to return you my most sincere thanks."

Perhaps the most brilliant speech of the evening was that which fell from the lips of the gifted and ever genial Samuel Lover, the Burns of Ireland, Novelist, Painter, and Poet. Few men of the 19th century have shed more lustre over its literary history than the author of "Handy Andy" and the "Angels Whisper"—and not to mention "Rory O' More," would be a sad overlook. Bailie Houldsworth, in the course of the evening, paid a high compliment to the "Central National Festival Committee," coupling the toast with the name of Mr. Colin Rae-Brown, the Honorary Secretary; who, towards the close of his reply, said:—"My Committee, through me, venture to express the hope that this great movement and this Festival may be productive of more than this glorious oration to the memory of the mighty dead. We trust that, sooner or later, some great monumental structure, such as is shadowed forth in the principal tableaux before us, may yet grace the Metropolis of the West—a structure worthy of the Bard, of Glasgow, and of Scotland."

Some twenty more meetings were held in Glasgow on this occasion, all largely attended. A number of meetings were held in Ayr, and in Kilmarnock and Dumfries—Colonel William Nicol Burns, the Poet's eldest son being the "honoured guest" in the latter town.

To Messrs. Fullarton's Memorial Records of the Centenary, to be seen at most public libraries, we must refer our readers for the full details of the Celebrations.

The movement for the erection of a Burns Statue in Glasgow was suggested by an article in the Evening Citizen, of the 6th June, 1872, on the unveiling of the Graham Statue, when the hint was thrown out, "that so long as Burns, Thomas Campbell, and Adam Smith, are without suitable commeration in this city, it cannot be said that subjects are wanting worthy of illustration in bronze or marble." An immediate response
followed on the part of Mr. John Browne, a commercial traveller, who started a shilling subscription sheet, which was soon filled up, and on the following morning he waited upon the editor of the Citizen, who assented to take charge of any amounts which might be forwarded to him from warehouse, office, workshop or social circle. A committee was formed within a month, when an appeal was drawn up, and widely advertised; it was so successful that within twelve months, the fund amounted to £1680. The cost of the finished memorial was fixed at £2000, and Mr. George Edwin Ewing, a prominent local Sculptor, was invited to submit a design model, which, having been approved of, he was commissioned to execute in bronze. The Statue was successfully cast at Ditton-on-Thames, in October, 1876, in presence of the Sculptor, and a numerous company—the head was cast separately. The Poet is represented standing musing in a contemplative mood over the daisy which he holds in his left hand—

"Wee, modest, crimson tipped flow'r,"
a Kilmarnock bonnet being held loosely in his right hand. His dress is that of the farmer of the period—loosely hanging coat, long open vest, knee-breeches, rig-and-fur-stockings, and buckled "shoon." The Statue is nine feet high, and is placed on a pedestal of gray granite, twelve feet high, designed by the Artist. A grand demonstration took place at the unveiling of the Statue on Thursday, 25th January, 1877.

It was estimated that not less than 30,000 persons took part in the various processions, and subsequent proceedings. The ceremony was presided over by Lord Houghton, who addressed the multitude of spectators, and Bailie Wilson, as chairman of the Burns Monument Committee, formally handed over the Statue to the Lord Provost and Town Council of the City of Glasgow.

For particulars regarding the Kilmarnock Monument and Statue, which falls to be described here, the reader is referred to Mr. D. M'Naught's articles, in the present volume, on Kilmarnock and the local Burns Club.

The City of New York was the first American City to distinguish itself and honour Robert Burns by erecting a Monument to his memory. Since then the City of Albany,
has conferred a similar honour on Scotia's darling Poet, and San Francisco, Chicago, and Providence, are busy organising a movement for a like purpose.

On the 15th August, 1881, the foundation stone was laid of a Statue to Sir Walter Scott, in the Central Park, New York, presented to the City by the resident Scotsmen. The suggestion was then made that he should not remain solitary on his pedestal, but that he ought to have the genial society of Scotland's great Poet, Robert Burns. A commission was given to the same Sculptor, Sir John Steell, R.S.A., for a bronze Statue at a cost of two thousand guineas. It is erected opposite the Scott Statue. The reader is referred to our description of the Dundee Statue. On the front of the pedestal in golden letters is inscribed—ROBERT BURNS—on the reverse side—Presented to the City of New York, by admirers of Scotia's Peasant Bard, on the 121st anniversary of his birth. The ceremony of unveiling the Statue took place on Saturday, 2nd October, 1880, Mr. John Paton, chairman of the Burns Monument Committee, made the formal presentation of the Statue to the City. The Mayor accepted the Statue on behalf of the City amid loud cheering, the Bands playing, There was a lad was born in Kyle. The oration was given by George William Curtis, and was an impassioned, enthusiastic address. At its close the newspaper reports add, "few Scottish eyes were free from tears." The ceremony concluded by the vast multitude singing, Auld Langsyne.

A preliminary meeting to organise a movement for the erection of a Burns Statue in Dundee, took place on Tuesday, 30th January, 1877, when a committee was appointed, and within a few months the subscription list amounted to £100. The estimated cost, with the site and basement, was about £1600. Permission having been obtained from New York, to allow Sir John Steell, R.S.A., to give a replica of the Burns Statue, already described, at the reduced price of one thousand guineas, being exactly one half of the price agreed upon for the American contract. The Statue is in bronze, and represents the Poet in a sitting posture; the figure is colossal, about 12 feet in height. The Sculptor represents Burns as in the act of composing that exquisite address, To Mary in Heaven. The Poet appears seated on the stump of an elm, the head is raised and
looks to the right, the upturned face is supposed to be directed
to the evening star; the hand holds a pen, intended to suggest
that the Poet is engaged in composition. The costume of the
Nasmyth Portrait has been followed, with the addition of a
plaid, over the left shoulder, which serves also for effective
drapery in the back view. On the ground near the Poet’s feet
is a roll of manuscript, to which he is supposed to be com­
mittting his immortal verses. The pedestal, which weighs about
twenty tons, was designed by the Sculptor; is of polished
Peterhead Granite, and cost £250. It is 6½ feet high, and
6 feet in breadth, and to support it and the Statue a solid
foundation of masonry has been brought up from a depth of
twenty-two feet. The pedestal was erected on the 29th August,
1879, and the grand ceremony of unveiling the Statue took
place on Saturday, 16th October, 1880, the address on the
occasion being delivered by Frank Henderson, Esq., M.P. for
the Burgh, in presence of an immense concourse of spectators
— one of the greatest demonstrations ever held in Dundee.

The Queen of the South Burns Club, Dumfries, first issued
subscription lists in furtherance of a proposal to erect a Statue
of the Bard. The Tam o’ Shanter Club, at their quarterly
meeting, 5th April, 1877, resolved to raise funds for the same
object. This was followed on the 9th April, at a meeting of the
Town Council—Provost Smith in the chair—by Mr. Hamilton
proposing the following resolution:—“That the Council recog­
nise the desirability of having a Statue erected to the memory
of Robert Burns, and resolve to appoint a committee to promote
that object, by taking the initiative in a public movement and
inviting and receiving subscriptions towards the same.” The
proposal was unanimously agreed to that the whole Council
should form a committee thus occupying a proper position in
carrying out to a successful issue the desire to do honour to the
memory of her illustrious Citizen.

The design selected is by the distinguished Artist Mrs. D. O.
Hill, of Newington Lodge, Edinburgh, and cost about £3000.
It was found necessary to modify the original design in
Bronze, with four figures on pedestals at each corner, to one
Central Statue in marble of the Poet. He is represented resting
against the trunk of a tree, in a half-sitting, half-standing posture.
His dress is that of a Cottar of the period in which he lived, with tailed-coat, having large lapels, long waistcoat, knee-breeches, and shoes; while a plaid falls in easy folds round his body. Luath his dog, rests its head against the Poet's feet, other accessories as the daisy and mouse, indicate that love and sympathy which formed a characteristic element in his nature. A shepherd's horn lies on the turf suggesting the great share which Burns had in preserving Scottish airs by marrying them to worthy songs. The ceremony of unveiling the Statue took place on 6th April, 1882.

A bronze Statue of the Poet Burns was unveiled in London, in the summer of 1884. The Statue was presented to the metropolis, by Mr. John Gordon Crawford, a retired Glasgow merchant, long resident in London, whose generosity has afforded the most lively satisfaction to the Scottish community in the south. The Statue has been given a prominent place in the beautiful gardens in the vicinity of Cleopatra's Needle on the Thames Embankment. It is the work of Sir John Steell, R.S.A., Her Majesty's Sculptor for Scotland, and is partly a replica of the New York and Dundee Statues, executed by the same artist. There are, however, considerable points of difference between the London Statue and the two others just mentioned, especially in the pose of the head. The Statue rests on a pedestal of Peterhead granite, placed on a base of grey granite. On the pedestal, in gilt letters, are the words—

ROBERT BURNS, 1759-1796.

and an extract from the well-known dedication to the first Edinburgh edition of his poems to the Noblemen and Gentlemen of the Caledonian Hunt, viz:—

"The Poetic Genuis of my country found me at the plough and threw her inspiring mantle over me—as the prophetic bard Elijah did Elisha. She bade me sing the loves, the joys, the rural scenes and rural pleasures of my natal soil, in my native tongue, I tuned my wild, artless notes, as she inspired."

The ceremony of unveiling the statue was performed by the Earl of Rosebery, in presence of a large gathering of ladies and gentlemen.

Minute of Preliminary Meeting held in London, February, 1885.—It was resolved that a Federation of the members of Burns clubs and
societies throughout the world be formed, to be called the "Burns Federation"; its motto shall be, "A man's a man for a' that." The object of the Federation shall be to strengthen and consolidate the bond of union and fellowship presently existing amongst the members of Burns' clubs by their universal affiliation. That the members of every Burns' club, registered as belonging to the Federation, shall be granted a diploma admitting them to meetings of clubs connected with the Federation. That the members so admitted shall be subject to and must conform to the rules of the club visited, and shall have no voice in the management of its business. That the entrance fee for each club be one guinea, and for each member's diploma one shilling. That the funds of the Federation be vested in the Executive Council for the purpose of acquiring and preserving holograph manuscripts and other interesting relics connected with the life and works of the poet, and in such other manner as the Council may determine. That the headquarters of the Federation be at Kilmarnock, where the first edition of Burns' Works was printed and published. That an Honorary Council be elected comprising all the presidents of affiliated clubs, and other gentlemen nominated by the executive Council. That an Executive Council be formed, consisting of the presidents and vice-presidents of the leading Burns Clubs in the United Kingdom with power to add to their number. That in view of the approaching centenary of the publication of the first edition of Burns' Works in 1886, and the proposed public demonstration at Kilmarnock on that occasion, the Executive Council, when constituted, shall meet at an early date to amend or add to the foregoing resolutions, so that circulars may be printed and despatched to all the known Burns' Clubs throughout the world.

The circular issued by the Federation, to Burns Clubs and Scottish Societies, is reprinted at the beginning of the Directory in the present volume.

On Saturday, the 7th March, 1885, the Bust of Burns in the Poet's corner, Westminster Abbey, was unveiled by the Earl of Rosebery in presence of a large and distinguished gathering. The bust, which is by Sir John Steell, R.S.A., is erected on a corbel, ornamented in harmony with the style of the surrounding portions of the building. It stands about 15 feet from the Abbey floor, and about 3 feet to the right of the bust of Shakespeare. On the left of the great dramatist is the memorial of another eminent Scottish poet, James Thomson, the author of "The Seasons." The sculptor has largely adhered to the leading features of the Nasmyth portrait of Burns, modified by information from other sources.

Among the many objects of interest with which the city of Albany abounds, and in which its inhabitants take pardonable
pride, is the Burns Statue in Washington Park which was unveiled September 30th, 1888, but not completed in all its features till the insertion in the pedestal of four tablets on the 20th of April, 1891.

There never would have been such a statue in the city of Albany had it not been for two persons:—Mary M'Pherson, and Peter Kinnear, one as eccentric an old maid as ever put her hair in curl-papers, the other as practical a business man as ever was successful in individual enterprise.

Week after week, month after month, and year after year, Mr. Kinnear laboured and bore with Mary's peculiarities. Sunday after Sunday he and his aged friend, John Dingwall, would go up to Mary's house and talk of Robert Burns and of Scotland, and the honour that would come to the M'Pherson family through the proposed legacy to the city of Albany, which the crotchety old lady the one day willed and the next day annulled. When the will was drafted it did not suit, and the work had to be gone over ten or a dozen times, with each time the danger that the monument scheme would be abandoned by the erratic old lady.

It is difficult to know what motive at last induced her to make her final determination. Under her faded exterior there undoubtedly glowed a true love for Scotland. Possibly there was also a touch of the desire for posthumous fame.

And so, at last, poor Mary died, on the 6th February, 1886, leaving the bulk of her fortune, 40,000 dollars, to be devoted to the erection of such a monument to Robert Burns as should be worthy of the man, an ornament to the park, and an honour to the land of Mary's birth.

The Sculptor selected was Mr. Charles Calverley, and the Statue is said to be a beautiful work of art. The Poet is represented in a sitting posture with his Kilmarnock bonnet in his left hand, and holding a book in his right hand which rests on his knee. Together with the four panels which adorn the pedestal, and which are very beautiful in themselves, the Albany Statue is a handsome memorial in honour of Burns.

On Thursday, 8th July, 1891, the town of Ayr, fulfilled a
long neglected duty. While other cities at home and abroad had done themselves the honour of erecting statues of the Scottish National Poet, the place which may almost be said to have given him birth had lagged behind in discharging this obvious obligation to the man whose genius has made it famous throughout the world. The causes of delay need not now be inquired into. No doubt they were sufficient in their day. Our present purpose is the agreeable one of recording that they have at last been overcome, and that as a recompense, so to speak, for former apathy, the people of the “auld toon” have rivalled others in the grandeur as a work of art of the memorial they have now set up of the ploughman bard. The project had been in progress for something like five years. About that time the idea suggested itself to the Ayr Burns Club that something more substantial might be done to perpetuate the memory of the Poet than the celebration—an excellent practice in itself—of the anniversary of his birthday. Once started the movement was not allowed to flag. In the course of three years the committee specially charged with the work found themselves in possession of sufficient funds to warrant them in taking the final steps towards the realisation of their purpose; Scotsmen in all parts of the world generously coming to their aid with subscriptions. Twelve Scottish sculptors were invited to submit models for the statue, and, these having been obtained, the committee, who had the valuable guidance of Mr. Hume Thorneycroft, R.A., in making their selection, unanimously chose the design sent in by Mr. G. A. Lawson, H.R.S.A., London. Mr. Lawson occupies a leading place among the artistic group in the Metropolis who have come to be known as the Scottish contingent. Connoisseurs who had had opportunities of seeing it while it was yet in the studio pronounced it one of the best representation of Burns that has yet been produced in the form of a statue. The difficult task which Mr. Lawson evidently set before himself was not so much to produce a figure in which the Poet would be conspicuous, as one which would convey a striking portraiture of the man in his habit as he lived—that is to say, he sought not merely to give a facial likeness of Burns, but to present him also as the simple, manly, independent yeoman of his time. How admirably Mr. Lawson has wrought out his idea can only be gathered from an examination of the statue itself.
A meeting of the Executive Council of the Burns Federation was convened on Friday, 4th September, 1891. Ex-Provost Sturrock, late M.P. for the Kilmarnock Burghs, presided.

The annual report was read and approved of.

Mr Colin Rae-Brown moved that the Burns Federation should issue a yearly Burns Chronicle, the first number of which to appear in January next, the Volume to be sold at One Shilling, net, and to contain:

1st. Summary of the measures taken after the Bard's death to secure a provision for his family.
2nd. Summary of the proceedings which led to the erection of Monument at Brig o' Doon.
3rd. Summary of the proceedings at the 1844 welcome to the Sons of Burns.
4th. Summary of the initiatory and other proceedings of the Universal Centenary Celebrations in 1859.
5th. An account of the organisation of the Burns Federation instituted in 1885.
6th. An account of the proceedings at Kilmarnock at Centenary Celebration of First Edition of the Poem.
7th. Descriptive List of all Monuments erected to the Memory of Burns.
8th. A Directory of Burns Clubs (as complete as possible).

Ex Provost Sturrock seconded Mr Rae-Brown's proposal, which was carried unanimously.

On the motion of Mr D. Sneddon, it was agreed that Mr John Muir, Glasgow, be appointed acting editor of the proposed Chronicle.

It was unanimously agreed that the first Chronicle should be issued in an octavo magazine form, of such dimensions as the Editor may determine, full power being left to the Editor to introduce any original literary matter or correspondence which may be considered worthy of publication.

Letters from Professor Blackie, Dr J. Hedderwick, Ex-Preceptor Wilson, Glasgow; Rev. D. Macrae, Dundee; Mr A. Guthrie, Ardrossan; and others, highly approving of the proposed serial, were read by the secretary.

To the foregoing, which is only meant as a very brief summary of the posthumous history of Burns, we have to add that Mr. Rae-Brown wrote the description of the Centenary Celebrations. For the rest of the narrative the Editor is responsible.
The fac-simile on the following, opposite and succeeding pages is from a Jotting-Book, kept by William Burnes, the father of the Poet. The two entries by Robert, then a boy of thirteen, under date "12 June," and "1 July, 1772," form the earliest known specimens of Burns' handwriting; and, as such, they will be viewed with deep interest, by all students and admirers of our Immortal Bard.

The precious document is now in the possession of Mr. Robert Burns-Begg, Sheriff-Clerk of Kinross-shire, the grandnephew of Burns. He very courteously entrusted it to the Editor, who takes this opportunity of thanking him for his kind consideration.

Regarding the manuscript, Mr. Burns-Begg sends us the following interesting particulars:

"The greater part of the book consists of jottings kept by William Burnes, of the various occasions on which he employed his blacksmith, Samuel Bell. I do not know his reason for keeping the jottings so carefully. He may have been doubtful of Samuel's accuracy; or, possibly, Samuel himself may have asked the old man to save him the trouble of keeping a regular account:—at all events, here it is. I think there must have been various other entries in Burns' handwriting, for every here and there, part of a page is cut out carefully. I know that my grandmother, [Isobel Burns Begg, whose Memoir, by her grandson, is noticed in our Reviews], among whose most cherished treasures I found the jotting-book, was incessantly applied to for scraps of her brother's handwriting, and the portions cut out may have been given by her in response to some such appeals.

In 1772, Burns would be in his 13th year, and his writing is just like that of a boy at that age: and yet it shews many of the striking and bold characteristics of the Poet's handwriting in his more mature years."
In connection with this early Burns MS., we may reproduce here, two letters of the Poet's not to be found in any edition of his works.

MAUCHLINE, OCTOBER, 18th, 1783.

SIR,—As you are pleased to give us the offer of a private bargain of your cows you intend for sale, my brother and I this day took a look of them, and a friend with us, on whose judgement we could something depend, to enable us to form an estimate. If you are still intending to let us have them in that way, please appoint a day that we may wait on you, and either agree amongst ourselves or else fix on men to whom we may refer it, tho' I hope we will not need any reference.—I am, Sir, Your humble servant, ROBERT BURNESS.

P.S.—Whatever of your dairy utensils you intend to dispose of we will probably purchase. R. B.

(RS. in the Burns Museum, Kilmarnock.)

Robert Burns to Alex. Blair, Esquire, Catrine House, Catrine.

MAUCHLINE, 3RD APRIL, 1788.

SIR,—I returned here yesterday, and received your letter, for which I return you my heartiest and warmest thanks. I am afraid I cannot at this moment accede to your request, as I am much harrassed with the care and anxiety of farming business, which at present is not propitious to poetry; but if I have an opportunity you shall learn of my progress in a few weeks.

I cannot but feel gratitude to you for the kindly manner by which you have shewn your interest in my endeavours; and I remain, Your obedient servant, ROBERT BURNS.

(MS. is the possession of Mr. Lyle, Sanquhar.)
July 10 one removed
12 one removed
19 2 new shoes 2 removed
8 3 new shoes 3 removed
Aug 12 2 new shoes 3 removed
23 one removed
Oct 8 new shoes 11 removed
26 12 coultes and 12 hoods
Nov 12 one new shoe
27 1 new shoe removed
Dec 9 to one removed
20 to 3 removed

1774 to be removed
1774 to be removed
To Virginia
To Virginia
To Virginia
The Influence of Robert Burns on American Literature

BY

WALLACE BRUCE, United States Consul, Edinburgh.

HERE are many sides to the subject which has been suggested as an acceptable topic for consideration in the first number of The Burns Chronicle. Only a few phases can be glanced at in the limits assigned. The influence of any great writer may be seen: first, in the form of literary expression, or what is generally known as style. Second, in the more vital and permanent power of the truth presented. The influence of the first is generally more immediate; and, like fashion-plates, more readily observed. The style of Johnson and Pope, of Carlyle and Macaulay, can be easily traced among their respective followers, admirers and disciples, on both sides of the Atlantic. The outward form of each writer lives its little day to give way in its turn to newer forms of expression. It becomes difficult therefore to estimate by deduction the exact power of force of any writer in imposing his own distinctive style on a living and ever-developing literature.

It is also difficult to deal scientifically and philosophically by the adoption of the inductive method, for the field is too wide to gather up facts, which are not subject to contradiction or criticism, and it is manifestly impossible to put one's finger upon any form of literature and say that its manifold threads are from any one loom.

Laying aside the didactic pentameter which has had its day, it might however be premised that since the days of Chaucer and Spencer, two schools of poetry have been struggling for mastery. On the one hand we have the honest Ballad and Lyric, direct and incisive; on the other the euphuistic and mystical, word-woven and complicated; the first more especially Saxon, Gaelic and Scandinavian in origin, dealing with things; the second deriving its power largely from French, German and
Italian sources. Perhaps in the direct line of succession from Spencer, Keats might be taken as the best expression of the latter school; Burns, drawing his inspiration from the old fashioned Ballad and Lyric, might be regarded as the best embodiment of the natural school.

It is right here where the power of Burns is especially manifest in the development of American literature. The artistic element of Keats appealing forcibly to the sense, and the graceful lines of his disciples, especially acceptable to some of our best artistic magazines, and perfect to the canon of art, swoon and die in languid delight; while Burns and what we might call the school of every-day poets, looking less to the form than the matter, find higher satisfaction for themselves and the general public in natural and song-like rhythm, equally adapted for narration or the deepest passion. It abides in our memory by its consonance and melody, becomes a part of our being, while the artificial and the borrowed pass away to be forgotten. We recall with delight the early ballads of Browning. They have the true ring and are as honest as John Gilpin; but the best lovers of the later Browning are compelled to sit with book in hand and scan with care when they are lost in the sublime aesthetics of his mysticism and introversions. Coleridge, Tennyson and Wordsworth, the greatest of later English poets never forget, even in their highest philosophy, the refrain and melodious recurrence of natural song. At least where this element is retained they speak with power, where it is omitted, they unite with abated vigour.

Take a simple test: Read to any child of ten or twelve years, or any class of scholars from ten to twenty years of age, or to grown up people, a poem from Percy's Reliques every day for a week and for the same space an equal number of lines from the school of Keats and Browning, and it will be found that the old-fashioned lines of "Chevy Chase" and "Robin Hood" and the "Nut-Browne Mayd" will be retained in memory, while the other has passed away with the reading. Burns, Coleridge, Tennyson and Wordsworth, become therefore the leaders of natural verse which abides readily in the memory, and their influence is distinctly traceable in the growth of American literature. In the directness and sweetness of Longfellow, of Whittier, of Holmes, of Bryant, and Lowell, the five poets, par
excellence, of America we note that the natural school of verse has triumphed over the mystic, the foreign and the supra-artistic.

This being so, it is a notable fact that Longfellow, Whittier, Lowell and Holmes, have all testified to their admiration and affection for the Scottish Poet. Each acknowledges for himself the mastership of Burns. His influence is traceable in their lines. Through their souls streams the bright flame of his wide charity and brotherhood. The form of the Ballad and Lyric are secure and the more secure for his leadership as against the school of mysticism and inversion.

Burns has been listened to eagerly in America because, perhaps, more than any other British writer he seemed to understand the spirit of her institutions. He seemed to know intuitively that American liberty was born and reared at Christian firesides. Early New England had much in common with the Scotch mode of thinking and aspiration. The Cotter's Saturday Night and Whittier's Snow Bound, show close relation in thought and feeling.

Burns saw that the American Republic in its noblest conception was the highest expression of the great truths of Christ's Gospel. Not a Utopia, not unrestrained license, but a realization of the lofty utterance that "he is a freeman whom the truth makes free." As a Scotch peasant Burns saw this. His clay built shieling, and the studious household which it sheltered, would not have been lonesome among the hills of New England. His sympathy was with freedom everywhere. "God bless the cause of liberty everywhere as he did that day" was the noble sentence affixed to his immortral song of Bannockburn. There was nothing insular in his devotion. His Lines to Washington and "A man's a man for a' that" were caught up by a nation of toilers, subduing with sturdy arms and stout hearts the great forests and virgin soil of productive valleys. He helped the land to appreciate its own manhood. He proclaimed as it had never been proclaimed before, the earl hemp of personal independence, and taught us that the hodden-grey element of Scottish and Saxon literature was worth more than the euphuisms and Lillyisms of sickly refinement.

His songs moreover, of love and hope, filled a great want in our literary life. Simplicity, and sincerity went hand in hand
through all his utterances, with a just, and true reverence. His 
influence went also deeper than mere literary or social questions. 
He moulded the religious thought of the people. As in Scotland, 
so in America, this was the great mission of Burns, which can 
only be briefly referred to in the compass of this article. When 
Henry Ward Beecher gave his powerful address in New York, 
at the Centenary of Burns, the Christian world was ready for 
the sentiment, that the great orator so eloquently espoused. 
There are people here and there, who cannot separate the life 
of a man from his teaching, who forget that only one, through­
out the world's history, came free from human infirmities. Such 
critics do not willingly see the great work of Burns, in laying 
bare, cant and hypocrisy, in disposing of pagan ideas, which are 
of no credit to a christian civilization; in showing that there is 
an eternal good, and an eternal evil; that goodness is altogether 
lovely, and vice and wickedness altogether hideous. Here is 
the great power of Burns in America, and, after Mr. Beecher 
finished his address, the critic looked dejected and has not 
dared to show “his phiz mong better folks.” He was relegated 
to his proper sphere, “close under hatches.” The world then 
saw in its fulness that Burns was a living preacher to the best 
teachers of living thought.

As the great and good poet Whittier once wrote to me: “I 
have never heard him estimated too highly as a poet, and I do 
not see how he can be.” I once heard Dr. M’Cosh tell a knot 
of preachers, that, as a teacher of christian truth, Burns was 
greater than either Milton or Wordsworth; more than that said 
the learned Doctor, the man who wrote “A man’s a Man for 
a’ that” within six months of his death, and kept the excise 
books of his district without blot, or mistake, was not very far 
gone as a man either. In honesty, simplicity and vigour, Burns 
has exerted great influence on American thought and literary 
expression. Its best acknowledgement will be the awakening, 
of thought and criticism in this direction.
"BONNIE JEAN,"  
A MEMOIR.  
By RO. BURNS-BEGG.

"REAT MEN taken up in any way," says Carlyle, in his "Hero Worship," are profitable company—We cannot look, however imperfectly, upon a great man without gaining something by him," and probably this truism is never better exemplified than when we contemplate a man of genius, not in the glare of the foot-lights, but in the more varying and penetrating side-lights emanating from his own domestic hearth. It is not therefore to be altogether regretted that we do not content ourselves with merely drinking in the stately rounded period or the finely flowing melodious utterance, but desire and desire too in a spirit that will not be gainsaid, a more realistic revelation of the fellow mortal who has diffused so much witchery around us.

In no instance has this desire become so general and insatiable as in relation to our National Poet, Robert Burns. The thoughts and sentiments he breathed, alike in his prose and in his poetry, are so vigorous, and heart stirring, that the reader, in his admiration of the Poet feels an irresistible longing to know all that can possibly be known of the Man; and this longing nothing will satisfy but actual contact with the details of his every day life and the most penetrating scrutiny into the inmost recesses of his nature and character. Such a scrutiny must be a trying ordeal in any case, and when applied to a nature, so very exceptional as Burns', it must necessarily reveal much that his worshippers would fain consign to oblivion. And yet, the test only brings out in clearer and sharper lines, the finest features of his character—his unvarying consistency, his thorough integrity of heart, and his fearless honesty of purpose.

In the midst of the wide spread and ever increasing interest in every thing relating to Burns, it is marvellous that so little
account comparatively has been taken of the details of the life of his faithful and devoted wife, Jean Armour. Brief incidental allusions to her are to be found scattered over the pages of the biographies of her husband during the later years of his life, but no attempt has ever yet been made to gather these together in separate consecutive form so as to furnish us with a distinct delineation of her individuality. Her close and tender association with Burns during the last twelve years of his existence, and her influence over him at all times for good, makes her an indispensable feature in the contemplation of the Poet's career, while her own many admirable traits of character and disposition render her second only to Burns himself in fascinating interest. The want of such a delineation we now propose, in some measure, to supply by devoting a few pages of this, the first issue of The Annual Burns Chronicle, to a brief, simple memoir of Burns' "Bonnie Jean."

Jean Armour was born in February, 1767, at Mauchline, Ayrshire, where her father James Armour was a respectable master-mason or contractor, in good employment and enjoying the confidence and esteem of the district in which he was located. He appears to have been exemplary in his life but like many worthy men, he was somewhat rigid and austere in his disposition and belonged to the stricter sect of religionists called the "Auld Lichts." Mrs. Armour seems to have been an affectionate and devoted wife and mother, but her mental bias differed from that of her husband, and appears to have partaken somewhat of the gay and frivolous. They had a family of eleven children, whom they reared and maintained creditably and comfortably: for Mr. Armour, in addition to the income derived from his trade, was proprietor of house property of some value in the village. His daughter, Jean, was a bright sprightly and affectionate girl, and she was naturally adored by her parents—her father especially being intensely proud of her. On her part, she seems to have had a deep regard and veneration for her father, as is evidenced by the fact that she, at the most trying crisis of a young girl's life, was ready at his command to sacrifice the dearest and tenderest aspirations of her nature.

Her childhood was spent at Mauchline amid the usual associations surrounding Scottish village life, and when Burns, (then in his 26th year) along with his widowed mother and his
brothers and sisters, came to reside at Mossgiel, within a mile from Mauchline, she had barely emerged from her "teens." From the description of her handed down to us by those who knew her at this interesting period of her life, we gather that she was a remarkably sweet and attractive brunette of a bright affectionate nature, gifted with an attractive smiling face, lighted up by a pair of very bewitching dark eyes. Her person was well formed and firmly knit and her movements were at all times graceful and easy. In manner she was frank and unaffected and she was kindly and winning in her disposition.

Her first meeting with Burns did not occur until sometime after the Burns family settled at Mossgiel, in March, 1784. The meeting was a casual one, at a rustic dance in Mauchline on the evening of the village races. On that occasion she does not appear to have had any direct intercourse with her future husband, but she seems to have treasured up in her heart an observation which she overheard him making in his usual frank jocular style. During one of the dances, some confusion and merriment was occasioned by Burns' collie persisting in tracking its master's footsteps, and on Burns' attention being drawn to his intrusive follower, he said: "I wish I could find a lassie as fond of me as my dog." Very shortly after the evening of the dance, Jean was one day engaged bleaching linen on the village green of Mauchline, when Burns passed accompanied as usual by his faithful collie. The dog in its frisky frolics intruded itself among the cloth Jean was spreading on the grass, and she besought Burns to recall the animal to his side. Having complied with her request, Burns naturally lingered to exchange observations with her, and her first remark—"have you found any lassie yet to love ye as well as yer dog"—accompanied, as it no doubt was, by a fascinating archness of expression, must have gone straight to the Poet's highly impressionable heart. With two such natures an acquaintanceship thus begun on a key-note so suggestive, could lead to only one result—an immediate attraction to each other, by the tenderest and most overpowering predilection which sways the human heart.

Opportunities for the lovers meeting were not infrequent, for Burns' favourite "howff" during his leisure hours, was the Whiteford Arms—an Inn so closely adjoining the Armours' house, that confidences could easily be inter-changed at pleasure from
one of the back windows of the Inn, which looked into one of the windows of Jean’s house behind. A close and tender intimacy thus became established, and it was maintained for upwards of a year, by meetings as frequent as Burns’ occupation on his farm rendered possible. Unfortunately, these interviews had to be conducted with the utmost secrecy, for both lovers well knew that old Mr. Armour’s bitterest prejudices would be opposed to the idea of Burns as his son-in-law. This intercourse naturally led to Burns becoming attached to Jean, by a love as ardent, permanent and sincere, as even, his deep emotional nature was capable of feeling. We find this passion, in its earliest stages, finding expression in such versicles as *The Mauchline Belles* and *The Mauchline Lady,* until it gradually acquires a deeper and more earnest tone, and culminates at length in the fervid impassioned appeal on Jean’s behalf, introduced into the admirable epistle to David Sillar:

“O, all ye Pow’rs who rule above!
O Thou whose very self art love!
Thou know’st my word sincere
The life blood streaming thro’ my heart,
Or my more dear Immortal part
Is not more fondly dear!
When heart corroding care and grief
Deprive my soul of rest,
Her dear idea brings relief,
And solace to my breast.
Thou being all-seeing,
O hear my fervent pray’r!
Still take her, and make her,
Thy most peculiar care!”

Was ever weak woman thus wo’ed—and who can wonder if the simple hearted village maiden, in all the loving trust of her affectionate and confiding nature, blindly surrendered herself to a lover so impassioned, and who could woe so effectively?

“Who made the heart, ‘tis He alone
Decidedly can try us,
He knows each chord its varying tone,
Each spring its various bias:
Then at the balance let’s be mute,
We never can adjust it;
What’s done we partly may compute.
But know not what’s resisted.”

At length the time arrived when concealment of their tender intercourse was no longer possible, and in the spring of 1786, Burns and Jean signed a formal acknowledgement of marriage,
and thus become legally although informally, husband and wife. This declaration was signed openly and was entrusted to the custody of Mr. Robert Aitken, Writer, Ayr, a mutual friend both of Burns and of the Armours. The biographers of the Poet, following Lockhart, look upon this natural proceeding on Burns' part as an act of mere justice and necessity, rather than as a purely voluntary one. It is difficult to see why it should be so regarded. His affection for Jean was deep, permanent and sincere, and in every way it differed widely from the erratic and ephemeral attachments he was so prone to form. From the earliest period of their acquaintance he seems to have been drawn towards her by a strong community of feeling, and it is clear that from the first, he appropriated her as peculiarly "his own" in the tenderest sense of the phrase. The hopes which he centered in her were not the mere ardent aspirations of the moment, but a fond and persistent clinging to the happy prospect of life-long and loving companionship with her in the placid haven of domestic life. She was undoubtedly his beau ideal of a wife, suited in every sense to his nature and disposition and eminently fitted in a practical way, for the line of life he had adopted at the time their intimacy began. In a letter which he sometime afterwards wrote to Mrs. Dunlop of Dunlop, he thus expresses his estimate of Jean's suitability as a wife:—"The most placid good nature and sweetness of disposition, a warm heart gratefully devoted with all its powers to love me, vigorous health, and sprightly cheerfulness, set off to the best advantage by a more than common handsome figure—these I think in a woman may make a good wife though she should not have read a page but the Scriptures of the Old and New Testament, nor have danced in a brighter assembly than a penny pay wedding."

In the early stages of their intimacy no immediate views of marriage could be entertained by either of them, and at the best their union must have been a remote, although not the less, a very real, as well as a very happy, prospect. His family had then newly entered on their tenancy of Mossgiel farm with their means sorely crippled by recent losses at Lochlea, and as month after month sped over the heads of the happy lovers, drawing the tender tie between them still closer and closer, their prospect of marriage became more and more remote. Mossgiel
had failed to yield the return anticipated and by the time the declaration of marriage was signed, Burns had actually formed the resolution to leave his native land and seek for better fortune in Jamaica, and it was fondly hoped that the private marriage would be regarded not only in the light of a reparation to the Armours, for the distress entailed upon them, but that it might also secure for Jean the shelter of her father's roof until Burns had provided for her a home in the country of his adoption.

In their plans thus anxiously and lovingly laid, the unfortunate pair failed to take into account the unyielding prejudice of old Mr. Armour. The intelligence of his daughter's unfortunate condition was to him a terrible humiliation, and he is said to have swooned away under the blow, and far from the attempted reparation lessening his displeasure it only intensified his opposition to such an extent, that rather than entertain the prospect of Burns ever claiming his daughter as his wife, he induced Mr. Aitken, the custodier of the declaration of marriage, to cancel the signatures attached to that document. There is no doubt, that Jean, in her utter wretchedness, was induced by filial love and obedience, to acquiesce in her parent's harsh and unjust proceeding and she was at once sent off to Paisley, to live with her uncle there, so as to be beyond the reach of Burns' seductive influence. The misery she must have endured during her temporary retirement at Paisley, no one can ever estimate. Severed from him she had loved and still loved so fondly and blindly, and severed too by a harshness and injustice to which she had actually although unwillingly been a party—discarded in a sense by the parents she revered so highly, and intruded into the house of relatives, who, at the best, must have regarded her presence among them in the light of a painful necessity—her thoughts must have been little calculated to impart either comfort or hopefulness to the prospect that lay before her.

To Burns, too, the rupture must have brought an intolerable load of misery. He was naturally deeply incensed at the treatment he had experienced at the hands of Jean's parents, and he was cut to the heart at Jean's "perfidy," as he styled it, in allowing herself to be induced to repudiate her obligations as his wife. He thus expresses his feelings on this painful occasion
in a letter to his friend, John Ballantyne, Ayr, “would you believe it though I had not a hope nor a wish to make her mine after her conduct, yet when he [Aitken], told me the names were cut out of the paper, my heart died within me—he cut my veins with the news.” This certainly is not the language of a man who has been released from an unkindly and lifelong bond, in which he had involuntarily entangled himself from a mere sense of justice.

It is true, that in some of his more rollocking letters to his boon companions and more intimate associates, he attempts in a spirit of bravado to make light of the calamity which had befallen him, but the attempt is a poor one at the best, and every now and then expressions escape him which disclose only too painfully the utter desolation of heart which Jean’s unlooked for desertion had entailed upon him. No student of Burns’ life and character would dream of taking him au sérieux in letters of the nature referred to, but would rather prefer to gather his real sentiments from the language he employs in addressing his more staid and serious correspondents, such as Dr. Moore is, whom in the summer recess of 1787, he thus writes:—“It was a shocking affair which I cannot yet bear to recollect and it had very nearly given me one or two of the principal qualifications for a place among those who have lost the chart and mistaken the reckoning of rationality.” In writing also to Mr. Arnot, of Dalquhatswood, about the same period, he says, “How I bore this, can only be conceived, all powers of recital labour far far behind. There is a pretty large portion of bedlam in the composition of a poet at any time, but on this occasion I was nine parts and nine tenths out of ten stark staring mad.”

His allusions to this painful theme in his poetic effusions of this period are also couched in a fervour and sincerity of expression which leaves no doubt of the depth and permanency of his unhappiness. We find pointed and pathetic suggestions of it in his sonnet composed on Spring and in the most exquisite of all his poems—his address to a Mountain Daisy. We find it too expressed in plainer and more pointed language in his “Ode to Ruin.”

“With stern resolved despairing eye,
I see each aimed dart,
For one has cut my dearest tie,
And quivers in my heart.”
Then lowering and pouring,
The storm no more I dread:
Though thick'ning and black'ning
Round my devoted head."

But the most expressive of all, is his reference to the subject to be found in "The Lament" which he composed on this occasion.

"The plighted faith, the mutual flame,
The oft attested Powers above,
The promised father's tender name:
These were the pledges of my love."

"Ye wingèd hours that o'er us passed,
Enraptured more the more enjoyed,
Your dear remembrance in my breast,
My fondly treasured thoughts employed,
That breast how dreary now and void,
For her too scanty once of room,
Even every ray of hope destroy'd,
And not a wish to gild the gloom."

The rupture seems to have occurred early in Spring and Jean did not return from Paisley until July. Actuated by his clinging affection for her, Burns seems to have made an effort to re-establish their intercourse immediately on her return to her father's house, but Mrs. Armour repelled the Poet's overtures with anger and disdain, and even Jean herself, influenced by her parents, seems to have discouraged Burns' well meant and loving advances. Fortunately for Burns, he, unlike poor Jean, had in the midst of these painful experiences many engrossing subjects to distract his thoughts. He had, in the first place, the publication of the first edition of his poems, which he was then engaged in seeing through the press, at Kilmarnock. But his most effectual distraction was his brief but romantic engagement to "Highland Mary" which however fickle and inconsistent it may appear to be, actually occurred during the interval which elapsed between Jean's desertion and his departure for Edinburgh, in November. To Burns, love was an absolute and clamant necessity, and in his desire to supplant Jean, he could not have selected a more endearing substitute than the sweet dairy-maid at Coilsfield, and the very impetuosity of his solemn matrimonial engagement with Mary Campbell at a time when his circumstances almost precluded the possibility of marriage, only affords proof of the "widowed" condition of his heart.

In September, 1786, Jean, in the house of her parents at
Mauchline, gave birth to twins—a boy and girl. Intelligence of the event was at once communicated to Burns at Mossgiel, and arrangements were made for transferring the boy to Mossgiel to be nurtured there, by the Poet's mother and sisters, while the girl remained with its mother at Mauchline. The boy bore his father's name, and in after life he attained to a good position in the Government Civil Service. The girl was named Jean after her mother, but she died after a brief existence of only fourteen months, and was interred in Mauchline Church yard. The birth of Jean's children, did not tend to promote a reconciliation with the Armours. On the contrary it seems to have embittered their prejudices more and more, and in order to make the rupture permanent and complete, formal steps were taken *ex fucie eclesiae* to undo whatever legal effect the private marriage might be supposed to have.

These unhappy proceedings seem to have barely terminated when Dr. Blacklock's suggestion that Burns should come to Edinburgh, opened up before him, a new and dazzling prospect, and on 27th November, 1786, he left Mossgiel for Edinburgh, and did not return until June of the year following. In the interval Jean remained in her father's house at Mauchline, striving to find in her novel duty as a mother some little solace for her misery and unhappiness, while Burns, even in the midst of the exciting experiences of his first winter in the Scottish Metropolis, found his thoughts oft reverting to Jean, at Mauchline. Writing to Gavin Hamilton, in the beginning of 1787, he says, "to tell the truth I feel a miserable blank in my heart, from the want of her." It is not surprising therefore to find that on his return from Edinburgh, in the following summer, his first thought is "his Jean" and instead of taking up his residence at Mossgiel, he puts up at the Whiteford Arms, and he seems to have remained there for several days, previous to his secret pilgrimage to Argyleshire, to ascertain the particulars of Mary Campbell's sad and untimely death.

His reason for taking up his abode at "Johnnie Dows," must have been his desire to renew his loving intercourse with Jean, and he accordingly called at the Armours' house immediately on his arrival at Mauchline, ostensively, according to his own statement, simply to see "his daughter" then an infant of barely nine months, but no doubt the child's mother was a still more
potent attraction. One can fancy the rapture with which the lovers must have met after their painful and protracted severance. Their mutual affection remained unabated and but for the injudiciousness of Jean's parents, a complete re-union would no doubt have been the immediate result. Burns' proud nature had been sorely wounded by the harsh and disdainful treatment he had received during the previous summer, and his resentment towards Jean's parents was intensified by having super-added to it a feeling of utter contempt for their "mean servility" when he found himself—owing to the change in his worldly prospects—received by them with great civility and with every indication of their desire to promote the union which they had persistently rejected, only a few months before.

The contempt which Burns felt at this sudden change of treatment, and the motives from which it sprung was too deep to be easily overcome, and although it does not seem to have interfered in any way with his loving intercourse with Jean, it prevented him from taking immediate steps to secure her happiness by re-instating her in her position as his wife.

Under the influence of this feeling, Burns again returned to Edinburgh for a brief temporary visit, leaving Jean and her child behind him in her father's house at Mauchline. After spending sometime in Edinburgh and visiting at Harveston, Ochtertyre, and elsewhere, he returned to Edinburgh in the end of October. By this time it is clear that he had decided on a definite and practical means of livelihood for himself and those dependant upon him, and in accordance therewith, he makes an excursion to Dumfriesshire to inspect the farm of Ellisland, which he contemplated leasing. In combination with his farming project he conceived the idea of securing an appointment in the Excise, so as to have "his commission in his pocket for any emergency of fortune."

In this carefully planned and thoroughly sensible scheme there cannot be a doubt that Burns had uppermost in his heart a desire to find a suitable home for his wife and children, and when in the end of January 1788, in the very height of his laboured love-traffic, with his "divine Clarinda," intelligence is conveyed to him in Edinburgh that poor Jean is once more under a cloud on his account, he acts with a promptitude and
practical effect which is clearly indicative of a preconceived and deliberate resolution. At the time he received the intelligence he was disabled by an injury to one of his knees and he was therefore prevented from hastening to Jean's side as he otherwise would have done. He however wrote at once to his steadfast friend, William Muir, of Tarbolton Mill—the veritable Willie of the now famed "Willie's Mill"—and solicited him and his wife to receive Jean into their house, until he—as he in nautical phrase states in a letter to his sea-faring friend Brown—"can himself take the command." In little more than a fortnight he is on his way to Mossgiel, and immediately on his arrival he visits Jean in her retirement, and in his own language "reconciles her to her mother; takes a room for her, and takes her to his arms." After a brief visit to Edinburgh in the beginning of March, Burns is back in Mauchline beside his wife, before the end of the month. Ten days previously Jean had again given birth to twins—two girls—both of whom died only a few days afterwards, and so soon as the state of her health permitted, the reunited lovers went through a simple and binding formality in the business Chambers of Mr. Gavin Hamilton, Writer, in Mauchline, and Jean was once more, and openly reinstated in her position as Burns' wife. This marriage was solemnly confirmed by the Kirk Session of Mauchline, on the 5th of August, and Burns and his wife took up their abode temporarily in a house in Mauchline, now forming the corner house of the street called Back Causeway overlooking the Churchyard of Mauchline. Here in a house of two rooms, Jean spent nearly four months of unalloyed happiness, after two years of deep mental anguish to both her and her husband. Happily this was now all at an end, and Burns in his correspondence at this period, breathes nothing but deep and fervent self-congratulation on the important step he had taken. In a letter written by him, three months after the re-union, and addressed to Mrs. Dunlop, of Dunlop, he says in reference to his prospect of finding substantial happiness in his married life: "To jealousy or infidelity I am an equal stranger; my preservative from the first is the most thorough consciousness of her sentiments of honour, and her attachment to me. My antidote against the last is my long and deep-rooted affection for her. I can easily fancy a more agreeable companion for my journey through life, but upon my honour I have never seen the individual instance. In household
matters, of aptness to learn and activity to execute, she is eminently mistress; and during my absence in Nithsdale she is regularly and constantly apprenticed to my mother and sisters in their dairy and other rural business."

During the period that Mrs. Burns continued to reside at Mauchline, Burns' time was almost equally divided between that place and Ellisland at the latter of which he was superintending the operations on his farm, and especially the erection of a new dwelling house, for the accommodation of his wife and children. The distance between the two places, was forty-six miles, and as the journey was performed on horseback, Burns often started from Ellisland as early as three in the morning. During this period, his deep and fervid attachment to his wife finds expression in his exquisite song, *O' a' the airts the wind can blow*, and the powerful effect of this truly powerful love ode, is much enhanced, if it is studied in the light of the loneliness and discomfort which at this time surrounded Burns at Ellisland. He gives a graphic description of his experiences in a letter to Miss Chalmers: "Jean 'my Jean' is still at Mauchline, and I am building my house, for this hovel that I shelter in, while occasionally here is pervious to every blast that blows, and every shower that falls; and I am only preserved from being chilled to death, by being suffocated with smoke."

In an atmosphere so prosaic and uninspiring, it is pleasant to think of the youthful husband and father, in his loneliness and discomfort, welcoming the breeze as laden with tender messages from that humble home in the west, over which the tenderest feelings of his heart hovered so fondly.

We have too, in connection with this period, one of the only two letters which have been preserved, addressed by Burns to his wife. It is dated 12th September, 1788.

"My Dear Love,

I received your kind letter with a pleasure which no letter, but one from you could have given me. I dream of you the whole night long, but alas! I fear it will be three weeks yet ere I can hope for the happiness of seeing you. My harvest is going on; I have some to cut down still but I put in two stacks to-day, so I am as tired as a dog. * * * * * * * * I have writen my long
thought on letter to Mr. Graham, Commissioner of Excise, and have sent a sheet full of poetry besides. Now I talk of poetry, I had a fine strathspey among my hands, to make verses to, for Johnson's collection, which I intend, as my honeymoon song. "

The house at Ellisland was not completed at the time expected, although Burns supervised the operations with a zeal and anxiety, suggestive more of the ardour of the lover than the mere urgency of the husband and father. His appeal to his Joiner, in regard to the delay in the building operations, is unique, and must have formed a genuine novelty in the usual correspondence, connected with that worthy tradesman's business:

"Necessity obliges me to go into my new house even before it be plastered. I will inhabit the one end until the other is finished. About three weeks more I think will at farthest be my time beyond which I cannot stay in this present house. If ever you wished to deserve the blessing of him that was ready to perish; if ever you were in a situation that a little kindness would have rescued you from many evils; if ever you hope to find rest in future states of untried being, get these matters of mine ready."

In spite of this fervid appeal the house was not fit for occupancy before winter set in, and Burns was obliged to secure a temporary residence in "the Isle," a romantic spot, situated on the banks of the Nith, about a mile from Ellisland. Here, in the first week of December, 1788, he brought his young wife, preceded by two servant lads, and a servant girl, and some cart loads of furniture, and other household plenishing. Who can doubt the joy and pride with which Mrs. Burns rejoined her husband in her new home, and his happiness too was, as may easily be imagined, in every sense complete. Two months later, in writing to a correspondent in Edinburgh, he bursts into the following glowing rhapsody, which must be regarded as merely the reflex of the happiness he himself was then experiencing: "Love is the Alpha and Omega of human enjoyment. All the pleasures, all the happiness of my humble compeers flow immediately and directly from this delightful source. It is the spark of celestial fire which lights up the wintry hut of poverty, and makes the cheerful mansion, warm, comfortable, and gay."
It is the emanation of Divinity, that preserves the sons and daughters of rustic labour from degenerating into the brutes with which they daily hold converse. Without it, life to the poor inmates of the cottage would be a damning gift."

After a brief but happy period of six months spent at "the Isle," possession was at length obtained of their own house at Ellisland, and about three months afterwards Mrs. Burns gave birth to a son, named Francis Wallace, in compliment to Burns' steadfast friend—Mrs. Dunlop, who claimed descent from the Scottish Patriot. On the occasion of this birth, Burns' mother and sisters came to Ellisland, and affectionately nursed Mrs. Burns through her period of weakness and relieved her of the household and dairy duties. They brought with them the eldest son, Robert, now a boy of three years of age, who had, ever since his birth, resided with his grandmother and aunts, at Moss-giel. The warmest and most cordial love existed between Mrs. Burns, and the different members of her husband's family. In particular, she was affectionately attached to Burns' youngest sister, Isobel, afterwards Mrs. Begg,—then a bright intelligent girl, only four years her junior, and this attachment continued unbroken until it was severed by death, nearly half a century later.

The experiences of Burns and his wife at Ellisland were all that heart could desire. He was leading a quiet domesticated yet active life, and alike in body and mind was experiencing the full benefit of it, while his wife in the loving companionship of her husband, and in the sweet cares of her family and household, found all that her womanly nature required to fill to overflowing her cup of happiness. In a hitherto unpublished poem by Burns, communicated to us just as we were going to press, we have the following eloquent expression of the contentment, love, and happiness, which formed the "home atmosphere" of the poet and his wife:

"To gild her worth I asked no wealthy dower,
My toil could feed her, and my arm defend;
I envied no man's riches; no man's power,
I asked of none to give, of none to lend.

And she the faithful partner of my care,
When ruddy evening streaked the western sky;
Looked towards the uplands if her mate was there,
Or through the beeches cast an anxious eye."
One loves to linger over the Ellisland period, for it formed undoubtedly the happiest episode of Burns' whole life, and who can fail to regret, not only for his sake, but also for his wife's, that it proved as brief as it was bright and happy. It endured for only three years, and during the whole of that period Burns is always seen at his very best. His muse was never more prodigally responsive, and the finest effusions that he ever gave to the world were conceived in his placid domestic haven on the banks of the Nith. His *To Mary in Heaven*; *Tam o' Shanter*; and *Willie brewed a peck o' Maut*; form only a small part of his poetic productions at this time. His letters too have a dignity of expression, and an elevation and brilliancy of thought which indicate that all was well within, and the reason is very easy to devine. He was living in the midst of associations which satisfied, and satisfied fully, every aspiration of his soul; in his wife's affectionate society, and in the playful prattle of his children, he had, what was to him, a vital necessity; in his surroundings he had all that he could desire for the indulgence of his poetic communings with nature, while in the fellowship of intellectual and congenial friends, both in the neighbourhood and from a distance, he had abundant opportunities of indulging in his natural predilection for convivial social intercourse. Unfortunately, however, owing to his farm proving unprofitable he is compelled to revert to his Excise commission which he had hitherto held in reserve. His application to be appointed to the "Ride" in which he resided was successful, but the extra work this new duty entailed upon him was a terrible drain on his natural vigour and energy. His Excise Division embraced a wide tract of country extending over ten parishes, and in one of his letters written in November, 1790, he says: "I am jaded to death with fatigue. For these two or three months, I have not ridden less than 200 miles on an average every week." Unfortunately, too, this change in Burns' daily occupation entailed on him incessant and lengthened absences from home, and from the society of his wife and children. Burns must have felt this deprivation very keenly, for he was a man of decidedly domestic habits and tastes, and the chief happiness of his life always centred in "those endearing connections consequent on the venerable names of husband and father."

The glimpses afforded us of Mrs. Burns, at Ellisland, in her
new position of wife and mother, are disappointingly few and transient, but they all exhibit her as an active, industrious and frugal house-wife; a kind, liberal and considerate mistress; a devoted mother and an idolising wife. There cannot be a doubt that she literally worshipped Burns, and that in her devotion to him, she actually attained to that lofty ideal, which forms the fundamental principle of truest loyalty—a belief that "he could do no wrong." As an instance of this, reference may here be made to her truly noble act of wifely self-abnegation in taking to her motherly bosom and nursing, as a child of her own, the infant, "Betty," which "Anna wi' the gowden locks," had born to Burns. This infant was born only ten days previous to the birth of her own son, William Nicol Burns, in April, 1791, and as its unfortunate mother died in child-birth, Mrs. Burns adopted the motherless infant and nursed and fostered it, with all a mother's tenderness and care, until "Betty" reached the years of maturity, and became in her turn, a happy and devoted wife and mother. Yet so quietly and unassumingly was this act of unparalleled charity and generosity performed by Burns' noble-hearted wife, that few—very few, were ever aware of the fact. Indeed, Mrs. Burns' own father, old Mr. Armour, if he ever knew of it at all, was ignorant of it at the time he visited his daughter, at Ellisland, shortly after the birth of her child. On that occasion, he went forward and looked into the cradle, which his daughter was rocking, and on seeing two infants in it, he said in amazement—"I didna ken Jean, that you had had twins again," and, gently smiling, she simply replied,—"Neither I have faither, the ither bairn belongs to a friend, and I'm takin' care of it."

No doubt, amid all the community of feeling and loving sympathy and companionship which existed between her and her distinguished husband, there must have been frequent occasions, when his moods and thoughts soared far beyond her simple, practical ken, but on these occasions she always had the tact and delicacy to respect her husband's abstraction, and to await the result in the truest spirit of conjugal love and confidence. We have good evidence of this, in her account of the composition of his immortal poem, *Tam O' Shanter*, in the end of the autumn of 1790. "The poem was the work of one day, and she well remembered the circumstances. Burns spent the most of the day on his favourite walk by the river,
where in the afternoon she joined him with her two children. He was busily "croonin to himsel," and perceiving that her presence was an interruption, she loitered behind with her little ones among the broom. Her attention was presently attracted by the wild gestures of the Bard, who now at some distance, was reciting aloud with tears of laughter rolling down his cheeks, some of the animated verses he had just conceived. Immediately afterwards the poem was committed to writing, on the top of a sod-dyke, at the water side, and when Burns came into the house, shortly afterwards, he read the verses in high "triumph to his wife, at the fireside." We have another similar instance occurring about the same period, the narrative being also taken from Mrs. Burns' own statement. "Burns though labouring under cold, spent the day in the usual work of the harvest, and apparently in excellent spirits, but as the twilight deepened he appeared to grow very sad, and at length wandered out into the barn-yard, to which his wife, in her anxiety followed him, entreat ing him in vain to observe that frost-had set in, and to return to the fireside. On being again and again urged, he promised compliance, but still remained where he was, striding up and down slowly, and contemplating the sky, which was singularly clear and starry. At last, Mrs. Burns found him stretched on a heap of straw, with his eyes fixed on a beautiful planet, that shone "like another moon," and prevailed on him to come in. He immediately, on entering the house, called for his desk, and wrote exactly as it now stands, with all the ease of one copying from memory, the sublime and pathetic To Mary in Heaven.

The displenishing sale at Ellisland proved a very favourable one, and according to Mrs Burns' statement they entered on their Dumfries experience with a substantial sum in hand. Burns, besides, was earning an annual salary of from £70 to £90, so that they had, what in those days, under Mrs. Burns' careful and frugal management, might be regarded as a fair provision for their station in life. The dwelling they occupied, when they first came to Dumfries, was the second flat of a house in the "Wee Vennel," now called Bank Street. It consisted of three apartments, and here they continued to reside until Whitsunday, 1793, when they removed to the larger detached dwelling situated in the "Mill Vennel" now called Burns Street,
in which, within the brief space of less than five years, the distinguished Poet was doomed to breath his last. This house consisted of two floors, and contained—a kitchen, parlour, and two good bed-rooms, with several lesser apartments. The change from rural life at Ellisland, to town life in Dumfries, must have been as unpleasant for Mrs. Burns as it was great, but she was endowed with that placidity of temper, and unvarying sweetness of disposition, which enabled her at times to make the best of even the most unfavourable circumstances—"Cribbed, cabined and confined" in the little county town, she no doubt thought often and longingly of their rural home at Ellisland, and the comparative freedom and comfort of their life there, with her household and dairy duties to interest her, and sweet periods of relaxation, as she strolled with her husband and children among the broom on the romantic banks of the Nith. These retrospections, however, did not prevent her from ministering with all her love and devotion to the comfort and well-being of her husband and family.

To Burns, on the other hand, there is scarcely room to doubt that the change of residence was a pleasing and congenial one. He dearly loved the companionship of his fellows, and the society in and around Dumfries afforded him many opportunities of gratifying those social tendencies, which bulked so largely in his disposition. Much has been said as to his excesses during his residence in Dumfries, but it is now well understood that these have been greatly exaggerated, and we know that even at the worst they were never habitual in their character, nor did they interfere either with his capabilities as a business man, or with the proper discharge of his duty to his family. On the authority of an emphatic statement made by Mrs. Burns to her sister-in-law, Mrs. Begg, after the Poet's death, we learn that during the whole time of their residence in Dumfries "Burns never indulged, unless when he was in congenial company, and that although he was often out at convivial meetings until a late hour, he never on a single occasion, however late he might be of coming home, failed in a custom he invariably observed before coming to bed, of going into the room where his children slept, and satisfying himself that they were all comfortably tucked in and sleeping soundly."

Burns' daily life in Dumfries must have been an active and
busy one, for, besides his official duties, he was engaged, down almost to the very date of his death, in corresponding with Thomson in regard to the collection of Scottish Songs, which Thomson was then editing, and in composing these matchless lyrics which have added so much lustre and fascination to our Scottish Minstrelsy. Burns' favorite walk at Dumfries was towards the Martindon Ford, and here, according to Mrs. Burns, he composed many of his finest songs; and so soon as she heard him begin to “hum” to himself, she knew that he had something on his mind, and she was quite prepared to see him snatch up his hat, and set silently off for his favorite musing ground. The calls, too, on Burns’ leisure hours were many and incessant, for besides associating continually with many families of position, in and around Dumfries, his company was much in demand by many strangers of culture and eminence, who chanced to visit the district.

In the management of her domestic affairs, and in her intercourse with her husband's many friends and associates, Mrs. Burns continued to display, at Dumfries, the same prudence and unvarying amiability which had characterised her at Ellisland, and six brief years passed over the heads of the household;—six years of much comfort and happiness, although not unmingled too with trial and bereavement. About a year after their removal from Ellisland, Mrs. Burns gave birth to a daughter named "Elizabeth Riddell," after Burns' fair friend Mrs. Riddell, of Friars Carse, and about two years afterwards, she had a son called James Glencairn, in compliment to Burns' noble patron, the Earl of that name. About the time of this last mentioned birth, Burns and his wife had the grief to notice that their little girl was beginning to pine away, and after a protracted illness of more than a year, she died at Mauchline, where she had been sent in the hope of her health being improved by the change. Both of them were devotedly attached to their little daughter. Burns in particular was much bound up in her, and one of the pleasing revelations we have of the Poet, is that handed down to us in the reminiscence of a native of Dumfries, who saw him often "sitting in the summer evenings at his door with this little child in his arms, dandling her, and singing to her, and trying to elicit her mental faculties."

The death occurred in the Autumn of 1795, and the blow
was intensified by the fact that Burns' own health had become so undermined that he was actually unable to go to Mauchline to see her interred. He was now frequently laid aside by protracted and severe illnesses, and in the following year Mrs. Burns had the anguish to notice her distinguished husband's health becoming gradually more and more shattered. Every remedy which her love and devotion could suggest was tried, and at times there appeared to be some slight symptoms of improvement, but it proved to be only temporary in its character. For six sad weary months this continued, amid fluctuating hopefulness and disappointment. Mrs. Burns being much assisted in soothing and nursing her dying husband, by their amiable and warmly attached young friend Jessie Lewars:

"Sweet as the smile when fond lovers meet,
And soft as their parting tear."

As a last resource Burns was induced in the month of July to go to Brow, a hamlet on the Solway Firth, to try the effect of sea-bathing, but as Mrs. Burns was again approaching confinement, she was unable to accompany him. After ten days spent at Brow, although decidedly benefitted by the change, Burns was seized by a restless longing to return home. As stated in his own words—"he anxiously wished to return to town, as he has not heard any news of Mrs. Burns these two days." He accordingly returned to Dumfries, on Monday, 18th July, and by his exposure during the long drive, an excess of fever had set in, and on reaching his home he was so weak as to be unable to stand upright. Weak and ill as he was, he nevertheless contrived to pen the following frantic appeal addressed to his father-in-law, Mr. Armour, an appeal which, sad to say, formed the last scrap of writing that was ever to emanate from Burns' powerful and prolific pen:

"DUMFRIES, MONDAY, 18th JULY, 1796.

My Dear Sir,

Do, for Heaven's sake, send Mrs. Armour here immediately. My wife is hourly expecting to be put to bed. Good God! what a situation for her to be in, poor girl, without a friend! I returned from sea-bathing quarters to-day, and my medical friends would almost persuade me that I am better but I think and feel that my strength is so gone, that the disorder will prove fatal to me.

Your Son-in-law, R. B."
There is a deep, although melancholy satisfaction in thinking that this expiring effort of the mighty genius was actuated by his tender anxiety for his loving and devoted wife, and this feeling is intensified when we learn from Mrs. Burns' own statement—that during his death agony, which set in very shortly after his arrival at his own house, he besought her to recall him to himself, by touching him whenever she saw symptoms of his mind wandering. What an amount of deep, solemn, heart-filling gratification there is in the thought that the loving gentle touch of "his Jean" was the last sensation of time which the dying Poet carried with him into the Realms of Eternity!

Burns' death occurred on the morning of Thursday, 21st July, 1796, and the interment took place on the Monday following, and on the same day his bereaved widow gave birth to a son, Maxwell Burns, who was ushered into this world while the bells of the churches were tolling his Father's Funeral Knell, and who survived his father barely three years.

Mrs. Burns survived her husband for fully thirty-eight years, and during the whole of that period she continued to occupy the house in which his life had so sadly and prematurely closed. Her existence although lonely, was far being devoid of comfort and happiness. By the generous liberality of many of the admirers of her husband's genius, and by the proceeds realized from Dr. Currie's posthumous edition of the Poet's life and works, her worldly comfort was amply provided for. Throughout her lengthened widowhood, she was regarded with general and genuine respect, not only on account of her association with the gifted Bard, but also on account of her own amiability of character: inherent good taste; and unvarying modesty of deportment.

For the memory of Burns she had an intense veneration, and she fondly cherished, to the very last, her every reminiscence of the brief but happy wedded life they had spent together. With all the loving tenderness of her single-hearted nature, she clung to the house in which he had lived and died, and although at the time she became a widow she was still an attractive, and comparatively speaking, a young woman, she refused to enter into a second marriage, although she had more than once an opportunity of doing so, decidedly to her worldly advantage. She devoted herself to the up-bringing and education
of her children, refusing, firmly yet gratefully, in the hour of her greatest necessity, the offer of a generous kinsman of her husband, to relieve her of the maintenance and education of her eldest boy. As an instance too of her unselfish generosity, she refused to allow her brother-in-law, Gilbert Burns, to cast himself, and his mother and sisters on the world, by displacing his farm, as he proposed to do, in order to enable him to pay up a debt of £180 which he owed to Robert, and which he knew was urgently required to provide for the wants of his brother's widow and children. Nor did her self-sacrificing devotion to her fatherless family go unrewarded. It is true that her son, Maxwell, died three years after her husband, at the age of four, and four years thereafter, death also deprived her of her son, Francis Wallace, in his fourteenth year, but her eldest son, Robert, gained for himself a good position in the civil service, while her other two sons, William and James, attained to distinguished military rank, and ultimately retired as Lieutenant-Colonels in the East India Company's Service. All of them survived their mother for many years, but owing to William and James being abroad, Robert, the eldest son, was the only one who was privileged to witness the closing scene of their mother's life. We have a touching and pathetic account of the death of Mrs. Burns, furnished by her grand-daughter Sarah Burns, now Mrs. Hutchinson, residing in Cheltenham, the eldest daughter of Colonel James Glencairn Burns. Mrs. Hutchinson, after the death of her mother, in India, in 1821, was sent to this country and consigned to the care of her grand-mother, by whom she was tenderly and affectionately nurtured, until death deprived her of her kind and venerable guardian in 1834. At that time Sarah was a mere child of twelve, but she still retains, after a lapse of more than half a century, a warm and fond recollection of her grand-mother. Being a day boarder at a school at Dumfries, she saw little of her except for an hour or two in the evening, owing to Mrs. Burns being so disabled by paralyses, as to be unable to walk down stairs from her bed-room. Mrs. Hutchinson says: "On Saturday afternoons when I was home from school she used to give me pennies to take round to some of her poor old neighbours, and I remember the beggars who came to the door always got meal to put in their "pokes." I can only recollect her loving kindness to me. I used to read a chapter
to her out of the Family Bible, and I can vividly remember seeing her, after her last seizure, lying speechless with her eyes closed. After our minister Dr. Wallace prayed, she opened her eyes and looked round the room for me, and as I went up beside her the tears coursed down her cheeks, and I think she pressed my hand, but she never spoke again." How thoroughly Jean's tender womanly heart had gone out towards the little motherless grand-daughter, who had been sent to brighten the closing years of her life, is evidenced by the fact that she expressly stipulated that her foster-daughter "Betty Burns" should name her youngest daughter "Sarah," after this idol of her old age. This touching fact is disclosed in a letter, which "Betty" wrote to her aunt Mrs. Begg, twelve years after her foster-mother's death, from which we cannot refrain from making the following quotation, as it affords the truest and most touching and genuine tribute that was ever paid to a good and generous hearted woman: "The names of the last two children, [Sarah Burns and James Burns], were all that Mrs. Burns exacted from me as an acknowledgment of her unwearied kindness to me. God was kind to her, my dear aunt, in giving her plenty but she did not hide it under a hedge: she willingly shared it with the poor and needy. The last letter I had from her was in July 1833, with £2 in it to buy a frock for my youngest child, then about a month old. The more I contemplate that excellent woman's character, the more I admire it. There was something good and charitable about her, surpassing all women I ever yet met with. She was indeed a true friend, and the best of mothers to me, and I was often ready to think that all friendship for me in the family had gone with her, but I am glad to find it otherwise."

Mrs. Burns' death took place on Wednesday, 26th March, 1834, shortly before midnight. She was then in the 70th year of her age, and of this lengthened period, she had spent not less than forty-four years in the town of Dumfries. As illustrating the pleasing memories she left behind her there, we extract the following passages from a chaste tribute to her, which appeared in the Dumfries Courier, of 2nd April, 1834, and which emanated from the pen of the late Mr. M'Diarmid, an intimate personal friend of Mrs. Burns, during the later period of her life:

"For more than 30 years, she was visited by thousands and thousands of persons, from the peer, down to the itinerant
sonneteer—the latter, a class of persons to whom she never refused an audience or dismissed unrewarded. Occasionally during the summer months, she was a good deal annoyed, but she bore all in patience, and although naturally fond of quiet, seemed to consider her house as open to visitors, and its mistress, in some degree, the property of the public; but the attentions of strangers neither turned her head, nor were ever alluded to in the spirit of boasting. * * * * * * *

"Hers, in short, was one of those well balanced minds, that, clinging instinctively to propriety, and a medium in all things. Such as knew the deceased earliest and latest, were unconscious of any change in her demeanour and habits, except perhaps, greater attention to dress and more refinement in manner, insensibly acquired by frequent intercourse with families of the first respectability. In her tastes, she was frugal and simple, and delighted in music, pictures and flowers. In spring and summer, it was impossible to pass her windows, without being struck by the beauty of the floral treasures they contained, and if extravagant in any way, it was in the article of roots and plants of the finest sorts. Fond of the society of young people, she mixed as long as able, in their innocent pleasures and cheerfully filled for them the cup "which cheers, but not inebriates." Although neither a sentimentalist, nor a blue stocking, she was a clever woman possessed of great shrewdness, discriminating character admirably, and frequently, made very pithy remarks, * * * * * * *

When young, she must have been a handsome, comely woman, if not indeed a beauty, and up to middle life, her jet black eyes, were clear and sparkling. Her carriage was easy, and her step light. In ballad poetry her taste was good, and range of reading rather extensive. Her memory too was strong, and she could quote, when she chose, at considerable length and with great aptitude. Of these powers, the bard was so well aware, that he read to her, almost every piece he composed, and was not ashamed to own, that he had profited by her judgment."

In concluding this imperfect sketch of the life-experiences of "Bonny Jean," we feel that we owe an apology to our readers, owing to our "Memoir" having extended far beyond the limits suitable for a fugitive article in the pages of a "serial." The theme, however, is such a pleasing and attractive one, that our
difficulty has lain in determining what to exclude, rather than in selecting what to introduce. Like the existence of her illustrious husband, although in a very different way, the existence of Jean Armour makes humanity all the richer. She, and she alone, was capable of acting the part of Burns' *alter ego*, and she fulfilled it in a way no other woman could have done, and with a large heartedness, and love, and charity, peculiarly her own; and we cannot more fittingly close this tribute to her worth, than by quoting the following eloquent stanzas introduced by Wallace Bruce into the poetic address recited by him at the unveiling of the Burns Statue, at Ayr, in July last:—

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Brave Bonnie Jean! we love to tell
The story from thy lips that fell;
The lengthened life which Heaven gave
Casts radiant, twilight on his grave.

A noble woman, strong to shield;
Her tender heart his trusty bield;
The critic from her door-way turns
With faith renewed and love for Burns.

She knew as no one else could know
The heavy burden of his woe;
The carking care, the wasting pain—
Each welded link of misery's chain.

She saw his early sky o'ercast,
And gloomy shadows gathering fast;
His soul by bitter sorrow torn,
And knew that "man was made to mourn.

She heard him by the sounding shore
Which speaks his name for evermore,
And felt the anguish of his prayer:
"Farewell, the bonnie banks of Ayr."
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BURNS TOPOGRAPHY.

No. 1.
KILMARNOCK AND ITS VICINITY.

BY
D. M‘NAUGHT, Parish Schoolmaster, Kilmaurs.

In Burns’ time the Cross of Kilmarnock was not the spacious thoroughfare which the progressive spirit of the intervening years has made it. It was then little more than the converging point of the narrow and tortuous lines of traffic which in those days did duty for streets, narrowed and contracted by heterogeneous masses of stone and lime built in every available position and at every conceivable angle. Looking towards the Laigh Kirk, which now retains few of its ancient features save its steeple tower, Cheapside presented much the same aspect as it does now, if we restore in imagination the old Town House, with its belfry, stair, and parapet, which stood on the left hand, opposite the present Crown Hotel. This street communicated with Sandbed Street, by the existing bridge, by which access was had to the Netherton, and also to Market Lane, wherein was situated "Begbie’s Inn," the modern Angel Hotel. The pedestrian accommodation of these ancient bridges being somewhat limited, the Laigh Kirk worshippers were constrained to cross the river in double or single file, hence the straggling and elongated appearance of the "drouthie" detachment which, after service, was wont to stampede:—

"Aff‘tae Begbie’s in a raw,
Tae pour divine libations."

King Street, Portland Street, and Duke Street, were not then in existence. A row of buildings extended from the corner of Cheapside to Waterloo Street, among which was the shop of John Wilson, the publisher of the first edition, which must have stood within a few paces of the entrance to the establishment of the Messrs Brown & Co., the printers of the present volume. From the opposite corner of Cheapside, a similar row extended to Fore Street and Clerk’s Lane, also in an unbroken line, save
for a narrow opening which led to Croft Street, or formed part of that street itself.

The present spacious Duke Street was represented by a winding lane, the Nailer's Close, which connected with Green Street and the Mauchline Road. Fore Street or "The Foregate," Soulis Street, and High Street, formed the main thoroughfare, which continued through the present Cross, turned abruptly down Waterloo Street, then across the Fleshmarket Bridge to Market Lane, and thence by Sandbed to the Netherton.

The Mauchline Road, oft traversed by Burns during the Lochlea and Mossgiel period, entered the town along the line of the present London Road. At Tam Samson's house, which still stands nearly opposite the foot entrance to the Kay Park, it turned to the left and descended the steep slope of Tankardha' Brae, and opened into Sandbed, either by Market Lane, or an outlet of its own. The locality of Wilson's shop we have already indicated. His printing-press was situated in the Star Inn Close, now a "through-gaun," from Waterloo Street, by the back of the old Buck's Head, to a point almost in a line with the centre of the Cross. Entering the Close, by Waterloo Street, an outside stair is observed immediately to the left which leads to a pawnbroker's establishment, on the third floor of which a room is pointed out as the veritable stance occupied by the machine that first gave to the world the immortal productions of "the obscure nameless bard," in whose soul the "gloomy night" of misfortune had thus early almost quenched the light of hope. Emerging from the Close by the Cross exit, the ironmongery warehouse of the Messrs Stewart to the right, includes within its bounds the site of the house and shop of John Goldie ("Goudie, terror o' the Whigs")—a man of considerable natural force, and one of Burns' most intimate Kilmarnock friends. The poet was a frequent visitor at this house, and, if tradition is to be believed, it was under Goldie's roof that he corrected the proofs of the first edition. Bailie Gregory, another of his personal friends, resided next door. Tam Samson's house, which we have already located, was also within convenient distance of Wilson's premises by way of Waterloo Street and Green Street. The interest of the immortal Tom's domicile, as a memento of the bard, is enhanced by the fact that the interior has been preserved almost intact.
by his descendants (Samson & Co., Nurserymen), in whose hands it still remains. The entrance is in the gable facing the Tankard Ha' Brae. On the ground floor is the usual kitchen and spence of the period, low roofed, and of small dimensions, while a stair gives access to an upper chamber, which, in Tam's day, was used as an office, and beneath which was situated the wine cellar. Here, doubtless, on many occasions, did Burns meet with the congenial spirits of Auld Killie—Muir, Goldie, Charles Samson, Gregory, Greenshields, Parker, Paterson, Brown, Dr. Hamilton, Dr. Moore, and Gavin Turnbull; and it requires no great effort of the imagination to conjure up the jovial board, whose sallies were so often re-echoed by the time-worn walls. Of this chosen company, Robert Muir was nearest and dearest to the poet's heart. He it was whom he consulted before the final arrangements with his publisher, and it was from him he received the most substantial support, no fewer than seventy copies of the first edition being put down to his order. He also subscribed for sixty copies of the Edinburgh edition, which Burns, ashamed of the princely generosity of the man whom his brother Gilbert describes as a man of no great worldly substance, reduced to forty. The intensity of Burns' admiration for this truly noble man, he has himself put upon record in one of his letters to Mrs. Dunlop. Very little is known of the personal history of Mr. Muir, beyond the facts that he was a wine merchant, and had his premises on the Foregate side of the present Portland Tavern, which forms the "gushat-house" between Foregate and Regent Street. His private residence was at Loanfoot, near Annanhill, on the Irvine Road. He died in April, 1788, shortly after the issue of the Edinburgh edition, and this early severance from the narrative of the poet's career doubtless accounts for the paucity of information regarding him. Another "howf" of the bard and his friends was "Sandy Patrick's" Tavern, which was situated in a bye lane at the head of the Foregate, and whose precise site is now incorporated with the line of West George Street, at its point of junction with Back Street. Alexander Patrick, the jolly host, was a son-in-law of the redoubted Tam, and his hostelry was widely famed for the excellent quality of its liquors, more especially its "caup ale" of home manufacture. A short distance up Back Street, through the railway arch, stands the High Church, in the burial ground of which are interred the mortal remains of John
Wilson, whom the Kilmarnock edition has rendered immortal. The present memorial stone is a restoration by the late Mr. James M'Kie, his lineal successor as the Kilmarnock Burns publisher. The soubriquet "Wee Johnie," which has come to be popularly applied to this individual on the strength of the connection between his diminutive stature, and the sarcastic epitaph, is altogether unwarranted. The composition referred to appears in the first edition, and it is unlikely, to say the least of it, that Burns would have condescended to lampoon his publisher in such bare-faced and unprovoked fashion. It is true that he did, in some degree, resent Wilson's refusal to publish a second edition, and it is more than probable that his strictures of that date have fortified the general belief as to the identity of "Wee Johnie." There is no doubt, however, that the unfortunate with the woful want was one of the "characters" of Mauchline, or its immediate neighbourhood. John Wilson was a most industrious and upright man, a magistrate of Ayr, and the donor of one of the educational charities of Kilmarnock. The personelles of the historical clergymen of the High and Low Churches—Oliphant, Russell, Lindsay, Robertson, Mutrie and Mackinlay—are so familiar to all readers of Burns that comment upon them is here unnecessary. In the Laigh Kirk burial-ground reposes "Tam Samson's weel-worn clay" within a few inches of the remains of Dr. Mackinlay, and those of the Rev. Mr. Robertson, both of whom are mentioned, strange to say, in the first three lines of "Tam Samson's Elegy." Within the same precincts lie the ashes of Mr. Paterson, Town Clerk, whose residence, Braehead House, still stands in the vicinity of the Kay Park, on the wooded height overlooking the Bowling Green, in London Road. Another house under whose roof Burns repeatedly partook of the hospitality of its owner, is situated in Grange Street, and still forms part of the Kilmarnock Brewery Buildings. The proprietor in Burns' time was Bailie Greenshields, Brewer, a worthy member of an old Kilmarnock family now extinct. Gavin Turnbull's house, or to speak more correctly, that in which his father lived, is still in existence on the banks of the river, a few yards below the Model Lodging House. Gavin's devotion to the Muses did not improve his worldly circumstances; he betook himself to the stage, and in the title page of the second issue of his poems he styles himself "tragedian." Burns writes of him in kindly
terms, in one of his letters to Thomson, commending one of
his songs. The meeting-place of St. John's Lodge of Free-
masons, where "The sons of Auld Killie, assembled by Willie," 
were wont to hold mystical communion, formed part of the
Old Commercial Inn, in Croft Street, demolished a few years
ago to make room for the offices of the Messrs Walker, Wine
Merchants. It was in this hall that Burris heard Jean Glover
sing her beautiful composition—"Oure the muir amang the
heather," which he thought so well of that he sent it to Thomson
accompanied by a broad hint of the characteristic vagaries of the
comely but eccentric and unfortunate authoress. Assloss House,
the residence of William Parker, is outwith the bounds of the
burgh and district, about two miles on the highway to Fenwick.
The mansion and estate remained a considerable time in the
possession of "Willie's" decendants, but latterly it was sold,
and so passed into other hands. During the time that the
first edition was passing through the press, Burns was under
hiding in "Old Rome Forest," in consequence of the rupture
with Jean Armour, and the threatening attitude of her relations.
The mining village of "Aul' Room" stood, till recently, on the
south bank of the Irvine, within a gunshot of Gatehead station,
on the Glasgow & South-Western Railway, but not a vestige of
it now remains, save the old school-house. This village could
not have been in existence in Burns' day; it was the mushroom
growth of the neighbouring Fairlie coal-fields, and with them
rose and fell. There are, however, the remains of an old brewery
of more ancient date. The truth appears to be that "Old Rome
Forest" and "Fairlie," were in those days interchangeable
designations for the same place. It has been put beyond doubt
that one James Allan was employed, near the close of last century,
as joiner or carpenter on the estate of Fairlie, whose wife was a
sister, or half sister of Burns' mother. Whatever the exact
relationship, certain it is that Mrs. Allan's maiden name was
Brown, and that she was near kin to the family at Mossgiel.
It will occur to the reader's mind that Burns' father was em-
ployed as gardener to the Laird of Fairlie during the first two
years of his sojourn in Ayrshire. In the expunged stanza of
Poor Mailie's Elegy also, reference is made to the famous
breed of "Fairlee Lambs." These facts, though perhaps trivial
in themselves, suggest the probability of a closer connection
between Old Rome and the family of Burns than appears upon
the surface. When or how the connection originated, it would be renewed and strengthened during the brief stay of the Poet in Irvine, Fairlie being within easy walking distance of that ancient burgh. On no other grounds can we account for his choosing this retreat in the hour of his extremity. The humble roof that then sheltered him cannot now be identified, but it was doubtless within the demesne of the old mansion-house, whose quaint chimneys, visible from the railway, originated the local descriptive appellation of "Five-lum Fairlie." This James Allan had a son, who adopted a sea-faring life, and became the progenitor of the proprietors of the "Allan Line" of Atlantic Steamers.

In connection with Burns' stay in Irvine, it may be here noted that about ten years ago, documentary evidence of a startling nature, bearing upon certain incidents in the life of a Mary Campbell, who was resident in Irvine, from 1781 till 1783, fell into the hands of the writer of the present article. These documents bear that the said Mary Campbell was in Mauchline during part of the year 1784; that she removed thence to the Parish of Stair, towards the end of that year; and that she was residing in that Parish on Feby. 26th, 1786. The contemporary facts of Burns' life are these. The Irvine flax-dressing incident occurred in 1781-82; he removed from Lochlea to Moss-giel at Martinmas 1783; and his parting with Mary Campbell, somewhere within, or on, the borders of Stair Parish, took place on Sunday 14th May, 1786. We know we are on hallowed ground when discoursing upon anything that even remotely relates to Highland Mary, and we would be the last to seek to profane it. "Of this mysterious episode in Burns' life," writes Scott Douglas, "the world can never learn the full facts." The facts that we have stumbled upon are not sufficiently clear in their connection to warrant their being predicated of the "dear departed shade" enshrined in Burns' "bosom-core," but the coincidence of dates and localities is so extraordinary as to merit chronicling, if only for the purpose of warning future discoverers that the field has already been explored in that spirit of reverence and devout circumspection which is the best safeguard against hasty conclusions on such a sacred subject. Mundane mystery and darkness form the most appropriate background for the figure of "that rare and radiant maiden," whose disembodied spirit genius
transformed into the Soul of Song and enthroned in the "distant Aiden,"—pure, spotless, undefiled—bathed in floods of celestial glory. We have travelled thus far beyond the legitimate limits of our subject proper, for the express purpose of anticipating the inevitable blare of trumpets which heralds each new achievement of the Burnsiana Microscope. Other places lay more out of the beaten path—Dunlop House, for instance, wherein dwelt his truest friend and wisest counsellor—but we have already so far encroached upon our allotted space that we are here forced to take leave of our scarce accomplished task.
HE last word, historically speaking, has probably long ago been said concerning the portraits of Burns. We might almost say portrait, as, notwithstanding all that has been said, and it is not a little, about portraits known and unknown; and the production from time to time, of so called portraits; which their discoverers, or makers, fondly hope may prove a source of profit, as a long lost treasure brought to light; Nasmyth's alone, having secured during the lifetime of the Poet, still retains its hold in public estimation, as the best realization of our National Bard.

First in importance, as in date, stands the well known and popular portrait by Alexander Nasmyth, showing the head and bust only, on a canvas fifteen inches by twelve, now, happily, placed in the National Gallery, Edinburgh: having been bequeathed to the Nation by Colonel William Nicol Burns, son of the Poet.

The idea of having this portrait painted, with the view to being engraved for the Edinburgh Edition of Burns' Poems, then under the press, is said to have been suggested by the publisher, Creech, to Nasmyth. But James Nasmyth, the Engineer, son of the Artist, in his own Life, edited by Smiles, informs us,—and he doubtless had substantial grounds for this, and other details, concerning the intercourse between his father and the Poet—that they were first introduced by Patrick Miller, subsequently Burns' Landlord and the idea of the portrait originated with his father.

"The Poet," he adds, "had a strange aversion to sit for his portrait, though often urgently requested to do so. But when at my father's studio, Burns at last consented, the portrait was rapidly painted. It was done in a few hours, and my father made a present of it to Mrs. Burns." The hours may have been few, but several sittings were given for the painting.
In any case, how grateful we ought to be to the artist, who for love of his subject produced the only portrait which truly brings us face to face with the Poet; as, without it, we would have been left with such an ideal as Taylor conveys, or which may be drawn from wordy descriptions; welcome always as auxiliaries, but worthless compared to the fewest lines of a skilled pencil.

Burns arrived in Edinburgh on the 28th Nov., 1786, and his acquaintanceship with Nasmyth, who was only a few months his senior, rapidly ripened into esteem and friendship: the Poet, it is said, cherished the society of the painter, and frequented his painting room.
They had also many walks together in the suburbs of the city. We can readily fancy how strongly the picturesque views in and around "thine own romantic town," new to the Bard, and perennially interesting to the painter, must have alike stimulated two minds so sensitive to the beauties of nature.

On all such occasions would the artistic instinct of the painter be quickened, and a keen and constant eye instinctively note, the ever varying moods and changing expressions of the Poet, and he would carry to the congenial task of painting his friend's portrait, an eye and mind pregnant with the best and most characteristic expression of his sitter; and a hand trained to, and accustomed to the exercise of this department of art although soon afterwards more successfully devoted to the painting of Landscapes.

Before proceeding further in the consideration of the subject I may be permitted to say that, having on two occasions modelled heads of Burns, I had opportunities of studying closely the features of the Poet from every available source, including the profiles in the Watson collection, during the lifetime of the owner; the task of comparison and analysis is not a new one.

Having noted the special qualifications Nasmyth brought to his canvas, when he delineated Burns, how can we, in the absence of the subject, criticise the result?

We may, in the first place, see how it bears artistic scrutiny; and, in the next, compare it with the few other portraits worthy of regard.

Looked at as a whole, this surely is the picture of one who might well have been the lion of the season, during his first and brilliant visit to the capital in 1786-7. The manly forehead; the stamp of individual character in every feature, the mobile mouth, the eloquent eye, and the general look of engaging frankness are all here. We are told that in conversation, and when animated, the eye of Burns flashed in a manner rarely if ever seen, except in men of the highest genius: this is well suggested by Nasmyth, but the eyebrows I have always felt defective in form; the curve is common in its sweep, and is carried too far.

This has not escaped the observation of several of the earlier engravers: Walker being the first to introduce more variety into the detail of this feature.
The next point I would notice is the line of the upper lip, particularly the left side, it has too much of the Cupid’s bow line: this slight exaggeration may have been given to suggest a pleasing expression, but if this was the motive, I should have preferred the expression sought for by Gibson the sculptor while modelling the bust of a distinguished English lady in Rome; a friend of the lady having remarked that he would like to see “the pleasing smile her ladyship has while receiving company.” “No sir, I do not wish to represent her Ladyship smiling, but, as if she could smile.”

The feeling which prompted Gibson in making his reply, appears to have actuated Skirving in his enlarged rendering of Nasmyth’s portrait, as here may be observed more detail and firmer drawing in the line of the eyebrow, while the eye beams rather than flashes, but looks as if it could blaze. The lips, too, with more of gravity, look as if they could smile, while a gentle shadow of sadness hangs over the face, it is at the same time illuminated with geniality and fine humour.

I can find no trace of Burns having given sittings to Skirving; if he did, the fact would be extremely interesting and valuable; if he did not, where did the artist get the fine expression his drawing undoubtedly possesses? At the time these portraits were done, Burns was in his twenty-eighth year, and although accustomed to speak of himself as coming from the plough, he must have looked the picture of manly vigour and health, with the look, we are told, of a well to do farmer. His sensitively-independent character, the high value he set upon himself, the mounting hope animating him at this, the best period of his life, would have few traces of rusticity, and must have thrown an air around him, which, if not pleasant to every observer, must have strongly affected the artistic sensibilities of Nasmyth and of Skirving; if the latter ever met the Poet; and in the absence of positive information I can only believe that he did, from the internal evidence of his drawing.

Other drawings by Skirving which I have seen, give me a high opinion of his delicacy of perception, and skill in the use of his crayon, indeed, in drawing alone, I would consider him superior to Nasmyth.

The small picture also by Nasmyth, showing the whole figure, at present in the National Gallery, Edinburgh, was not
painted direct from life, but from a sketch in pencil taken by the artist during the visit he made in the company of the Poet to Roslin Castle; the attitude having been happily caught and preserved on a scrap of paper, while the unconscious Bard stood rapt in thought looking at the beauty of the scene.

Lockhart in 1828, speaking of this picture, says—that the surviving friends of Burns who had seen it, are unanimous in pronouncing it to be a very lively representation of the Bard, as he first attracted public notice on the streets of Edinburgh: but, observe, this was thirty years after the death of the Poet.

We now come to consider the small picture of Burns, by Peter Taylor, at present in the National Portrait Gallery, Queen Street, Edinburgh.
And here it may be observed how desirable it would be for the purpose of comparison, were it possible to have all the portraits of Burns under one roof.

Taylor was a young and rising artist in Edinburgh, and is said to have gained some reputation for the accuracy of his portraits: he was a contemporary of Buchan, Bonnar, and Nasmyth. He became very intimate with Burns, and offered to paint his portrait; to this the Poet agreed, and gave the artist three sittings; taking breakfast with him before beginning work. Mrs. Taylor being present at the last sitting which was the longest. As Burns was leaving town, probably his first departure, on the 5th of May, 1787, as George Gilfillan says, “triumphant in literary success.” The year given on the engraving from this picture as that on which it was painted, viz: 1786, is therefore subject to this understanding, that if begun in that year, it was finished in May of the year following. Nasmyth’s portrait being already in the hands of the engraver, as Burns, writing from Edinburgh to his friend John Ballantine, Ayr, on the 24th February, 1787, says:—“I am getting my phiz done by an eminent engraver; and if it can be ready in time, I will appear in my book looking, like other fools, to my title page.”

Curiously enough the same view of the head is given by both Nasmyth and Taylor, being friends they would probably see each others work.

Mrs. Taylor appears to have been the only person who saw this portrait in progress, and on the death of her husband, not long after, she is said to have locked up the picture, and it was only as a special favour that a sight of it could be obtained.

In the Edinburgh Literary Journal, for 21st November, and 5th December, 1829, several letters, and a considerable amount of information appears relative to this picture, the fact of its existence being almost unknown.

It may be safely asserted that, at first sight, and, in the absence of any inscription, Burns is the last person anyone would consider this picture to represent. A careful comparison however leaves less room for doubt, that, here we have a rendering not the best, perhaps, of the features of our Bard, yet carrying an amount of truth to life, sufficient to satisfy relatives and friends, whose recorded convictions regarding it
cannot be lightly considered, although a long interval had intervened between their last sight of the Poet, and seeing the picture.

In the letters just mentioned, Mrs. Burns expresses her belief in its being an original, and adds that "the likeness to the upper part of the face is very striking."

This is but halting praise from the widow of the person represented; but, widows are proverbially ill to please with the representation of a loved husband.

'Clarinda's' opinion is clearer and more characteristic: it is true, her letter is written thirty-two years after the death of 'Silvander;' but doubts do not cloud her memory, or encumber her verdict. She writes:

"SIR,

I return you the fine portrait of Burns, taken from life by the late Mr. Peter Taylor his early friend.

In my opinion it is the most striking likeness of the Poet I have ever seen; and I say this with more confidence having a most perfect recollection of his appearance.

AGNES MACLEHOSE.

14 CALTON HILL,
EDINBURGH,
28th OCTOBER, 1828."

To this may be added the following letter from Sir Walter Scott, relative to the same picture:

"SIR,

I was much gratified by the sight of Robert Burns. I saw the distinguished poet only once, and that many years since, and being a bad marker of likenesses, and recollector of faces, I should, in an ordinary case, have hesitated to offer an opinion upon the resemblance, especially as I make no pretention to judge of the Fine Arts. But Burns was so remarkable a man, that his features remain impressed on my mind as if I had seen him only yesterday; and I could not hesitate to recognise this portrait as a striking resemblance of the Poet, though it had been presented to me amid a whole Exhibition.

I am, Sir,

Your obedient Servant,

WALTER SCOTT.

Edinburgh, 14th Nov., 1829."
The Ettrick Shepherd a year later, describing a visit, made by permission, to the widow of the Artist, for the purpose of inspecting this picture, wrote to the following effect:—

"Mount Benger,
November, 27th, 1829.

On the 26th of January, 1812, along with some half-dozen others, including Gilbert Burns, we visited Mrs. Taylor who recognised and singled him out from the others, through his likeness to his brother.

Mr. Gray at first sight exclaimed 'Glorious! Glorious! Burns every inch, every feature! Mrs. Taylor this is quite a treasure.' Mr. Ainslie made some remarks about the mouth; Mr. Gilbert Burns said—'It is particularly like Robert in the form and air; with regard to venial faults I care not.'

Hogg adds—"all that I can say of the portrait is—that though I thought it hardly so finished a picture as Nasmyth's, I could see a family likeness in it which I could not decern in the others.

I had been accustomed to see Mrs. Burns, in Closeburn Church, every Sabbath day for years, also a sister of the Bard's who was married there, and Gilbert Burns was present, Taylor's picture had a family likeness to them all.

To his youngest sister it had a particular likeness; it was as like one of Gilbert Burns' sons, and very like Gilbert himself in the upper part of the face. I took a long and scrutinizing look at Gilbert and the picture.

The impression of the whole party was, in a general sense, that Mr. Taylor's picture was a free, bold, and striking likeness of Burns.

Mrs. Taylor would never let it out of her hand, but she let us look at it as long as we liked, and Mr. Gilbert Burns testified himself particularly gratified."

A moments examination of all this shows, that the widow and brother of the Poet are the most temperate in praise of this picture, as a likeness of their relative, and thus modifying very materially the testimony of the others.

Hogg's summing up being probably near to the truth, namely, that in certain features, and general air, it resembled Burns, at
the same time possessing to a degree characteristics of the family; but not entirely satisfactory as a likeness of the person represented.

Replying to a letter from Mr. D. Bridges, jr., dated November 16th, 1829, requesting his opinion upon “the recently discovered portrait of your old acquaintance Burns,” C. Kirkpatrick Sharpe writes,

“Dear Sir,—You desire me to give my opinion of the portrait of Burns you some time ago sent to me. I think it extremely like him, and that there can be no doubt about its authenticity.

But, like all his other portraits which I have seen, it does not give one the idea of so good looking a person as he was. There is ever, I think, a fault about his eyes; not that we can expect the fire of the original, but the shape and position appear to me faulty.

The print of him in the first edition of his poems I always thought like, but thinner faced than I remembered him, till death had begun his conquest.

I am tempted to think that the portrait in question was done by a person of the name of Reid, a portrait painter in Dumfries. I remember well to have seen, in the house of a carver and gilder there, one Stott, who was frequently employed by my father, portraits of Burns and his wife, which Stott told me were done by Reid. I am almost persuaded that I saw this very picture; certain I am that Jean’s was a miniature, in a white gown and a cap with a large border, I remember it particularly, because I saw it before I had seen the original. Reid painted both in oil and water-colours: and after he had been some time in Dumfries, went, as I think, to Galloway, where he died.”

Unfortunately Mr. Sharpe is uncertain on the point where certainty was most to be desired; he is “tempted to think” that it is by Taylor, this would indicate that the picture had been placed before him without the name of the artist being given; he is “almost persuaded” that he had seen it before; and is only confident when speaking of the miniature of Mrs. Burns.

We have the written testimony of Burns that Reid painted a miniature of himself of which he speaks in eulogistic terms.
Now, the term miniature as commonly used would not be applied to the small oil picture by Taylor, and it was unquestionably this picture which was submitted by Mr. Bridges to Kirkpatrick Sharpe. Of this there can be no doubt: this portrait had been only recently released from its long imprisonment, through being bequeathed by the widow of the artist to Mr. Taylor, Leith, in the previous year, 1828, and the names of C. Kirkpatrick Sharpe and David Bridges, Junr., are included by the 'Literary Journal' among the witnesses who spoke in favour of this portrait after its "discovery."

In order to show how jealously Mrs. Taylor guarded this portrait it may be said that, the Earl of Buchan having detained it a day or two beyond the stipulated time, when he had obtained the loan of it to show to the Duchess of Gordon; a request for the loan of it a second time was refused, although accompanied with an offer of forty guineas.

It is the work of an untrained and unskilled hand.

It is impossible to believe that this hard featured man, not ten years before, had charmed the 'belles' of Edinburgh, even if they were years of no light labour and trial.

Burns, if he ever saw this portrait of himself, could never have spoken of it as he does in the letters concerning the miniature by Reid; nor should we forget that Allan Cunningham considered this painter worthy of mention in his "Lives of Eminent Artists."

As Mr. Scott Douglas in his Life of Burns expresses the same opinion as Mr. Hately Waddell he must pass under the same condemnation.

It is to be regretted that no record has descended to us direct from Burns, of his having sat to Peter Taylor for the small picture at present in the National Portrait Gallery, Edinburgh, but that he did so, we have the testimony of Mrs. Taylor, and such internal evidence as is possessed by the picture.

Whether from the fact of its having been locked up for many years, by the widow of the painter, and being practically unknown until the publication of the engraving from it, by Horsburgh in 1830; or to whatever cause it may be ascribed, the fact remains, that, interesting, although this picture undoubtedly is, and in spite of the testimony in its favour from various friends of the
Poet, the public have refused to accept it as a faithful or satisfactory representation of Burns.

We now proceed to make a few comparisons for ourselves: looked at side by side, the first and strongest divergence noticeable between the portraits by Nasmyth and Taylor, is the length of nose in Taylor's, and the absence of the slight upward turn in the former; in this detail Nasmyth agrees with the small profile done, as Burns, in a letter of 23rd June, 1788, to Mr. Ainslie, says:—“in two minutes by an artist named Miers.”

We all know how wonderfully the character of a face is frequently caught in these silhouettes; and this by Miers is in perfect harmony with Nasmyth's portrait, varying, but only apparently in the line of the head: lost to some extent by the ‘queue’ worn by Burns at this time.

With this exception of the length of the nose, which may appear unimportant, but is sufficient to change the aspect of the face, and alter its character completely, the features in the two pictures will bear comparison. The under lip is heavier, and not so fine as in Nasmyth, but the line of the mouth is simpler, and so far better; it is not, however, drawn in true perspective to the rest of the face.

The drawing of the eye-brow in Taylor's is finer, and has the variety of form lacking in the other, while the eye, although not so open and brilliant, suggests an even longer orb, such as is almost invariably found in Poets and Orators. It fails however
to convey an adequate idea of that eye described by Scott as "large, and of a dark cast which glowed (I say literally glowed), when he spoke with feeling or interest." It may be said that Taylor obviously made no effort to represent this phase of Burns, and that he purposely wished to give us the serious side of his sitter. The twilight of the background, and the shadow thrown over the eyes by the hat, may be thought to lend weight to such a supposition, but even if this be admitted, he cannot be said to have realized such an aim with perfect success.

We all admire the serious side of Burns' nature, and how gladly would we have welcomed, and been ever charmed with, an adequate and satisfying representation of this side of his personality, such as a Raeburn might have bequeathed to us; but all this does not effect our present inquiry; limited as it is to which of these portraits he most truly represents, and places before us, the features and distinguishing characteristics of Burns.

In a letter to George Thomson dated May, 1795, Burns, at the conclusion of a letter, writes:—"There is an artist of very considerable merit, just now, in this town, who has hit the most remarkable likeness of what I am at this moment, that I think ever was taken of anybody." And writing to Mrs. Walter Riddell, Halleathes, from Dumfries, 29th January, 1796, Burns, after speaking of other matters, says:—"apropos to pictures, I am sitting to Reid in this town for a miniature, and I think he has hit by far the best likeness of me ever taken. When you are at any time so idle in town as to call at Reid's painting room, and mention to him that I spoke of such a thing to you, he will show it to you, else he will not; for both the miniature's existence and its destiny are an inviolable secret, and therefore very properly trusted in part to you."

There is nothing improbable in a portrait, even in miniature being carried on from May till January, the above refer in all probability to the same portrait, and I consider the miniature in the Watson collection sufficiently good in every way to meet all that is said in these letters.

In the absence of any signature or mark on the portrait, or valid history attached to it, more I fear cannot be said at present connecting it with these letters.
The attempt made by the Rev. P. Hately Waddell in his Life of Burns to claim Reid as the painter of the wretched thing he terms the "Kerry miniature," an engraving of which he gives with the initials "R. B., 1796," underneath. I can scarcely speak of it with patience, nor will it bear a moment's investigation.

Allan Cunningham in his "Lives of Eminent Painters, Sculptors, and Architects," speaks of "Read a wandering limner who found his way on a time to Dumfries, where he painted Burns and his Jean on ivory."

The late Mr. W. F. Watson believed the miniature on ivory in his collection to be the portrait of Burns here referred to; I had many opportunities of seeing it in the house of Mr. Watson, as well as the silhouette, now in the National Portrait Gallery.

Mr. Watson attached so great a value and importance, to this portrait that he refused to allow it out of his possession; he very kindly, however, lent it to me for a short time while modelling a head of Burns in which he had taken a great interest.

Fortunately this miniature gives the left side of the face in profile, the silhouette is from the right. To me it bears all the internal evidence of having been taken from life; there is a spirit about it, an amount and accuracy of detail, extending to the ear, which is well drawn, incompatible with the supposition of its being a concoction. The small portion of the ear seen in Nasmyth's painting, is badly suggested, and the defective drawing of the original has been aggravated, more or less in nearly all the copies and engravings.

This miniature harmonises with the Nasmyth portrait and the silhouette, but with a difference; the difference of time; I perceive in it, small as the features are, a trace of tear and wear in the firmer, and rather harder look of the mouth.

Altogether I cannot help imagining that the artist has only too faithfully caught and preserved a marked falling off, compared with the face of the young Poet, who looks with eyes beaming with hope and enthusiasm from the canvas of Nasmyth.

Having now examined and considered, in a necessarily brief manner, the portraits of Burns, known to have been done from life, namely:—the Nasmyth painting, and the Miers Silhouette; followed by Taylor's painting, which the emphatic testimony of Mrs. Taylor leaves little room for doubt, was painted from life.
To these I venture to add the Reid miniature, partly on the evidence of Allan Cunningham, already quoted, but equally on the indubitable evidence it carries, satisfying me that it was done from the Poet.

Two of these portraits, and if my view of the miniature be accepted, three, will be found to harmonize and substantiate each other, while the fourth, by Taylor, is isolated, and, at best, must, I fear, be content with the fourth place.

Of the whole length portrait, painted by William Allan, and engraved by John Burnet, in 1838, perhaps the best of its class executed at that period, nothing need be said; nor of the miniature medallian by Tassie, in the National Portrait Gallery, although it looks more like an independent production than a servile copy; and while in harmony with Nasmyth, Miers, and Reid, has a character of its own. It suggests Burns as older than in Nasmyth's portrait, and might quite well have been done by Tassie, from a drawing by himself, although it was not published until 1801, five years after the death of the Poet.

It is impossible within our limited space to say much concerning the innumerable engravings of Burns, nearly all from the same source, viz:—Nasmyth, the first being the small frontispiece by Beugo, the "eminent engraver," alluded to by Burns in his letter already mentioned.

Burns gave several independent sittings to Beugo, but whether from this cause, and having to some extent departed from, or having failed to realize the original, which had been set before him immediately after leaving the hands of the painter, he certainly failed to satisfy Nasmyth.

Of this engraving I have always felt that it was too strongly impregnated with the rustic air and wanting in the native dignity, never absent from Burns, more particularly at this period.

I believe that a closer attempt to realize the original picture would have better succeeded, than attempting to touch up, or alter from life on the plate: a daring and difficult task even to the most accomplished yielder of the bruin, and possibly beyond the powers of Beugo.

That Nasmyth was more completely satisfied with the well-known engraving, by William Walker, we have the direct
testimony of the artist, as given by his son, the late James Nasmyth, the eminent engineer, in his life, edited by Samuel Smiles.

Mr. Nasmyth relates that his father, when a proof was submitted to him, said to Mr. Walker—"I cannot better express to you my opinion of your admirable engraving than by telling you that it conveys to me a more true and lively remembrance of Burns than my own picture of him does; it so perfectly renders the spirit of his expression as well as the details of his every feature."

Here, then, is the frank opinion of the painter to whom the Poet sat for his picture; his particular friend and companion, and although expressed a long period after they had been separated by death, where shall we look for a higher authority as to the best and most characteristic realization of Burns?

The answer surely must be, in the Nasmyth portrait, and in this reproduction of it by Walker: especially as this opinion is supported by the independent evidence of the silhouette by Miers, and, if we choose to accept it, the miniature in profile by Reid.

I have been so fortunate as to obtain from Mr. William Walker, London, son of the engraver, important particulars concerning his father's work alluded to above, unattainable now from any other source.

Mr. Walker says, "This engraving was published in 1830, in the various conditions of Artist's proof, Proof, and Print: each with lettering suitable to the condition of publication, according to when they were printed.

An impression in his own possession bears the following—

ROBERT BURNS,
Engraved by William Walker and Samuel Cousins from the original the same size in the possession of Mrs. Burns, painted by Alexander Nasmyth, in 1787."

Mr. Walker proceeds to say, "My, father being specially a stipple engraver, completed the plate first in this form, he then employed Cousins, (a pupil of S. W. Reynolds my grandfather,) to mezzotint it, and on account of friendship, and contrary to
the usual practice, placed Samuel Cousins name on the plate in conjunction with his own. Copies of the original issue are now very rare.

It was copied a good many years ago in a most inferior manner by John Zeiter, and within the last two years Mr. R. P. Barkes has produced an excellent copy, published, I think, by Colnaghi of Pall Mall."

The original plate having passed out of Mr. Walker's hands, was republished on the 1st of January, 1842, by W. Hayward: I may add that it has since crossed the Atlantic, and is now the property of Mr. Joseph Laing, Publisher, New York, an enthusiastic Scot, who has recently re-issued prints from it; the lettering has been slightly altered, but the print appears in no way to have deteriorated.

Through the courtesy of Mr. J. M. Gray of the National Portrait Gallery, Edinburgh, the accompanying plates are introduced for the purpose of conveying an idea, to those who have not seen the portrait by Taylor, of the difference between it, and that by Nasmyth; the silhouette affording a key, or test, applicable to both.

If all the portraits to which the name of Burns has been attached could be garnered together, to what a curious company would it introduce us, and what a wonderful and amusing exhibition would be the result.

When not copies, more or less crude, the work of timid and unskilled hands, they are found to depend for their likeness to Burns, more to the shape of the coat and vest, than to any resemblance they possess to any feature of his head.

It would even be interesting, if any one could be found with time sufficient, to trace the stages from the christening of an unknown 'coat and vest' portrait, as being 'like' Burns, until it became a veritable portrait of him, with all the authority of half a century of tradition on its back.

Many years ago, while in Rome, I was taken to see one of these 'genuine and original' portraits of Burns; it simply proved, as usual, a copy of Nasmyth, and a very indifferent one. My freely expressed opinion had, however, no weight with the possessor of this original, compared with the 'history' in which it was embalmed when it became his property.
While fully aware that an Antiquarian or Historian is only to be satisfied when he can follow his subject step by step, outside of himself or his own opinions, an artist, in addition to this, but apart and independently, applies tests of his own, from within himself, to works of art, visible to himself alone: or if to others, solely to those experts who have made art the study of years.

It has taken longer than I expected, to say how little can be said about these portraits; enough, perhaps, has been said to justify the opinion expressed in the opening sentence, that there is but one chief portrait, that by Nasmyth: Skirving's drawing from the same picture I would place next, as although based upon, and following another, it possesses a distinct charm of its own. After these, Reid has more truly caught the character of the man than Taylor, whose picture is more interesting than valuable as a portrait of Burns.
THE world loses something in knowing Burns only as a poet. We need not agree with Jeffrey in thinking that his prose conveys a deeper impress of his genius than his verse; nor need we hold the opinion of Dugald Stewart that his letters are objects of wonder scarcely less than his poetry. The popular view of Burns' genius is the correct one, and his poetry will undoubtedly continue to eclipse his prose so long as his name has a place in the hearts of the Scottish people. Nevertheless, we repeat that something is lost to those who know Burns only as a poet. There is a very great deal to be learned about his life and character, about his feelings and fancies, not only from that noble fragment of autobiography he has left us, but also from his letters, of which close upon five hundred and fifty have now been published. Burns' personality, as has often been remarked, was so intense as to colour the smallest fragment of his correspondence; and a reading of his prose reveals to us some new features which, if they do not materially alter our conception of his character as drawn from his verse, at any rate do something to complete the shading of the portrait. It is, as "Hugh Haliburton" has said from the minor and more common-place actions of his every-day life, that the true picture of every man must be drawn; and it is just because there is so much of the minor and the common-place—if, indeed, anything can be called common-place in so interesting an existence—in the correspondence and other prose writings of Burns, that we suggest the advisability of going beyond his poetry in order that a correct estimate may be formed of his life and character in all their details.

These remarks are in part suggested by a personal experience. It was one of his letters to George Thomson that first led the writer of these lines, to look at Burns from the point of view indicated by the title of this article. That the musician who would reach the hearts of his listeners by the practical exposition of his art must have something of the soul of poetry in his nature, is a truth which experience has pretty widely enforced.
But does the converse hold good? Is it necessary that the poet have something of the feeling of the musician in order to awaken a sympathetic chord in the hearts of the people? Again experience, so far at least as relates to the case of the song-writer, seems to declare in favour of this view. Look at Byron, to cite only one instance of the kind. He had absolutely no ear for music—had not even a liking for the art, and so probably it was, that he produced nothing that has taken a place in the popular song literature of his country. On the other hand, take the case of the Ettrick Shepherd, who as early as fourteen evinced a strong love for music. We are told how he managed to save five shillings for the purchase of a fiddle, with which he ever afterwards solaced himself during his leisure hours. We shall not be so bold as to say that Hogg owes his position as a song-writer—a position which is next to that of Burns himself—entirely to this love for music, and his own attempt towards its performance, but undoubtedly both did a great deal to secure him that position. We are perfectly well aware that the argument would break down in several instances, but the examples in its favour are sufficiently numerous to allow of its being put forward as a general principle.

In the case of Burns, the matter is so plain that no argument whatever is needed to support it. He has explicitly told us, that he laid it down as a rule from his earliest efforts at songwriting, to sound—or as he puts it, to "sowth"—some old melody over and over again till he caught the inspiration, so that the words came spontaneously. He never sat down to the composition of a lyric without first crooning the melody to himself in order to kindle his emotion, and regulate the rhythm of his verse, and when on a stray occasion, the words are faulty we may be pretty safe in concluding that he had not quite mastered the air. Very often he sought extraneous aid to help him in this way. Sometimes he would get an old woman to hum over the tune to him; sometimes his own wife would sing it aloud to him by the fireside; and sometimes as we shall see, he may have scraped it on a fiddle for himself. When in Nithsdale, it was his custom, after composing his songs, to call upon the wife of a mason who had an extensive acquaintance with, and could sing the old airs charmingly, and ask her to go over the new verses to the tune which had inspired them. Very often he would stop
her in the middle of the singing, when he found any word harsh or grating on his ear, and would at once substitute one more melodious and pleasing.

Thus, his lyrics were not only in a great measure the outcome of his acquaintance with the old airs, but the polishing process, in which he showed himself so fastidious, was carried out largely by the aid of melody. As Principal Shairp has well said, "his songs are not like many modern songs—set to music: they are themselves music, conceived in an atmosphere of music, rising out of it, and with music instinct to their last syllable." Take this verse as an example:

"Lassie wi' the lint white locks,
Bonnie lassie, artless lassie,
Wilt thou wi' me tent the flocks?
Wilt thou be my dearie, O?"

Here, as in many other things that might be quoted, our rugged Scottish dialect is made to take on something of the softness of Italian, and becomes a pliant and liquid speech. Burns would certainly never have sung so well as this—so well as he has uniformly sung—if he had not surrounded himself with an atmosphere of melody, if he had not from boyhood, studied the old tunes, and couned and crooned them over till they became a part almost of his very existence. But let us not forget that there was something more than the ancient songs and the old airs. There was the inward feeling for melody born in the Poet's deepest heart, which received into itself the whole body of national song; and then "when it had passed through his soul, sent it forth enobled and glorified by his own genius." It is not a taste for music, nor even a musical ear that will produce a song-writer of the highest type, if the divine spark of God is not in the breast. No one of the poets had a greater love for music than Samuel Rogers, who has yet left us nothing that will live in the hearts of the people.

Burns' tastes in music were pretty much those of Sir Walter Scott, the latter had no more "ear" for music than "Elia" himself, and in his Autobiography he tells us of how he had yielded to his mother's desire that he "should at least learn psalmody," but had at last to abandon the lessons owing to his musical incapacity having driven his teacher to despair. In his Diary we find this entry: "My little nieces gave us some pretty music,
I do not know and cannot utter a note of music, and complicated harmonies seem to me a battle of confused though pleasing sounds.” Such, in effect, is the declaration of Burns in a letter written to George Thomson in 1793: “You know,” he says, “that my pretensions to musical taste are merely a few of nature’s instincts, untaught and untutored by art. For this reason, many musical compositions, particularly where much of the merit lies in counterpoint, [Scott’s “complicated harmonies”] however they may transport and ravish the ears of your connoisseurs, affect my simple lug no otherwise than merely as melodious din. On the other hand, by way of amends, I am delighted with many little melodies which the learned musician despises as silly and insipid.” Again, writing to the same correspondent, he says: “Not to compare small things with great, my taste in music is like the mighty Frederick of Prussia’s taste in painting: we are told that he frequently admired what the connoisseurs decried, and always without any hypocrisy confessed his admiration.”

Was it these declarations which led Moore to state, with that fine dogmatism, which some natures delight in, that “Burns was wholly unskilled in music?” It does not matter much, because Moore was entirely wrong; and we forgive him only because he has graciously admitted that the rare art of adapting words successfully to music has been exercised by Burns “with so workmanly a hand, as well as with so rich a variety of passion, playfulness, and power, as no song-writer, perhaps, but himself has even yet displayed.” That the author of Lalla-Rookh, who was really gifted with a more sensitive organisation for music than most poets—should have admitted Burns’ skill in composing verses for Scottish airs without recognizing that he must have possessed not only a musical ear but also some practical knowledge of music is somewhat extraordinary. As a matter of fact, Burns had both the ear and the knowledge. There is evidence that he even tried his hand at musical composition. In his first Common-Place Book, referring to two fragments written when he was twenty-four, he records that he “set about composing an air in the old Scotch style,” “I am,” he says. “not musical scholar enough to prick down my tune properly, so it can never see the light, but these were the verses I composed to suit it.” He then quotes the three stanzas beginning, “O, raging fortune’s withering
blast,” and adds, “the tune consisted of three parts, so that the above verses just went through the whole air.” Our readers will, we are sure, agree with us that it is a great pity this tune was not “pricked down” and preserved. It would have been a musical curiosity—we shall say nothing as to what would have been its pecuniary value now—for the lines he wrote for it are assuredly the most unskilful he ever attempted to compose for a melody.

But the most interesting thing about Burns’ musical accomplishments is the fact that he played the violin in an amateur kind of way. In a letter of 1790, written under a fictitious signature to Charles Sharpe of Hoddam, he says: “I am a fiddler and a Poet, and you, I am told, play an exquisite violin and have a standard taste in the Belles Lettres. The other day a brother catgut gave me a charming Scottish air of your composition. If I was pleased with the tune, I was in raptures with the title you have given it, and taking up the idea, I have spun it into three stanzas enclosed.” Here is a distinct avowal of the fact that Burns was a fiddler; yet this curious passage seems to have been altogether ignored by the Poet’s biographers until Captain Charles Gray, R.M., looked into the matter in 1847, Captain Gray had some interviews with Burns’ sister, Mrs. Begg, and on asking her if the Poet played any instrument, she at once replied, “Yes, a little on the violin,” thus confirming the Poet’s own avowal. He was, she declared, “no great proficient:” his playing was something like his singing—

“Rude and rough;
But croomin’ to a bodie’s sel’
Does weel enough.”

Burns seems to have taken up the fiddle first in the summer of 1781, and to have continued its practice, more or less systematically, until the summer of 1782. Mrs. Begg’s statement was that “he used to play in summer when they took shelter from the rain: and in winter he used to rise early in the mornings and chap up the gathering coal, and play away for the amusement of those in bed.” It is to be feared “thae in bed” were not altogether appreciative, for Mrs. Begg adds:—“So that could not be borne for ever, and speedily came to an end.” The poet, according to his sister, could read music, either manuscript or printed, quite readily, and he did not uniformly play by ear but often had copies before him. He showed a
decided preference for slow and pathetic airs, but he was also fond of lively strathspey tunes. All this is the more interesting that we are told Burns was entirely a self-taught fiddler. The sum total of his musical education consisted of two months at a singing-school in Lochlea, when the teacher got the use of the barn, and three months at a singing-school in Mauchline, "sacred music" being taught at both classes. If the teacher were at all a capable man, his pupils might learn a good deal about the theory of music in six months, while, of course, the class would be practised in singing the ordinary psalm tunes then in use with their accompanying harmonies, at any rate it is quite evident that Burns' knowledge of music was sufficient to account for the unequalled mastery he acquired over the difficult art of writing words to our old national airs. It is a phase of his many-sided nature that has seldom been taken account of by those who have dealt with his life and writings; but it is undoubtedly to it that we must look in a great measure for the secret of his success as a song-writer. The greater is always apt to absorb the less, but we must not forget the immense debt we owe to Burns for recovering many old and neglected airs, and writing them to appropriate words in order to prevent their being lost. His chief work in this way was done for Johnson's *Scots Musical Museum*. To that publication he contributed no fewer than two hundred and twenty-eight songs, and for it also he collected more than fifty old melodies, most of which but for their preservation then would almost certainly have perished. That, too, is something which one who looks at Burns from a musical point of view can never cease to be grateful for.
NOTES.

Writing to his friend and patron, John Ballantyne, Ayr, the poet says, in a letter dated—Edinburgh, January 14th, 1787:—“I went to a mason lodge yesternight, when the most Worshipful Grand Master Charteris, and all the Grand Lodge of Scotland, visited. The meeting was numerous and elegant; all the different lodges about town were present in all their pomp. The Grand Master, who presided with great solemnity and honour to himself as a gentleman and mason, among other general toasts, gave ‘Caledonia, and Caledonia’s Bard, Brother Burns,’ which rang through the whole assembly with multiplied honours and repeated acclamations.”

The mason lodge alluded to above (Lodge Edinburgh St. Andrew, No. 48), intends celebrating the anniversary (12th January, 1787), of this memorable visit, when it is expected Grand Lodge will be present. An interesting feature in the night’s proceedings will be the initiation of Mr. Laurence J. Nicolson, the ‘Bard of Thule,’ into the mysteries of the Masonic Craft. Mr. Nicolson is a most enthusiastic admirer of Robert Burns.

A RELIC OF HIGHLAND MARY.—There has only now been brought under our notice by Mr. Robert Burns-Begg, of whose lively interest in the CHRONICLE the reader has more than one instance in the present issue, an interesting relic of Mary Campbell, the finest and most mysterious of all Burns’ inamorata. It consists of a lock of her hair now in the possession of Mrs. Henderson, of Palace Gardens’ Terrace, Kensington, London. The lock of hair is enclosed in an envelope attached to one of the leaves of an early edition of Burns’ Works belonging to Mrs. Henderson’s father, the late Mr. J. Kerr of Glasgow, an enthusiastic admirer of the Poet.

On the page of the volume, preceding that to which the envelope is attached, there is the following inscription in Mr.
In the summer of 1823 or 1824, when my family were at Largs, Mr. J. Archibald had several conversations with me respecting Mrs. Campbell, the mother of Burns’ Highland Mary, then residing in the Parish of Greenock. He told me that she possessed the Bible given by Burns to her daughter, and proposed that I should write Sir Walter Scott to ascertain whether he would be disposed to buy this relic of the Poet. I wrote accordingly, and was immediately answered by an offer to purchase, and to pay £5 for the two tiny vols. Archibald declined the offer, and talked of £20 as their value. He continued his visits to me, and soon after surprised me by saying that Mrs. Campbell would be gratified if I would accept a lock of her daughter’s hair. This lock is enclosed in the envelope on the following page.

(Signed) J. KERR.

“The Bible has been for a number of years, and still is, in the Monument of Burns near Alloway Kirk, in the north bank of the Doon.

(Initialed) J. K., 1876.”

QUERIES.

Reid’s Miniature Portrait of Burns.—In the correspondence of Burns we find mention made of the following six portraits of himself, which, with the exception of the last named, have all been traced to their respective owners:—(1) Nasmyth’s oval bust portrait, National Gallery of Scotland, Edinburgh, (cat. No. 34): (2) Beugo’s engraving of this picture; Scottish National Portrait Gallery, Edinburgh, (cat. No. 139 of engraved portraits): (3) Miers’ silhouette profile, also in the collection of the last named Gallery (cat, No. 156): (4) the picture by David Allan, illustrating the Cotter’s Saturday Night, in the possession of Mrs. Hutchinson, daughter of Colonel James Glencairn Burns: (5) the portrait painted by an unknown artist, then on a flying visit to Dumfries, in the collection of the late Rev. Dr. P. Hately Waddell: and (6) the portrait on ivory by Reid, (Alexander Read)? Dumfries, which has not as yet turned up in the hands of any collector of Burns reliques.

The Editor, having sought far and near for information regarding this portrait and the artist, would be indebted to any
one who could, and would, furnish him with particulars respecting Reid, his life, and style of painting, and where his drawings may be seen. He has only succeeded in expiscating the following particulars: In 1770, Alexander Reid, exhibited in London “A head of Mr. Ochterlony, born in the year 1691.” He is mentioned by Allan Cunningham in his “British Painters” as having painted the heads of Burns and his Jean on ivory; and, in a letter to Mrs. Riddell, the poet says: “I am just sitting to Reid of this town [Dumfries is meant] for a miniature, and I think he has hit by far the best likeness of me ever taken.” There is also a portrait of Highland Mary amissing. It is said to be an original.
BIBLIOGRAPHY
OF
ROBERT BURNS
—
1892.

In compiling the First Part of the Bibliography, which comprises Editions of Burns' Works and Burnsiana omitted in M'Kie's "Bibliography of Robert Burns," the editor has to acknowledge his obligations to Messrs. F. T. Barrett and John Ingram for their kind assistance,—the former in looking over the proof sheets, and the latter in tendering him every help and furtherance when consulting the rich and varied collection of works relating to Burns, and Scottish literature, under their charge in the Mitchell Library, Glasgow.

The Second Part—comprising Burnsiana which has appeared since M'Kie's work was published—from 1880 to 1892—was compiled by Mr. John P. Anderson of the British Museum, a well known bibliographer; revised and supplemented by the editor. Neither of the Parts, especially the second, is complete. More time and space were wanted to enable us to attain that end, but such as they are, the Bibliographies will be found useful by that ever-increasing body of Burns students, who systematically study the Life and Writings of the Poet.

The Bibliography of Robert Burns is such an extensive study, permeating most European literatures, and covering an area of half the civilized world, that no one sane man would dream of undertaking the compilation of a complete and exhaustive Bibliography without the aid of the many learned and competent persons, versed in Burnsiana, to be found in almost every country of the world.

In this respect, therefore, it gives the Editor great pleasure to own his indebtedness to Signor Ulisse Ortensi, chief librarian, Biblioteca Nazionale Vittorio Emanuelle, Rome, for a list of books, magazines etc., published in Italy containing articles on the Life and Works of Burns, and translations into Italian of his Poems and Songs; to Monsieur Barbier, Professor of French, Athenæum, Glasgow, for particulars regarding translations of Burns in French; and to many others who he does not name,
but nevertheless thanks most sincerely for their assistance and advice.

With the aid of publishers and authors of books, music, engravings, etc. etc., the Editor hopes, in the course of future issues of the CHRONICLE, to be able to make the Bibliography as complete and accurate as possible. Anyone pointing out omissions and corrections will confer a favour; and all those interested in Burns literature should co-operate with the Editor in making the Bibliography an accurate and complete list of works on Burns, and books and periodical publications containing articles and references to the Poet.

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THE BURNS FEDERATION,
(INSTITUTED 1885).

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On the Institution of the Federation, the following Circular was sent to the Secretaries of all known Burns Clubs and Scottish Societies throughout the World, with the result that forty-nine Clubs have Federated and many others are presently considering the necessity of doing so.

DEAR SIR,

As you may have already observed from the Public Press, an important Meeting of the Kilmarnock Burns Club, was held here in July last; at which were present, personally or by Depute, the Presidents of a number of Metropolitan and District Clubs; when it was unanimously resolved that an Incorporating Union of the Burns Clubs and Scottish Societies throughout the world be formed, under the designation of

"THE BURNS FEDERATION."

The nucleus of an Executive Council was at the same time appointed to frame a Constitution, and bring the movement under the notice of every known Burns Club and Scottish Society. In pursuance of these instructions, the said interim Executive Council beg to lay before your Club the following abstract of the Constitution, in order that the general scope and aims of the Federation may be clearly comprehended. They have the utmost confidence that these will so commend themselves that every Admire of the Immortal Bard will see it to be his duty and interest to affiliate at an early date, and so help to establish that wide and comprehensive Brotherhood which is the primary object of the movement, and which was the most intense aspiration of the Poet's heart.

The object of the Federation shall be to strengthen and consolidate the bond of fellowship presently existing amongst the members of Burns Clubs, by universal affiliation; its motto being—

"A man's a man for a' that."
The members of every Burns Club registered as belonging to the Federation shall be granted a Diploma admitting them to meetings of all the Clubs connected with the Federation, they being subject to the rules of the Club visited, but having no voice in its management, unless admitted a member of the Club visited, according to local form. The Affiliation Fee for each Club shall be One Guinea, and for each Member's Diploma One Shilling, these payments being final and not annual.

The Funds of the Federation, so accruing, shall be vested in the Executive Council for the purpose of acquiring and preserving Holograph Manuscripts and other interesting Relics connected with the life and works of the Poet, and for other purposes of a like nature, as the said Council may determine.

The headquarters of the Federation shall be at Kilmarnock, the premier Club in the movement, the town in which the first edition of the Poet's Works, was published, and which contains the only properly organised Burns Museum in the United Kingdom.

The election of an Honorary Council, comprising:—Presidents of the Affiliated Clubs, and other Gentlemen of eminence nominated by the Executive. The Executive Council to consist of the Presidents and Vice-Presidents of the leading Affiliated Clubs, and other eligible gentlemen, with power to add to their number.

It is the intention of the Executive Council, as far as the Funds will permit, to engage competent persons to superintend the publication of scarce and valuable Works on Burns, both original and compiled; and the Council is happy to be able to state that The Holograph MSS. of Burns, acquired by the Burns Monument Trustees, have now been edited and published exactly as in the Manuscripts showing the Poet’s changing mood and meanings. A comparison of the version contained in these Manuscripts with that of the other published versions is of the utmost interest to all lovers and Students of Burns.

The book can be obtained from the Editor, Mr. David Sneddon, Hon. Secy. of the Burns Federation; Mr. John Muir, Editor Burns Chronicle; or from the Publishers, Messrs. D. Brown & Co., 2 King Street, Kilmarnock. The price is 1/6 in Cloth with Gilt Title; or 1/- in Stout Paper Covers. Postage, 3d. extra.

The following Clubs have affiliated with the Federation:

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49 Bridgeton Burns Club.
DIRECTORY
OF
BURNS CLUBS AND SCOTTISH SOCIETIES.
for 1892.

The following are the Clubs which, up to the time of going to press, have sent in the particulars regarding their officers etc., for insertion in the Directory. Clubs marked with asterisk, thus *, are affiliated with the Burns Federation.

SCOTLAND.

*ABERDEEN—Burns Club.—(1 Copy).
Instituted 1887. Federated 1889.
President—James M'Intosh.
Secretary—A. M. Byres, 18 Union Terrace, Aberdeen.

ABINGTON—Burns Club.—(4 Copies).
Instituted 1888.
Secretary—Robert Colthart, Arbory Villa, Abington, Lanarkshire.

*AIRDRIE.—Burns Club.—(72 Copies).
Instituted 1885. Federated 1886.
Secretary—Thomas Somerville, Airdrie.

*ALEXANDRIA—Burns Club.—(24 Copies).
Federated 1885.
Club Rooms—Village School.
President—Duncan Campbell, 38 Alexander Street.
Secretary—Duncan Carswell, Linnbrane Terrace, Alexandria, N.B.

*ALLOA—Burns "Haggis" Club.—(18 Copies).
Federated 1885.
President—John Waddell.
Secretary—John Donaldson, 6 Drysdale Street, Alloa.

BARRHEAD—"Tam O' Shanter" Club.—(50 Copies).
President—Robert Grieve.
Secretary—John M'Whirter, Gateside, Barrhead.

BELLSHILL—Burns Club.—(1 Copy).
Instituted 1876.
President—James Munro, Colliery Manager.
Secretary—John Murdoch, Commercial Place, Bellshill.
*BOTHWELL—Burns Club.—(10 Copies).
Instituted 1874.
President—Stuart Spence.
Hon. Sec. and Treas.—Duncan Perritt, Airlie, Bothwell.

*CALLANDER—Burns Club.—(1 Copy).
Instituted 1877. Federated 1885.
President—William Russel.
Secretary—James S. Anderson, Callander.

CAMBUSLANG—Burns Club.—(30 Copies).
President—David Robertson.
Secretary—George Johnstone, Excelsior Villa, Cambuslang.

COATBRIDGE—Burns Club.—(20 Copies).
Instituted 1877.
President—William Ballantyne.
Secretary—J. Milne Boyd, Solicitor, Coatbridge.

CRAIGNEUK—Burns Club.—(8 Copies).
Instituted 1891.
President—John Scott.
Secretary—Wm. M’Millan, 3 Shieldmuir, Motherwell.

*DOLLAR—Burns Club.—(20 Copies).
Instituted 1887. Federated 1887.
President—John S. Henderson, Solicitor.
Secretary—Wm. G. Cruickshanks, Dollar Institution.

DUMFRIES—Burns Club.—
Secretary—H. S. Gordon, Solicitor, Mount Brae, Dumfries.

DUMFRIES—Burns “Howff” Club.—
Secretary—John Connor, c/o Mrs. Smith Globe Hotel, Dumfries.

DUMFRIES—Mechanics’ Burns Club.—
Instituted 1884.
Club Rooms—Royal Oak Hotel, Whitesands.
President—John Wemyss, 4 Brown’s Road.
Secy. and Treas.—Robert Bower, 4 Ramsay Place, Dumfries.

*DUNDEE—Burns Club—(13 Copies).
Instituted 1860. Federated 1886.
Club Rooms—7 Ward Road.
President—T. Sharp.
Secretary—James Binny, 7 Ward Road, Dundee.

DUNS—Burns Club—(2 Copies).
President—John H. Lawrie, Hardens, Duns.
Secretary—D. Birrell, Castle Street, Duns.
EDINBURGH—Ayrshire Society—
Secretary—A. H. Cooper, W.S., 40 Castle Street, Edinburgh.

*EDINBURGH—Burns Club—
Instituted 1848. Federated 1886.
President—Councillor, James Chrichton, 47 George Street.
Secretary—Alex. Anderson, University Library, Edinburgh.

EDINBURGH—St. Andrew’s Society—
Club Rooms—27 Wright’s Houses.

*FORFAR—Burns Club—(4 Copies).
Instituted 1890. Federated 1891. Membership 115.
President—Alexander Lawson.
Secretary—Henry Rae, 14 Montrose Road.

GALASHIELS—Burns Club—(12 Copies).
Instituted 1859.
President—W. M. Adamson.
Secretary—James Wilson, 25 Channel Street, Galashiels.

GLASGOW—*Bank Burns Club—(50 Copies).
Instituted 1844. Federated 1886.
Club Rooms—M. M‘Culloch’s.
President—Dr. Wm. Martin, 138 Great Eastern Road.
Secretary—James Anderson, 107 Ingram Street, Glasgow.

GLASGOW—*Bridgeton Burns Club.—(10 Copies).
Instituted 1870. Federated 1891.
Club Rooms—2 James Street, Glasgow.
President—James Baird, Mossbank, Gallowflat, Rutherglen.
Secretary—William Cochrane, 53 West Regent Street, Glasgow.

GLASGOW—*Dennistoun Burns Club—(30 Copies).
Instituted 1886. Federated 1889.
President—James M‘urray.
Secretary—Thos. Baxter, 157 Onslow Drive, Dennistoun, Glasgow.

GLASGOW—*Haggis Club—(1 Copy).
Instituted 1872. Federated 1887.
President—Robert M‘Leish.
Secretary—R. C. Cameron, 110 Hope Street, Glasgow.

GLASGOW—*“Jolly Beggars” Burns Club—
Federated 1886.
Meeting Place—80 Gloucester Street.
President—David Caldwell, 14 Salisbury Street.
Secretary—J. Gillespie, jr., 14a Whitevale Street, Dennistoun, Glasgow.
GLASGOW--*Northern Burns Club--
FEDERATED 1891.
SECRETARY—Alexander Duncanson, 24 Grafton Street, Glasgow.

GLASGOW--*"Rosebery" Burns Club—(40 Copies).
FEDERATED 1887.
CLUB ROOMS—8 Hope Street.
PRESIDENT—Gavin Ellis, Gallowgate Street.
SECRETARY—James Angus, 22 Ratlo Terrace, Springburn, Glasgow.

GLASGOW--*Royalty Burns Club—(36 Copies).
FEDERATED 1886.
PRESIDENT—William Stevenson.
SECRETARY—C. C. Fulton, 29 Gordon Street, Glasgow.

GLASGOW--*St. David's Burns Club—
INSTITUTED 1887. FEDERATED 1889.
CLUB ROOMS—163 Ingram Street.

GLASGOW--*St. Rollox Burns Club—
PRESIDENT—Wm. Cameron, 34 Alexandra Parade,
SECRETARY—Jas. Thomson, 18 Kennedy Street, St Rollox, Glasgow.

GLASGOW--*"Tam O' Shanter" Club—(1 Copy).
INSTITUTED 1880. FEDERATED 1885.
PRESIDENT—Robert Kay,
SECRETARY—James Angus, 6 Gibson Street, Hillhead, Glasgow.

GLASGOW--*Thistle Burns Club—(20 Copies).
INSTITUTED 1882. FEDERATED 1885.
PRESIDENT—Robert Findlay, 2 Carlton Place.
SECRETARY—Henry Vallance, 1 So. Portland Street, Glasgow.

GLENPATRICK—(Elderslie), Burns Club—
SECRETARY—John Carson, 27 High Street, Johnstone.

GOUROCK—Burns Club—
SECRETARY—Wm. H. Brown.

GOREBRIDGE—Burns Club—(6 Copies).
INSTITUTED 1886.
PRESIDENT—P. Hume Patterson.

*GREENOCK—Burns Club—(50 Copies).
INSTITUTED 1802. FEDERATED 1886.
CLUB ROOMS—36 Nicolson Street.
PRESIDENT—John S. Deas.
SECRETARY—James B. Morison, 29 W. Blackhall Street, Greenock.
HAMILTON—“Glencairn” Burns Club—
Club Rooms—49 Campbell Street.
President—Lauchlin McMillian.
Secretary—William Gray, 1 Quarry Street, Hamilton.

HAMILTON—Junior Burns Club—(16 Copies).
Instituted 1886.
Club Rooms—Union Street.
President—John Garrett, 11 Lamb Street.
Secretary—Wm. Wilson, 10 Union Street, Hamilton.

HAMILTON—Original Burns Club—(10 Copies).
Instituted 1869.
Club Rooms—Batterburn Inn.
President—Alexander Wilson, 4 St. John Lane.
Secretary—James Eglinton, 32 Hope Street, Hamilton.

*KILMARNOCK—Burns Club—(107 Copies).
Instituted 1808. Federated 1885.
President—Dr. Wm. Findlay, Fern Villa, Dennistoun, Glasgow.
Secretary—A. Davidson, Chemist, Portland Street, Kilmarnock.

KILMARNOCK—The Burns Federation—(400 Copies).
Instituted 1885.
President—Ex-Provost Sturrock, late M.P. for the Kilmarnock Burghs.
Secretary—David Sneddon, Dean Cottage, Kilmarnock.
Editor, (Annual Burns Chronicle)—John Muir, 2 King Street, Kilmarnock.

KINROSS—“Jolly Beggars”—(10 Copies).
Instituted 1889.
President—Robert Burns-Begg, Sheriff-Clerk of Kinross-shire.

KIRKCALDY—Burns Club, No. 1.—
President—James Sim, 39 Market Street.
Secretary—John Robertson, 25 Milton Road, Kirkcaldy.

LEITH—Burns Club—(5 Copies).
Instituted 1886.
President—Thomas Bryson.
Secretary—William Wilson, 21 Panmure Place, Edinburgh.

LINLITHGOW—Burns Club—(3 Copies).
Instituted 1886.
President—Rev. John Ferguson.
Secretary—John Patrick Hardy, 34 Kelvinside Gardens, Glasgow.
MAUCHLINE—*"The Jolly Beggars"—
Federated 1886.
President—Thomas Harvey, Solicitor.
Secretary—James Muir, Lochhill, Mauchline.

MILNGAVIE—Burns Club—(24 Copies).
Instituted 1886.
President—James Dickie, Main Street.
Secretary—Peter Adams, Industry Cottage, Milngavie.

*OLD CUMNOCK—Burns Club—(24 Copies).
Instituted 1887. Federated 1891.
President—John Livingston, M.A., Viaduct View.
Secretary—George Bain, Glaisnock Street, Old Cumnock.

OVERTON—Burns Club—(3 Copies).
Instituted 1870.
President—William Kerr, Cottages.
Secretary—George M’Dougall, Durham Bank Orchard, Over­
ton, Lanarkshire.

*PAISLEY—Burns Club—(32 Copies).
Instituted 1805. Federated 1891.
Chairman—James Westerfield, Calside, Paisley.
Secretary and Treasurer—James Edward Campbell, Writer, 2
County Place, Paisley.

*PERTH—Burns Club—(20 Copies).
Instituted 1873. Federated 1886.
President—James H. Farmer.
Secretary—Thomas B. Nicol. Bowerswell Cottage, Kinnoull, Perth.

STIRLING—Burns Club—(20 Copies).
Instituted 1887.
President—Rev. R. Menzies Ferguson, M.A.
Secretary—J. L. Hutcheon, 5 King Street, Stirling.

THORNLIEBANK—Burns Club—(25 Copies).
Instituted 1891.
President—Robert M’Nab.
Secretary—Malcolm Jamieson, Thornliebank.

ENGLAND.

ASHINGTON—(Morpeth) Burns Club—(6 Copies).
President—R. L. Booth.
Secretary—Alexander Duncanson, Ashington, Morpeth.
BEDLINGTON—(Northumberland) Furnace and District Burns Club—(7 Copies).

Instituted 1888.
President—Thomas Weighthill,
Secretary—John Tate, Bedlington Iron Works, Northumberland.

*BOLTON—Junior Burns Club—(24 Copies).

Instituted 1882. Federated 1886.
Club Rooms—20 Oxford Street.
President—George Gordon.
Secretary—Robert A. Ross, 37 Deangate, Bolton.

CARDIFF—Burns Club—(2 Copies).

Instituted 1891.
President—Archibald Wood, Sherwood.
Secretary—William Wallace Pettigrew, The Gardens, Cardiff Castle, Cardiff.

COWPEN—(Northumberland) Burns Club—

Membership 32.
Club Rooms—Sydney Arms Inn.
President—Henry Henderson.
Secretary—John Harrison, Kitty Brewester, Cowpen, Northumberland.

*LIVERPOOL—Burns Club—(20 Copies).

Federated 1886.
Secretary—Alexander Smith, 27 James Street, Liverpool.

*LONDON-*The “Robert Burns” Club—

Federated 1885.
President—Mr. Macpherson.
Secretary—James Hemp-Hill, Dunaskin, 17 Bethune Road, Stamfordhill, N.E. London.

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Instituted 1891. Roll 135.
President—Councillor John Lindsay, 28 Bolton Road, Pendleton.
Secretary—Duncan MacLean, 13 Alexandra Grove, Plymouth, Grove, Manchester.

NEWCASTLE and Tyneside Burns Club—(40 Copies).

Instituted 1859.
Club Rooms—County Hotel, Newcastle.
President—Councillor Adam Carse,
Secretary—J. H. Peddie, 5 Bath Terrace, Tynemouth, Newcastle-on-Tyne.
WARWICKSHIRE—Burns Club—(25 Copies).
Instituted 1888.
President—Dr. George Wilson.
Secretary—Robert Greenfield, 28 Bath Street, Leamington, Warwickshire.

ISLE-OF-MAN.

DOUGLAS—Burns Club—
Secretary—G. Torrance, North Quay, Douglas, I. O. M.

IRELAND.

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Instituted 1872. Federated 1886.
Club Rooms—15 Donegall Place.
President—Wm. Campbell, 14 Brookvill Avenue.
Secretary—Peter Galloway, 15 Donegall Place, Belfast.

BELFAST—Scottish Benevolent Society of St. Andrew—
Secretary—Andrew Doig, 117 Donegall Street.

DUBLIN—Scottish Benevolent Society of St. Andrew—
President—James Robertson, J.P.
Secretary—J. C. Anderson, 37 College Green.

NEW ZEALAND.

AUCKLAND—Burns Club and Literary Society—
Club Rooms—Masonic Hall, Karangahape Road.
President—James Stewart, C.E.
Secretary—John Horne, Wellington Street, Auckland, N.Z.
NORTH AMERICA

(UNITED STATES).

BAY CITY, MICH.—St. Andrew’s Society—
Instituted 1890.
President—John Tennent.
Secretary—G. A. Wilson, Bay City, Mich., U.S.A.

CHICAGO—Caledonian Society—(30 Copies).
Chief—Peter M’Ewan, 95 W. Madison Street.
Secretary—John Thomson, 168 La Lalle St., Chicago, Ill., U.S.A.

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President—Hon. J. B. White.
Secretary—William Lawson, Fort Mayne, Ind., U.S.A.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.—St. Andrew’s Society—(12 Copies).
Instituted 1859.
President—James Currie.
Secretary—Hugh W. Guthrie, 207, Brady Street, Milwaukee, Wis., U.S.A.

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Instituted 1873.
President—Daniel Stewart, 22 High Street.
Secretary—Archibald M’Caull, 131 North Ninth Street, Paterson (N.J.), U.S.A.

PHILADELPHIA—Burns Association—(5 Copies).
Secretary—John Sheddon, 263 Columbia Avenue, Philadelphia, U.S.A.

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Instituted 1883.
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Treasurer—Peter Miller.
Financial Secretary—Peter Ballingal.
Acting Recording Secretary—Robert D. Adam.
Sergeant-at-Arms—William Frame.
PITTSBURGH, PA.—Waverly Society and Burns Club—(30 Copies).

Instituted 1871.
President—James D. Glover, 313 Wood Stret.
Secretary—Robert Thomson, Pittsburgh, Pa., U.S.A.

PROVIDENCE—(Rhode Island), Clan Cameron, No. 7.—

Chief—Robert Gray, 76 Richmond Street.
Secretary—James Shaw, 28 Bishop Street, Providence, Rhode Island, U.S.A.

PROVIDENCE—(Rhode Island), Caledonian Society—(10 Copies).
Instituted 1870.
President—Robert Gray, 76 Richmond Street.
Secretary—George Gibb, 408 Chalkstone Avenue, Providence, Rhode Island, U.S.A.

SAN FRANCISCO—(California), Scottish Thistle Club—(8 Copies).
Instituted 1882.
Royal Chief—Donald G. C. M'Kay.
Recorder—George W. Paterson, 320 Farrell Street, San Francisco, Cal., U.S.A.

[Mr. James Edward Campbell, Secretary of the Paisley Burns Club, writes us as follows:—"Paisley, 8th January, 1892. Dear Sir,—I duly received your letter of the 12th ult., and submitted same to a meeting of this Club, held last night. I was instructed to protest on behalf of this Club—which I now do—against the Greenock Club being assigned the position of Senior Burns Club; and I shall rely on your kindly giving publicity in the forthcoming Chronicle, however briefly, to the fact that we join issue with the Greenock Club, as to the alleged date of its institution.—Yours, etc."]
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Tam O' Shanter.
Cotter's Saturday Night.
The Twa Dogs.
Address to a Young Friend.
Etc., etc.

The famous "M'Kie" Library also forms part of this collection, and is made up of many hundred volumes of Burns literature, including a copy of the famous first Edition of the Poet's Works.

The Monument is open from 10 a.m. till dusk, every day. Sunday excepted.

Visitors are requested to sign their names in the Visitors book.
My experience of these Manuscripts has been a great happiness. When I was an apprentice (1818) with John Ballantyne & Co., Booksellers, and Auctioneers, 6 Hanover Street, Edinburgh, Sir Walter Scott was a partner. I have in my possession his Original Manuscript, relative to this partnership. Sir Walter often sent in Scrap Books to be bound and one particularly attracted my curiosity. Its motto was:

"There was a Haggis in Dunbar,"
Few better, mair warre."

I immediately conceived the notion of collecting Odds and Ends. This was the commencement of my Old Book and Manuscript Collections.

As Ballantyne had many Great Sales of Books and Manuscripts, it made me gather up my Bawbees, for cheap lots. I travelled through Ayrshire every year and used to call upon Wilson, in Kilmarnock, Burns' Publisher, to buy quantities of chap books. He had a very intelligent assistant, and I had many agreeable conversations with him about Burns. Wilson was a covenanter, and when Burns called upon him about a second edition, Wilson replied "Rab, Rab, it will nae dae unless ye put some guid yins at the beginning."

In my travels for the Edinburgh Weekly Journal, I had to call at Grant's Braes, upon Gilbert Burns, who was factor to Lord Blantyre, and from his connection with Ayrshire my visits were very agreeable. He told me that Bего's Portrait was very like his brother, but looked rather thin, Gilbert like his brother was social and stouter—his portrait is very like that of Robert in Lochart's Life.

In early life I used to meet a few young literary friends, and at one of our meetings a Burns Letter was offered for sale. It was addressed to Robert Ainslie, Esq., W.S., upon personal, it was found to be so offensive to the memory of Burns, that we joined and bought it for £4, and put it into the fire. This Ainslie was one of Burns' worst enemies, and an odious character.

When inspecting Burns' Manuscripts, I first examined the Paper, as Burns chiefly wrote on Excise Paper, and I had the opinion of Cowan & Co., the Eminent and Oldest Paper Makers in Scotland, that the Paper was made only for Government, previous to 1787, and I found that Burns adopted only one Signature chiefly, now fac-similed.

I acquired many of the Manuscripts from Dumfries, Mauchline, and that Locality, and Glasgow, the following receipt is for one of the Collections.

AYR, 16TH DECEMBER, 1801. Received from J. Dalziel, Esquire, Catrine, the sum of Ninety three pounds, sterling, for papers relating to the late Mr. Robert Burns, which papers are handed over to him by the said James Haig, under the conditions and upon the terms stated in letter by Mr. Dalziel, to me, dated 14th inst. This receipt written by the said J. Dalziel.

JAMES HAIG.

James Haig, was connected with the Excise.

I acquired the Maitland Manuscripts. John Maitland, Esq., General Surveyor of Excise, and Port Collector, Dumfries and Stranraer

On 17th January, 1794, Burns presented him with a handsome bound Volume, A Plain Account of the Nature and End of the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper. (8vo.)—1735. With an Inscription "As a Token of Esteem and Regard, Robt.
Burns," and a loveable Letter accompanies the book "for the many favours you have granted me"—one of the Letters is an Introduction. "The bearer of this Note, is my friend Captain Grose, etc.—Robt. Burns. And a Letter from Mossgeil, with the "Jolly Beggars"—and Mr. Maitland's Note when he got it from Burns.

I also acquired Burns Manuscripts, collected for the use of James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, and William Motherwell, the Poet, for their Edition of Burns' Works, 5 Vols., 1833—many have Hogg's Autograph, on the backs, as Examined by him, Burns, wrote several copies for presents, especially to young Ladies—but he generally mentions to whom he gave them to, and very often adds some curious notes, such as on "Holy Willie's Prayer," "show this to some of my friends in your district you ken to whom it applies," and on "The Chevaliers Lament," "For that ardent Jacobite Haig."

I have been sadly annoyed with certain self-elected Experts and Pretenders regarding Burns Manuscripts, in the West of Scotland, chiefly in Glasgow, one hitherto respectable firm wrote me a particular account of Forgeries of Burns in Edinburgh, I immediately challenged them for their Authority and required the name but they giving me no Authority I wrote them that the statement was quite untrue, and a malicious Scandal on Edinbnrgh.

After a long and happy life (87), amongst old Books and Manuscripts which I sincerely trust has been a life of Purity and Honour to Ayrshire. I take this opportunity of drawing attention to the Edinburgh Ayrshire Club for its usefulness and success.

JAMES STILLIE.

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To Mr. John Maitland, Stranraer. The bearer of this note is my friend Captain Grose, and I hope I have been sufficiently explicit in my introduction—treat him as you have already, Robt. Burns—3 folio leaves—£15 15s.


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