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# CONTENTS

A Sketch of Scottish Literature from the Earliest Times  
— *Wm. M'Ilwraith*,  
- - - -  
5

Robert Burns and the Scotch Excise Board,  
- - -  
26

Sterne Annotated by Burns—*The Editor*,  
- - -  
45

Reminiscences of Burns,  
- - - -  
48

Burns and the Devon—*Andrew M'Callum*,  
- - -  
60

Burns and Bonnie Jean,  
- - - -  
70

Sonnet—Bonnie Jean—*Janet A. M'Culloch*,  
- - -  
78

Burns's Jamaica Connections,  
- - - -  
79

The Auld Toun, Parts Adjacent, and their Burnsiana—  
*William Robertson*,  
- - - -  
84

Kirkpatrick Sharpe's Estimate of Burns—*The Editor*,  
- - - -  
96

In Memoriam—Dr. Peter Ross,  
- - - - -  
103

Club Notes,  
- - - - - - -  
109

Reviews,  
- - - - - - -  
121

Notes and Queries,  
- - - - - - -  
129

Annual Meeting of Federation,  
- - - - - - -  
136

Club Directory,  
- - - - - - -  
141
PREFACE.

In accordance with the recommendation passed at last Annual Meeting of the Federation, the present number has been issued in December instead of January as has been the custom hitherto, and it is hoped that this change of date will lead to the increased circulation of the Chronicle amongst the membership of the Clubs, which was the chief reason advanced in support of the recommendation.

If the suggested annual subscription from the Federated Clubs meets with anything like general support, not only will the future of the Chronicle be assured, but its value as a Burns serial will be much enhanced by the consequent widening of the editorial resources.

The Editor again thanks his contributors and correspondents for the substantial aid they have extended to him in this and former years.

D. M'NAUGHT.

Benrig,
Kilmaurs, 1st December, 1902.
In passing from the sixteenth to the seventeenth century the atmosphere is so completely changed that it is like passing into a different world. Even the active minds who left a character and a name appear to have been cast in a different mould. The men of the sixteenth century, who were the exponents of the current modes of thought, were men of a far bolder flight than their successors of the seventeenth century, who could scarcely reckon among their number one great creative genius, or one writer who contributed anything of the renaissant spirit initiated by Gavin Douglas a century earlier.

The greater proportion of the leading men in the seventeenth century spent their intellectual strength in hair-splitting theological controversy, and in roving into the indefinite realm of that metaphysical speculation to which the doctrines of the Reformation gave rise. Between religious and secular literature a sharp distinction was drawn, and they were looked upon as antagonistic forces, the former being under the direction of the powers of light, and the latter the powers of darkness. In opposition to such conceptions, and in an atmosphere so uncongenial, secular poetry and prose could not be expected to flourish. Any one who will take the trouble to follow the theological dissertations of the time will not only discover a self-satisfied air about them, but will be struck with the want of originality manifested. Great diffuseness of talk and elaboration of doctrinal points there certainly is, but there is no vital change in the methods of investigation or of interpretation of the fundamental doctrines laid down by the Reformers of the previous century. This was mainly due to the writings of such theologians as David Calderwood, John Spottiswood, Robert
Baillie, and a number of others who lived well into the middle of the seventeenth century, and whose influence as theological authorities long survived them. The three specially alluded to wrote on the Church of Scotland, and so fixed the historical basis of the Church that the rank and file of the laity assumed that the religion and doctrine of the Reformed Church had attained finality, and would remain a wall of defence for all time, alike against Roman Catholicism and secular heterodoxy. In the spirit of theology this sentiment still lingers, and will probably be the rock upon which it will ultimately be wrecked. When men devote their energies to religious controversies such as those indicated, stultification of their intellectual faculties is inevitable, and their progress towards "sweetness and light" is sadly retarded. Indeed, scarcely anything flourished in this atmosphere essential to the enduring principles of a commonwealth on earth. Science, art, and law attracted comparatively little attention, and philosophy was at a very low ebb indeed. Though it had assumed considerable importance in other countries of Europe, it scarcely affected the thought of Scotland till a century later.

From the dawn of the century a new departure in the poetry of Scotland is apparent. Almost all the national sources of inspiration are abandoned, and for the most part writers of poetry ceased to use their native vernacular, for reasons already mentioned in a former article. That hidebound asceticism which had been engendered by the Reformers was still exercising a powerful influence, and the intolerant hostility the ecclesiastics exhibited to what they regarded as the profane and unprofitable art of writing poetry had almost become an article of faith. Another reason might also be given to account for the low ebb to which Scottish poetry had descended at the beginning of the seventeenth century. Just at this time James VI. crossed the Border into England; and, moreover, the great era of English poetry had reached high noon of its grand climacteric. Marlow and Spencer, it is true, had just passed away, but the genius of Shakespeare held unapproachable supremacy; and he was surrounded by a galaxy of dramatic poets such as had not fallen to the lot of any other country in Europe or elsewhere. In the hands of poetic craftsmen such as Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, Beaumont and Fletcher, Massinger, Ford, and a
number of others, the English language had acquired new facilities as a medium of expression, while in prose it had attained a beauty and dignity, by the writings of Lord Bacon and Sir Phillip Sidney, undreamt of hitherto. As the greater influence usually dominates the lesser, so it was in this case, and the Scottish poets, eager to express themselves in the language of their greater English contemporaries, gradually abandoned the instrument of expression used by their predecessors. Anything like success could be achieved only by men of education and rank, who became less or more the aspirants of the style and themes then in vogue. Thus Scottish poetry was finally divested of its more distinctive national characteristics.

Sir Robert Aytoun, 1570-1638, is hardly deserving of a niche in the temple of poetic fame, but is specially entitled to a place in the literary history of Scotland, from the fact that he was the first poetaster who wrote in the English of Shakespeare, and with a degree of success not to be despised. He graduated at St. Andrews University in 1584, subsequently going to France, where he studied Civil Law at the University of Paris, occupying his leisure hours with Latin verse which he wrote with a facility almost equal to that with which he wrote English. His culture and literary talents were such that they gained him the favour of James VI., who gave him an office at Court, and he was subsequently sent as one of two envoys to Rudolph II., Emperor of Germany. Immediately after his return to England, he was knighted at Rycot, in Oxfordshire, and in addition to his former appointment at Court, he became private secretary to the Queen. In 1623, he became a candidate with Lord Bacon for the Provostship of Eton; the position was not obtained by either, but fell to Sir Henry Wotton. On the death of King James, in 1625, Aytoun was retained in his office by Charles I. and was also appointed Secretary to Queen Henrietta Maria, and his royal master finally appointed him a Privy Councillor. Under all circumstances Aytoun conducted himself with propriety; he had the faculty of humour in a pronounced degree, and became acquainted with all the wits of his time in England. His English poems have been preserved in two MSS. in the British Museum. Both his English and Latin poems were
edited by Dr. Rogers, and printed in London in 1871. His productions are by no means numerous, and are mostly of an erotic character giving one the idea that he was continually in love with some fair enchantress, but this was perhaps due more to the fact that love was the theme of most of the lyric poets of the time. "Diophantus and Charidoria" is his longest poem, and it has an extremely conventional air about it. He was also the author of the well-known song "I must confess thou'rt smooth and fair," which shows his lyrical gift to the best advantage. Strange, though it may seem, it has become a subject of dispute whether Aytoun wrote many of the verses attributed to him, but this is a critical attitude which is so often assumed in these days that unless such claims are supported by greater authority than those such critics seek to displace, they are scarcely worth serious consideration, and this specially applies to the author under consideration. Aytoun has long preserved a reputation for the grace and delicacy of his verse though they may lack other essentials of genius, and as no one else has yet been put forward armed with a more valid title to the authorship of the verses under consideration we must continue to identify them with his name. It is by his short pieces that Aytoun is most entitled to favourable criticism. The poet Dryden who was no commonplace critic of poetry considered some of his verse equal to the best of that age, and superior in sentiment to most of the other Jacobean poets. In addition to his fine sentiment he had the gift of humour and satire, but his satire is never of a malignant character, and while his verses breathe an air of genuine feeling, he never allows his feelings to run away with him, nor ever becomes undignified though love's sweet illusions are being continually swept away. For this among other reasons, the charm of his verse is ever fresh, though he cannot be included among the greatest poets of his time.

Sir David Murray is entitled to a brief notice not so much on account of poetical merits as on account of defects which were no doubt emphasised by the fashion of the times, and for which no one writer was to blame. Murray, like Aytoun, was a courtier, the Court apparently being a happy hunting ground for the educated and impecunious Scot of the seventeenth century who could not dig and was ashamed to beg. He was appointed personal attendant to
Prince Henry, and in 1610, with other minor offices, was elected Gentleman of the Robes, and from contemporary information he appears to have been the most reliable of all the heir to the throne's attendants. As additional evidence of this, King Charles presented him with the estate of Gorthy, after twenty years' faithful attendance at Court. Murray in his writings seems to have followed the path of least resistance, and in his poetry he was little more than a reflex of his time. This is illustrated to the full by his poem entitled "The Tragical Death of Sophonisba," which is his most ambitious work, and embodies his defects to an extent his less pretentious pieces do not. The predominating taste of the period, more particularly at Court, was a servile devotion to Italian models, and "Sophonisba" is no exception; this beautiful heroine of ancient story being a favourite subject with Italian poets a century earlier. "Sophonisba" was published at London in 1611, with a collection of poems entitled "Coelia," which are little more than a collection of sonnets, and, though not of a high order of merit, they possess a certain polish and copiousness which is well nigh absent in Murray's longer poem of the death of the Carthaginian princess. There is just a suspicion that "Sophonisba" was intended to rival some of those poets who had already repaired to the same source of inspiration, but Murray's reputation would not have suffered if it had not been written, except, perhaps, in a quantitative sense.

Mr. Robert Ker, the first Earl of Ancrum, 1578-1654, is perhaps more interesting as a personality than as a poet. He was descended from a long line of Border Chieftains, and manifested some of the pugnacious features of his ancestors, who were the stormy petrels of many a Border feud in former times. In 1620 he was inveigled into a duel with a person named Charles Maxwell, of Terregles, which was fought in Newmarket, and ended fatally for his antagonist. For this he was convicted of manslaughter, and, according to the prevailing custom, was sentenced to be burned in the hand. After an exile of six months, he obtained the King's pardon, and was restored to Court. Ker is also interesting as one of a group of courtiers who crossed the Border with King James to assist the Court to establish itself with some degree of credit among the wits.
and poets who had acquired so brilliant a reputation in England. At Court he speedily rose into favour, and consequently in­
curred the jealousy of the Duke of Buckingham, who was said
to have been indirectly to blame for drawing him into the duel
with Maxwell. On account of his loyalty during the troublous
days of King Charles, he became so involved in debt that his
body was arrested after death, but by the intercession of Oliver
Cromwell the burial was allowed to take place. In literature,
Ker's reputation rests chiefly on one sonnet, entitled "In
Praise of Solitude," and paraphrases in metre of eleven of the
psalms. Though these are all his writings that have been
preserved, the assumption is that they do not comprise his
entire work, the sonnet alluded to being indicative of the
practised hand. Among his friends he could reckon Ben
Jonson, John Donne, and Michael Drayton, all notable
English poets, and who still occupy a prominent place in
our literature.

In Sir William Alexander, Earl of Stirling, 1580-1640, we
have a more noteworthy author. Indeed, he was one of the
very few important Scottish writers of the
Sir W. Alexander,
seventeenth century, and wrote a great deal
1580-1640.
both in prose and verse, much of which has
been lost to the public. It might be claimed for him that he
was poet, essayist, and statesman, and that he maintained him­
self with credit in all three functions. While his verses exceed
his prose writings both in quantity and quality, he is important
as a prose writer, inasmuch as he was one of the first, if not
the first, Scotsman of the seventeenth century who wrote on
purely literary subjects, as distinct from theological polemics
and the hair-splitting which engrossed so much attention during
the early and middle decades of the century. Moreover, he
was the first Scottish writer of his day who had recourse to the
short essay as a medium of literary expression. The essay as
a type of literature had not as yet the popularity in Scotland it
had in England. While the English people were being amused
and instructed by the "Tattler," "Spectator," the "Guardian,"
and other serials of a similar character, the people of Scotland
had no such publications to foster and develop their literary
tastes, which was a real misfortune for them amid the in­
cessant conflict of religious dogmas. Sir William Alexander
appears to have finished his education at Glasgow University,
after which he travelled on the Continent as companion and tutor to Archibald Campbell, who subsequently became the seventh Earl of Argyle. It was during the course of these travels that he seems to have received his poetical inspiration, and the series of songs, sonnets, and elegies he then wrote were subsequently published under the title of "Aurora." On his return to Scotland in 1603, he published his "Tragedy of Darius;" a year later "Aurora," at the same time reprinting "Darius;" and in 1605 he published the "Tragedy of Cæsærus;" the "Alexandrean Tragedy;" and two years later "Julius Cæsar," finally publishing the four tragedies together under the title of "Monarchic Tragedies." These were not sufficient, however, to secure for him public recognition, and it was by the publication of his Parænesis to Prince Henry that he first secured royal favour, and then public recognition. He had the distinction of being designated by King James his philosophical poet, and of being appointed by him one of the Gentlemen Ushers to Prince Charles; but he was soon destined to be the recipient of additional honours, and in 1614 he received the honour of Knighthood, after which he was appointed Master of Requests. In the same year he published "Doomsday," which practically terminated his poetical career, except that he revised it twenty years later, adding to the first book a new heroic poem entitled "Jonathan." During the last twenty years of his life Sir William Alexander must be regarded as a courtier politician and man of affairs rather than a poet. In 1621 King James made him a free gift by charter of Canada, including Nova Scotia and Newfoundland, with the view of promoting colonisation. In the scheme it was provided that persons of approved position who liked to purchase five thousand acres of the land of the colony at the stipulated price of £150 should be created hereditary Baronets of Nova Scotia. In spite of the inducements offered, however, the plan did not succeed, and Sir William, like all persons whom circumstances have favoured, became the object of jealousy, and was severely attacked by less fortunate rivals, such as Sir Thomas Urquhart and other writers, through the medium of the press. The fact that the fault was due more to the circumstances of the times than to Sir William himself did not appeal to critics full of envy and prejudice. Baffled and discouraged at all points, he subsequently abandoned the scheme
in despair, receiving a sum of money for resigning his claims under the grant of Nova Scotia from King James, preparatory to important changes which speedily followed. The territory was subsequently ceded to the French by a treaty between Charles I. and Louis XIII. The position the Earl of Stirling occupies among the Scottish poets of the seventeenth century is, that with the exception of Drummond of Hawthornden, he was really the only poet of note the century produced. He did not write in the vernacular, it is true, but in English, which was so much akin to it that it was understood by the whole reading public of Scotland, and his sentiment had sufficient Scottish bias to meet the approval of the people apart from linguistic form. "Aurora," his first poetical work, if not the greatest, is perhaps the most charming of all the author's poems, not only on account of the never-dying theme of love, but for its grace and delicacy of touch; most of his other works being philosophical treatises in verse which sometimes become tedious. The most important of his more serious pieces is, no doubt, his Parrenesis or exhortations to Prince Henry, subsequently re-addressed to the Prince who became Charles II. This composition not only contains the soundest principles for the rule and conduct of a King, but it is independent and outspoken, with a strong democratic flavour in it—a daring policy for anyone to hold so closely identified with the Royal Court in the seventeenth century as was the Earl of Stirling. If, however, the political views he expressed in this poem had been acted upon, it might have saved Charles I. his head, and James II. his throne. In addition to his original poems he gave important help in the production of King James’s metrical version of the Psalms. In 1637, three years before his death, he re-published all his poetical works except "Aurora," and submitted the same to Addison for his opinion and criticism. Addison professed himself highly pleased with them, passing a more commendatory judgment upon them than would in all probability the more critical judges of the twentieth century.

With the next poet we reach a turning point in the poetical taste of the century which was much needed. The influence of the more distinctly Jacobean poets gave rise to a great deal of hysterical licence, and a disregard for poetic rule, which was
prejudicial to the more uniform and elevated lyrical tone specially necessary as an enduring element in poetry. Indeed the Jacobean appear to have resorted to verse as the sport and plaything of their lighter moments rather than as a medium for the expression of the finer sentiments of their own age to future ages. The greater number of them were courtiers, statesmen, and soldiers, who used verse merely for the purpose of recording their exploits and the trivial experiences of active life, a purpose calculated to stultify all true poetry. To such writers William Drummond was a most notable exception, inasmuch as he lived a life devoted to the art of poetry, and something like a just reward appears to have crowned his efforts. During the whole course of the seventeenth century, he was the Scottish poet who attained the highest distinction; though, in common with others in his century, he wrote in English and little or nothing in the vernacular, yet he enriched the English language to a degree which cannot be claimed for most of his Scottish contemporaries. Drummond could claim descent from an ancient Scottish family, and was born at his father's seat, Hawthornden, in December, 1585. He was educated at the High School of Edinburgh, subsequently going to the University of that city, where he graduated Master of Arts in 1605. After leaving Edinburgh he went to Bourges and Paris, and entered upon the study of law and general literature with an ardent devotion which brought its reward. He acquired an extensive knowledge of French writers which exercised a marked influence on his own productions. Pierre de Rounsard, the prince of the group of French Pleiade poets, died the year Drummond was born, but he was still the vogue in Paris in Drummond's time, and the writings of this school of poets appealed to his receptive nature and no doubt account for the flights of mythical fancy he often indulged in. When his father died, in 1610, he returned to Hawthornden, which was said to be a congenial resort for the inspiration of the muses from whose divine afflatus Drummond appears to have freely imbibed. Even in his own day he became sufficiently well known in England to attract attention, and he enjoyed the friendship of many of his contemporaries, including Drayton, Montrose, and Ben Jonson, the latter of whom visited him at Hawthornden in 1619. Drummond did not fail to utilise
this visit, and has left a record of Jonson's opinions and characteristics as they impressed him while they discussed their famous contemporaries together. It has become the fashion, to some extent, to accuse Drummond of malignity and lack of charity in laying bare to posterity the faults and eccentricities of the great literary autocrat, but the record bears the stamp of veracity in every particular by its fearless frankness, and most writers who had any personal knowledge of Jonson confirm Drummond's impressions of him as a man who would rather lose a friend than a jest, particularly when he had indulged in the wine when it was red and sparkling in the cup. To revert to Drummond as a poet, however, which is the main idea for present purposes, one might almost go the length of saying that it is not very evident that Nature specially intended him for the divine art of poetry. He belonged to the class of cultured poets who are evolved by literature and by drinking at the perennial spring of others more inspired, rather than from being born of the first fruits of the Muses, or the result of spontaneous creation. While this is so, it is but fair to say that among poets of the merely cultured kind Drummond touches the very border of the enchanted land. The accomplishments he acquired were comprehensive; he was not only well read in the classical writers of Greece and Rome, but he was sufficiently acquainted with Italian and Spanish to draw refreshment and stimulus from the great writers in these languages. It might be said of him that he possessed style and distinction, and the purity of his language, the harmony of his measure, the play of his fancy all remind one of the poetry of Pope; but, like all poets who are cultured rather than born of Nature, the scope of his genius was limited. The first impression Drummond made on the literary public was by his elegy on the death of Prince Henry in 1612, which he entitled "Tears for the Death of Maeliades," a name the young Prince assumed in his sports and masquerades. The elegy manifests a great deal of fine sentiment, but, at the same time, it reveals an artificiality suggestive of Ronsard, his French model. For four years after the publication of the elegy nothing appears to have come from his pen. This is accounted for from the fact that he had fallen in love with, and won the affections of, a lady who took a fever on the day appointed for their marriage which terminated
fatally. The misfortune overwhelmed him with sorrow and dejection for some time, though it had the effect of chastening and exalting his poetic tone, which had previously been wholly due to learning and culture, and, therefore, deficient in esprit. When a lover in the full flush of hope and expectation, he had written a number of songs, sonnets, and madrigals descriptive of his passion, but after the death of the object of his affections he withdrew into solitude to meditate on his grief and despair, and wrote another series of poems embodying his subsequent emotions. This collection of pieces he published in 1616 (the year of Shakespeare's death), to which he gave the title of "Poems, Amours Funerall, Divine, Pastorall." In the course of the following year he produced "Forth Feasting," a panegyric to the King's Most Excellent Majesty, to commemorate King James's first visit to Scotland since he ascended the English throne. This production rapidly became popular, especially in the literary society of London, and attracted the notice and approbation of Michael Drayton, the distinguished author of the "Ballad of Agincourt and Polyolbion." After the visit of Ben Jonson at the end of 1618, Drummond did not write anything of importance till 1623. During the period which intervened he had not only a serious illness but the loss of his lady friend appears to have still weighed so sorely upon him as to turn his thoughts into a vein of religious melancholy, which was still further emphasised by the spirit of the times manifested in his native land. In the year 1623, Scotland experienced a severe famine, which brought great suffering and devastation to the poorer portion of the community, and the people were haunted by gloomy forebodings. They believed that Omnipotence had turned the fierce glare of His displeasure on their every action, a belief which gave rise to many superstitions, such as flying dragons, astral disturbances, and other uncommon signs in the heavens. Episcopacy had been recently introduced into the country by the King, and a matrimonial alliance between Prince Charles and the Infanta of Spain was contemplated, both of which were considered retrograde actions, and a relapse to Roman Catholicism which had become so hateful to the majority of the people. They were quite convinced, therefore, that these were ominous signs that the wrath of God was soon to visit the country with a great scourge. It was in such an atmosphere
and such mental environment that Drummond composed “Flowers of Sion,” which is marked by much religious fervour in which the author rises to great heights of sublimity. The “Cypress Grove,” published at the same time, is a prose composition on the folly of the fear of death, which has contributed so much to human sadness in all ages, and must have acted as a kind of antidote to the Calvinistic gloom which overshadowed the mind of the pious Scot in Drummond’s time. It is distinguished by much sound philosophy as well as pure and lofty reflections, and is written in the most chaste style of old English. In addition to its moral and intellectual strength, it is characterised by a stoical dignity which is both elevating and consoling. After the publication of “Flowers of Sion” and the “Cypress Grove,” the author does not appear to have written much more poetry of an important character. His entertainment, written for the Coronation of King Charles at Edinburgh in 1633, is a mixture of verse and speeches, and is the only work of any pretension he executed in his later years. The most that can be said in its favour is that it is highly entertaining as a record of the pomp and ceremony displayed in the city on that occasion, but it lacks dignity, and is marked by an obsequiousness which is out of harmony with the more democratic tastes of a later day. The probable reason Drummond relinquished poetry so long before his death was because he became engrossed in the politics which were induced by the troubled state of the country so quickly following the Coronation of Charles. In politics, Drummond showed a great deal of inconsistency, which has been excused by his partisans on the plea that he was a man of property with the usual instincts of self-preservation. At any rate, he signed the National Covenant in 1638, although his sympathies were strongly in favour of the Royalist cause. The Presbyterian Church, it is true, had by this time become a great power in the country, and Drummond chafed against the dictatorial supremacy of its clergy in nearly all social and political affairs. From the time he became engrossed in politics the productions which came from his pen were written with a purpose, a feature which was absent in his earlier and better work. His later writings, however, were mainly confined to epigrams and tracts, and though they often contained a strong political flavour, they were always free from passion or bitterness, which was quite ex-
ceptiorial in those days of strife, and gives one an idea of the self-restraint and culture he had attained. "Irene" was his chief political essay, and was substantially a plea for peace and concord among those who held different views on religious and political questions. In addition to the prose writings referred to, he wrote the "History of the Lives and Reigns of the Five James's, Kings of Scotland," which was finished in the beginning of the year in which the author died, but was not published till 1645, the year following. In defence of this work it can scarcely be urged that it had not received the final touch of its author, for it was left in a complete condition, but little or no originality or independent research can be claimed for it. He gives a new theory about the death of Mar, it is true, but it cannot be authenticated, and the assumption is that Drummond was imposed upon by some careless or designing antiquary. Pinkerton goes as far as to say that if Drummond had used Elphinston's "History of James II. and III." he must have enriched his pages with new facts, instead of transcribing as he does Boyce, Ferrerins, Lesley, and Buchanan. A collected edition of Drummond's prose writings was published in London in 1755. His poetry was published in a collected form in the following year, and edited by the nephew of John Milton. It is stated that the preface was inspired, if not actually written, by Milton himself. Be this as it may, the writer of the preface speaks of Drummond in highly complimentary terms, esteeming him equal to Tasso, which was a high estimate in those days when the fame and influence of Tasso as the first Italian poet of his day had spread throughout Europe. The writer further claimed for Drummond that he was the most polite and verdant genius that ever the Scottish nation produced.

In passing from an author of the reputation of Drummond, the name of Arthur Johnston has small claim to be included among the Scottish poets of the seventeenth century, except on the score of nationality, and for the patriotic sentiment he kept aglow in all his wanderings. Johnston did not write much either in English or in the Scottish vernacular, and, therefore, more properly ranks as one of the few Latin poets of modern times who could write verse in that language with ease and con-

sumate skill. He was born at Caskieben, in Aberdeenshire, in 1587, and received his early education at the School of Kintore, after which he went to the Mareschall College, Aberdeen, where he remained but a short time. From this College he went to the University of Padua, where he assiduously continued his studies, gaining his degree of M.A. in 1610, and was also laureated poet at Paris in the same year. Before finally settling he travelled over a great portion of Europe, visiting many of the most noted seats of learning, on either sides of the Alps, from Rome to Sedan. After his wanderjahre, as the Germans would call it, or his wandering experience, as we should call it, he returned to France, where he remained for twenty years devoting himself to the practice of medicine and the writing of Latin verse. During his residence in France he was twice married and had a family of thirteen children. Returning to Scotland in 1632, his medical reputation secured him the appointment of Physician to King Charles. In the course of the year in which he returned to Scotland, he published at Aberdeen his “Parerga” and “Epigrammata,” both of which were received with favour by the more learned of his countrymen who saw in many portions of the works the style and spirit of the best Roman classics revived. Even though the works possessed no other qualities, these were sufficient in themselves to secure the approbation of the numerous Latinists to be found in Scotland at the time and establish the reputation of an author whose linguistic efficiency was beyond question. The “Parerga” contains a severe criticism of an attempt made by a certain Dr. Eglesham to depreciate the merit of “Buchanan's Translation of the Psalms” which provoked a keen controversy. Dr. Eglesham, with characteristic self-confidence, had gone so far as to publish specimens of how the Psalms might be translated by a genius qualified for such a task which he denied could be claimed for Buchanan. Johnston, by way of measuring swords with his professional brother, ventured also to publish a new translation of the Psalms of David, which he dedicated to Bishop Laud, and the translation was printed in London in 1637. The appearance of this translation gave a new turn to the controversy—viz., as to the relative merits of Buchanan and Johnston's translations, and was commenced by Lauder who had acquired a certain notoriety by attempting
to rob the author of "Paradise Lost" of his laurels. Lauder was enthusiastically supported by an Englishman who did his best to uphold the reputation of Johnston, even to printing three editions of his translation of the Psalms at his own expense. Hence a series of scathing criticisms from the pen of Thomas Ruddiman and others were published which drove Benson for ever from the thorny paths of controversy, and from sheer mortification and chagrin he is said to have gone down to the grave the avowed antagonist of literature and books. Johnston did not live to take part in the controversy his translation of the Psalms provoked, having died suddenly on a visit to Oxford in 1641, in the fifty-fourth year of his age. In addition to the works referred to he translated the "Song of Solomon" into Latin Elegiac verse which he dedicated to King Charles, and published a collection of verses written in appreciation of some of his distinguished contemporaries which he called "Musæ Anticae." He also edited the "Deliciae Poetarum Scoticorum," to which he himself was a large and important contributor. With reference to this publication it must be admitted that it is distinguished by scholarship, taste, and other poetical qualities of a high order. By way of additional confirmation of this view the verdict of Dr. Samuel Johnson respecting it is worth reproducing, as he was generally averse to anything connected with the nationality of his famous biographer. "The Deliciae Poetarum Scoticorum," he said, "would do credit to any country."

In James Graham, Marquis of Montrose, we have a different type of man from either Drummond or Johnston, as well as a different type of poet, if poet he can be called. At any rate, he is not to be compared to Drummond as a poet, or Johnston as a scholar and man of science, but he was the representative of a celebrated family who had played an important part in most of the great periods of Scottish history. James Graham, fifth Earl and Marquis of Montrose, was born in 1612, at Old Montrose; he lost his mother when he was six years of age, his father when he was fourteen, and his brother-in-law, Archibald, Lord Napier, became his guardian. He went to the University of St. Andrews in 1627, the year his father died, where he completed his education. Although it does not appear that he was a devoted student, he
showed more than the ordinary ability, and manifested a
genuine appreciation of literature which was not extinguished
by the stormy career he afterwards experienced. In his
University days he was distinguished for generosity, and his
proficiency in games and field-sports gained him the admiration
of his fellow-students. Correctly speaking, he ranks more as a
conqueror, a man of action, a statesman, and, above all, a
leader of men, rather than a poet or man of letters; and yet the
small amount of poetry associated with his name has qualities
distinctly its own which have preserved it while more import­
ant work has been forgotten. It may be claimed for his verses
that they are heroic in their conception, full of force and fire,
brushing aside every obstacle which may lie in the course of
the main idea. In every line the spirit of the proud warrior is
evident, while frequently suffering disappointment and reverses
remaining resolute, brave, and hopeful to the last. Indeed, it
is probably due more to the martial spirit than any real literary
gift that the all-too-few writings of Montrose have not been
forgotten long ago; but the glamour of romance is here, and
romance has been so closely identified with the history and
traditions of Scotland that, despite their phlegmatic disposition,
the romantic element has always appealed to the hearts of
Scotsmen. In addition to saving his poetical reputation, had
it not been for this characteristic, Montrose could not have
changed his political opinions with such intrepidity without
incurring the strongest resentment, especially at a period dis­
tinguished for party strife and sectarian bitterness. Once one
of the leaders of the Covenanters, he became one of the most
ardent supporters of the policy of King Charles, and yet no
writer has spoken of Montrose with bitterness or accused him
of being a traitor. His vacillating policy, it is true, subse­
quently cost him his life; but the fortitude he displayed is
strong proof that his changing opinions were the result of
strong convictions. He listened to the sentence that he was to
be hanged, drawn, and quartered, and his dismembered head
fixed on the Tolbooth of Edinburgh, with dignity and un­
daunted courage. As to the distribution of his limbs, he said,
he wished he had flesh enough to send to each city in Europe
in memory of the cause in which he died; and he made the
idea the subject for verse, which he wrote with the point of a
diamond on the window of the prison. The lines were as
follows:—
“Let them bestow on every airth a limb,
Then open all my veins that I may swim
To Thee, my Maker, in that crimson lake;
Then place my parboiled head upon a stake,
Scatter my ashes, strew them in the air.
Lord, since Thou knowest where all these atoms are,
I’m hopeful Thou’lt recover once my dust,
And confident Thou’lt raise me with the just.”

A further illustration of his force and firmness of character may be gleaned from another incident which is recorded, and which is to the effect that when an eminent Covenanter named Johnstone intruded himself upon the brave Cavalier after he was condemned, he found him in the act of combing his long hair. Johnstone insinuated it were an idle employment at so solemn a time. To which Montrose replied—“I will arrange my head as I please to-day while it is my own, to-morrow it will be yours, and you may deal with it as you list.” The longest poem Montrose wrote, and the one which contains his best stanzas, is “The Love Verses,” printed in two parts and included in “Johnson’s Musical Museum” to the tune of “Chevy Chase.” The popular view is that these verses are allegorical, not the outcome of any love affair, but with a political signification: the speaker representing the King, and the mistress the State. The following verse is perhaps the best known, owing to the popularity of the concluding four lines, which have often been used by the lovesick swain as an apology for his advances:—

“As Alexander, I will reign,
And I will reign alone;
My thoughts did evermore disdain
A rival on my throne.
He either fears his fate too much,
Or his deserts are small,
Who dares not put it to the touch,
To gain or lose it all.”

It was greatly feared, that, in the century under review, Scotland could not save her individuality from being submerged by her English sister, even in a literary sense, but it was a groundless fear, though it must be admitted that it was cast into shadow by the political and religious troubles which arose in the latter half of the century. Most of the poets, as we have already seen, wrote in the fashionable English of the Court, the
language having been greatly enriched by the Elizabethan dramatic poets. This being the case, it had the effect of inducing writers of both countries to use it as the favourite medium of expression. Indeed, it is not till nearly the close of the century that a definite revival of native sentiment in the poetical literature of Scotland is apparent, and, while we cannot claim that it is pitched in the key of high seriousness, its national characteristics are unquestionable. The revival of the old sentiment, with its familiar and homely vernacular, must be chiefly assigned to the Semples of Beltrees, who, for several generations, manifested in the family a poetical bias which has left its mark. As has been already indicated, a high degree of merit cannot be claimed for any of them, but there is much that is quaint and refreshing in their verse after the foreign element and Anglicised semi-classicalism with which the verses of their predecessors and contemporaries are frequently coloured.

Without reproducing the entire family history, however, it is the three Sempills who come within the scope of the seventeenth century who are specially entitled to notice, viz., James, Robert, and Francis. Sir James Sempill, 1566-1626, the first of the three, was born in 1566, and was the son and successor of John Sempill, who was nicknamed John the Dancer, which originated from a rude and ill-natured reference John Knox made to him on account of his popularity at the Court of Queen Mary, and of his having married Mary Levingstoun, one of the ladies of the Court. “John the Danser” was youngest son of Robert, third son of Lord Sempill of Castle Semple, in Renfrewshire, while Mary Levingstoun was a daughter of Alexander, first Lord Livingston, the preceptor of the Queen. Sir James Sempill received part of his education with James VI., and he and the young prince became close companions, which lasted beyond their school-days. Indeed, he afterwards became the amanuensis of King James, and was in that office when James wrote his celebrated treatise “Basilicon Doron,” which probably passed through the hands of Sir James. Sempill had not only the poetic gift, but he showed much skill in the theological polemics so prevalent at the time. When his friend, Andrew Melville, became involved in a theological discussion with his joint-professor of divinity, Tilenus, at Sedan, Sir James ably
assisted him on the Calvinistic side against the Arminianism of Tilanus, and showed much skill in the art of reasoning as well as the possession of a keen satire. In addition to taking his part in the controversy against Tilanus, he wrote two other controversial essays entitled respectively “Cassandra Scoticana to Cassander Anglicanus,” published in 1618, and “Sacrilege Sacredly Handled,” 1619; these, together with the “Packman’s Paternoster,” are all the writings that can be legitimately claimed for Sir James Sempill, though he has been credited with others. The “Packman’s Paternoster” is a poetical dialogue between a packman and a priest, in which the packman completely shatters the priest’s theological arguments, and frequently places his antagonist in an anomalous position. As it is humorously inscribed on the title-page of the poem—

“This pious poem buy and read,
For of the Pope it knocks the head.”

The main points in the discussion are the Pope’s claims as the successor of St. Peter, the saying of prayers in Latin, and the undue prominence of the Virgin Mary. It is evident throughout that the poem is the production of a highly-educated writer with a keen logical perception, and it is not surprising to find that it was far more effective in combating the pretensions of the Roman Catholic Church among the masses of the people than the most learned and abstruse treatise that was published against the Roman Church at the time. It has just that flavour of humour and point that appeal to the people when more serious writings would fail. Sir James Sempill’s son, Robert, was his father’s successor, and, in addition to inheriting his father’s estates, he inherited his literary instincts, which enabled him to enlarge his father’s poem, the “Packman’s Paternoster.” He was born in 1595, and was educated at the College of Glasgow, but little or nothing is known of his college career except that he matriculated in March, 1613. His fame rests not so much on what he has actually achieved in literature, but presumably on what he was capable of had circumstances been more favourable for the cultivation of the poetic spirit. During his youth and prime the great Civil War kept the country in a state of anxiety and unrest, which is always unfavourable to the growth of the literary spirit. Moreover, he fought on the side of Charles I,
and took an active part in the promotion of the Restoration, and, though he had assisted others to regain lost possessions, his own Irish estates were never restored to him. Besides his additions to his father's poem, the "Packman's Paternoster," he wrote the famous "Elegy on Habbie Simson," the "Piper of Kilbarchan," and the "Epistle of Sanny Briggs." His authorship of the two latter has been disputed, but on no very reliable evidence, and the charge appears to have originated with some captious critic who could find no other way to notoriety. Indeed, it is no exaggeration to say that the poetic vigour of Robert Sempill, the mastery and freedom of his metre, which has been adopted by Burns in "Tam Samson's Elegy" and other pieces, are all in favour of the supposition that he wrote many other verses which have long since perished. Francis Sempill, the last of the poetical trio, also succeeded his father, but the exact date of his birth is not definitely known. It is known, however, that he was married in 1655 to Jean Campbell, a full cousin of his own. It may be assumed that he was a man of a happy disposition and a ready wit in which he frequently indulged at the expense of propriety and refinement, neither does he seem to have been one who was easily depressed by reverses, for, though his family had suffered considerably by their loyalty, Francis continued his devotion to the house of Stuart. Gifted with versatile talents, he turned his attention to a variety of subjects, sometimes satirising the Whigs, at others composing complimentary verses on the Duke of York and Albany. Though no stranger to misfortune, he never became a pessimist; he became exceedingly poor, but spoke jestingly of his want of means. The "Banishment of Poverty" is his longest poem and probably his best; it was composed on the Duke of Albany, afterwards James VII., and is written in a complimentary strain. From the poem we also learn that he became security for some one and had to smart for it. In speaking of poverty, he says:—

"For there he gripped me full fast,
When first I fell in cautionrie."

In 1677 Francis Sempill sold the Beltrees property, which was supposed to have been occasioned by the "cautionrie" which is alluded to in the above quotation. The poem entitled "The Blythsome Wedding" is generally ascribed to Francis Sempill,
and is full of humour and spirit, but it is not free from coarseness, though it is instructive as an echo of those days when "a thread of blue" was not considered a serious defect in poem or ballad. The poem, "She Raise and Loot Me In," has long been a popular song in Scotland, and appeared in Thomson's "Orpheus Caledonius" in 1733. Who is not familiar with "Maggie Lauder," which is also associated with his name, and has long been a special favourite among the people of the rural districts of Scotland, particularly on "kin nichts" after the corn stooks are safely gathered in, and at country weddings when the "yill" is growing better? A "Discourse between Law and Conscience" has also been ascribed to Francis Sempill, but the weight of evidence is against the assumption. The authorship of a "Carrol for Christmas," to the popular tune of "Craigie Forbes's Lilt," is much better authenticated, and "Old Longsyne" is undoubtedly by Francis, two different copies of which are included in "Watson's Collection," and, though there is a difference in the wording, there is much similarity in the sentiment. There can be no doubt that they are copied by the same hand, but apparently after a considerable interval. In both cases the sentiment is conveyed in very unequal language, and, though frequently manifesting much grace and feeling, it is far behind the exquisite rendering of Burns.

Scottish literature in this century, then, may fittingly conclude with the Sempills above referred to, and, poor though the century be, some knowledge of its chief writers is necessary to account for the improved literary tone in the more prolific century which succeeded it.

WM. M'ILWRAITH.
ROBERT BURNS AND THE SCOTCH EXCISE BOARD.

MR. JAMES MACFADZEAN.

The forebears of Mr. James Macfadzean were millers and farmers in South Ayrshire, and he himself was born in 1818 at Drumbeg, in Kirkoswald Parish. For a time he went to the same school as Douglas Graham's grandchildren, and when fourteen years old he witnessed a dramatic representation of "Tam o' Shanter" in Ballyhilly Barn—Robert Graham of Clachanton, the hero's son, being there present. At nineteen years of age, he went to Ayr for his Excise instructions, as Joseph Train had done before him in 1808.

His career in the Revenue service was long and honourable. At one time he was supervisor of Kilmarnock district, and his last appointment was one of the highest attainable in the service—the collectorship of Glasgow—a post formerly occupied by Burns's loyal friend, Collector Findlater. When he retired, he was presented with his portrait, limned by Joseph Henderson, R.S.A. The last few years were spent in the town of Ayr, and he was buried among his forefathers in the churchyard of Kirkoswald. Mr. Macfadzean died on 2nd April, 1902.

His leisure hours were given up to literary pursuits, especially geology, and some years ago he published a work on the "Parallel Roads of Glenroy," in which a new and ingenious theory to account for their formation was advocated.

Scotsmen, however, owe him a peculiar debt of gratitude for rescuing from oblivion the books of the Scottish Excise Board in which the name of Robert Burns appears. In 1857 the Excise Office was being removed from the old to the new wing of Somerset House; and, as there was no room to stow away
the enormous accumulations of old stores, it was decided to destroy everything of no permanent value. Mr. Macfadzean was appointed to superintend this process, and for weeks he watched the porters at work, till he was rewarded by the discovery of the old Edinburgh records. He thoroughly searched the "Register of Censures" without finding the poet's name, and he took copies of every page in the other books where it occurred. These records were:

1st. A Scheme of Dumfries District, with the poet's name in three places.

2nd. A List of Persons for Promotion to the Supervisorship.

3rd. Do.  do.  do.  later.

4th. A Page from the Character Book of 1789.

5th. Do.  do.  1792.

We have pleasure in quoting from *The Revenue Review* for May, 1902, the following recollections by one who knew him in the fifties, and who, after a career not less distinguished than that of the friend to whom he pays so striking a tribute, deservedly enjoys

... "that which should accompany old age,
As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends."

"The service fifty years ago owed much to Mr. Macfadzean for the high standard of character which he maintained, and perhaps still more for the sympathy and kindliness which he displayed to all who served under him, qualities which did much to make the official machine of that time run smoothly. A man of strong religious views with an eminently practical mind, the writer of this sketch used to think that he was seen at his best when conducting some important official inquiry, which he invested with much of the solemnity of a judicial proceeding, never, however, forgetting that "to err is human," when the character of some erring officer was involved. Yet that he could hit out on occasion was well known to those who were made acquainted with the very strongly worded remonstrance which he placed before the Board in the sixties on the appointment, over his head, of a junior to a collection (Ayr) which he very much desired, of which remonstrance, he used in after years jestingly to say there had been no reply simply because none could be given. But perhaps Mr. Macfadzean's chief claim to the gratitude of his colleagues lay in his efforts to bring about the repeal of an Order of the Board, issued in the fifties, forbidding any person in the Service to marry until he should attain the rank of a fixed officer, on pain of being called on to resign, and this penalty was enforced. Mr. Macfadzean denounced this regulation with all his might, and with all the warmth of which his nature was capable, stigmatising it as an immoral and iniquitous
one; and, in consequence of his denunciation and the generous support of one who subsequently filled the highest office under the Board, who happily still survives, the obnoxious regulation was ultimately withdrawn."

"Turning to the lighter side of Mr. Macfadzean's character, it was of him that Mr. Sharp, a former collector at Glasgow—a giant of the past—used to say there was not a hair of his head that was turned the wrong way. Amongst his best known characteristics may be mentioned his ardent Free Churchism—the church he used to like to call it; his mathematical skill and delight in laying out the necessary preparation for "casting couches" in cones, a method then in use for ascertaining whether grain being made into malt had been unduly compressed in the couch frame, which regulation, however—such is the irony of fate—came to grief under his own ægis in a case which he himself carried to the Court of Session at Edinburgh in 1857. His love of fun; his vigorous but good-natured Toryism, the Toryism of fifty years ago; his abhorrence of smoking (the writer is still speaking of nearly fifty years ago); his almost feminine sensitiveness at that date on the subject of his age. Possessors of "Loftus' Almanack" for 1857 will remember that in that year, for the first and last time, the age and years of service of every supervisor were inserted. His copy reached him while on inspection in Scotland, and drew from him an indignant protest against the innovation, with an assurance that had his own age been published he would have sought some sort of satisfaction from the unfortunate publisher."

"But such men, to adopt a well-known simile applied to a still greater man—an illustrious statesman now no longer amongst us—are like great mountains whose loftiness and grandeur can only be fully realised when viewed from a distance. And when the history of the Excise service during the last fifty years comes to be written there are few names that will obtain more honourable mention for honesty, force of character, and goodness of heart than that of James Macfadzean."

[Through the kindness of Mr. R. W. Macfadzean, of the Inland Revenue, Ayr (son of the subject of our sketch), we are enabled to print these documents in the Chronicle, prefaced by a summary of their contents which he communicated to The Civilian of 26th November, 1892. The original copies, in Mr. Macfadzean's autograph, are to be deposited, for preservation, in the Burns Museum, Kilmarnock.—Ed.]
ROBERT BURNS AND THE EXCISE.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE CIVILIAN."

SIR,—From statements which have lately appeared in your columns it is to be inferred that considerable ignorance still exists with regard to the relations of Robert Burns to the Scotch Excise Board.

The facts of the Excise career are simple enough. In December, 1787, he wrote to the Earl of Glencairn, "I wish to get into the Excise." Early in 1788 "kind old Sandy Wood," the surgeon who treated his crushed limb, interested himself with Graham of Fintray to get him the appointment, with the result that his name was at once put on the list. In April he was the bearer of the Board's order for his instruction for six weeks in his future duties to Mr. James Findlay, Officer, Tarbolton. (This document is quaint reading to Revenue Officers nowadays.) In the end of May, 1788, Burns, having finished his instructions, went to Ellisland with his commission in his pocket. He did not, however, get employment till the following year, and was promoted to a division on 28th July, 1790. All available evidence proves that Burns earnestly desired the appointment. His farming had failed, his cultivation of the Muses had not met with the reward it merited, and the Excise appointment probably saved him and his from great privation.

Every proof exists that he became an energetic and faithful officer, and that he bore his commission with fidelity to the last. Only one passing cloud darkened his official escutcheon, and far too much was made of it by his biographers Lockhart and Cunningham.

Before the French Revolutionary movement degenerated into the Reign of Terror, it awakened the sympathies of all earnest Liberals in this country, and few people will now affirm that his participation in this feeling did not do the Poet credit.

In the spring of 1792 he committed the indiscretion of sending four rusty old carronades, which he had captured with the smuggling brig in the Solway, to the French Government. This practical joke had serious consequences. They were stopped at Dover, and an inquiry was ordered to be made into "Mr. Burns's" political opinions. The result was a verbal caution. His loyalty was never really doubted, and until the date of his fatal illness he was a zealous volunteer in the Dumfries Corps.

Sufficient publicity has, perhaps, not been given to the fact that about thirty-five years ago great additional light was thrown upon Burns's official career. Mr. James Macfadzean, now superannuated Collector of Glasgow, was at that time engaged at Somerset House in the removal of old stores to the new wing, when he discovered among the books of the Scotch Board several in which the name of the poet Robert Burns appeared. There were five pages in different books which contained his name, and these were—First, a scheme of the Dumfries District, in which the poet's name occurs in three separate stations; second, a list of persons recommended for promotion to the rank of Supervisor, with dates of appoint-
ment, &c., containing the poet's name; third, a similar list of later date, where there appears opposite the poet's name the impressive entry—"Dead." (It is interesting to notice here that the next man on the list—James Lindsay—was appointed Supervisor of Dunblane District on the 10th August, 1797, proving that if the poet had lived in all probability he would have received this appointment.) Burns's name remained on this list till his death, and he was aware of the fact. In 1765 he wrote to Patrick Heron:—"I am on the Supervisors' list, and as we come on there by precedency, in two or three years I shall be at the head of the list and appointed, of course." Fourth, a page, Letter B, from an alphabetical register in which the official characters of the officers were recorded at the head office. The poet's character is here given, "Never tried—a poet," with the subsequent interlineation—"turns out well." Fifth, a page, Letter B, from a similar register compiled three years later. Burns's character given here is, "The poet—does pretty well." From an inspection of the characters given on the register, it is evident that they were drawn out with great candour, and that of Burns, it is pleasing to observe, is above the average.

Probably the most important book found was a "Register of Censures" embracing the whole period of the poet's service. It appeared to be a faithful record of everything of this kind issued by the Board, from cautions for trifling irregularities to dismissals. This volume was carefully searched by Mr. Macfadzean, and, as all lovers of Burns will be glad to know, the poet's name was conspicuous by its absence.

From inquiries recently instituted in Somerset House by Sir Robert Micks, it has transpired that these interesting registers are no longer in existence. It was always understood that they were carefully preserved at the Head Office, and it is deeply to be regretted that there was no one there sufficiently alive to their importance to save them from destruction.

The writer may add that when a boy he carefully copied the extracts referred to from the original books, and that such copies are now in his possession.—Yours, &c.,

R. W. MACFADZEAN.

GREENOCK, 16th November, 1892.
# CONTENTS

OF MR. MACFADZEAN'S MS.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>No. of Document</th>
<th>Description</th>
<th>Observations</th>
</tr>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1</td>
<td>Scheme of Dumfries District, &quot;</td>
<td>Shewing that Burns was stationed:—</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Collection,</td>
<td>1st. In Dumfries 1st Itinerancy till 28th July, 1790.</td>
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<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>2nd. In Dumfries 3rd Division till 26th April, 1792.</td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>3rd. In Dumfries 1st Division till his death, 21st July, 1796.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2</td>
<td>List of Officers to be Promoted,</td>
<td>James Lindsay, the next name to Burns's on these lists, was appointed Supervisor of Dunblane on 10th August, 1797. Had our Poet lived, he would have taken this post, and would have been a Supervisor after eight years' service, whereas the average service of officers so promoted during the previous decade had been more than sixteen years.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3</td>
<td>Do., later,</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4</td>
<td>A Page out of the Character Book of 1789,</td>
<td>Robert Burns turns out well. A poet.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5</td>
<td>A Page out of the Character Book of 1792,</td>
<td>Robert Burns, the poet, does pretty well.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6</td>
<td>Extracts from the Register of Censures, &amp;c.,</td>
<td>Robert Burns, &quot;abest.&quot;</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

The following five documents are copies of the pages in the Books of the Scotch Excise Board (1789 to 1797) in which the name of the Poet, Robert Burns, appears.

The books were discovered in Somerset House, London, by my father, Mr. James Macfadzean, in 1857, and these pages were copied by me in the same year.

R. W. MACFADZEAN.

NOTE.—My father carefully searched the Register of Censures, but the name of Robert Burns did not occur in it. The sixth document contains various extracts which he made from the books.
**DUMFRIES COLLECTION, JOHN MITCHELL, 1791.**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Districts and Supervisors</th>
<th>Officers' Names</th>
<th>Divisions.</th>
<th>Foot Walk.</th>
<th>Days Ride.</th>
<th>Date of Remove</th>
<th>Succeeded by</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>7 Mar., '91, dead</td>
<td>John M'Quaker.</td>
<td>Do., 2 Dn.</td>
<td>Do.</td>
<td>...</td>
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<td>Chrisn. Latimer.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Incidents.</td>
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<td></td>
<td>Dead.</td>
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<td></td>
<td>Wm. Johnstone.</td>
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<td>Peter Warwick.</td>
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<td></td>
<td>Wm. Penn.</td>
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<td>Robt Nevison.</td>
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<td></td>
<td>Wm. Craig.</td>
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<td></td>
<td>John M'Culloch.</td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Wm. Renton.</td>
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<td></td>
<td>Andw. Mulligan.</td>
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<td></td>
<td>James Graham.</td>
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</table>
**PERSONS PUT ON THE LIST FOR THE EXAMINERS' OFFICE.**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th></th>
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<tr>
<td>1786.</td>
<td>Rob. Laurie,</td>
<td>18 Feb'., 1790,</td>
<td>Examiners.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>May 2nd, pmint.</td>
<td>Alexr. Findlater,</td>
<td>1 June, 1790,</td>
<td>14 March, 1790</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Oct. 10th, Do.</td>
<td>Jno. M'Farlane,</td>
<td>1 June, 1790,</td>
<td>Portsburgh.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Do. 15th, Do.</td>
<td>Wm. Hay,</td>
<td>11 Jany., 1791,</td>
<td>Dumfries.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1787.</td>
<td>Rudn. Lawrence,</td>
<td>26 Jany., 1791,</td>
<td>Wigton.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Oct. 10th, Do.</td>
<td>Peter Campbell,</td>
<td>14 April, 1791,</td>
<td>Dunfermline, 5 Jany., '93.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Do. 31, pmint.</td>
<td>Iver Campbell,</td>
<td>2 June, 1791,</td>
<td>Forfar, 6 Apl., '93.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Do. 31, Do.</td>
<td>John Cumming,</td>
<td>1 Feb'y., 1792,</td>
<td>Forfar, 5 Jany., '93.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1788.</td>
<td>Alex. Merchant,</td>
<td>5 July, 1792,</td>
<td>Forfar, 6 Apl., '93.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Feb'y. 6, pmint.</td>
<td>Geo. Hosack,</td>
<td>Dead, June, '90.</td>
<td>Dumbarton, 6 Apl., '93.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mar. 12, Treasury.</td>
<td>Saml. Wilson,</td>
<td>6 April, 1793,</td>
<td>3 June, 1793.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Do. 31, mt.</td>
<td>Alexr. Dickson,</td>
<td>5 Jany., 1793,</td>
<td>3 June, 1793.</td>
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<tr>
<td>June 2d, pmint.</td>
<td>Chas. Gordon,</td>
<td>6 Apl., 1793,</td>
<td>18 June, '93, Dead.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Do.</td>
<td>Adam White,</td>
<td>3 June, 1793,</td>
<td>Leith, 2d, 27 Jan., '94.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Do.</td>
<td>Henry Hanah,</td>
<td>3 June, 1793,</td>
<td>Caithness, 2 Jan., '94.</td>
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<td>Do.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>13 June, 1793.</td>
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<td>Do.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Leith Brewery.</td>
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<td>Sept. 30th, Do.</td>
<td>Robt. Carrick,</td>
<td>3 June, 1793.</td>
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<td>Nov. 13, pmint.</td>
<td>Angus M'Donald,</td>
<td>17 June, 1793.</td>
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<td>1789.</td>
<td></td>
<td>Struck off,</td>
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<td>Apr. 17, Try.</td>
<td>James White,</td>
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<td>Sept. 21, Try.</td>
<td>Jno. Fotheringham,</td>
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<tr>
<td>Do. 29.</td>
<td>Hugh Hunter,</td>
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<td>Nov. 25, pmint.</td>
<td>Gavin Train,</td>
<td></td>
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<td>Dec. 12th, Do.</td>
<td>Robt. Barclay,</td>
<td></td>
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<td>10 Jany., 1790.</td>
<td>Wm. Comrie,</td>
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<tr>
<td>14 June, pmint.</td>
<td>James Fletcher,</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>25 July, Do.</td>
<td>Jas. Mitchell,</td>
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<td>17 Nov., Do., 1790.</td>
<td>Thos. Stewart,</td>
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<td>Xby. 14th, mint., 1790.</td>
<td>Alexr. Gilles,</td>
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<td>Jany. 27, mint., 1791.</td>
<td>John Maitland,</td>
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<td>Feb. 1st.</td>
<td>James Lindsay,</td>
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<td>Do. 7th, 1791.</td>
<td>Danl. M'Lean,</td>
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<td>June 16, 1791.</td>
<td>John Thomson,</td>
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<td>Robt. Nielson,</td>
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<td>Thomas Millar,</td>
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<td>James Craig,</td>
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<td>Duncan Forbes,</td>
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<td>Robt. Burns,</td>
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<td>Danl. M'Kenzie,</td>
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<td>Feby. 7th, 1791.</td>
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<td>Jan. 27, 1791.</td>
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<td>Feby. 11, 1791.</td>
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<td>Mar. 1, 1791.</td>
<td>James Noble,</td>
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<td>John Grant,</td>
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<td>Andw. Binney,</td>
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<td>Robt. Bleaky,</td>
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<td>Danl. Millar,</td>
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<td>James Peat,</td>
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<td>Hugh Nairn,</td>
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<td>Xby. 8, 1792.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Feby. 10th, '94.</td>
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3 June, 1793, Cannongate Brewy.

Struck off, May 9th, 1792, Dischd.
PERSONS PUT ON THE LIST FOR THE EXAMINERS' OFFICE.

The Figures after the Names are the number of years which the respective officers had been in the service at the date of their appointment to the Examiners' Office, which is the probationary state for Supervisor.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Date</th>
<th>Names</th>
<th>Date of the Board's Order or Treasury</th>
<th>When appointed to the Office</th>
<th>Time When and Where Settled</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1786</td>
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<td>May 2nd</td>
<td>Robt. Laurie, 11</td>
<td>Board</td>
<td>18 Feb'y, 1790</td>
<td>14th Mar., 1719, Pittsburgh</td>
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<tr>
<td>Oct. 10th</td>
<td>Alexr. Findlater, 12</td>
<td>do</td>
<td>1st June, do</td>
<td>Dumfries</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Do. 15th</td>
<td>John M'Farlane, 15</td>
<td>do</td>
<td>1st June, do</td>
<td>Wigton</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1787</td>
<td></td>
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</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jany. 3rd</td>
<td>Wm. Hay, 26</td>
<td>do</td>
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<tr>
<td>Jany. 3d</td>
<td>Rudn. Lawrence, 10</td>
<td>do</td>
<td>26th Jany., do</td>
<td>Oldmeldrum</td>
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<tr>
<td>Oct. 10th</td>
<td>Alexr. Bowes, 32</td>
<td>do</td>
<td>7 Mar., do</td>
<td>Dunse</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Do. 31</td>
<td>Geo. M'Kay, 9</td>
<td>do</td>
<td>14 Mar., do</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Do. 31</td>
<td>Peter Campbell, 16</td>
<td>do</td>
<td>14 Apr., do</td>
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</tr>
<tr>
<td>1788</td>
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<tr>
<td>Feb'y 6</td>
<td>Iver Campbell, 15</td>
<td>do</td>
<td>2 June, do</td>
<td>5 Jany., 1793, Dunfermline</td>
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<tr>
<td>Mar. 12th</td>
<td>John Cumming, 34</td>
<td>do</td>
<td>1 Feb'y, 1792</td>
<td>6 Apr., 1793, Dumbarton</td>
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<tr>
<td>Do. 31st</td>
<td>Alexr. Merchant, 21</td>
<td>Board</td>
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<td>George Hosack, 28</td>
<td>do</td>
<td>June, 1790</td>
<td>3 June, 1793, Wigton</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Do. 2</td>
<td>Campl. Wilson, 14</td>
<td>do</td>
<td>6 Apr., 1793</td>
<td>Dead</td>
</tr>
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<td>Do. 2</td>
<td>Alexr. Dickson, 18</td>
<td>do</td>
<td>5 Jany., 1793</td>
<td>18 June, 1793, Died</td>
</tr>
<tr>
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<td>Chars. Gordon, 14</td>
<td>do</td>
<td>6 Apr., 1793</td>
<td>27 Novr., 1793, Lanark</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Do. 2</td>
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<td>do</td>
<td>15 May, do</td>
<td>27 Jany., 1794, Leith 2nd</td>
</tr>
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<td>do</td>
<td>3 June, do</td>
<td>2 Jany., 1794, Caithness</td>
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<td>13 June, 1793, Argyile N.</td>
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<tr>
<td>June 8</td>
<td>Jas. M'Farlane, 14</td>
<td>do</td>
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<td>Leith Brewery</td>
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### Persons put on the list for the Examiners' Office.—Continued.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Date</th>
<th>Names</th>
<th>Date of the Board's Order or Treasury</th>
<th>When appointed to the Office</th>
<th>Time When and Where Settled</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Augt. 11th.</td>
<td>Jas. Tweedie, 11</td>
<td>Board, Mr. Dundas</td>
<td>3 June, 1793</td>
<td>Edinh. Brewery.</td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Angus M'Donald, 13</td>
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<td>19 June, do.</td>
<td>24 Nov., 1794, Lanark.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Jas. Hunter, 17</td>
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</tr>
<tr>
<td>1789</td>
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<tr>
<td>Jany. 2nd.</td>
<td>John Scott, 12</td>
<td>do,</td>
<td>4 Feb., 1793</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>James White, 12</td>
<td>do,</td>
<td>16 Dec., 1793</td>
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<tr>
<td>Apl. 17th.</td>
<td>John Fotheringham, 13</td>
<td>Board, Treasury</td>
<td>23 Jany., 1794</td>
<td></td>
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<td>Hugh Hunter, 21</td>
<td>do,</td>
<td>10 Feb., 1794</td>
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<td>Gavin Train, 20</td>
<td>do,</td>
<td>11 Oct., 1794</td>
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<tr>
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<td>Robt. Barclay, 14</td>
<td>do,</td>
<td>22 Dec., 1794</td>
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<tr>
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<td>Struck off.</td>
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<td>Treasury, Board</td>
<td>16 Feb., 1795</td>
<td>14 Apl., 1795, Donside.</td>
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<td>3 Sept., 1795, Lithgow.</td>
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<tr>
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<td>5 July, 1796, Dunblane.</td>
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<td>1791</td>
<td></td>
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<td>7 Decr., 1796, Cann'ate Brewy.</td>
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<td>13 Apl., 1797, Huntley.</td>
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<tr>
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<td>Robt. Neilson, 16</td>
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PERSONS PUT ON THE LIST FOR THE EXAMINERS' OFFICE.—Continued.

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<thead>
<tr>
<th>Date</th>
<th>Names</th>
<th>Date of the Board's Order or from the Treasury</th>
<th>When appointed to the Office</th>
<th>Time When and Where Settled</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>John Grant, 18</td>
<td>13 Sept., 1792</td>
<td>15 June, 1797</td>
<td>22 March, 1798. Hamilton.</td>
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<tr>
<td>1792</td>
<td>James Craig</td>
<td>2 Apr., 1792</td>
<td>5 July, 1797</td>
<td>23 July, 1798. Air.</td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Hugh Nair,</td>
<td>Feby. 11th, 1793</td>
<td>28 Mar., 1798</td>
<td>warehouse keeper, Leith.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>John Reid, Leith</td>
<td>June 26, 1794</td>
<td>16 Augt., 1798</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>John Reid, Aberdeen</td>
<td>do. 28, 1794</td>
<td>15 July, 1799</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Robt. M'Cracken</td>
<td>July 16, 1794</td>
<td>10 July, 1799</td>
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<td></td>
<td>Thomas Speirs</td>
<td>Nov. 25, 1794</td>
<td>19 Feby., 1800</td>
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<td></td>
<td>Alex. Stenhouse</td>
<td>Feby. 24, 1794</td>
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<td>Official Characters</td>
<td>Officers' Names</td>
<td>Age</td>
<td>Employed</td>
<td>No. of Family</td>
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<td>-------------------------------------</td>
<td>----------------------</td>
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<td>---------------</td>
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<tr>
<td>A good officer,</td>
<td>A. B.,*</td>
<td>58</td>
<td>30</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Indifferent,</td>
<td>W. B.</td>
<td>40</td>
<td>13</td>
<td>6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A good officer,</td>
<td>A. B.</td>
<td>32</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A blundering offr.,</td>
<td>J. B. F.</td>
<td>34</td>
<td>6</td>
<td>4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A good offr.,</td>
<td>R. B.</td>
<td>28</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Indifferent, drinks</td>
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<td>52</td>
<td>29</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Makes a good offr., 1792</td>
<td>A. B.</td>
<td>36</td>
<td>7</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
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<td>4</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
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<td>A. B.</td>
<td>30</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A sober, weak man</td>
<td>J. B.</td>
<td>29</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pretty good,</td>
<td>R. B.</td>
<td>29</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Can do, but drinks</td>
<td>C. B.</td>
<td>31</td>
<td>10</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Could once do; drinks</td>
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<td>51</td>
<td>30</td>
<td>3</td>
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<tr>
<td>A careful offr.,</td>
<td>A. B.</td>
<td>26</td>
<td>4½</td>
<td>1</td>
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<tr>
<td>A drucken creature</td>
<td>A. B.</td>
<td>35</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A careful offr.,</td>
<td>J. B.</td>
<td>39</td>
<td>10</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A sober, weak offr.,</td>
<td>J. B.</td>
<td>26</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Makes a good offr.,</td>
<td>J. B.</td>
<td>26</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>1</td>
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<td>Makes a good offr.,</td>
<td>Robert Burns</td>
<td>29</td>
<td>1½</td>
<td>6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Never tried; a Poet; turns out well</td>
<td>W. B.</td>
<td>28</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>5</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

* The full names are withheld for obvious reasons. The curious will find them in the original in the Burns Museum, Kilmarnock.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Characters</th>
<th>Names</th>
<th>Age</th>
<th>Employed</th>
<th>No. of Family</th>
<th>Date of their Death</th>
<th>Suspended or Discharged See Pages</th>
<th>Pages of the Collection employed in</th>
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</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>But indifferent; Popular</td>
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<td>53</td>
<td>27</td>
<td>2</td>
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<td>Pretty attentive,</td>
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<td>42</td>
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<tr>
<td>A good offr.</td>
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<td>63</td>
<td>42</td>
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<th>Date of their Death</th>
<th>Suspended or Discharged. See Pages</th>
<th>Pages of the Collection employed in</th>
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<td>7</td>
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<td>8</td>
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<td>9</td>
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<td>The Poet does pretty well,</td>
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<td>3</td>
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<td>W. B.,</td>
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<td>3</td>
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<td>J. B.,</td>
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<td>6</td>
<td>4</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>but weak,</td>
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<td></td>
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<td></td>
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</tr>
<tr>
<td>But indifferent,</td>
<td>G. B.,</td>
<td>32</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>1</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sober and attentive,</td>
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<td>6</td>
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<td>Age</td>
<td>Employed</td>
<td>No. of Family</td>
<td>Place</td>
<td>Suspended or Discharged</td>
<td>See Pages</td>
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<td>1</td>
<td>Eding.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Stout good officer,</td>
<td>J. D.</td>
<td>36</td>
<td>6\frac{1}{2}</td>
<td>3</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>But lame in business,</td>
<td>J. D.</td>
<td>36</td>
<td>8</td>
<td>1</td>
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<tr>
<td>A good offr., not bright,</td>
<td>W. F.</td>
<td>33</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>2</td>
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<tr>
<td>A confused bad officer,</td>
<td>J. F.</td>
<td>39</td>
<td>12</td>
<td>4</td>
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<tr>
<td>A blunderer, makes seizures,</td>
<td>C. F.</td>
<td>45</td>
<td>19</td>
<td>6</td>
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<tr>
<td>Honest positive officer, not active,</td>
<td>T. F.</td>
<td>67</td>
<td>38</td>
<td>7</td>
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<tr>
<td>Active, but forward,</td>
<td>J. Findlater</td>
<td>29</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>1</td>
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<tr>
<td>Can do middling, deals in the marvelous, needs</td>
<td>A. G.</td>
<td>33</td>
<td>8</td>
<td>1</td>
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<tr>
<td>looking after,</td>
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<tr>
<td>A good officer, but courts popularity,</td>
<td>G. G.</td>
<td>49</td>
<td>20</td>
<td>8</td>
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<tr>
<td>A simple man, drinks,</td>
<td>T. G.</td>
<td>47</td>
<td>18</td>
<td>1</td>
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<tr>
<td>Much mended,</td>
<td>J. G.</td>
<td>36</td>
<td>7</td>
<td>3</td>
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<td>Willing to learn,</td>
<td>D. G.</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Trifling, drinks,</td>
<td>J. H.</td>
<td>41</td>
<td>16</td>
<td>3</td>
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<tr>
<td>A silly officer,</td>
<td>J. H.</td>
<td>30</td>
<td>9</td>
<td>2</td>
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<tr>
<td>Conceited, trifling offr.,</td>
<td>J. H.</td>
<td>30</td>
<td>1</td>
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### B—Continued.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Characters.</th>
<th>Names.</th>
<th>Age</th>
<th>Employed.</th>
<th>No of Family</th>
<th>Place.</th>
<th>Suspended or Discharged. See Pages.</th>
<th>Pages.</th>
<th>the collections are, they are employed in,</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Wore out, popular,</td>
<td>R. J.,</td>
<td>65</td>
<td>42</td>
<td>6</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>G. J., sup., Ayr, very active, but opineative of his own abilities.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A good offr., but suspected by his neighbours,</td>
<td>J. L.,</td>
<td>36</td>
<td>7</td>
<td>6</td>
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<tr>
<td>Sensible, lame of a leg, &amp; blind of an eye,</td>
<td>J. J.,</td>
<td>55</td>
<td>32</td>
<td>4</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>A good officer, were he in another county,</td>
<td>J. M'N.,</td>
<td>28</td>
<td>6</td>
<td>1</td>
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<tr>
<td>A good officer, but has friends traders,</td>
<td>J. M'V.,</td>
<td>34</td>
<td>10</td>
<td>5</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>A good officer, but passive to his traders,</td>
<td>W. O.,</td>
<td>56</td>
<td>30</td>
<td>5</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
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<td>Suspicious character,</td>
<td>J. R.,</td>
<td>45</td>
<td>16</td>
<td>1</td>
<td></td>
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<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>A good officer, insolent,</td>
<td>R. S.,</td>
<td>36</td>
<td>17</td>
<td>1</td>
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<tr>
<td>Needs spurring,</td>
<td>D. S.,</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Middling, likes a glass,</td>
<td>J. T.,</td>
<td>53</td>
<td>29</td>
<td>6</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>A good offr. &amp; a schollar,</td>
<td>A. T.,</td>
<td>26</td>
<td>4½</td>
<td>1</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
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</tr>
<tr>
<td>A bad moral character, but indifferent,</td>
<td>J. G.,</td>
<td></td>
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<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Active, &amp; much for his own interest,</td>
<td>G. O.,</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
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</tbody>
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37
34
36
24
39
J. K., a decent modest man, does his business with discretion.
W. C., a rattling slaving good officer, & keeps his officers to their duty.
W. Y., a distinct good man, behaves as a gentleman & good officer.
W. S. makes a lazy supr., much given to his bottle.
C. L., Air Itiny., "a lame leg, was a good officer, but now tipples."
P. G., Strathbogie Div. "He has a farm, and attends it more than the Revenue."
A. T., slow, requires a spur.
STERNE ANNOTATED BY BURNS.

Annotations by Burns on a Volume of Sterne's Works, published by Thomas Armitage, College Green, Dublin, 1779.

This volume is referred to in "M'Kie's Bibliography," p. 286. The copy examined was forwarded for our perusal by Mr. Wilson, banker, Sanquhar, who had it on loan from Mr. William Thomson, Gatelawbridge Quarries, Thornhill, who purchased it at the sale of the Rev. W. N. Dodds, Crichton Institution, Dumfries.

The MS. notes are not in Burns's handwriting, but in Mr. Dodds's own hand. On the inside of board of book, opposite preface, Mr. Dodds writes in pencil:—

"The annotations on the margin and the bottom of the page are by Burns.—(W. N. D.)"

Then follows a sentence which has been almost obliterated by rubbing with the finger, but which can still be made out:—

"P.S.—Found in another copy of this edition of Sterne."

The volume is therefore an imposition by some designing person who formerly had access to the book. The genuine volume was once in the hands of Mr. Craibe Angus, Glasgow, who showed it to us some years ago. We do not know in whose possession it may now be.

The Annotations.

On p. 145, where the text is—

"Love is the pivot on which all things move;
Death is no more than stopping our last breath."—

"Nonsense" is written on the margin opposite.

On p. 146, opposite "Freethinkers are generally those who never think at all," "Quibble" is written.

On p. 147, as commentary on the text—"I never drink. I
cannot do it on equal terms with others. It costs them only one day, but me three—the first in sinning, the second in suffering, and the third in repenting.”—the following appears on margin:—

“I love drinking now and then. It defecates the standing pool of thought. A man perpetually in the paroxysms and fears of inebriety is like a half-drowned stupid wretch, condemned to labour unceasingly in water; but a now-and-then tribute to Bacchus is like the cold bath—bracing and invigorating.—R. B.”

On p. 158, on margin, opposite—“Adad was the greatest of the Assyrian gods. Is this what we mean when we swear ‘adad’?”—the word “Poor” is written.

The word “Do.” for “ditto” occurs on same page, opposite “Lord Kames, in his ‘Elements of Criticism,’ hints that brutes might become rational if the use of speech was communicated to them.—Pray, are parrots or magpies rational? Women are, we know; but would they be less so if they spoke less?”

On p. 161, Sterne, speaking of Sir Thomas More, says:—“A person ought to be ashamed to differ in opinion from so great a man in any action of his life.”—and on the margin is, “Good.”

On p. 164, the interjection “Ah!” is written opposite “St. James says, ‘Combat all joy when you fall into divers temptations.”

On p. 165, opposite—“A lady of my acquaintance told me one day, in great joy, that she had got a parcel of the most delightful novels to read that she had ever met with before. They call them ‘Plutarch’s Lives,’ said she. I happened, unfortunately, to inform her ladyship that they were deemed to be authentic histories. Upon which her countenance fell, and she never read another line in them”—is written “Good.”

On p. 165 is written “Human nature,” opposite “A servant maid I had once—her name was not Dorothy—returned home crying one day, because a criminal, whom she had obtained leave to go see executed, happened to get a reprieve.”

On p. 166, opposite—“The Lex Papia forbade men to marry after sixty, and women after fifty. I think the law was wrong in the first article—because men may have children long after that age—or their wives may, at least, which answers as well for the community. But matrimony is generally thrown
away upon any woman after Wilkes's number"—is written "Oracle! follow nature."

On p. 168. On the law prohibiting women, on pain of death, entering into the Olympic games:—"Yet a woman, named Heremic, did afterwards venture her life for the mere pleasure of wrestling and boxing there, and won the prize. She could not conceal her triumph, which, coming to the judge's ears, they ordered that thenceforward all athletics should be performed naked." On the margin is written "Good."

On p. 170. Passage:—"There is an original necessity in our nature 'to determine ourselves.' Providence has implanted this propensity in us to prevent suspension of action where reasons may be wanting or equipoised." Remark on margin:—

"Whim enters deeply into the composition of human nature, particularly of genius."

On p. 173, opposite the statement that Count de Bonarelli never wrote one line of poetry till he was about threescore years of age, when he composed a pastoral poem equal to Guarini's "Pastor Fido" and Tasso's "Aminta," is written "Strange."

On p. 175. "I asked a hermit once, in Italy, how he could venture to live alone, in a single cottage, on the top of a mountain, a mile from any habitation?—He replied that Providence was his very next-door neighbour." On margin, "Admirable."

On p. 178. After a reference to Queen Elizabeth:—

"I would forgive Judas Iscariot sooner than Queen Elizabeth. He was a mercenary blackguard; she, a devil imported from hell."

On pp. 180-181. On the tale of Count Gleichen's two wives, one of whom was a Saracen who aided him to escape from captivity and who lived and died in sisterly affection with his first wife, the following is written:—

"Query. Is love like a suit of ribbons that one cannot share it among womankind without lessening the quantity that each should have?"

On p. 193, after—"A friend of mine once conceived a particular aversion to persons who had been born with red hair."—is written,

"Golden locks are a sign of amorousness. The more love in a woman's composition, the more soul she has."

EDITOR.
"THE KIRK'S ALARM"—A CLERICAL IGNORAMUS.

I have alluded to Burns's foresight and prophetic knowledge of character, and to his having described with too much truth the different clergymen in "The Kirk's Alarm." While I prefer concealing the name for the sake of others, I shall relate a conversation which occurred in my presence with one of the old clergymen of whom Burns in that poem speaks with much severity as respects his ignorance. I was dining at Bellisle with the late Mr. Hugh Hamilton about thirty-five years ago (1826 or so), when the latter complained of the delay occasioned by the non-appearance of the clergyman above referred to. He, having at last arrived, apologised to the company as follows:—"Mr. Hamilton, I'm truly sorry to have delayed your dinner, but having never seen a geography class before to-day I attended the examination of the Ayr Academy." Mr. Hamilton—"Aye Mr. ——, and what did you see at the geography class?" Mr. —— "Oh, Mr. Hamilton, I was quite overpowered, and what would I have given to have got such education in my young days." Mr. Hamilton—"But what struck you so much?" Mr. —— "Oh, you see, I got it fully explained how my son John took three months to go out to Canada, while he came home in six weeks. They showed me a globe, and I saw that when he was going to Canada he was going up the world, while in coming home he was going down the world." While such ignorance must seem to everyone as almost beyond belief, I now give the anecdote as having occurred before me.

AYR CLERGY—BURNS, DR. M'GILL AND DR. DALRYMPLE.

In the end of the last and the beginning of the present century the Church of Scotland was divided into two great sections. The one represented the High Church or orthodox clergy, who were rigidly attached to the high doctrines of the Confession of Faith. The other consisted of the Moderate side of the Church, who, while disagreeing with the former on the subject of Patronage, differed also from them respecting the Confession of Faith in so far as they only considered it to be their duty to preach its doctrines to the extent which they thought in conformity with the Scriptures. The violence of the two parties attracted the notice of Burns, who,
in his poem of "The Twa Herds," satirizes the leaders with much severity. Dr. M'Gill and Dr. Dalrymple (my grand-uncle), both ministers of Ayr, were attached to the Moderate party. The former published a work entitled "A Practical Essay on the Death of Christ," which greatly excited the brethren on the High side of the Church. I have read the work and often referred to it as containing, in my estimation, a most Scriptural and consolatory view of the life and death of our Saviour. It was, however, at the period referred to, viewed as not sufficiently orthodox and as reconciling the doctrines of the Bible too much to the reason of Christians. It became the subject of a long and virulent persecution, in which Dr. M'Gill's resignation and piety were severely tested. Burns felt all this and entered into the spirit of the struggle with a jealousy towards the High Churchmen which at all times possessed his mind and to which he gave expression in his poem of "The Kirk's Alarm," wherein each and all of the Church combatants are handled with no small degree of severity, though it is allowed that Burns's character of many of the individual clergymen turned out wonderfully prophetic. It would, however, be out of place for me to enter too minutely into this controversy, and I only refer to it with the view of giving expression to my sentiments regarding my two early pastors, Drs. M'Gill and Dalrymple.

In the above poem Burns describes Dr. M'Gill thus:—

"Dr. Mac., Dr. Mac., ye maun stretch on a rack,
To strike evil doers wi' terror;
To join faith and sense upon any pretence
Was heretic damnable error."

Of Dr. Dalrymple he thus writes:—

"D'rymple mild, D'rymple mild, though your heart's like a child,
And your life's like the new driven snaw,
Yet that winna save ye, Auld Satan maun hae ye
For preaching that three's ane and twa."

This last line refers to the Doctor's dubious belief in the doctrine of the Trinity. The descriptions of the two individuals as above given are strongly characteristic of both divines. I believe that they and many others of the clergy at that time, when signing the Confession of Faith, considered that it contained a "salve" which fully entitled them to view the Confession as a "help" to assist them in the interpretation of the Bible; indeed, it is expressly so stated in the formula of the Church. I doubt, however, that the principle has now been reversed and that the Bible is viewed as a "help" in interpreting the Confession of Faith.

To return to the history of Dr. M'Gill, I may state that he was universally beloved by his people on account of his piety and dutiful attention to the parish and his affectionate interest in the young people connected with his church, for whom he set apart the first Wednesday of every month, when we met him in church, and I never shall forget his singleness of mind and the kind and simple manner in which he spoke and led us, in spite of ourselves, to listen to his addresses. With a wonderful simplicity of character which made him a friend to every one, his company was
attractive to persons of every grade of society, and his conversations and repartee were so racy and amusing as to cause universal mirth. He was at all times a most acceptable guest at Rozelle, then possessed by the Countess of Crawford, with whom he could use considerable liberty, even to the extent of remarking on her peculiarities. This will be understood by one or two anecdotes which I shall relate. At the above period it was the custom for every family to brew their own beer, and it was a subject of some pride to be able to excel in the art. The Countess took great credit for her beer, but it was generally surmised that she tried to make the malt go too far. On one occasion the Doctor was invited to Rozelle after the new "broust," when, on his calling for beer, Lady Crawford addressed him thus—"Now, Doctor, give me your opinion on my beer, which I am sure should be good, as I brought the malt all the way from Dunbar." To this the Doctor very quaintly replied—"Well, my lady, it should be good, but it might probably have been better if you had had to bring the water from Dunbar too." On another occasion at the same table, the Doctor had called for beer, which, on being drawn, happened to be a bad bottle. Upon this Lady Crawford remarked—"Doctor, I much fear that that beer is dead," to which the Doctor's repartee was, "I'm not surprised at that, my Lady, for it was very weak the last time I was here." In meeting with his people he was always anxious to promote peace and concord, when he found anything out of joint in the family. In evidence of this I remember being very much struck with the following story. A lady belonging to his congregation called on him to prevent the marriage of her daughter to a person of whom she did not altogether approve without being able to assign a sufficient reason. The following colloquy took place:—Lady—"Now, Doctor, I insist that you will not marry them." Doctor—"But why do you object to this gentleman? Is he an improper man?" Lady—"I don't know. but I have no conceit o' him." Doctor—"Truly, it would be very singular if you and your daughter had a conceit for the same man." On the lady still pressing him, the Doctor addressed her thus—"No, no, ma'am, you are quite wrong. Let them gang thegither, for you may take my word for it that if you were to head her up in a barrel she would kiss him out at the bung." (Heading a barrel is a cooper's phrase for closing it at the top.)

I think that Dr. Dalrymple had not the same amount of ability as his colleague, though his sermons and services gave great satisfaction to his people. I believe that Burns has delineated his character most correctly, as he had the mildness and simplicity of a child. Many anecdotes occur to me respecting him, but I shall satisfy myself by repeating two, the one causing some mirth to all his friends at the time, the other exhibiting the simplicity of his character. One evening when the family were all assembled he was called out by Jack Ketch, the Ayr hangman, the good town being always possessed of this official. Jack, who had formerly married and buried three wives, addressed the Doctor thus—"Doctor, I've just called, as I am anxious to get another touch of your hand," to which the Doctor replied, "Weel, Johnnie, I'm sure I'd far rather give you a touch of my hand, than tak' a touch of yours." The other anecdote is as follows
—The Doctor never allowed any dinner to be cooked on Sunday, but after
the labours of the day the family all met in the evening, and, after worship,
they supped together. On the day to which I refer the name of a poor
person was handed up by the precentor for prayer, and after the service the
Doctor, on proceeding to the man's house, found that he was dead and that
the family were in such poverty and affliction as not to have even the
means of dressing the body. The Doctor remained with them during the
the mid-day interval, and as he walked to church in his gown he conceived
that he might spare his shirt so as to dress the body without it being known
to anyone. His wife, however, on his reaching home, thought that she
missed his shirt, and as she was quick both of apprehension and temper,
she said to him, "Willie, have you no a shirt on your back?" Dr.
Dalrymple—"Oh, never mind; I can explain it afterwards." Mrs.
Dalrymple—"Dear me, you surely had a sark on in the morning. What
in the world has become of it?" After being pushed by his wife to confess,
he said, "Weel, the truth is that I found that poor man was gone and his
family in such grief and poverty I gave them my shirt to dress the
corpse." I got this story from an old man who was servant at the above time with
Mr. Dalrymple of Orangefield, the Doctor's brother, and he assured me
that he was present with his master at the meeting. He added with some
degree of asperity, "Mr. Gairdner, we would be the better of such men in
our Kirk at the present day."

REMINISCENCES OF MRS. GREGORY THOMSON.
(WHO DIED AT KILMARNOCK ON 29TH SEPTEMBER, 1902, AGED 75).

"My father and mother, on being married, took up their residence in
the first flat of the house occupied now by Thomas Stewart & Sons, iron-
mongers. The next year they moved to the second flat, and Mr. Robert
Muir, Burns's warm friend and correspondent before his fame was world-
wide, occupied the flat above. Shortly after (that would be in 1787),
Burns was passing from Edinburgh, when Mr. Muir requested him to meet
a few friends and dine with him. My father was one of those invited, as
were also the two Parkers, William and Hugh, and Mr. Fowlds. My
father after dinner asked Burns and the other gentlemen down stairs to
take tea with my mother. Miss Nancy M'Aslan, a young lady from
Glasgow, was one of the party, and Mr. Fowlds playfully asked Burns to
make a poem on her, but the poet said jocularly that he could not, for
his muse had deserted him in Edinburgh. On this occasion my mother
played to the party several pieces of music on the piano, and this was then
the only one in Kilmarnock. Burns was highly pleased with some of the
tunes, of which he requested an encore. On several visits afterwards, he
asked for one tune, which he much liked, 'The Leas of Locherby.' My
friend, Miss P. Woodrow, of Mauchline, was a great admirer of Burns,
and she was a good song writer herself. She often visited Mossgiel, and
frequently entered, as if to catch inspiration, the old spence in which 'The
Vision' was composed. Miss Woodrow was the grand-daughter of the
minister of Eastwood, who wrote the history of the Persecuting times.
The Green Bridge was built and the new road from the east into Kilmarnock opened up in the very year that Burns was born. Before that time the entrance was down the Tankardha' Brae. My father was born at Braehead in the year 1742, but the old name was Windyedge. It was a Sabbath morning about four o'clock, and he was carried by Betty Hopkins to the Laigh Kirk to be baptised. The road to the kirk from Braehead was down Tankardha' by the Angel Inn, on to the street fronting the river, then across the old bridge to the kirk. My father used playfully to say that he was out in the 1745, Prince Charlie's year, and bore arms at the Rebellion.

The piano referred to above and the old music book are still in existence in Townend House. It is to be hoped that they will find their way to our Burns Museum. Mrs. Thomson's brother, William, who settled in Virginia and died there in 1875, aged 86 years, also sent home some valuable reminiscences which were made use of by Mr. Arch. Mackay in the later editions of his "History of Kilmarnock."

AN INTERESTING EDINBURGH OCTOGENARIAN.

By Jessie Patrick Findlay,
Author of "The Spindle Side of Scottish Song."
(Contributed to the "Scotsman.")

The other day it was my good fortune to meet in Edinburgh these rare aves amid conventionalities—two really interesting men, one of them was an octogenarian—to be exact, he was in his eighty-sixth year, and the other was also living on his "borrowed years," as it is the Scots custom to designate the years one may live beyond the allotted span of three score and ten; but the striking fact about both was the bright youthfulness which animated the rugged caverns of their eyes.

I remarked their delight to dwell upon the past—the past that seemed to have been an unclouded land of azure because all the stormy dark times had been mercifully forgotten, and the temperate glow of sunset suffused all their quiet evening of life. I was struck, too, by their tranquil acceptance of the great "Omega" of life. Death had no terrors for them; it was merely the saying of "Good-bye" to a pleasantly vanishing world, and yet both men took an ardent interest in passing events, they had by no means come to an "end of their power of living," and both had been notable men, each in his different way.

One of them—some day I may tell his story—had a curious whim. He carried in his pocket a note-book wherein he wrote from time to time a sort of roll-call of the dead of his native town, and he loved to refer to it and to muse over the life histories those names conjured up.

The whim of the other—of the frank and gentle octogenarian—lay in his cherished possession of a veritable "book of might," a quarto which contained, not the malign magical incantations of Michael Scott, although, like that dread wizard's, it is

"Treasure rescued from the tomb,"
but the record of much that is unique and interesting in a long and honourable life. This modern "book of might" contains upwards of a hundred literary efforts in prose and verse, each carefully cut from the newspapers in which they originally appeared, and neatly pasted in double columns on stout folio paper, the whole bound in handsome boards. The possessor and the author of the book is Mr. Samuel Kinnear. In its pages are many interesting reminiscences of Edinburgh life of a by-gone day; many poems of a sympathetic and a humorous nature; many strange tales with an old-world tang in them, besides biographical sketches, and various other

"Word-webs from the brain's restless loom,
Spun out with truth and sober judgment."

But the most interesting contents of Mr. Kinnear's book are undoubtedly the papers which deal with his own life and memories. It was my good fortune to hear from his own lips many of the personal reminiscences set forth in his book, so that when I came to read the closely-printed pages, his quiet voice seemed to guide me from leaf to leaf.

Mr. Kinnear rose from the compositor's frame to the responsible position of proof reader for the house of Blackwood. He began his apprenticeship in the office of Sir D. Hunter Blair, "printers for Scotland to the King's Most Excellent Majesty" in the Old King's Printing Office, Edinburgh. Here were printed, under patent, all the Bibles, Prayer Books, and Confessions of Faith, besides Acts of Parliament and the official stationery required by the Government Offices of Scotland. This printing monopoly lasted for fully forty years, expiring so late as 1839, when the Bible Board was created and the other work thrown open to competition. Mr. Kinnear has written a brochure called "An Aristocratic Printing Office," in which he has set forth the history of the Old King's printing establishment.

By a curious coincidence, it has been Mr. Kinnear's lot on more than one occasion literally to walk in the footsteps of his father who was for thirty-seven years overseer in the above printing house.

Mr. Kinnear was a boy of fifteen at the passing of the Reform Bill of 1832, and he tells a curious tale of the printers' procession through the streets of Edinburgh on that long past August day.

Mr. Kinnear—again walking in his father's footsteps—was afterwards employed for some time in the historic office of Smellie, which occupied the site on which the Scotsman offices now stand. In Mr. Kinnear's father, by the way, we have a most interesting link with Robert Burns. Both were Ayrshire men, and were born within a year of each other. Mr. Kinnear's father, while working as a compositor in Smellie's office in 1787, saw Burns enter the office with the manuscript of his poems bulging out of his pocket, and was much impressed by the splendour of the poet's "dark glowing eyes." Burns wore on that occasion the green coat, yellow-topped boots, and leathern breeches in which Naysmith afterwards painted him.

Mr. Alexander Smellie, the son of the above-named learned printer, elsewhere tells the story of Burns's first appearance in his father's office.
According to him, the poet “had much the style of a plain countryman, and walked about the composing room cracking a long hunting whip, much to the annoyance of the compositors and printers. He never looked at what they were doing, nor asked them a question about the publication of his poems, although the MS. was lying before every compositor in the room.” Before Burns made his appearance in the office, the men had been told that the poems they were to set up were written by “a common ploughman,” and he astonished them by his whimsical promenade, and kept the atmosphere of the composing room electric by the vigorous cracking of his “long whip.”

Many years afterwards, when Mr. Kinnear entered Smellie’s office in the Anchor Close, High Street, he gazed with curious eyes round the dingy place in which his father had helped to set up the type of the Edinburgh edition of Burns’s poems to the sound of the crack of the poet’s whip. It seemed to be unchanged, and it was easy to conjure up the vision of Burns pacing the dusty floor and cracking his whip under the alarmed noses of the men at their task of setting up leaden type to immortalise his golden songs. The very stool on which the poet had sat and quaffed his ale on subsequent visits was still there. How strangely suggestive of “the days that are no more” that common place “creepie” stool with its three gaunt wooden legs must have been!

Mr. Kinnear always expresses his regret that he had lacked the temerity to annex some of the old type which still remained, so that he might have had the curious pleasure of resuscitating a poem of Burns in the original type—which would have been a novel method of “calling spirits from the vasty deep.”

But perhaps the most interesting of Mr. Kinnear’s reminiscences are those which cluster round the famous publishing house of Blackwood, where he was employed for some years in the capacity of proof reader. In this capacity he passed through his hands the works of Sir Archibald Alison, Professor Wilson, Lord Lytton, Charles Lever, General Hamley, John Hill Burton, Captain Speke, George Eliot, Mrs. Oliphant, and others.

Some of the raciest articles in his book deal with the manuscripts of these literary geniuses from the compositor’s and from the proof reader’s point of view.

Alison’s “History of Europe” was the first work Mr. Kinnear passed through his hands, and he tells of a curious blunder which crept into the book. It appears that Sir Archibald Alison wrote “in a small, sharp, clean hand, yet not a plain hand, though at first sight one was beguiled into thinking so.” In naming the pall-bearers who officiated at the Duke of Wellington’s funeral he made the extraordinary statement that among the rest was Sir Peregrine Pickle, Bart! He meant, of course, Sir Peregrine Maitland, but the mischievous “brownie” who so often misguides a tired author’s pen was bent on bringing his master to confusion. Strange to relate, this droll error was allowed to pass, and in due course the “History” was published. The comical idea of Peregrine Pickle, the titular hero of one of Smollet’s novels, officiating as a pall-bearer at the
funeral of the "Iron Duke" caused much merriment, and not a little puzzled speculation as to its cause. The "Athenæum" published some letters debating the subject, but nobody would enlighten the gaping critics. Mr. Kinnear could have done so. He relates with much drollery that Sir Archibald insisted upon putting the mistake upon the broad back of the printer who read the proof, when the fact was that the author himself had got a proof and passed it for the press. During the "awful row" which followed in the printing-house, Mr. Kinnear was deputed to examine the manuscript, and there he found "Sir Peregrine Pickle, Bart.," written in the author's sharp hand. Due notice was sent to Sir Archibald of the fact, but he would take no blame in the matter, asserting that "the printer should have known better." A "cancel" of the blundered leaf was, of course, made.

Mr. Kinnear speaks with much pleasure of the manuscript of Professor Aytoun. He found the deciphering of it an agreeable task, and quaintly says that Aytoun was "very gentlemanly in his stationery tastes," and that he used dainty foolscap folio, and wrote in "a fine, cosy, small hand."

But of Aytoun's renowned father-in-law, Professor Wilson, Mr. Kinnear has a different tale to tell. It appears that when Wilson's "Dies Borealis" was sent to the printing office the atmosphere thereof quickly became sultry. The compositors laid each his share of the manuscript on their frames, and then proceeded to look at it. They gazed and better gazed, they desperately rescued a few words from the chaos, and set them in type, and, while the sweat of the effort stood on their foreheads, they with one accord paused to scratch their heads in the freemasonry of bewilderment. Then they assumed a conversational attitude and proceeded to discuss in "words that were vain" the vagaries of Christopher North's pot-hooks. They agreed that his manuscript was "past comprehension," gathered the "copy" together, and despairingly handed it to the manager; but it was returned to them by the Professor with the request that they would "try to make something of it, and charge what they liked for doing so!" Under this stimulus the type was finally set up with many a blank for the Professor to fill in.

But even Professor Wilson's hieroglyphics were "not a patch" upon those of Bulwer Lytton. From the compositor's point of view, the great novelist was simply "a pot-hooked deevil," and when it became known in the office that "some more of Bulwer" had arrived, the more pawky among the men suddenly felt an urgent necessity to "tak' the air," and, like Auld Robin Gray when his domestic drama became too complex, they "Gaed to the door to see if it rained,"

nor did they return until they calculated that "Bulwer" would be safely distributed for setting up on the frames of their less ready-witted comrades. How few of us while luxuriating in that last new book of So and So's spare a thought to the poor "comps" who have toiled through the jungle of his manuscript, and made the path plain so that "he who runs may read!"
But there was one man whom, according to Mr. Kinnear, the staff of Blackwood’s printing office delighted to honour—Captain Speke, just then returned from his famous travels in East Africa. He was “a fair, lithe young gentleman,” and one day while he was standing in the office reading his proofs with short-sighted blue eyes, the men, true hero-worshippers, crowded round him, and hastily deputed a glib-tongued comrade to express their great admiration of his pluck. They gave him such an enthusiastic ovation that, as Mr. Kinnear with sympathetic insight observes, “he turned pale.” Captain Speke showed his appreciation in a practical way which appealed to those of the staff who possessed

“These moving things ca’d weans and wife,”

for he sent them a ten-pound note for fair distribution. Sad to tell, the gallant traveller who had passed unscathed through the perils of East African travel was accidentally shot owing to his fowling-piece going off when he was in the act of stepping through a hedge in an English stubble field.

John Hill Burton, the historian and the author of the “Book-Hunter,” was one of the group whom Mr. Kinnear tersely describes as “the bad hands of Blackwood.” He seemed to write with the blunt end of a match instead of the “harmless necessary” pen, and he was always losing his proofs and his temper along with them. On one occasion he lost his temper with one of the staff who was equally irascible. It was a case of “Greek meeting Greek,” and each told the other what he thought of him pretty vigorously. Before leaving the premises, the ruffled Burton sought out the general manager and confided to him his opinion that “Mr. Brown was mad.” Hardly had he retired when Mr. Brown came in and stated his belief that “Burton had gone mad.” Of course, the joke was “too good to keep,” and went the round of the establishment.

Mr. Kinnear has nothing but praise for the clearness and precision of George Eliot’s penmanship, but he has a different tale to tell of Mrs. Oliphant. Her pages were very closely written in very small and indistinct characters, and if she had not by good luck most conscientiously “dotted her i’s and stroked her t’s,” she would have been too much for the long-suffering printers, who habitually heaped anything but praise on the gentle lady’s head. I have seen a letter which Mr. Kinnear cherishes as one of his most prized possessions. It is from Mrs. Oliphant, and, among other interesting things, she mentions the fact that she received the proofs of her tale “Katie Stewart” on her wedding morning. In her valuable book on “The House of Blackwood”—a presentation copy of which Mr. Kinnear received from the head of that firm—Mrs. Oliphant acknowledges her indebtedness to him for much valuable information.
C. Kirkpatrick Sharpe to Henry Adams, Esq.

18th August, 1812.

"That you may buy it (a novel) directly, I will not give a single hint of the plot to satiate the spasms of desire; but I inform you that there is poetry now and then, which reminds me of what you say concerning Burns, whom I wonder not an Englishman, even with a glossary, doth not admire. Yet all your countrymen pretend it. For me, I am not so great a worshipper as many; yet his "Tam o' Shanter," and one or two more, strike me as being very good poems—nay, fine, in some passages—and many of his songs are surely exceeding pretty. I remember him well; and he always appeared to be formed for the most enchanting lover in the world, whatever he might prove as a poet; for he was a stout, good-looking fellow, and so great an enthusiast, sur cet chapitre, that his genius and vivacity must have rival'd the divine flames which consumed Semele, while his strong knit sinews seem'd calculated to endure through the triple might that gave being to Alcides."—Vol. II., p. 14.

C. Kirkpatrick Sharpe to D. Bridges, Jr.

93 Princes Street, 1829.

"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 the eyes; not that we can expect the fire of the original, but the shape and position appear to me to be faulty.

"The print of him in the first edition of his poems I always thought like, but thinner faced than I remember him, till death had begun his conquest. On this head, I may mention that Dr. Currie, in his memoir, states his hair to have curled over his forehead. Whenever I saw him, his hair hung lank, much as you see it in the print I allude to. I am tempted to think that the picture 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 watercolours; and after he had been some time in Dumfries, went, as I think, to Galloway, where he died. I mention these particulars, as they may per-
haps be of use in making inquiries. Some time ago, a friend of mine questioned Stott as to Burns (Mrs.) picture, of which I was anxious to procure a copy. He said that all the things I remembered must now be in her possession. In his, I recollect the drawing of the "Cottar's Saturday Night," which David Allan gave to Burns. The portrait of the poet had some resemblance."—Vol. II., p. 439.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM, Esq., to C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

"My son (Peter Cunningham) tells me that you were very kind to him and showed him many curious matters, as well as charmed him with conversation. I thank you for this. He was prepared to like you for other reasons than your writings. He talks of nothing so much of the northern wonders as your drawing of Queen Elizabeth dancing, which hangs at Abbotsford, and surpasses, he declares, all that he has ever seen of the satiric kind.

"I am sorry that the letter of Burns to your father, as well as the note which accompanies it, was through the press and could not be recalled before my son's return. I shall restore the signature to it in the octavo edition, which my bookseller has just intimated will be wanted. My boy tells me too, that you have several unpublished productions of Burns, and that you said you would copy them and send them. I beg you will do this and augment the obligation by saying something of the poet yourself.

"To edit Burns I have found no easy matter; he has written so much that is pure, witty, and wicked, that I know not well where to stop. I am no timid editor, yet I must respect the squeamishness of Madam Public.

"My edition has succeeded well. Some five thousand of each volume are regularly sold."—Vol. II., p. 481.

C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE TO WALTER SCOTT, Esq.
Oct., 1817.

"My Dear Scott,—Tho' I know very well how much a person in your situation on Parnassus must be a martyr to the "fash of fools," according to a phrase of Burns, yet so selfish am I that I am about to add a mite to your misery—for in truth I am in a doubtful dilemma, from which you alone can relieve me."—Vol. II., p. 163.

C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE TO MISS PITMAN.
Nov., 1812.

"I have always been a vehement admirer of Moore as a poet, tho' one is inclined to cry to him what my Oxford landlady screamed to her children—"Come here, you dirty little devil, till I give you a stick!"
For he can warble but of two things—Love, as the polite term it, and Liberty. Liberty! 'the very writing of that word maketh the humane sick and the pious shudder! His love, putting the tedium of Rosa's and Celia's diamonds, rubies, and hortus siccus whereof they are composed, out of the question, is generally immodest; and he hath taught all the boarding-school girls and other misses of the present day to screech indecency as well as political reformation. Yet he is a pretty poet; he steals from Dr. Doune (so he may steal from others we wot not of) and hath written—'Your mother says, my little Venus'—yet he is a pretty poet. In the Quarterly Review his songs are praised somewhat too long after their birth, in a critique written by himself, perhaps, or by a friend to annoy Jeffrey. Yet, after all this, he is a very pretty poet."...—Vol. II., p. 37.
THE county of Ayr is awarded the honour of being the land of Burns, for there he was born, and there the larger part of his brief and tragic life was spent. But it is a mistake to limit the territory of the poet to one county; other districts have good claims to be included in the land of Burns. To say nothing of Dumfriesshire, which might almost compete with Ayrshire for the honour, there is the city of Edinburgh, where the poet spent a few brilliant months, and which forms the subject of one of his finest effusions in the English language; the Border district, where he toured with Robert Ainslie in May, 1787; and the Highlands, through which he travelled at a later period of the same year. These, and other places which he visited, afforded subjects for his muse, and are all entitled to be included in the land of Burns. It is one of these other places—viz., the river Devon—with which I propose to deal in this article.

In the autumn of 1787, a few months after the publication of the second edition of his poems in Edinburgh, Burns paid two visits to the valley of the Devon, and these visits were productive of several songs and a number of excellent letters. The Devon has, therefore, an indisputable claim to be included in the land of Burns. The first visit of the poet was paid in the month of August, during a brief break which he made in his tour to the Highlands in company with his friend William Nicol, the Edinburgh school teacher. Mrs. Hamilton, the stepmother of Burns’s Mauchline friend, Gavin Hamilton, was at this period living with her daughter Charlotte, a sister of Gavin, at Harviestoun, a mansion on the right bank of the beautiful Devon, and a short distance east of Dollar. Mr. Tait, the tenant of the mansion, was a widower, and Mrs. Hamilton had gone to preside over his household until his daughter grew up and was able to take charge. Burns left Nicol at Stirling and travelled to Harviestoun alone, the date of his visit being Monday, 27th August. In the diary of his
tour Burns’s reference to the visit is of the scantiest kind, being as follows:—“Go to Harviestoun. Go to see Caudron Linn, and Rumbling Bridge and Deil’s Mill. Return in the evening.”

Happily the poet has left a fuller narrative in a letter which he addressed to Gavin Hamilton on the following day from Stirling. “Yesterday morning,” he says, “I rode from this town up the meandering Devon’s banks to pay my respects to some Ayrshire folks at Harviestoun. After breakfast we made a party to go and see the famous Caudron Linn, a remarkable cascade on the Devon, about five miles above Harviestoun, and after spending one of the most pleasant days I ever had in my life I returned to Stirling in the evening.”

Burns proceeds to eulogise the family; but for my present purpose it is necessary to quote only the reference to Charlotte, whom he had met for the first time, and whose charms inflamed the Poet, though it is doubtful whether they reached the point of love. “Of Charlotte,” he says, “I cannot speak in common terms of admiration; she is not only beautiful, but lovely. Her form is elegant; her features not regular, but they have the smile of sweetness and the settled complacency of good nature in the highest degree; and her complexion, now that she has recovered her wonted health, is equal to Miss Burnet’s. After the exercises of our riding to the falls Charlotte was exactly Dr. Doune’s mistress—

Her pure and elegant blood
Spoke in her cheeks, and so distinctly wrought,
That one would almost say her body thought.

Her eyes are fascinating—at once expressive of good sense, tenderness, and a noble mind.” Chambers, in his life of the poet, referring to Miss Hamilton, says that she was bursting into womanhood, with promise of uncommon beauty.

The hospitality which was extended to the poet on this brief excursion, and the pleasant recollections which it afforded, soon induced him to return. In October of the same year he was again at Harviestoun, and this visit was by far the more important of the two. The company at Harviestoun was now augmented by Miss Chalmers, a cousin of Miss Hamilton, and who occasionally lived at Harviestoun with her mother. Burns had previously been introduced to Miss Chalmers at the house of Dr. Blacklock in Edinburgh; but, as yet, he had advanced
little in her acquaintance. His intercourse with her was now to ripen into friendship, if not into a relationship still closer and warmer.

On this second visit Burns was not alone, being accompanied by a young friend, Dr. James McKitrick Adair, a relative of Mrs. Dunlop, and a stranger to the family at Harviestoun. To both visitors the trip was quite romantic, particularly to the young doctor, who found in Miss Hamilton his future wife. They arrived, it would seem, unannounced, and found the family in a most unfit state for the reception and entertainment of guests, preparations being made for a day's washing. In those days it was not considered beneath the dignity of fashionable young ladies to engage in domestic duties of this kind, and so Miss Hamilton and her cousin, Miss Chalmers, were attired in the robes of the washing-house, and not of the drawing-room. "The embarrassment of the young ladies was," says Chambers, "rather increased than diminished when Charlotte, having gone to see who had arrived, came back, reporting to her sister, Grizel, and Mrs. Chalmers, that besides their acquaintance, Burns, there was an English stranger—one, too, of whom she could discover nothing but that he seemed to know an immense number of 'fine people.' Mrs. Hamilton and the young ladies nevertheless contrived to perform the due rites of hospitality to their guests. They, in their turn, were pleased with the family party in which they mingled, and particularly with the beautiful Charlotte."

With Dr. Adair it seems to have been a case of love at first sight, and Burns's feelings towards her have already been made plain by the quotation from the letter which he wrote to her brother. Chambers further says that "Mrs. Hamilton afterwards acknowledged that the two gentlemen being lodged in a chamber, divided from hers only by a wainscot partition, she was made aware, against her will, that their chat for an hour after retiring referred to nothing but the attractions of her daughter."

Miss Chalmers was rather a remarkable young lady, and Chambers's description of her may be given. He says:—

"Miss Chalmers, without being a beauty, had a pleasant, intelligent face; without any pretensions to literary talent or studious habit, she was a woman eminently capable of ap-
preciating the society of literary men. Blacklock adored her for her delightful voice, being, in his blind state, more alive to that 'excellent thing in woman' than to any other female charm of a physical nature. To Burns she was a deeply interesting person, being one of the small knot of elegant and accomplished women whom he acknowledged to have been pleasing novelties to him on his arrival in Edinburgh; while men, of whatever rank, appeared to him not greatly different from the better sort of country men he was already accustomed to meet."

In a further allusion to Miss Chalmers the same writer says—"The character of Margaret Chalmers may be said to stand as a testimony in favour of that of Burns. Without a certain natural refinement of soul it was impossible he could have induced such a woman to grant him her friendship. His letters to her have a tone of deference which mere rank could not extract from Burns; it was purely an homage to her personal excellences."

Of this second visit to Harviestoun Burns kept no record, but particulars are preserved in a narrative furnished by Dr. Adair to Dr. Currie, who published it in his life of the poet. By stress of weather the visit was prolonged to ten days, and during that period excursions were made to the wild and romantic scenery of the Devon—Caldron Linn and Rumbling Bridge—and also to the deep ravine in the Ochils traversed by the streams Care and Sorrow, and dominated by the fine old ruin of Castle Campbell. "I am surprised," wrote Dr. Adair, "that none of these scenes should have called forth an exertion of Burns's muse. But I doubt if he had much taste for the picturesque. I well remember that the ladies of Harviestoun, who accompanied us on this jaunt, expressed their disappointment at his not expressing in more glowing and fervid language his impressions of the Caldron Linn scene, certainly highly sublime and somewhat horrible."

The surprise of Dr. Adair, expressed without recognition of the fact that the poet writes as the spirit moves him, and not as he is expected to write, has given rise to much criticism. Commenting on the utterance, Dr. Currie said:—"The surprise expressed by Dr. Adair in his excellent letter that the romantic scenery of the Devon should have failed to call forth any exertion of the poet's muse is not in its nature singular, and the disappointment felt at his not expressing in more glowing
language his emotions on the sight of the famous cataract of that river is similar to what was felt by the friends of Burns on other occasions of the same nature. Yet the inference that Dr. Adair seems to draw from it, that he had little taste for the picturesque, might be questioned even if it stood uncontroverted by other evidence. The muse of Burns was in a high degree capricious; she came uncalled and often refused to attend at his bidding. Of all the numerous subjects suggested to him by his friends and correspondents there is scarcely one that he adopted. The very expectation that a particular occasion would excite the energies of fancy, if communicated to Burns, seemed to him, as to other poets, destructive of the effect expected. Hence, perhaps, may be explained why the banks of the Devon and the Tweed form no part of the subjects of his song." That Burns had a fine eye for the beautiful in nature the most casual reading of his songs makes clear, but he used a beautiful landscape as the setting, not the subject of his verse. "What a picture it must have been," says Gabriel Seatoun, "to see the party dragging Burns about, pointing out the best views, and then breathlessly waiting for a torrent of verse. The verses came afterwards, but they were addressed, not to the Ochils or the Devon, but to Peggy Chalmers."

On returning to Edinburgh, and after settling down at Ellisland, Burns addressed numerous letters to Miss Chalmers, in which the warmth of his affection towards both young ladies is freely expressed. Confined to his lodging in Edinburgh with a bruised limb, he wrote:—"I would give my best song to my worst enemy—I mean the merit of making it—to have you and Charlotte by me. You are angelic creatures, and would pour oil and wine into my wounded spirit." Again he wrote:—"When I think that I have met with you, and have lived more of real life with you in eight days than I can do with almost anybody I meet with in eight years—when I think on the improbability of meeting you in this world again—I could sit down and cry like a child." Miss Chalmers had evidently a greater influence on the poet than had Miss Hamilton. A relative of Miss Chalmers wrote:—"I have often been told that her gentleness and vivacity had a favourable influence on the manner of Burns, and that he appeared to advantage in her presence."
Both ladies were celebrated by Burns in song—"Some of his not best verses," said Principal Shairp. To Miss Chalmers he addressed the following:—

Where, braving angry winter's storm,
   The lofty Ochils rise;
Far in their shade my Peggy's charms
   First blest my wondering eyes;
As one, who, by some savage stream,
   A lonely gem surveys,
Astonish'd, doubly marks its beam,
   With art's most polish'd blaze.
Blest be the wild, sequester'd shade,
   And blest the day and hour
Where Peggy's charms I first survey'd,
   When first I felt their pow'r!
The tyrant death with grim control
   May seize my fleeting breath;
But tearing Peggy from my soul
   Must be a stranger death.

Miss Chalmers was also honoured with this song:—

My Peggy's face, my Peggy's form
   The frost of hermit age might warm;
My Peggy's worth, my Peggy's mind,
   Might charm the first of human kind.
I love my Peggy's angel air,
   Her face so truly, heavenly fair,
Her native grace so void of art,
   But I adore my Peggy's heart.
The lily's hue, the rose's dye,
   The kindling lustre of an eye;
Who but owns their magic sway?
   Who but knows they all decay?
The tender thrill, the pitying tear,
   The generous purpose, nobly dear,
The gentle look that rage disarms—
   These are all immortal charms.

These, it will be observed, are not conventional love songs, and are not in Burns's usual style. "I have complimented you," he wrote to Miss Chalmers, "chiefly, almost solely, on your mental charms."

To Miss Chalmers the poet announced that he was determined to pay Miss Hamilton a poetic compliment, and the "Banks of Devon" was the result:—
How pleasant the banks of the clear-winding Devon,
   With green-spreading bushes and flowers blooming fair!
But the bonniest flow'r on the banks of the Devon,
   Was once a sweet bud on the braes of the Ayr.

Mild be the sun on this sweet-blushing flower,
   In the gay, rosy morn as it bathes in the dew;
And gentle the fall of the soft vernal shower,
   That steals on the evening each leaf to renew!

O spare the dear blossom, ye orient breezes,
   With chill hoary wing as ye usher the dawn!
And far be thou distant, thou reptile that seizes
   The verdure and pride of the garden or lawn!

Let Bourbon exult in his gay, gilded Lilies,
   And England triumphant display her proud Rose;
A fairer than either adorns the green valleys
   Where Devon, sweet Devon, meandering flows.

Burns could be his own critic, and writing to Miss Chalmers, announcing the completion of the song, he said:—
"I won't say the poetry is first rate, though I am convinced that it is very well, and what is not always the case with compliments to ladies, it is not only sincere but just." Different writers have remarked that the song is singular as being a compliment to female beauty in which Burns did not assume the character of a lover.

Those were halcyon days which Burns spent on the banks of the Devon, and their impressions never faded from his memory, being vivid even when the shadows of death were beginning to gather, and he was half distracted with horrors of a jail. In those dark hours his mind wandered to the bright scenes of the autumn of August, 1787, and the last song which he measured on earth had Charlotte Hamilton for its heroine. His imagination seemed to have suggested to him that it was a slanderous tongue that had deprived him of her society.

Fairest maid on Devon banks;  
Crystal Devon, winding Devon,  
Wilt thou lay that frown aside,  
And smile as thou wert won't to do?

Full well thou knowest I love thee dear;  
Could thou to malice lend an ear?  
O did not love exclaim—"Forbear,  
Nor use a faithful lover so."
Then come, thou fairest of the fair,
Those wonted smiles, O let me share;
And by thy beauteous self I swear,
No love but thine my heart shall know.

Two years after Dr. Adair's introduction to the family at Harviestoun, Charlotte Hamilton became his wife. It has been asserted that Burns made an offer of marriage to Miss Chalmers, and that she confessed the fact to Tom Campbell, the poet, long after her husband, Mr. Lewis Hay, of Sir W. Forbes & Co.'s Bank, Edinburgh, had died.

ANDREW M'CALLUM.
BURNS AND BONNIE JEAN.

A COMMEMORATIVE TABLET AT MAUCHLINE.

AN interesting ceremony took place at Mauchline on Saturday afternoon, June 28, 1902, when a marble tablet was unveiled at the house in which Burns and Jean Armour began their wedded life. The idea of thus permanently marking the historic house originated with the Glasgow Rosebery Burns Club, and permission to carry it out was cordially granted by Miss Miller, postmistress, who is now the proprietrix of the property. The house is situated off the Cross, and further up on the opposite side is Nance Tannock's, a public-house in Burn's time, where he first repeated to his Mauchline friends some of the masterpieces he composed while resident at Mossgiel, and on the other side of the Cross stands the house where Mary Morrison lived. The marble tablet, which was prepared by Mr. Mossman, sculptor, Glasgow, has been placed over the doorway of the house, and it bears the following inscription:—

Here Burns and Jean Armour began Housekeeping in 1788.

Erected by Rosebery Burns Club, Glasgow, 1902.

The unveiling ceremony was performed in presence of a large gathering. The weather was bright and warm, and admirably suited for an outdoor function. The Rosebery Burns Club was represented by Mr. P. T. Marshall, president; Mr. R. Murray Dunlop, secretary; Deacon Jack, Dr. Biggs, Messrs. James S. Fisher, Arthur E. Collins, James French, James Angus, H. A. Fisher, Thomas Dunlop, Arch. Hunter, and Wm. Logan, most of whom were accompanied by their wives; and among others present were the Rev. James Higgins, B.D., Tarbolton; Rev. Wilson Baird, Mauchline; Mr. William Higgins, Buenos Ayres; ex-Provost Marshall, Maybole; Mr. Andrew Pollock, Mauchline; &c.
Mr. P. T. Marshall, as president of the Rosebery Burns Club, extended a cordial welcome to all present. The Rosebery Club, he said, had ever made an effort to stand in the front rank of Burns Clubs from a literary point of view and otherwise. It had often been laid to the charge of Burns Clubs—many times, unfortunately, with some little truth—that they met once a year, and had a feast of some kind, and that this was all they did to keep fresh and green the great memory of the National Bard. He could assure them that the members of the Rosebery Burns Club could take some little credit that its career was very different from that. They had ever endeavoured to assist in charitable and other laudable objects, and he might tell them that they were among the first to subscribe towards the funds for the erection of the Burns Memorial Homes at Mauchline. During the winter months they carried on a course of lectures, principally on Scottish subjects, and he might say that they had been fortunate in securing some men of the very best literary talent to deliver these lectures. He had only further to say that they had been fortunate in getting the Rev. Mr. Higgins, of Tarbolton, a well-known authority on Burns, to give them a brief address.

Rev. Mr. Higgins then delivered an eloquent address. He said—I have undertaken to speak as appropriately to the occasion as I can for the space of fifteen minutes. I do not propose to attempt to travel at all wide over the field, which is almost trodden hard, in connection with Burns's career and his literature. I proceed at once to say that as we stand here and look at this old house memory takes us away back to those days when the poet wandered about the streets of Mauchline or mused by the bonnie banks of Ayr. In 1784 the Burns family came to the farm of Mossgiel, and, so far as can be made out, Burns was not long resident in that farm until he made the acquaintance of his Bonnie Jean. Even did time permit, I do not in the least feel inclined to dwell upon the chequered four years between 1784 and 1788. In 1788, shortly after the close of the poet's second winter in Edinburgh, Burns and Jean Armour were married, and as this beautiful tablet tells us to-day—and will tell to succeeding generations of the poet's admirers who come to this good old town from far and near—Burns led his bride home to the modest little apartment which surmounts the tablet. In con-
nection with this little home here, I ask you to listen to Burns's own words which are always eloquent and interesting. Writing to Mrs. Dunlop of Dunlop, he says:—

"Your surmise, madam, is correct, I am indeed a husband. 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 commonly handsome figure—these, I think, in a woman may make a good wife, though she should never have read a page but the scriptures of the Old and New Testaments, nor have danced in a brighter assembly than a penny pay-wedding."

To another female acquaintance, Miss Chalmers, he wrote at the same time:—

"I have married my Jean. I had a long and much-loved fellow-creature's happiness or misery in my determination, and I durst not trifle with so important a deposit; nor have I any cause to repent it. If I have not got polite tittle-tattle, modish manners, and fashionable dress, I am not sickened and disquieted with the multiform curse of boarding-school affectation; and I have got the handsomest figure, the sweetest temper, the soundest constitution, and the kindest heart in the country."

After their marriage, Burns repaired to Ellisland to get his farm and his new house there in order to bring home his Bonnie Jean. That separation was doubtless a painful one to the poet and his young wife, then 23—Burns was 29—but out of pain has come the richness of song. We have two lyrics from the poet's pen in this connection which we can never cease to admire. I refer first to the world-famed "O' a' the airts the wind can blaw." The other song to which I refer I might preface with a word of explanation. Burns, down in Dumfriesshire, gazed wistfully up the valley of the Nith, which, as you know, is shut in by the hill of Corsincon. Waiting for the home-coming to the new farm of his young wife, he penned the stirring song, in no way, in my opinion, inferior to the first—"O were I on Parnassus' Hill." The poet never had any reason to regret or retract one word of these complimentary and ardent things he said of his Bonnie Jean. She remained a true, devoted, and patient wife to the poet all through the sad closing years of his life, and it is well known that throughout the thirty-eight years of her widowhood she fondly cherished the memory of Robert Burns, and boldly and ably defended his name and his memory against that form of criticism and meddling of which we have heard too much—a form
of criticism and meddling and prying which, I think, lovers of Burns will most effectively meet if they treat it with silent contempt. The poet and his works can speak for themselves. One word in closing. I can echo most cordially the words spoken by the president of the Rosebery Burns Club, wherein he indicated that the Rosebery Club is worthy of the name of a Burns Club. It is worthy of imitation by the big majority of so-called Burns Clubs, in that the members do not content themselves with a mere name and with a meeting once a year, on the Poet's natal day, to spend an evening of long speechifying, large eating, and prolonged potation. I trust then, that, as generation after generation of visitors comes here from all ends of the earth to see the place made famous by the poet Burns, this tablet will reflect credit upon the efforts of the Rosebery Burns Club to cultivate Scottish lore, Scottish song, Scottish history, and Scottish patriotism, and will encourage the Rosebery Burns Club to look around and find some other useful and appropriate work that they can do in honour of the poet's memory.

LORD PROVOST CHISHOLM ON BURNS.

Under the auspices of the Glasgow Mauchline Society, and on behalf of the National Burns Memorial Cottage Homes at Mauchline, a grand open-air concert was given at Cessnock Castle, Galston, on Saturday afternoon, July 5, 1902. Similar entertainments have been given in previous years at the braes of Ballochmyle, on the banks of Doon, and at Loudoun Castle, and substantial sums of money have thereby been raised in aid of the scheme which the Glasgow Mauchline Society has so successfully carried through in honour of the Ayrshire Bard. The office-bearers of the Society, and particularly the treasurer, Mr. Thomas Killin, have been indefatigable in their exertions to complete the Endowment Fund, and they are now within measurable distance of seeing the fulfilment of their long-cherished desire, as the amount required, after the proceeds from last Saturday's concert are taken into account, will be something under £400. Brilliant weather favoured the event, and there was an attendance of between four and five thousand people assembled within the Cessnock grounds,
which were kindly thrown open for the occasion by Mr. J. Harling Turner, the popular factor to His Grace the Duke of Portland. The programme, which was of a varied and most enjoyable character, was admirably sustained by the Newmilns Burgh Silver Prize Band, the Glasgow Male Voice Choir and Male Voice Quartette, and Mr. Angus Brown, the blind tenor. The band, under the capable leadership of Mr. W. Smith, played its various selections in first-rate style and evoked the heartiest applause. The male voice choir rendered several part songs with excellent effect, and the singing of the quartette party, consisting of Messrs. Graham, Mackinnon, Smith, and McDermid, was quite a masterpiece of cultured vocalisation. At an interval in the programme, Councillor Hugh Alexander, Glasgow, introduced Mr. Samuel Chisholm, LL.D., Lord Provost of Glasgow, who had kindly undertaken to give a brief address on Burns.

Lord Provost Chisholm, who had a most enthusiastic reception, said—I assure you it is with a very deep conviction of the high honour that has been conferred upon me in being asked to take any part, and especially so important a part in this interesting gathering, that I stand on this platform in this fair and beautiful district to-day. And yet I cannot help feeling that there is some apparent incongruity in your sending for me to be present—that you should send for a man who hails not from Ayrshire, but from a distant county on the eastern seaboard of Scotland; that you should send for a man who has been and is so immersed in city life that glimpses of Nature such as this fair sight before us to-day—those glimpses of which he of whom we are thinking speaks about when he refers to "Nature's charms, the hills, the woods, the sweeping plains, the foaming floods"—I say it is incongruous that you should send for a man to whom these things are like angels' visits, few and far between, to come and speak to the men and women, the lads and the lasses of Ayrshire, on the subject of their darling and deservedly beloved Bard. And if I accept the honour—as I do with all humility and with all gratitude—it is because I desire to recognise in the fact that you have sent for me an illustration of this, that you, men of Ayrshire as you are, recognise frankly that Burns was not the poet of Ayrshire alone. He loved his county and it deserved his love, fair and beautiful as it is, and specially fair and
beautiful as it seemed to him in that poetic light of fancy in which he ever viewed it; and he did much to sing its praises, lifting its streams, the Irvine, the Lugar, the Ayr, and the Doon—lifting them high abune the Forth, the Tay, the Yarrow, and the Tweed—yet with all that, Burns was not confined to Ayrshire, nor his interest in man confined to the county of his birth. His thoughts and affections, ever loving and tender, went out very specially to everything that pertained to the dear land of his birth—to the Scotland he loved so well. And even Ayrshire and Scotland did not exhaust those tender sympathies of Robert Burns. His great heart went out to the world-wide family of man. He espoused and he preached with an enthusiasm and zeal which put professional preachers to the shame—he preached the crowning doctrine of the Christian religion, the universal brotherhood of man. He taught that there was a brotherhood which no mere local connection could either make or sever—that man everywhere, made by the one common Father, was to be regarded and thought of by every other man as his brother. There is a set of men to-day whom you may sometimes hear speaking at the street corners, even in Ayrshire, who proclaim the doctrine that patriotism—the love of one's own country—is incompatible with philanthropy. They say that if you reserve a special affection for your own countrymen and your own country, then you are not able to love, as you ought to do, the world-wide family of man. The best way to deal with these theorists is not to ridicule them, not to reason with them, and still less to denounce them; it is simply to lift up before them the pattern and the image of Robert Burns. Was there ever a patriotism so deep and so intense, and yet so linked with a philanthropy so wide and world-embracing? Well, it is of this Robert Burns that I wish for a few minutes to speak to you. There are very few names, very few lives, very few works that could stand the continual iteration and reiteration of criticism and compliment with which Robert Burns and Robert Burns's works and life have been treated to during now more than a century, and we ask ourselves how comes it to pass that, in spite of all that long-continued iteration of criticism and compliment, Robert Burns still remains the power he is. The nineteenth century which has closed upon us has had a long roll of heroes—heroes literary,
scientific, military, religious. How many of them are alive in the thoughts and minds of men to-day? How many of them have receded into darkness and obscurity? How, then, has the spell about Robert Burns never been broken? How does it remain strong and powerful in our thoughts to-day as ever of old? The answer is not to be found in this—that Burns was a better and a wiser man than any other body. That is not the answer. Alas! alas! how many of our wise men and how many of our good men live lives so remote from their fellows! They touch the great throbbing heart of the world, if they touch it at all—they touch it so seldom, they touch it so delicately, and they touch it at such few and unimportant points, that all their goodness and all their wisdom affect nobody but themselves and the little circle they call their own. But this Robert Burns, neither the wisest nor the best of men—he would be a foolish friend of Burns who would make for him such a claim as that—this Robert Burns lived a life in so close and living touch with the great heart of his fellow-countrymen, and he had the divine gift from Heaven in so large a measure of keen perception, intuitive insight, and large-hearted sympathy, that he could, as it were, live the lives of other people over again in himself. He entered so deeply into their thoughts and feelings that he seemed to understand them better than they did themselves, he seemed to bear all their cares and crosses, to enter into all their joys and sorrows, so that, when his great heart swelled out in song, men said, "Why, here is a man who simply speaks the words we would like to speak, who has entered into the thoughts that have lain too deep for ourselves to discover in our hearts, who, when he is speaking, speaks as if he had passed through our own fires and through our own experience at every point;" and thus it is that Robert Burns stands up as the exponent of the thoughts and feelings and experiences and aspirations of his fellow-countrymen and fellow-men. Deep, deep down in the heart of the Scottish ploughman, and the Scottish cotter, and the Scottish labourer, there lay, dim and unconscious, a feeling struggling to keep itself alive—a feeling that, in spite of his poverty and his struggles, in spite of all the distresses of his lot, he was still a man. Burns took hold of that dim conviction struggling for utterance; he held it up in the fair sunlight of heaven, and so insisted on it that he has
burned into the hearts of his fellow-countrymen here and every­where, as they are scattered to-day, this conviction—that a man is a man and not a serf, that a man is a man and not a beast of burden, that, in spite of the humblest conditions of his lot, in spite of, it may be, the unutterable hardships of his daily life, a man is still a man, entitled to all the rights, privileges, and immunities with which our Creator endowed our common humanity; and here it is that the glory of Robert Burns comes in. I have not come here to-day to give you long strings of quotations from the works of Robert Burns. Go home and read them to-night for yourselves, and, if there is a man here who has not a copy of Burns's works in his house, I would say to him, “Think shame of yourself, and be at the publisher on Monday morning to get a copy.” If I were to say a word or two more it would be in reference to this, that Burns not only did an incalculable good in building up the character and manly stability of his fellow-countrymen, but I would like you to think of what he has done for the nationality of Scotland, for the building up of the conviction that we, the people of Scotland, are a nation. Burns took his countrymen away back to a time which they were beginning to forget—that is the reason why I want you to buy Burns—and which I am afraid many are forgetting to-day—when the foundations of our national freedom, our civil and religious liberty, were laid, and he showed them that the foundations of that freedom were laid in the deeds and in the blood of our forefathers. Burns knew that, and Burns so proclaimed it that he made his fellow­countrymen who heard him and who read him—he made them feel as if they, too, were pressing on with Wallace, “red wat shod,” and with those who laid “the proud usurpers low” on the field of Bannockburn; and it will be in proportion as we cherish this spirit which Robert Burns inculcated that we will continue to maintain the fame and prestige here, and all the world over, of the Scottish people. But perhaps I am detain­ing you too long. One word more. I think nothing could have gladdened the heart of Robert Burns more than the thought that some day the memory of what he had been, what he had done, what he had said, and what he had sung, would be as a magnet to draw together thousands, old and young, of his native county in order that they might con­tribute by their presence and interest in him and his works—
that they might contribute something to make the lives of some old Ayrshire men, who had mayhap fallen in the struggle, happier and easier, and to smooth their pillow in their declining days. And I would like to think that it may be even now that the shade of Burns is not unconscious of where you are and what you are doing, and I rejoice to think that, though he so long has been dead, yet in the cause of our common humanity he still speaketh.

Provost Marr, Govan, proposed a hearty vote of thanks to Lord Provost Chisholm, to whom he referred as perhaps the most brilliant, most gifted, most versatile, and certainly the most eloquent Lord Provost that Glasgow has ever had.

_SONNET._

"BONNIE JEAN."

A woman kind and wise in homely ways,
   Unlearned in all beyond her lowly sphere,
   Whose simple household tasks were sweet and dear,
   Inspired by love that brightened toilsome days.
   A love unquenchable, that strove to raise
   The erring sinner's hope—that drew more near
   When needed most—to warn, to guide, to cheer—
   No common love was hers, for common praise.
   His lightning-flash of genius blinds our eyes,
   Her soul's unselfishness we comprehend,
   The giving all that knew not sacrifice,
   Unfailing, helpful, steadfast to the end.
   Oh, heart of gold! that conned the tale divine,
   Love's holiest triumphs are such lives as thine.

JANET A. M'CULLOCH, Wolverhampton.
BURNS'S JAMAICA CONNECTIONS.

WHEN in Jamaica during the early part of this year I visited Port-Antonio, where Burns had engaged to go to during his dark days in 1786. I was the guest of a Scotsman from the Clyde district, who is one of the managing staff of the United Fruit Company, the gigantic trust which controls the fruit trade from the West Indies and Central America to the Eastern States of America. Among other places, he took me a very rough ride to a house belonging to him on the hill overlooking Port-Antonio, which commanded a magnificent view of the fine harbour and the Caribbean Sea on one hand, and of the Blue Mountain range on the other. This was Springbank, to which, it is understood, Burns was coming out in 1786. By this is meant that it was the site of the Great House (the name given in those days to the residence of the planter), and it might be any of the properties belonging to the planter that Burns would be coming to. The original house was there until the great hurricane in 1880. The foundations are still to be seen, and the present house extends over part of them only. Judging from the foundations, the original house must have been a large and substantial one, as, indeed, a planter's in those days was likely to be.

My Scottish host, the present proprietor of this house, referred me to a half-coloured man in the village named Aubrey Steele Hoyes, a grandson of John Steele, who was apparently proprietor of Springbank in succession to Charles Douglas, the planter whom Burns engaged to come out to. Hoyes showed me various documents of Steele's, among others an interesting general sketch of parish tax and parish road rolls for the parish of Portland (in which Port-Antonio is) in 1809, showing that for taxation purposes slaves in those days were put very much on the level of beasts of burden. For parish tax the 7688 slaves in the parish were assessed at 2s. 9d. each, and the stock at 1s. 6d. each. At Kingston I referred, along with Mr. Frank Cundall, secretary of the Institute of Jamaica, to the Jamaica Almanacs. The issue for 1811 is the first
giving a list of properties, and in this list John Steele is given as proprietor of Springbank, owning 65 slaves and 28 stock, the largest owner in the parish having 454 slaves. The editor of the *Daily Gleaner*, at Kingston, who is a Scotsman, showed me data collected by him in connection with the matter. Mr. Charles Douglas, to whom Burns engaged himself through his brother, Dr. Patrick Douglas, of Ayr, was the owner of at least two sugar properties in the parish of Portland—viz., Ayr Mount and Nightingale Grove. The former was the principal estate, and lay about three miles from Port-Antonio. The Great House commanded a beautiful view, and, although some details of scenery have since changed, the general aspect remains as it was then. The works, of course, are in ruin. The fields of cane have vanished, and instead there are the cultivations of small settlers, with thatched cottages embowered among fruit trees, but the outline of forest and field, the wealth of vegetation, the brilliancy of colour characteristic of this wet parish have never altered. The Rio Grande, the most romantic of Jamaica streams, still winds quietly along after its wild descent from the Blue Mountains, whose lofty ranges tower immediately behind. The estate now comprises only 40 acres, which are divided among one family of negroes. Nightingale Grove was further inland, and has now become merged in Golden Vale, the largest banana plantation in the country. The soil of both properties is extremely fertile, and in Burns's time must have yielded golden crops of canes. Port-Antonio was the shipping place, and counted only some 30 houses. There were about 100 other settlements of various kinds, but the sugar estates were the chief centres of industry, and were in themselves small villages. Of these not one now remains.

Mr. Douglas appears to have personally managed his estates, which were well looked after, and were well stocked with cattle and slaves. He was one of four superintendents of the Maroon negro towns established in the island. That under his direction was Moore Town, built on an almost inaccessible ridge of the Blue Mountains, and for his services he was paid £200 per annum. This was the only public office he held, so far as contemporary records show. Burns had signed a contract to serve as a bookkeeper for a term of three years at a salary of £30, with board and lodgings free. It is questionable, according to this informant, whether he realised the exact
nature of the work he would be required to do. A bookkeeper then, as now, did not keep books; his duties were to supervise labour in the field and in the boiling and still-houses. On all estates there were three gangs in the fields, one consisting of men, another of women, and the third of children. These toiled from sunrise to sunset, and often at night when the moon shone full. It was the duty of the bookkeeper to follow them and superintend their work in all weathers, and to make them fulfil their apportioned tasks by the free use of the whip. The Slave Act enforced in 1786, not only legalised this practice, but sanctioned the infliction of terrible penalties for the most trivial offences, mutilations, dismemberment, branding, &c. Bookkeepers were not expected to marry, and were often forbidden to do so, but were encouraged to take "housekeepers" from amongst the slave women. They lived, as a rule, in comfortless barracks exposed to the malarious influences so common around sugar-works, and totally devoid of the refinement most of them were accustomed to in Scotland. The death registers of the colony indicate that 90 per cent. of the young white men who went out as employees on estates succumbed to the effects of imprudence and intemperate living. After the first shock of contact they were able to lose the fine sense of moral responsibility acquired in their Scottish homes, and were tempted to spend their scanty leisure time in low debauchery. It may be concluded that if Burns had fully realised the nature of his prospective work he would never have agreed to place himself under the tyranny of a system so degrading.

The editor of the *Daily Telegraph*, of Kingston, also a Scotsman, had the official records at Spanish Town searched by Mr. 'Judah, one of the officials there, as to the various Douglasses living in the island in 1786, and furnished me with the following resultant data:

*First*—Charles Douglas, in Portland, owned property in that parish from 1777 to 1799. He had several estates, amongst which were Finches of 160 acres and Nightingale Grove of 300 acres. In December, 1785, he purchased a negro slave named Andrew from Mrs. Janet Colt of Leitch Hill, in the county of Perth, Scotland. (This was the Douglas to whom Burns had arranged to go.) In his will, dated February 15, 1815, he states:—"All the residue and remainder of my
estate, real, personal, and mixed, wherever found, I give and bequeath to my beloved niece, Janet Douglas (now Mrs. Boswell), the daughter of my brother Patrick Douglas, Esquire, of Garallan, in the shire of Ayr, in North Britain, to her and to her lawful heirs for ever.”

Second—Charles Graham Douglas, of St. John (now St. Catherine), who died about the year 1823. He was a person of colour, and was apparently possessed of a good deal of property.

Third—Charles Douglas, of the parish of Vere, gentleman, whose will is dated 1842. He mentions his father, William Douglas, and his mother, Janet Douglas, of the town of Falkirk, Scotland, to each of whom he bequeathed £100, also £100 to his sister, Anne Miller, of the town of Elgin, Scotland, and a similar amount to another sister, Margaret Lawson, of the town of Falkirk. It will be seen from Wallace’s edition of “Chambers’s Life of Burns” that Janet Douglas (niece of No. 1), who succeeded her father, Dr. Patrick Douglas, in Garallan, married Mr. Hamilton-Boswell, of Knockroom, collector of taxes for Ayrshire, and that Mr. Hamilton Douglas-Boswell, great-grandson of Dr. Patrick Douglas, succeeded later as proprietor of Garallan.

Mr. Liddel, of the Surveyor-Generals office at Kingston, in Jamaica, showed me a map dated 1804, which gives a property of Douglas’s near Golden Vale, in the parish of Portland. This would be Nightingale Grove, which was absorbed in Golden Vale. A map of 1876 shows Ayr Mount of 50 acres overlooking Rio Grande Valley and Port-Antonio. There is also an estate in the neighbourhood called Douglas Mount.

Burns in one of his letters mentions that he was to have gone to Savannah-la-Mar, on the south coast of Jamaica, but that some Jamaican friends informed him it would cost £50 to send him from there overland to Port-Antonio, and it was then arranged for him to wait for a vessel direct to the latter port. This fortunate delay, as is well known, led to his not going at all. A visitor to Jamaica finds it difficult to believe that it would have cost anything like £50 to transport Burns from Savannah-la-Mar to Port-Antonio even in the days in question. Dr. Gillies, of Seabank, Kingston, formerly a minister, now a D.D., and who is probably the oldest white residenter in the island, having been connected with it for
about 50 years, with whom I discussed the matter, was also of this opinion. Even if the £50 were in currency, which would be somewhat less, he considered the amount stated was out of the question.

It might be interesting to speculate what would have been the result had Burns gone to Jamaica. Would he have been dragged down by the degrading associations of a bookkeeper's life, or would he have risen superior to his surroundings? The natural situation of the estate, as has been indicated, is unusually fine, the views of mountain, river, and sea being magnificent. This would no doubt have quickened Burns's inborn love of nature, and would have stimulated his genius in that direction.

It is somewhat sad for the visitor from Britain to find on reaching Port-Antonio that from Springbank, Burns's intended destination, then an exclusively British preserve, he now sees everywhere evidences of the encroachment of Americans. The Stars and Stripes are flying from most of the steamers which frequent the beautiful harbour; the only hotel is American, and it is filled with American tourists; the port is surrounded by American plantations, and the district is practically controlled by an American company. How little could this have been foreseen in the time of Burns!—Glasgow Herald.
THE AULD TOUN, PARTS ADJACENT, AND THEIR BURNSIANA.

If it be that there are ministering spirits whose business it is to watch over individual man and bear a hand in the regulation of his destinies, why should there not also be guardian angels of communities? The man dies; not so the community. The man is laid away to rest; on and on goes the community from one generation to another. "The days of our years are threescore years and ten," but the community lives, no matter how the churchyards grow. Why, then, should the community not have a ministering spirit, a guardian angel, to itself?

Not seldom have I so thought as I stood looking out, under the moon and when the silent stars shone, over the sleeping town. Its continuous life is upon me—the life that was here when the ancient Briton launched his coracle upon the waters of the river—the life that was heard in the serried tramp of the mail-clad men from Rome—the life that embraced Wallace and Bruce and the heroes of the Scottish War of Independence—the life that was shared in by Welsh and Willock and the dour sons of the Scottish Covenants, that effervesced in the feudalists who reddened the High Street causeway with blood, that brought Cavaliers and Roundheads to share in the alternating fortunes of their troublous times—the life that was here when, in the fulness of time, the inspired stripling from the way-side clachan of Alloway came in to where the Sand Gate used to stand to be taught of Murdoch in the old thatched house on the edge of the sand-drift without—the life that shall still be here when we who today inhabit Auld Ayr shall all be laid to rest amid the sands piled up of long silent seas and long-hushed winds, and forgotten of the foot that passeth by.

In this particular sense, in the spirit if not in the letter, the Ayr of to-day is the very same Ayr that Burns knew. Mightily changed indeed as to its stone and lime is the ancient burgh, a twentieth-century-looking place, that, with iron band and electric cable, has knit the venerable Cross of ancient Prestwick to Alloway Kirk and the Doan that flows mid its banks and braes to the sea. But Ayr is the creation of the centuries, and not of the days or the years that are passing, and Burns is as much her son as ever he was, though the Nith, springing to life amid the uplands of his own Ayrshire, has been singing his slumber song these hundred years and more.

High up in the steeple there is a dingy, dusty little bell. Beneath it swings the big town bell that, with clamorous tongue, rouses the royal burghers to work, reminds them that the day is done, bids them to the house of prayer, cries aloud when there is fire abroad, peals its solemn joy...
over festivals, and tolls dolefully for the dead. That big bell—it is but a creature of the day and knows nothing. Not so the dusty little bell, spectral in the gloom and where the winds never cease to sigh; that is the bell of the drowsy dungeon clock that numbered two that memorable night that—

"Our warlock Rhymer instantly descry'd,
The Sprites that owre the Brigs of Ayr preside"—

and that still in its own way bears a hand to tell the passing hours. Hearken! it is just going to strike the hour of midnight. These—ting-tong, ting-tong, ting-tong, ting-tong—are the four quarters, and the big bell clangs the hour. Well, it is the little bell that says "Ting"—that is all it does; that is its specific work, and to this day it does it well, though full two hundred years must have come and gone since first it knew the belfry of the Tolbooth. The Wallace Tower that "swore the fact was true" has, as to the stone and lime thereof, disappeared these more than seventy years, and there is another Wallace Tower in its place. In its belfry there are two bells, and they both ring in an indeterminate, indiscriminate sort of a way; one of them is the witness to the two o'clock averment solemnly made that night of the dialogue between the Sprites of the Twa Brigs.

There is a noise of many waters, a rushing sound in the air. Over the sea it is dark, and out of the darkness comes the solemn monotone begotten in the depths of ocean and articulate where sea and river meet. That is the roaring of the bars of Ayr. Burns knew it; Burns heard it; it is there still. It was in the summer days, when the lark was in the sky, and the wild rose was blooming in the hedgerows, and the hum of bee was on the meadows, that "Ayr, gurgling, kissed her pebbled shore;" now it is winter, gloomy winter—

"When heavy, dark, continued a' day rains,
Wi' deepening deluges o'erflow the plains.
And, from Glenbuck down to the Rattan quay,
Auld Ayr is just one lengthened tumbling sea."

The Rattan quay is a memory, but the tawny river, bearing the tribute of crawling Coil, of stately Lugar, of the moorland Greenock, and of haunted Garpe, hastens seawards as of yore with the myriad memories of the lad that was born in Kyle, and, as I stand on the ancient bridge and watch the flood go by, it sounds as if the voice of its many waters was saying—"He that hath ears to hear, let him hear."

"That sacred hour can I forget?
Can I forget the hallowed grove?
Where, by the winding Ayr, we met
To live one day of parting love.

Ayr, gurgling, kissed its pebbled shore,
O'erhung with wild woods thick'ning green—
The fragrant birch and hawthorn hoar
Twin'd am'rous round the raptur'd scene."
Up on the night wind comes the roaring of the bar; beyond it, the sullen voice of ocean. And the dream passes.

But the bridge—the Auld Brig—the brig of the many centuries—it is upon its ancient parapet I lean and watch the river pass. Unstable as water! Maybe, but, unstable or not, the river was there long ere man came upon the scene, and it may be there long after man has left it. The brig was venerable when Burns knew it.

"Auld Brig appeared of ancient Pictish race,
The verra wrinkles Gothic in his face."

Much the Spirit of the New Brig reviled it. Did he not, unmannerly, cast up to it its

"poor narrow footpath of a street,
Where twa wheelbarrows tremble when they meet!"

Did he not speak despitefully of its ruined formless bulk o' stane an' lime? Did he not scornfully dub it an ugly Gothic hulk? Yes, but that was in

"I'll be a brig when ye're a shapeless cairn."

the morning of the New Brig's life, when it sat as a queen and knew no sorrow, and when it thought the morning stars were singing to it for very joy that it had been made. Where is that brig now? Think of the prophecy, fulfilled these five and twenty years to the very letter:—

"Conceited gowk! puff'd up wi' windy pride!
Though mony a year I've stood the flood an' tide,
And, tho' wi' crazy eild I'm sair forfairn,
I'll be a brig when ye're a shapeless cairn.

Then doun ye'll hurl—deil nor ye never rise—
And dash the gumlie jaups up to the pouring skies."

What a blessed time that Spirit of the Auld Brig must have had of it when he beheld the ruin accomplished that he had himself predicted!
To-day a second New Brig stands, but meekly, where stood its predecessor boastingly; for the Auld Brig, more crazy eild than ever, protected by concrete buttresses to keep the scour of the river from its piers, and threatening periodically to bring its life's long chapter to a close, holds it with its electric eye; and doubtless, too, when the winter storms are out, the Gothic-faced guardian of the ancient way shrieks tauntingly of coming doom in the ears of the youthful Spirit to whom it has been given to watch

*Bits of the Auld Brig.*

"'Wi' crasy eild I'm sair forfain.'"  
(Observe the sinking of the courses and the wearing away of the stones.)

the unfolding destinies of the bridge that is New, Number Two. And is it not a dreadful experience to be haunted by a ghost with Gothic wrinkles in his face, to be pursued of a spectre that may have known Robert the Bruce in the flesh, that was sprightly in its early goblinhood when it saw the sky redden to the burning of the Barns of Ayr, and whose infant ears may have been saluted with the shouts of the Norsemen who stayed—and stayed in vain—to storm the Castle of Ayr, what time King Haco, of the race of
Thor himself, in that noble galley that was the joy of all the beholders, was leading his fleet on to Largs to be smitten jointly of the winds and of the Scots, first under the lee of the Cumbraes, and then on the Ayrshire seacoast adjacent!

Very ancient is this street—this historic High Street. Like the life of the community, it continues while the generations pass. It changes with the years—it is ever changing, but it is the same High Street that gave back the tread of the Ironsides of the Protector, and that saw Middleton, the King's Commissioner, at the head of his roystering royalists marching in state to the Cross to drink "Success to the Devil and all his crew;" along which swung the heroes of Scotland's hard fight for liberty, adown which tramped the mailed legions from the banks of the Tiber. Its age, its associations, the whispering secrets of its gables place it above and beyond criticism. Up there at the head of the Kirk Port, where aforetime the Black Friers had their home, stands the Auld Kirk, Cromwellian as to its age; and in its pulpit—the very same pulpit whence the Word is spoken to-day—preached the Rev. Dr. Dalrymple—

"Dry'mple mild, Dry'mple mild, though your heart's like a child,
And your life like the new-driven snaw."

And in the Kirkyard, lulled to sleep by the murmuring river, rest the progenitors of not a few of the people of Ayr. There is a house here and there on the High Street that Burns knew, quaint old-world houses that have fallen sadly into arrear with their style and their accommodations, houses that send us back in thought to the fathers and mothers who never knew what steam was, who never dreamed of a world to arise that would annihilate distance and time, and who would as soon have thought of lapsing into Latitudinarianism or Socinianism as they would of believing that in the fulness of time electricity would compass the globe, that towns would hum, and throb, and shine with the transmitted strength of the streams of water and the cascade in the thorny den, and that man would speak with man over an intervening hundred miles.

This is the place—this High Street—for relics of the good old days when Burns walked the causeway. Are there not to be found in that ancient thatched hostelry the identical chairs on which Tam o' Shanter and Souter Johnnie were wont to sit over the reaming swats that drank so divinely? Did not these rafters echo and answer to the laughter that rang out when the Souter tauld his queerest stories? And was it not from this very house that Tam o' Shanter set forth that October night to dare the storm and the devils of the open country?

I hear a suggestion, an emanation of Auld Mahoun, that Tam o' Shanter is not "a Tale," but a legend, a myth, a creation of the poet's brain. Perish the very suggestion! Why, the farm of Shanter is there to this very day to witness to the literal truth of the narrative, and hundreds of thousands of persons, Jew and Gentile, Briton and American, free and freer in that Burns swept the strong chords of a "Man's a Man," have stood at Kirk Alloway and gazed with the eyes of flesh and of sense upon the identical winnock bunker in the east where the identical Auld Nick sat and screwed to the protesting heavens the music of the nether spheres.
You might as well try to deny that Cutty Sark was a reality as that Tam o' Shanter took the gate to Carrick that night when he beheld what it was not good that a mortal should see, and heard what it was not good that a mortal should hear. You might as well dare affirm, and hope to live, that Ayr is surpassed by other towns in honest men and bonnie lasses. And there, above the hostelry door, is a representation in oils of Tam o' Shanter, Maggie the mare, the Souter, the Landlord, and the Landlady, that depicts the setting forth of the Carrick farmer that night of nights. I myself can answer for the authenticity of the picture. For I saw it being painted.

This ride of Tam o' Shanter—what of the route he took? I fain would rest me in the cosy kitchen on such a night and keep the immortal cronies rooted by the ingle-neuk; but nae man can tether time nor tide, and out into the storm I must needs go, and pursue the track of the Carrick farmer as he hied him homewards. These were not the days of a road all macadamised and running straight from Ayr to Alloway. Low in its fertile valley spread, Ayr was a Sleepy Hollow where the honest men were weddng the bonnie lasses, and never thinking, never dreaming of the coming morn of the burghal awaking; a morn ushered in, in no small degree, by the birth of the inspired bairn of the wayside clachan. If this twentieth century could evolve a Tam o' Shanter, which is very doubtful, and if he were to emerge from the hostelry yelept the Tam o' Shanter Inn, he would ride straight away south-west, and in due time, sticking to the tramway rails and the line of the electric lights, he would certainly reach the Doon. Not so then. Beyond the Royal Burgh's bounds there was farm land and broken ground—moorland, bent-land, knowes—and then the burgh common with its green knolls, its sands, its little intersecting burn, and its bridle paths: and to get at the familiar road Tam o' Shanter had to turn his own back and Maggie's tail to home, and ride northward and eastward a couple of hundred yards until he reached the Carrick Vennal. There is no "Vennal" there to-day, for the Vennal has been modernised into a street, and the street has a theatre in it, and the theatre, like all other theatres, makes it unnecessary for amorous man to haunt the environs of pre-Reformation churches by night and during thunderstorms, in order to satisfy his longing for short-skirt Terpsichoreanism.

Reaching the upper end of the street, Tam o' Shanter emerged upon a road that no longer exists, and which, therefore, you can no more see than you can behold the British Fleet when it is not in sight. It ran westward, however, what time it ran, till it struck the Racecourse Road at the foot of Miller Road, and then passed, probably pretty much on the lines of the existing highway that is the chief avenue of Ayr's villadom, into the fields and sandy knowes that flanked on the burgh side the town common that now—enclosed, levelled, and green—is used as a Racecourse, and as summer camping ground for the Ayrshire Yeomanry, and for military generally, as well as for ordinary recreation purposes. Crossing the common by a road that the eye of modern man hath never seen, the while the deil, prince of the power of the air, was demonstrating that he had business in hand, Tam o' Shanter came upon a track that, with Burns as guide, we may still pursue—
"By this time he was cross the foord,
Where in the snaw the chapman smoor'd,
And past the birks and meikle stane
Where drucken Charlie brak's neck bane,
And thro' the whins, and by the cairn
Where hunters fand the murdered bairn,
And near the thorn aboon the well
Where Mungo's mither hang'd hersel'.
Before him Doon pours a' his floods,
The doubling storm roars thro' the woods,
The lightnings flash from pole to pole,
Near and more near the thunders roll,
When, glimmering through the groaning trees,
Kirk Alloway seemed in a bleeze."

Before Tam o' Shanter went down the brae that led to the ford, he had to pass the ruins of the chapel of St. Leonard's. Who this saint specifically was that had a chapel sacred to his memory, I am unable to say; and no good Catholic that I have asked has the slightest idea. His church was small; around it there were graves; hard by there was a grove of trees, and among these trees, away back in the latter half of the sixteenth century, a group of Carrick gentlemen lay concealed till Sir Archibald Kennedy, the knight of Culzean, attended only by his servant, came riding along, when they fell upon him in good old feudal fashion and hacked him to death because he was on the side of the Earl of Cassillis and they were not. Chapel, graves, grove, have all disappeared; so, too, the road by which Tam o' Shanter descended to the ford by which he had to cross the Slaphouse burn. The ford itself may still be seen a few yards west of the public road, and in a return to earlier conditions it might still be utilised; but the highway, the car road, is at hand, and, even if one were to elect to walk up through the field of the ford, there is a bridge handy. Therefore the ford may be regarded as a thing of the past, and there is no earthly reason why even a chapman should be smothered in the snow in his search for a crossing on the snowiest night of the snowiest season. The meikle stane reposes humbly beneath a hedge less than two hundred yards from where the unhappy chapman ended his days. Who Charlie was, and the circumstances under which he broke his neck bane—his collar bone, according to the legend that still prevails in the immediate vicinity—none can tell. The adjective applied to Charlie makes it lucky for his reputation that his surname has been swallowed in the mists of antiquity, and all that need be said for the stone—a commonplace boulder that might weigh a couple of hundredweight—is that it is still available for like occasion should its services be required. Meantime it rests, biding its time.

The cairn in whose proximity the hunters found the body of the murdered bairn has gone, and great is the pity thereof. Not because there was any need to commemorate the finding of the bairn untimely bereft of life, but because the cairn itself was of infinitely greater consequence archaeologically than if its vicinity had been a veritable howf for murdered bairns. For there, according to the chronicler, in days that have
long, long since given in their account, the legions of Rome encountered the Scots and made great slaughter of them. The Roman soldiers were under the command of Maximus, a Prefect, and Eugenius, the King of the Scots, led his own men into the bloody fray, with the result, says Spottiswoode, that “King Eugenius and most of his nobility were slain.” There was another battle in these parts in which Coitus, the King of the Britons, figured prominently in a campaign against the Picts and the Scots, but the centuries are many that have elapsed since these warriors fought, amid confused noise and garments rolled in blood, for the Westland of Scotland, and we may not be too dogmatically precise as to their warings, but this much is authentic—that beneath the cairn, early last century, there was found a large and beautiful urn amid a heap of bones. No doubt the urn had originally contained the ashes of some great chief or warrior. Beshrew the vandalism that could not let the heroes rest in peace, and that had to desecrate their grave and strew their bones to the four winds of the heavens! Could they not have let the warriors sleep on where they were till the trumpet should sound and they should arise and stand once more on their feet—an exceeding great army? Now, the exact site of the cairn itself is matter for conjecture. It was on the old discarded road, however, and not very far to the rear of Burns’s cottage.

From the cairn Tam o’ Shanter rode on till he came to the Doon. As the fires flashed in the sky they lighted up the slopes of grey Carrick hill beyond the river, and amid the lulls of the storm Tam o’ Shanter could hear the roaring of the flood. The rains had been out on the hills beyond Dalmellington, every little tributary had been running full, and now the Doon, turgid and brown, was pouring a full head of water onward to the sea. Riding parallel to the river, Tam o’ Shanter reached the well, the scene of Mungo’s mother’s suicide. Who this lady was, more than that she was Mungo’s mother, there is no saying. The insinuation, based on the fact that St. Mungo was the patron saint of Alloway, that the poet may have been satirically indulging in a hit at the immortal Kentigern, is hardly warranted, and, on the whole, it is perhaps safer to class Mungo’s mother among the Great Unnamed—with the chapman who was smothered in the snow, and drunken Charlie who broke his neck bone in contact with the meikle stone. A merciful oblivion clusters about the lady’s personality, and now the water has forsaken the well as the result of the excavations that are being carried on by the railway vandals in connection with the extension of the Glasgow and South-Western line to Alloway, and thence across the Doon to the Carrick shore. Of the which extension, a word or two immediately.

It was at this point, as he passed above the well, that Tam o’ Shanter’s eyes lighted on the Kirk. There it stands to-day, silent and lonely, in the heart of its God’s acre. Not lonely in the sense of lack of company, for there are the dead lying within its walls and without its walls, and there are the myriad associations that are spirits clustering thick between its gables; but lonely in that its closer surroundings, those that are the work of man, are but of yesterday. The Brig of Doon has long accompanied the
Kirk, Carrick Hill has long looked down upon it, the Doon has long sung psalms to it, but a kirk that was there before the Reformation and that knew both priest and presbyter cannot well be anything else than solitary.

I walked round it the other night. The moon was shining, a cold wind was blowing out of a clear nor’land sky, the brown leaves on the trees were dolorously rustling and falling, the courts of the little sanctuary were silent and deserted, and all was so solemn, so eerie, that one felt that he could not recall that wild, weird scene that Tam o’Shanter saw. The kirk ablaze! up there Satan hotching and fudging fu’ fain; the floor thick

![Bonnie Doon](image-url)

with reeling carles and carlins; Cutty Sark flinging high her graceful limbs to the skirl of the unconsecrated bagpipes; and, most gruesome of all, the corpse candle-holders all around, glaring, gazing out of eyes that were stony and dead. Here is the very window—a poor, wee window it is—through whose glassless frame Tam o’Shanter, caring not a boddle for deils, gazed with admiration upon the cantrips of Nannie in the heart of the weazened hags whose very look was enough to have spean’d a foal. The storm rages overhead, the flashing fire, the rolling thunder; between
the peals comes the "Weel dune" of the enraptured farmer; 'tis but an instant and the lights are out, the corpse candle-holders scurry back to their graves, and there is the race and the chase and the halloo for the keystone. Who but Burns could have told the tale? And the thousands come to the Kirk from near and far—from the shores, from the seas, and from beyond the seas—and every day of the year they look, and they tell, and they assimilate the gospel of the wondrous tale.

But my business is not with the poetry of the bard, but with the material and geographical Burnsiana of this heart, this *penetralia*, this *sanctum sanctorum* of the land of song. And, even concerning this, why should I pause by Doon when immortality in song has smitten its banks and braes into the heart of Scotland, and when English-speaking men and women sing of them wherever the *Union Jack* or the *Stars and Stripes* floats free to the breezes?

Why should I stand and muse on the parapet of that ancient brig? I seem to see two scenes in the which it played a prominent part. When the blood feud raged, there crossed its high back one winter's day when the snow fell so thick that no man could see a lance's length ahead of him, a party of the partisans of Bargany, the bold Bargany from Girvan side, and the young chief himself was riding ahead; ere evening the little force had been broken by the Cassalla’s faction of the same Kennedy family by the Brockloch Burn, and the gallant young chief was borne, bleeding and stricken, back across the bridge to die in Ayr. And I seem to hear in the night wind the coming of the chase from Alloway Kirk, Tam o’ Shanter ahead, the hellish legion straining hard behind. Better for Tam o’ Shanter that he had never been born than that the semi-goblin covey had caught him as he flew! But thank heaven for the magical keystone that stayed the chase of that awesome crew.

Neither is it fit or needful that I should stay by the monument that raises its graceful columns above the river, and in whose grounds, in that little house among the shrubbery, the silent freestone Immortals hold court. The nights through, the years along, they sit, and they sit, and they sit; and the smile never, even in gloom’s deepest depths, fades from their faces. What do they do when the nights are drear, and the Doon runs, and the storm rushes? Do they go back, in the converse of freestone man with man, to the days of the High Street hostelry? Does the Souter still tell his queerest stories to his beloved cronie? Or does Tam o’ Shanter hear in the sighing storm the whir of the warlocks and witches that never to be forgotten night of devilry and din? And above and beyond all, are they not heartsick and a-weary of that endless concourse of visitors—there were from sixty to seventy thousand of them for the twelve months that closed with last September—that repair to their court to pay homage and tribute money at their shrine? Still less need I pause by the Cottage, the Auld Clay Bigging, the material heart of the natal land of Burns. Thither, too, the tribes go up, the tribes of Scotland go thither; to Alloway, as neat and clean as the lassie of "o’ a’ the airts"—transmogrified Alloway, neither new nor old, neither cold nor hot, neither consistently one thing nor another—Laodicean Alloway after its own kind.
There are houses and houses of yesterday in the little street; they are cheek by jowl with the flushed walls and "thack" roof of Burns's birthplace. There is a post office and a telegraph office, plus a sweetie shop and a "merchant's;" look over that hedge into the Cottage grounds, and you will see, where Satyrs dance and Ceres smiles to the waving fields of the autumn, ancients that aforetime were affiliated to the New Brig of Ayr and that must have excited the admiration of the boy Burns as they did that of many boys after him. There is the electric car gliding up to the door of the Cottage; within the walls of the Cottage and in the museum adjacent there are whispering memories of a chequered life, and of songs that gladden and that sadden, that charm and that ennoble, that are growing old in years, and that are as young as the feelings, and the needs, and the aspirations of the day. The Cottage you will see has come through a process of restoration. For me, I should have preferred it as it was, if only it could have endured changeless; but that could not be. For even as the stones of the Scula Sancta have been worn by the knees of the creeping pilgrims to Rome, so the Auld Clay Bigging was in danger of its many pilgrims and their devout but hearty tread, and of succumbing to the elements that are the decaying fingers of time. If it could not be that the Cottage should remain for ever exactly as it was, then be it said that the restoration is worthy, and that the Cottage is none the less the Cottage that it has been "snooded up" and made worthy. But of its museum and relics I do not stay to tell. These would open up another field than that of the Burnsiana geographica.

Alas! that it should have to be said that change is even now being written upon the whole scene of Alloway, and that henceforth, from Cottage to Doon, it must cease to be the quiet nook that so well befitted the birthplace of an Immortal! Already right to the banks and braes there stretches from Ayr the cables and the lines of electricity, and all day long the cars go to and fro all heedless of the changes their presence denotes upon the realms of classic song. Hard too by Alloway's auld haunted kirk the ground yawns, and in the depths—deeper than where the dead sleep—there are gangs of men tunnelling and digging in virgin soil and making their way through clay, and sand, and gravel, down towards the River Doon, so that in due time the locomotive, fire-breathing and space-devouring, may flit athwart the classic stream and plunge into the depths on the other side ere climbing up the brae to the slopes and the sunlight of Carrick. Is this the spot where witches danced and Satan's seat was? Can it be that any self-respecting warlock or witch should remain where, close by, the bull's eyes of the electric cars are shining, and where the steam horse goes ploughing and plunging along? Shall any Cutty Sark ever again make free with the proprieties within these bare roofless walls, and kick calisthenic defiance to the lightning's flash and the thunder's roll?

I trow not. For there arises a vision of villadom extending all around—streets, terraces, crescents, circuses, drives, avenues, walks, and all the other resources of contracting and suburban civilisation—tea gardens, also a band stand, a coffee-house, buffets, restaurants, ice cream saloons with
real Italians in them; nick-nack shops for the sale of articles made of
wood grown on the banks of the Doon; French and German barbers;
perhaps—Heaven help us! but who can tell?—a Hydropathic!

From the consideration of which things I refrain, in that it is always
worse to contemplate such things than to meet them and to deal with them
as they arise.

WILLIAM ROBERTSON,

Author of "Auld Ayr,"

"Kings of Carrick," &c., &c.
KIRKPATRICK SHARPE'S ESTIMATE OF BURNS.

AN UNPUBLISHED MEMORANDUM.

To all admirers of Burns who have perused the published correspondence of Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe it must be matter of regret that he either wrote so little about Burns, or so little of what he may have written has yet seen the light. His father, Charles Sharpe, of Hoddam, was a personal friend of the Poet during the latter years of his career—a friendship which apparently had its beginning in the clever prose piece of humour, signed "Johnny Faa," which Burns addressed to him in April, 1791. During his boyhood, Charles Kirkpatrick, third son of this gentleman, must have been familiar with at least the closing events of the Poet's career, for it was he who, upon request, forwarded to Allan Cunningham the oft-quoted story of Burns's alleged act of disloyalty in the theatre at Dumfries, of which he claimed to be an eye-witness. He was then a boy of eleven years of age, and chanced to be present at the play along with his mother on the eventful evening.

Dr. Wallace, in his new edition of Chambers, says that the Sharpes disliked Burns and always wrote disparagingly of him, but this is scarce borne out by the quotations from the Sharpe correspondence which will be found in another part of the present volume, nor is it corroborated by the memorandum we now have the privilege of laying before our readers. The Ca Ira affair Kirkpatrick Sharpe recounts from memory, and, though it may not be correct in every detail, there is no trace of malevolence, to our thinking, in the whole narrative.

"I think you do human nature injustice," he writes to "Honest Allan," "as to malicious people entrapping Burns in his political conversations, for I know that he was most wofully indiscreet on that point, and I remember one proof. We were at the play in Dumfries in October, 1792—the Caledonian Hunt being then in the town. The play was 'As You Like It,' Miss Fontenelle, Rosalind, when 'God Save the King' was called for and sung; we all stood up uncovered, but Burns sat still in the middle of the pit with his hat on his head. There was a great tumult, with shouts of
'Turn him out!—Shame, Burns!' which continued a good while. At last he was either expelled or forced to take off his hat—I forget which; nor can my mother remember. This silly conduct all sensible persons condemned."

That some such incident undoubtedly occurred is evident from what Burns wrote to Graham of Fintry on 5th January following:—

"I was in the playhouse one night when Ca Ira was called for. I was in the middle of the pit, and from the pit the clamour arose. One or two individuals with whom I occasionally associate were of the party, but I neither knew of the plot nor joined in the plot, nor even opened my lips either to hiss or huzza that or any other political tune whatever. I looked on myself as far too obscure a man to have any weight in quelling a riot; at the same time, as a character of higher respectability than to yell in the howlings of a rabble. This was the conduct of all the first characters of the place; and these characters knew, and will avow, that such was my conduct."

Neither version, it will be observed, contradicts the other, and the truth appears to be that it was Burns's deliberate neutrality which drew the public attention to him above all others; for though he still designates himself "an obscure man," there is not the slightest doubt that he was by that time universally acknowledged to be the most remarkable man of every audience, in poor provincial Dumfries at least.

That the Sharpe family exhibited becoming interest in the Edinburgh movement to perpetuate the memory of Burns is proved by the following letter, which has only recently been brought under our notice:—

**Geo. Thomson to Chas. Kirkpatrick Sharpe.**

"Baxter's Place,"

"28th November, 1831."

"Dear Sir,—I return the MSS. of Burns with my best thanks for the pleasure I have had in examining them. The letter to your father is delightfully humorous and eccentric, and is improved I think in the printed copy* by shortening the detail belonging to the poet's galligaskins."

"I felt much obliged to you for your kind intention of introducing me to your brother, but for the delicate circumstances which you mention, I merely wished to place in his hands a letter addressed to the Caledonian Hunt, relative to the monument now in the course of being erected on the Calton Hill to Burns; but not having found him at home, I left the letter

* The humorous letter already referred to.
for him, which I have no doubt he will lay before the first general meeting of that distinguished Club.

"I am, Dear Sir, with much esteem,
"Your faithful and very humble Servant,
"G. Thomson.

"Chas. Kirkpatrick Sharpe, Esq."

In addition to what he may have learned from his father and other contemporaries of the Poet, the most of Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe's life was spent in Edinburgh, where he moved in circles the most likely to be replete with information concerning Burns and everything pertaining to him. His father lived till 1813; Graham of Fintry died in 1815; Creech, in the same year; Alexander Cunninghame, in 1812; Professor Ferguson was alive in 1816; Dugald Stewart lived till the middle of 1828; Peter Hill, till 1837; Lord Woodhouse-lea died in 1813; the Duchess of Gordon survived till 1812; Clarinda lived in Edinburgh till 1841; and Jean Lorrimer, in the same city, till 1831. These names by no means exhaust the list. And when the character and tastes of Kirkpatrick Sharpe are considered—his bachelor life and penchant for gossip; his zeal as a collector of all kinds of antiquities, material and literary; his contributions to the ballad literature of Scotland—it will be seen that his seeming reticence on the subject of the National Poet cannot be accounted for on the score of paucity of material. Thomson, in the letter quoted above, refers to a collection of Burns manuscripts in Sharpe's possession at that date. The editors of the Centenary Edition make no mention of this collection, and it would be interesting to know where it now is. Scott Douglas refers to it once at least, in connection with the "Election Ballads," but, as he only refers to one item, the probability is that it was dispersed after Kirkpatrick Sharpe's death by his housekeeper, to whom he left the bulk of his collections. Perhaps the real reason for his reticence regarding Burns is given in the opening sentence of the following memorandum, which has kindly been placed at our disposal by its present possessor, the Rev. William Findlay, Edinburgh. In 1800, the slipshod work of "well-meaning" Dr. Currie was given to the world, in the four volumes which, but for their charitable object, would better never have been printed. His unwarranted treatment of certain episodes in the Poet's life, which superficially bore the
impress of authority, was seized upon by the Poet's detractors as a peg whereon to hang a host of further calumnies, and so a wordy war broke out which has continued in more or less guerilla fashion down to the present day. In Sharpe's day—at the very date the memorandum bears—the conflict waged fiercely, but he took no active part in it, preferring the cool atmosphere of his study to the heated one of partisanship. Regarding what he has here written, opinions are certain to differ. Not a word, however, which can be construed as malicious towards Burns appears in the whole document; on the contrary, consciously or unconsciously, he constitutes himself the Poet's counsel for defence against the consequences of the malign influence of a woman of whom he evidently entertains the lowest opinion. Whether he was justified in holding that opinion or not, we do not stay to inquire. It was presumably the opinion current amongst her own set, to use a slang phrase, and therefore, perhaps, more open to question on that very account; for the aristocratic scandalmongers of the Duchess of Gordon's Edinburgh must needs find some explanation other than a platonic one of the remarkable intimacy which existed between the Scottish Sappho and an umquhile "grass-widow," whose nativity was in the tropics. If Burns "spared her in the principal point"—whatever that may be—Sharpe spares her in none.

MEMORANDUM by CHAS. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE (written on the back of a Receipt from his father's Dumfries agents, Walker & Gordon, dated 8th Jany. 1808).

"I do not choose to remember—or rather to record—Burns's frailties, however such things might amuse the public—he was exactly like other people as to his faults—these, however, bore no proportion to his genius.

"He was very unlucky in his position—tho those called his superiors at first (sic) pretended to relish his compositions and conversation, they were not fitted, for the greater part, to do so—he must quickly have discovered this—hence his rudeness in conversation, which was much complained of.

"Mr Riddell was a man of very limited understanding—Mr Mac- in Dumfriesshire Murdo, and perhaps one gentleman more, were the only people who really could understand his merit.

democrats

"Some of his gentle friends were foolish, crack brained Whigs, who, I have no doubt, egged him on, nay inspired, his extravagant notions, which did him so much harm—this was suggested to me by a person, who
though he entertained very different political notions from Burns, loved, admired, and befriended him to the last.

"There was a Lady—it is needless to outrage her ashes by recording her name—whose intimacy with B. did him essential injury—their connection was notorious—and she made him quarrel for some time with a connexion of her own, a worthy man, to whom her deluded lover lay under many obligations.

"She was an affected—painted—crooked postiche—with a mouth from ear to ear—and a turned up nose—bandy legs—which she however thought fit to display—and a flat bosom, rubbed over with pearl powder, a cornelian cross hung artfully as a contrast, which was bared in the evening to her petticoat tyings—this pickled frog (for such she looked, amid her own collection of natural curiosities) Burns admired and loved—they quarrelled once, however, on account of a strolling player—and Burns wrote a copy satirical of verses on the Lady—which she afterwards kindly forgave, for a very obvious reason—amid all his bitterness he spared her in the principal point, which made her shunned by her own sex, and despised by the rest of the community.

"He was a Jacobite and a Democrat—strange conjunction! His intemperance was venial—when one considers that the gentry with whom he associated generally drank brandy and water whenever they met in the morning—and never dined together without getting drunk."

Allowing the first part of this remarkable production to pass without remark, as best befits its Anglo-Saxon vigour and directness, the question is—Who was this "pickled frog" who did Burns such "essential injury." Clarinda, as we have seen, was alive at the time, and so was Chloris. The references to "ashes," the "strolling player," and the "satirical verses on the Lady," along with others almost equally suggestive, leave little room for doubt as to the identity of the person meant. The date which the memorandum bears is 8th January, 1808, but it must be noted that that date refers only to the receipt, on the blank reverse of which Sharpe, certainly at a subsequent date, and probably soon after the announcement of the death of a certain lady, wrote this caustic description of her. That he knew most of Burns's female celebrities is clear from a MS. note of his which Scott Douglas prints in his Edinburgh edition (vi., 159), and which runs as follows:—

"This song ("O wat ye wha's in yon toun") celebrates an early friend of mine, Mrs. Oswald, born Lucy Johnstone. One of the stanzas is nothing but 'Were I laid on Greenland's coast,' in the Beggars' Opera. At the same time Burns wrote these verses the fair Lucinda was well
turned of thirty, and ten years older than her husband, but still a charming creature. In truth, however, she looked like the mother of her husband, who had a remarkably youthful appearance. Venus and Cupid! I have seen and been acquainted with all Burns's ladies whom he has celebrated, saving Miss Alexander and Mrs. Mc'Lehose, and I could describe their dresses as well as their features.

The "strolling player" referred to may be Williamson, the actor, who figures as the Esopus of a certain satirical "Epistle." The Poet's lampoons consequent on the Riddell quarrel are now seldom read, but it may be interesting to compare Burns in anger with Kirkpatrick Sharpe on the judgment-seat. In the "Monody" he says:—

"How cold is that bosom which folly once fired,
How pale is that cheek where the rouge lately glistened,

* * * * * * * *

Here lies, now a prey to insulting neglect,
What once was a butterfly, gay in life's beam."

In the "Epistle from Esopus," the language is even less flattering:—

"Prepare, Maria, for a horrid tale
Will turn thy very rouge to deadly pale;
Will make thy hair, tho' erst from gipsy poll'd,
By barber woven, and by barber sold,
Though twisted smooth with Harry's nicest care,
Like hoary bristles to erect and stare.

* * * * * * * *

Still she undaunted reels and rattles on,
And dares the public like a noontide sun.
What scandal called Maria's jaunty stagger
The ricket reeling of a crooked swagger?

* * * * * * * *

Who calls thee pert, affected, vain coquette,
A wit in folly, and a fool in wit!
Who says that fool alone is not thy due,
And quotes thy treacheries to prove it true!"

The immediate cause of the estrangement between Burns and the Riddells of Woodley Park has been so often rehearsed that we need not here reproduce the details. That Robert Riddell, of Glenriddel, took the side of his relatives in the quarrel was nothing more than might have been expected, though it seems to have roused the "stubborn something" in Burns which so unfortunately found expression. Burns's remorseful letter from "the nether world," which he penned
the day after his offence was committed, might have ultimately been received as atonement sufficient, had not meddling busy-bodies fanned the flame and widened the breach. That letter and those which followed it, along with the generous tribute which Maria Riddell paid to the memory of Burns ere almost his clay was cold, form a curious commentary on Kirkpatrick Sharpe's suggested reason for the forgiving spirit of the lady he refers to, the inspiring motive of which he, strange to say, makes out to be "that which made her shunned by her own sex, and despised by the rest of the community." This new reading of an old text cannot, of course, be received as gospel on the *ipse dixit* of Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe, and our chief reasons for chronicling it are the forestalling of the Henleyan discoverer and the eliciting of whatever further light on the subject may yet be available.

EDITOR.
In Memoriam.

DR. PETER ROSS OF NEW YORK.

R. W. Peter Ross, Treasurer of Scotia Lodge, No. 634, and Grand Historian of the Grand Lodge, died at his home, No. 62 West Sixty-sixth Street, on Monday morning, June 2, 1902, of nervous prostration brought on by overwork. The death of Bro. Ross is a loss to the Masonic fraternity that will be sorely felt.

THE LITERARY WORK OF DR. PETER ROSS.

[The following sketch appeared a few years ago in The Home Journal.]

In that interesting and well-written work Scotland and the Scots: Essays Illustrative of Scottish Life, History, and Character, we read: "In journalism we find the Scot in the foremost ranks. The New York Herald was founded by James Gordon Bennett, a native of Aberdeen. Whitelaw Reid, the editor of the New York Tribune, is of immediate Scotch descent. William Swinton has had a stirring and changeful career as a newspaper correspondent, editor, and man of letters. Thomas C. Latto, of the Brooklyn Times, a native of Fifeshire, is perhaps better known as a song writer than a journalist, but his long connection with the press warrants his being mentioned here. Col. M'Clure, the best known journalist in Philadelphia, claims Scottish descent. George Brown, of the Toronto Globe, was a native of Edinburgh; and the founder of the Montreal Witness, Mr. John Dougall, was a native of Paisley. The Guelph Mercury was owned and
edited for nearly a quarter of a century by George Pirie, a native of Aberdeen, and a lyrical poet of much ability. Daniel Morrison, a native of Inverness, did much good service as a journalist on such papers as the Toronto Leader and the New York Tribune."

Many other notable names might appropriately be added to this list of distinguished Scottish-American littérateurs, and perhaps none more deservedly than that of the author of the book from which we have just made the quotation—Dr. Peter Ross, who for over twenty-five years has successfully laboured in the literary field as journalist and author. To-day he is what is known as a special contributor on several of our great daily and weekly newspapers, besides being a writer for the Westminster Review and one or two other British publications. Dr. Ross is a native of Inverness, Scotland, having been born there on the 11th of January, 1847. A few years later his parents removed to Edinburgh, and here in due time the boy began his educational studies.

As soon as his school days were over, or at the age of fourteen, he became apprenticed to Miles Macphail, the once famous Established Church publisher in Edinburgh. After leaving Macphail's establishment, Dr. Ross was employed in various stores in Edinburgh and Glasgow, and had already accomplished some excellent literary work. He contributed a history of Edinburgh to the Midlothian Advertiser, and several clever articles from his pen appeared in the Edinburgh Evening Courant, the Caledonian Mercury, the Glasgow Mail, &c.

In 1870 he edited the Poetical Works of Sir William Alexander, in three large volumes, and in 1871 he compiled and published The Songs of Scotland, Chronologically Arranged, with Memoirs and Notes. This work had a very extensive sale from the first, and a number of editions were rapidly disposed of. A new edition with preface, &c., has just been issued by the enterprising Scottish publisher, Mr. Alexander Gardner, of Paisley, and the press in general has accorded it a very hearty welcome in its new form. It has long since been classed as a standard on the subject, and it is to be found in every public and prominent library in the British Empire. Besides brief memoirs of the authors, it contains a great amount of historical and antiquarian information,
which is of the highest value, not only to the student, but to every one interested in any way in the song literature of Scotland.

Dr. Ross was married at Perth in 1872 to Miss Mary Dryerre, an accomplished and highly intelligent young lady, and sister of the well-known Perthshire poet and correspondent, Henry Dryerre of Blairgowrie. In the fall of 1873, and under the impression that the United States afforded better opportunities for advancement in a literary career, he took up his residence in New York city. Here he at once identified himself with the press, and ere long became a recognised authority on matters relating to Great Britain, and especially to Scotland. He also took an active part in Scottish society matters, and for many years past he has been unanimously elected secretary of the North American Caledonian Association, the Grand Lodge, so to speak, of the Caledonian clubs of the United States and Canada.

In 1886 he published his first American work, *A Life of Saint Andrew*, and very appropriately dedicated it to John S. Kennedy, Esq., then President of the St. Andrew’s Society of the State of New York. This was a peculiar work, and soon commanded attention from prominent Scotsmen in all parts of America. It treats of St. Andrew from his early years, describes his missionary work in detail as far as is known, tells about his closing years, how he became the patron Saint for Scotland, &c. But the most interesting chapter in the book to the writer is the one entitled “Saint Andrew among the Poets.” This chapter contains some really excellent poetry on the subject of Saint Andrew, and great credit is due to Dr. Ross for having brought so much of it together and in so convenient a form.

The chapter ends very appropriately with a poem that first appeared in the *Christian at Work*, entitled “Twa Scots.” No author’s name is attached to the poem, and as it has been quoted far and wide it will no doubt interest many people to know that Dr. Ross himself is the author of it. The three last verses are particularly fine, while the composition taken altogether proves that the author possesses a poetic faculty, a gift which he ought to cultivate much more than he evidently does at present.
TWA SCOTS.

Twa youthfu' Scots cam' ower the sea
   Frae where the Spey first meets the ocean,
To try and win Dame Fortune's smiles
   In rustic toil or trade's commotion.

They loved their hame, its hills and dales,
   Wi' grand historic lore attendant,
But lack o' gear gaed little hope
   That bidin', they'd be independent.

By wild Lake Erie's rugged shore
   They settled, and wi' sturdy toil
They clear'd a farm frae brush and root,
   And glean'd gear frae the virgin soil.

And twa miles south there lay a toun
   Where centred a' the county's treasure;
And soon in it they had some trade,
   Their craps to sell, their corn to measure.

Their lassies syne frae Scotland cam',
   And settled doun in comfort wi' them,
And weel-stocked houses crown'd the farm
   And couthy bairns were born to them.

As years roll'd on their interests lay
   Alike at stake in farm an' toun;
And wealth cam' flowin' in apace,
   And blythesome ilka day wore roun'.

Ane owned a railroad, ane a mine,
   Ane had a mill and ane a quarry,
And as their hands grew fu', their bairns
   Took part and hain'd them frae the worry.

Ane built a kirk, and fee'd it fair;
   Ane built the puir, the sick, the lame
A snug and bien like restin' place,
   And call'd it a Saint Andrew's Hame.

And to the puir at hame, some wealth
   They freely sent baith spring and simmer,
And mony a frail man blessed their names,
   And for their peace pray'd mony a kimmer.

Sae passed their lives content and pure,
   Aye winnin' love through bein' kindly,
And helpin' ithers up the brae
   They ance had clamb sae sair and blindly.
And when at last their time did come,
And baith to their lang hame were carried,
The neighbours a' for mony miles
Foregathered roun' where they were buried.

And o'er their graves is ae braid stane
Which haps their clay frae weet and wind;
And at the foot are carved these lines,
'Neath where their names are intertwined:

"God rest them! Now their work is o'er;
On their fair fame there's ne'er a blot,
They acted well their several parts
And loved to help a brither Scot.

"For this was aye their hamely creed—
Ilk Scotsman is a Scotsman's brither;—
And whiles wi' glee they sung a sang,
Some auld stave learned on hills o' heather.

"They did whate'er they thought was right,
And shared alike earth's glee and sorrow;
And when life's work was done and past,
They won the peace which comes—to-morrow."

Dr. Ross's next contribution to Scottish-American literature was *Scotland and the Scots*, the work from which we made our opening extract. Too much praise cannot be bestowed on this work, as it is one of high literary merit; and such men as Professor John Stuart Blackie, Rev. Dr. Charles Rogers, and Rev. Dr. William M. Taylor have referred to it in very flattering terms.

Dr. Ross is at present engaged on the manuscripts of some other works, the most important one being *A History of Scottish Literature*. This work has cost him several years of close study and research, and two years ago he accumulated considerable special information for it while on a visit to Scotland. It is not a mere history of Scottish poetry, but a complete history of Scottish literature, embracing all branches from the earliest period down to the present day. It is well advanced towards completion, and when published, from what the writer has seen of it, the student and others interested in the subject will, like him, be gratified at the evidence it presents to Scotland's literary wealth in all departments.

It is almost unnecessary to say that Dr. Ross is a great admirer of the national poet, Robert Burns, and that he has
written some very fine articles in connection with the poet and his times. A few of these articles have been reprinted in such works as *Highland Mary, Burnsiana, &c.* He is also an enthusiastic Freemason, having been originally initiated into the Thistle and Rose Lodge, Glasgow. On his arrival in New York he joined Scotia Lodge, and has held many of its offices, in particular that of master for two years and treasurer for several years. In his recent visit to Scotland he was elected an honorary member of Canongate Kilwinning Lodge, No. 2, Edinburgh—the Lodge, by the way, of which Robert Burns was crowned poet laureate, and of this honour he is justly proud.

Apart from the books which Dr. Ross has published, he is the author of a number of interesting lectures which have been delivered in the best possible style by Mr. Charles H. Govan, the well-known elocutionist, before large audiences in New York, Brooklyn, Boston, and other large cities. These lectures are on various subjects, such as "Burns in the Highlands," "A Night with Sir Walter Scott," "The Great Scottish-American Author, Washington Irving," "Old Edinburgh," "A Run Through Scotland," &c. They are well written and form a very delightful and instructive evening's entertainment. We might say considerably more in connection with Dr. Ross and his literary abilities, but we presume we have said sufficient for the time being. We would simply add, by way of conclusion, that he is a warm-hearted, whole-souled man, and a patriotic American citizen. Such men as he are a credit to the country, and help in their own way to sustain the respect in which the United States is held abroad.
CLUB NOTES.
[COMMUNICATED.]

BRIDGTON BURNS CLUB ANNIVERSARY REPORT.—JANUARY, 1902.

"The Annual Business Meeting of the Club was held in the Side-Room, Mechanics' Hall, on the evening of Monday, 20th January, 1902—James Young, Esq., President, in the chair.

"The Secretary (Mr. Cochran) reported the proceedings of the Club for the past year as recorded in the minute book, intimating that 17 new members had been added to the roll.

"The Club took part in the Glasgow and District Burns Clubs' Bowling Tournament in June last. Four rinks entered for the M'Lennan Cup, but none of them were successful in securing the trophy. This bowling match was instituted a few years ago among the Burns Clubs of Glasgow, and it is hoped that all the members of the Club who are enthusiastic bowlers will intimate to the Secretary their willingness to compete for this cup, so that the Club may this year put forward as strong a representation as possible.

"A very successful Excursion was held in the summer. The company went by train to Stirling, and drove from there to Alva Glen, and back to Stirling via Tillicoultry. A 'Tattie an' Herrin' Supper of the members and friends was held on 30th October last, when a most enjoyable evening was spent.

"The Treasurer (Mr. Murray) reported on the finance of the Club. The report was adopted.

"Thereafter Daniel Duncan, Esq., was elected President for the ensuing year; D. L. Stevenson, Esq., Vice-President; and the Directors and Office-bearers were appointed.

"The Children's Competitions were held in December last, when Rector Menzies acted as judge in the Gold Medal Competition, Councillor George Taggart in the Singing and Choir Competitions, and Mr. John Forsyth in the Recitation Competitions. The Committee are glad to report that a number of new schools took part in the various Competitions this year, which shows a more lively interest in the work of the Club. The following is a list of the prize-winners:—Gold medal, Robert Carmichael (St. James's Public School); Singing—Seniors (silver medal—girls), Esther Ritchie (St. James's Public School); (silver medal—boys), James Caldwell (Hozier Street Public School); Recitation—Seniors (silver medal), Maggie M'Lean (Martyrs' Public School); Juniors (first prize), Maggie Haddow (Parkhead Public School). The successful Choir in the
Part-Singing Competition was that from Hozier Street Public School, under the leadership of Mr. Peter Gardner.

"The Annual Concert and Presentation of Prizes to the Children was held in the Mechanics' Hall on 17th January, when all the prize-winners sang and recited. There was a good attendance of members and friends at the concert, the programme of which was entirely sustained by the competitors.

"The Anniversary of Burns's Birthday was celebrated by a Dinner in the Arcade Café, on 24th January. About 60 gentlemen were present. James Young, Esq., presided, and Daniel Duncan, Esq., acted as croupier."

COMPETITIONS.

Since 1878 this Club has carried on a series of Competitions among children in Glasgow. The Committee have been delighted with the manner in which the schoolmasters in Glasgow have taken up the Competitions. Originally the Competitions were confined to the children of
the members of the Club, and also the schools in the East End of Glasgow, but, in response to the demand, the Competitions have now been opened to all the schools within the municipal boundary of Glasgow. The Club started in 1878 with a Competition for Recitation and Analysing and Paraphrasing Selected Passages from the Works of Burns, to the successful competitor in which they gave a gold medal. In 1884 the Club added another Competition for children who were judged the best singers of any two songs of Burns, and gave a silver medal to the successful competitors. Other Competitions were added from time to time. The Competitions now in vogue under the auspices of this Club are as follows:—Gold Medal Competition for the scholar who excels in Analysing and Paraphrasing selected passages from a named piece; Recitation (Seniors), silver medal; (Juniors), prizes; Singing (Seniors), silver medal to boy and girl; (Juniors), prizes to boy and girl. The Senior and Gold Medal Competitions are confined to children under 16 years of age, and the Junior Competitions to children in Standards III. and IV. Part-Singing Competition—This is one of the newest Competitions of the Club, and is perhaps one of the most popular. It was instituted six years ago, and is competed for annually by choirs representing public schools in Glasgow, the object being to encourage part-singing of the songs of Burns. The Shield, which is a large and handsome piece of decorative work, was designed and made by Mr. Robert Scott, 8 Buchanan Street, Glasgow. It is of solid silver and is mounted on an oak background. The panels are chased in bold relief, and, besides the portrait of the Poet, represent the Cottage, "Tam o' Shanter," "Cottar's Saturday Night," Poosie Nancie's, and the Auld Brig. The pictures are surrounded by a graceful design in thistles and daisies. The winning school retains the Shield for the current year, and the conductor of the choir is awarded a suitable souvenir. All these Competitions are largely taken advantage of, and prove a great source of benefit to the young people. The judges in the various Competitions are:—Gold Medal Competition, Mr. Andrew Hoy, F.E.I.S., who succeeded the late Rector Menzies—Mr. Menzies having been the judge in this Competition since its inception in 1878 to the date of his death; Recitation Competitions, Mr. John Forsyth; Singing and Choir Competitions, Councillor George Taggart. A Concert is given annually in Bridge-ton by the successful competitors in the various Competitions, and this Concert is much appreciated by the East-End people. Annexed is a sketch of the Shield for the Choir Competition.

SUNDERLAND BURNS CLUB.
SYLLABUS.—SEASON 1902-3.

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<th>DATE</th>
<th>SUBJECT</th>
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<td>Oct. 1</td>
<td>&quot;The Bridal of Triermain,&quot;</td>
<td>Mr. R. C. Lyness.</td>
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<td>,</td>
<td>&quot;Tales they tell,&quot;</td>
<td>Mr. J. F. Crooks.</td>
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<td>Nov. 5</td>
<td>&quot;Scottish Humour,&quot;</td>
<td>Mr. W. W. Tagg.</td>
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<td>,</td>
<td>&quot;James Graham&quot; (first Marquis of Montrose),</td>
<td>Mr. G. Mackay.</td>
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FIFTH ANNUAL REPORT.

At the Annual Meeting, Mr. M. Neilson, the Hon. Secretary, said:—
“Gentlemen—Just as, in ordinary business, we are accustomed at the end of a certain period to ‘take stock’ and review our general position, so it is fitting that at the close of our Fifth Year we should bring our Club life under a very brief review. Whilst, as a general rule, the dictum that ‘Comparisons are odious’ is true enough, few members will cavil at making a comparison between the Burns Club of the present day and the Burns Club of five years ago. When we launched out in the new century great things were expected, and this has been in a measure realised, for, if we but think of the great loss the nation has sustained in the early part of the year—the death of Her Most Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria, and the consequent almost entire suspension of all entertainments—we must congratulate ourselves that we are not amongst those institutions whose efforts must be, in a large measure, stunted and crippled through this national loss.

We, as loyal Scotsmen, made every possible arrangement to obviate any difficulty, and I am pleased to say that a few pounds will cover our loss. This could only be brought about by the prompt business-like action of our office-bearers, and the loyal and hearty support of our members. A letter of condolence and sympathy was sent to the new King, and the following reply was received:—

“Home Office, March 28th, 1901.

Sir,—I am commanded by the King to convey to you, hereby, His Majesty’s thanks for the loyal and dutiful address of the Members of the Sunderland Burns Club, expressing sympathy on the occasion of the lamented death of Her late Majesty Queen Victoria, and congratulations on his accession to the Throne.—I am, Sir,

Your obedient Servant,

CHAS. T. RITCHIE.

Matthew Neilson, Esq., Sunderland Burns Club.”
ANNUAL MEETING.

"Our Annual Meeting was a pleasant gathering, and the desire of the members has been fulfilled—i.e., that we have a pianist. From this, our present meeting, the subscription shall be raised to 3s. 6d., and, as soon as possible, an improvement in the harmony part of our Meetings may be expected. A great reform cannot be expected all at once; in fact, we will have a difficulty in finding just the man we want. But we are hopeful that all the members will suspend their judgment of our choice and allow your Committee to make such arrangements as will conduce to the best interests of our Club. Good music, like good ‘anything,’ has a powerful influence, and we have the songs and the men: all we want is a loyal, enthusiastic ‘Scot,’ if possible, to develop the musical part of our meetings.

CONCERT.

"The Annual Concert was, considering the fact already stated, a success, which should impress our members with confidence and reassurance that a Scotch Concert is necessary, is essential, and can only be carried out successfully by the members of the Burns Club.

BANQUET.

"In accordance with the express wish and desire, the Annual Dinner was deferred till February 8th, and none can say that it was not a wise arrangement. If our Burns Club did nothing more for the lovers of Burns and his writings than provide such a treat as was given by the Rev. David Tasker, we have great cause for thankfulness, and must feel that a great step has been taken forward. His treatment of the ‘Songs of Burns’ was the best exposition that the Club has ever heard, and we are proud of the honour he has conferred upon us by accepting the Honorary Vice-Presidency. We are indebted to our esteemed Past-President, Robt. Falconer, Esq., for his kindness in entertaining the reverend gentleman during his visit.

CONVERSAZIONE.

"In connection with the Conversazione, it was felt that March was late in the season and that a more suitable date might be arranged. It was held on St. Andrew’s Night, November 30th, and proved that the Committee were justified in making the alteration. A large company assembled in Mr. Wetherell’s Rooms, which were tastefully decorated for the occasion. Dancing was kept up with great spirit till the ‘wee short hours ayont the twal.’

PICNIC.

"The Picnic was, for the second time in our history, not proceeded with, but, with a change of day, a more successful arrangement may be made. This is accounted for from the fact that most of our members are business men, and a Saturday is a very bad day for them. Wednesday has proved a success; why not continue this, except for the purpose of experimenting?
LITERATURE.

"Out of 20 Chronicles purchased we have sold 19, a single copy being added to our library. This is very gratifying, and points to a greater and closer study of things Burnsonian, and is another strong point in our favour; 19 Chronicles sold means 19 readers, and that reading of a profitable and interesting nature. If we get readers, we are bound to get papers for our ordinary meetings, and the Chronicle has a distinct use in this way to keep for reading.

MEMBERSHIP.

"Our membership has not suffered much, but we must suggest that some means be taken whereby our Club may be kept before the Scotchmen of Sunderland. During the year we have added eleven new members. We have lost ten by removal from the district and one by death. Our roll, therefore, owing to arrears, will be somewhat less than last year. Better that we should have a small roll of active members than a large one with a great number of names of little practical use.

"The Winter Session was most successfully opened by the late Mr. John Cameron; none who listened to that paper shall ever forget it—an intellectual treat. 'He was a man, take him for all in all; we shall not look upon his like again.'

"Our Meetings are fairly well attended, but yet we ask for some improvement in attendance. A glance at our Syllabus will show how well we are supported, and we question if any Burns Club in the whole world has such a healthy Syllabus or has such willing members. We are, properly speaking, not a Burns Club in the accepted sense of the term, but a Burns Literary Society."

PRESENTATION.

During our progress as a Burns Club, much of the work has necessarily fallen upon our amiable Secretary. While we were conscious that no money could recompense him, we also felt that our duty was, as far as possible, to recognise his labours. Accordingly, a Sub-Committee was formed, consisting of the President and Committee, and a very handsome gold watch was presented to Mr. Neilson. The hearty response from every member and the good words of appreciation makes his "watch" more than valuable to him, as it must be, and is, a great source of satisfaction to know that only golden opinions were expressed on every hand. Our Honorary President, Alderman Burns, J.P., made the presentation, and Mr. Neilson thanked the members for their kindness. It was, he said, his love for Burns and the principles that he enunciated that made him, first, a Burns student, and, secondly, the Secretary of the Burns Club—a position of trust he holds with pride, and, he hoped, with honour to the Club.­ Commedicated by Treasurer Turner.

[Mr. Neilson is a native of Dreghorn, Ayrshire, and received his education at Kilmaurs, under Mr. M'Naught, parochial schoolmaster.]
**ROSEBERY BURNS CLUB.**

**SYLLABUS FOR SESSION 1902 - 1903.**

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<tr>
<th>DATE</th>
<th>SUBJECT</th>
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<td>Oct. 14</td>
<td>Smoking Concert—President's Address, Mr. H. P. Bayne.</td>
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<td>Nov. 11</td>
<td>Lecture — “The Romance that lies around the Lower Clyde” (with Lime-Light Illustrations), . . . Mr. A. Kerr Bruce.</td>
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<td>, 25</td>
<td>Literary and Musical Symposium.</td>
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<td>, 26</td>
<td>Anniversary Dinner, in Alexandria Hotel, Bath Street, . . . J.G.A. Baird, Esq., M.P.</td>
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<td>Feb. 10</td>
<td>Lecture—“Burns and the Church,” . Rev. R. N. Thomson.</td>
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<td>, 24</td>
<td>Literary and Musical Symposium.</td>
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<td>April 14</td>
<td>Lecture—“Burns as a Politician,” . Mr. Alex. Pollock.</td>
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<td>Tattie an' Herrin' Supper.</td>
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The Club meets at 8 o'clock, in the Bank Restaurant, Queen Street, Glasgow.

The Committee request that members of the Club will endeavour to attend all Meetings promptly at 8 o'clock.

**COMPETITION.**

The Executive of the Club have pleasure in recording handsome prizes from two valued members to encourage the study of the “Poems and Songs of Burns” among the children of the City of Glasgow. From one member they have received a handsome gold medal, specially designed, valued at five guineas; from another, a three-guinea copy of “The Footsteps of Dr. Johnson in ‘Scotland,’” by George Birbeck Hill, D.C.L., Pembroke College, Oxford, and illustrated by Lancelot Speed.

It is intended that these prizes should be offered for competition among the children attending our Board Schools.

**THORNLEIBANK BURNS CLUB.**

**EIGHTH SCHOOL CHILDREN'S COMPETITION.**

The eighth competition in singing, reading, and piano playing, promoted by the Thornliebank Burns Club, and open to all the children attending the public school, took place in the Public Hall on the evening of Friday, 26th September. There were originally 42 competitors, but at the preliminary competition on the previous Friday evening the number was reduced to 26. Only two of these were for piano playing. The small entry in this section was accounted for by the fact that, as the school year...
ended in June when many of the senior pupils left, most of the present music pupils are not far enough advanced to enter such a competition. Mr. Andrew M'Callum, the President of the Club, was chairman of the gathering.

The President, in his opening remarks, said it had often been brought against Burns Clubs that they did not justify their existence. He admitted that in some cases the charge was true, but said that it could not be applied to the Club under whose auspices they were presently met. Since its institution eleven years ago, the Club had done a great deal to justify its existence. It worked not only for the benefit of the members, but also for the benefit of both old and young in the village. The members had profited much by the frequent social gatherings of an elevating character and by the annual trip to the scenes which were celebrated in the works of the Poet. With most of these scenes the members of the Club had become personally acquainted during the past eleven years. For the adults of the village the Club had arranged various concerts, and on the platform of that hall the best songs of Burns had been rendered by the ablest Scottish vocalists. For the benefit of the children, competitions in singing and reading the works of the Poet and playing Scottish music on the piano had been promoted, and the present one was the eighth gathering of this nature. Of the need for such competitions there could be no question. One who was in the habit of attending many functions of a social character could not but notice how comparatively few songs of Burns were heard on these occasions, and singers were not slow to confess that they were unable to give one of Burns's songs. The Burns Clubs were, therefore, doing a good work in instilling into the young people a love and a knowledge of the songs of the national Poet, the result of which would be that they would not only give a great deal of pleasure to themselves, but convey it to others. When it was considered how many years these competitions extended over, and how many children had taken part in them, it would be seen how far-reaching was the influence of the work of the Burns Club. The President concluded by saying that Mr. Connor would superintend the competition.

Mr. Connor, before calling on the first child, explained that the infants were entitled to choose any piece they liked, but the seniors were restricted to the works of the Poet. The competition lasted about an hour and a half, and at the close the results were announced as follows:-Infants—Singing—1st, Mary Nisbet; 2nd, Agnes Howat; 3rd, Robert Stephen. Reading—1st, Mary Nisbet; 2nd, Robert Winter; 3rd, Margaret Sinclair. Seniors—Singing—1st, Annie Roy; 2nd, Willie Neil; 3rd, Jeannie Hart; 4th, Kate Henderson. In this competition the fourth prize was given on the recommendation of the judges, being presented by Mr. Connor. Reading—1st, Mary M'Cabe; 2nd, James Whyte; 3rd, Sarah Roy and Daniel Irvine, equal. Two third prizes were awarded, the extra one being also given by Mr. Connor. Piano playing—1st, Helen M'Math; 2nd, Maggie Nisbet. The following gentlemen acted as judges—Singing and piano playing—Messrs. William R. Thomson, Shawlands, and R. B. M'Millan, Barrhead; Reading—Messrs. William Milne, Barrhead, and John Richmond, Barrhead. While the audience were awaiting the decision of the judges, Mr. George Neil sang "The Lass of Ballochmyle."
The President, after distributing the prizes to the successful competitors, called for a vote of thanks to Mr. Connor and his staff, especially mentioning Miss Halliday and Miss M'Intyre, and also to the judges. Mr. Connor replied, and the gathering was brought to a close.

ALBANY BURNS CLUB.

SYLLABUS.—SESSION 1902-1903.

1902.

Oct. 1 Opening Address—"Some Thoughts on the Influence which Robert Burns has Exercised on the Work of the So-called Minor Poets," . . . . . . . President Goodall.

Nov. 5 "Burns and Ecclesiasticism," . . . . Ex-Deacon Jack.

Dec. 3 "Burns's 'Simper James,'" . . . . Dr. Cullen.

1903.

Jan. 7 "A Visit to the Land of Burns" (in rhyme), Mr. Arch. Norval.


Feb. 4 "Burns's 'Olla Podrida,'" . . . . Mr. Thos. Kennedy.

Mar. 4 Closing Remarks, . . . . Vice-Frs. Taylor.

The Club meets on the first Wednesday of each month (from October till March inclusive) in White & Smith's Trades' House Restaurant, 89 Glassford Street, at 8 o'clock. Harmony at 8.30, when members have the privilege of introducing friends.

MACLENNAN CUP BOWLING COMPETITION.

This Competition takes place in June, and members desirous of taking part in the game should send in their names to the Secretary not later than 1st May. (Entry Money, 2s.)

KIPPEN AND DISTRICT BURNS CLUB.

The Annual General Meeting of this Club was held in the Gillespie Memorial Hall—Mr. Robert Jackson, President, presided. After the minutes of previous meeting had been read and approved of, the Chairman said that many valuable prizes had been presented to the Club for the School Children's Competition by honorary members and others, and that the Club had had a most prosperous and busy year throughout. As most members present knew, the primary object of the Club was to promote a knowledge of the life and work of Robert Burns, Scotland's National Bard, and to establish a fund for the encouragement of that knowledge and cultivation of the works of Burns and Scottish literature amongst the children of our district, and, seeing they had distributed 43 prizes to school children at this year's competition for singing and reciting parts of the works of Burns, surely that fact of itself showed that the rising
-generation was interested and likely to further immortalise the poet's memory.

The meeting thereafter appointed the following honorary members:—

It was agreed to hold the Annual Concert in aid of Prize Competition Fund on or about 21st November, and the Committee were empowered to arrange for debates, lectures, or social meetings, which they think suitable or likely to contribute to the mutual improvement and enjoyment of all interested.

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GLENDARUEL BURNS CLUB AND LITERARY SOCIETY.

SYLLABUS.—SESSION 1902-1903.

Nov. 6 "The Defence of the Empire," Mr. Walter Buchanan.
" 20 "Romance of Astronomy," Mr. Arthur Barrett, M.A.
Dec. 4 Lantern Entertainment, Lewis D. Wigan, Esq.
" 25 Hat Night.
" 22 "Sheep Farming in Cowal, Past and Present," Mr. D. Buchanan.
" 26 Annual Dinner.
Feb. 5 "Darwin—'Origin of Species,'" Mr. P. Wilson.
" 19 President's Address, Mr. A. Weir.

Annual Business Meeting.

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THE DUNEDIN BURNS CLUB ELEVENTH ANNUAL REPORT.

Ladies and Gentlemen,—In submitting to you the Eleventh Annual Report and Balance-Sheet of the Dunedin Burns Club, your Committee beg to report as follows:—

"The Club continues to increase in membership, the attendance at the monthly meetings is well kept up, and the entertainments have been very
enjoyable. The anniversary of the birth of Sir Walter Scott was again held on an ordinary meeting night; the attendance was good, and all acquitted themselves very satisfactorily. During the year we have been favoured with addresses from several speakers—amongst whom was the Chief Justice, Sir Robert Stout, K.C.M.G.—which were very much appreciated. The Committee regret to have to report that the Club has sustained a great loss by the death of our patron, Mr. A. J. Burns, a grand-nephew of the Poet and one of the founders of the Club. His enthusiasm and love for national music and literature have contributed much to our Club's continued success.

We also regret the loss we have sustained by the deaths of two prominent public men—the Hon. Sir John M'Kenzie and Mr. M. J. Scobie M'Kenzie. It should also be noted that several of our members are fighting the battles of the Empire in South Africa—one of whom (Trooper Hugh Cameron Gilles) has given his young life in the cause of right and justice.

In conjunction with the other Scottish bodies, the Club took part in presenting an address of welcome to H.R.H. the Duke of York; and later on, in the same connection, met, welcomed, and entertained General Sir Hector Macdonald. The Choir have maintained their character for excellence. The solo-singing has been fully up to our usual standard. We have also had recitations from ladies and gentlemen of well-known ability. The Club owes a deep debt of gratitude to all those who, in their several capacities, have contributed to the success of the monthly meetings. The Anniversary gathering of the Club to celebrate the birth of Robert Burns was held on the 24th January, as the 25th fell on a Saturday. The entertainment was of a first-class nature, but the attendance was somewhat disappointing. The oration was delivered by J. A. Millar, Esq., M.H.R., and was attentively listened to, and gave great pleasure to those who were privileged to be present. The Club's piper, Mr. Meiklejohn, has been very regular in his attendance at the monthly meetings, and has discoursed music that warms the heart of every lover of Scotland and her traditions. The question of raising funds to build a hall for the Club has not received much attention this year, but we hope that something will be done during the coming year towards making a start with a fund for such a laudable object. We have made a new departure during the year in inviting visits from kindred societies, and, on invitation, returned the compliment by visiting them. Your Committee believe this to be a legitimate manner of carrying out the purposes for which this Club was formed. The visits have been very much enjoyed by all the parties who have participated in them. We would strongly urge on our successors in office a continuance of this practice. We have also had the pleasure and privilege of a visit from the members of the local Highland Company of Volunteers, who entered into the spirit of the gathering, and through their esteemed commander (Captain Stoneham) expressed themselves very much pleased with their entertainment. The Club have again been placed under a debt of gratitude to Miss Forgan and the editor of the Edinburgh Scotsman for the handsome gift of heather gathered on the bonny hills of Scotland. The Committee are glad to be able to report a slight improvement in the funds of the Club this year, and trust that the members will keep up their attendance and
endeavour to still further increase the membership, that we may maintain the position we now hold of being the premier Burns Club of the Southern Hemisphere. The Committee have held 13 meetings during the year. The attendance of members has been fair, and the work has been carried on harmoniously. All the office-bearers retire by effluxion of time, and are eligible for re-election.

"W. C. M'Nee, President."

DUNDEE BURNS CLUB.

The Dundee Club, we are glad to be informed, is in a most flourishing condition. Last year marked its forty-third session, and the Annual Dinner was held in the Club-Rooms, Nethergate. The President, Mr. James Binny, proposed "The Immortal Memory" in an exceptionally eloquent speech, of which the following formed the peroration:—

"His songs are the great and pre-eminent glory of Burns. Here he is unapproachable. If all else were swept away, by these alone he would hold his place in the front rank of the immortals. One wonders how the voice of criticism can ever be heard. Of course, Burns's poems—which are stained with his heart's blood and compacted with his tears, which heave with his groans as with an earthquake and glow with the red light of his passions or flash with the lightnings of his indignation—cannot appeal to the sympathies of those complacent critics who draw their inspirations from Blue China and the other great realities of life. But, in presence of his songs, I should have thought they would have been hushed into silence, lest one whisper should disturb the exquisite melody of the love lyrics with which he has enriched all time."

The Secretary of the "Vale of Leven Glencairn" Club writes:—"We have had a most successful season. The three local Clubs here—viz., the 'Alexandria,' the 'Glencairn,' and the 'Bonhill'—agreed to have a joint Hallowe'en Meeting, which was such a great success that it is proposed to make it an annual fixture. There is no rivalry between the Clubs, and the best of feeling prevails.—ALEX. CAMPBELL."
REVIEWS.

Speeches and Essays, with Poems on Burns. Gibson Brothers, Printers. 1902.

This handy volume is best described by what appears on the reverse of the title-page, which runs as follows:—“At a meeting of the Burns Club of Washington, April 10th, 1876, a Committee was directed to publish in book form, as a contribution to Burns literature, the speech of John Wilson, delivered to 70,000 people congregated on the banks of the Doon, on the return of Burns's son from India in 1844, which had never been published in this country; the great oration of Dr. Wallace, delivered in Edinburgh on Burns's birthday, 1872; together with the speeches delivered, and letters read, before the Club on various Anniversary occasions by the following distinguished statesmen and orators:—Gen. Jas. A. Garfield, Hon. J. G. Blaine, Prof. James Monroe, Hon. S. S. Cox, Hon. W. P. Frye, Hon. J. Proctor Knott, and others. In the Second Edition we add the essay of Mr. Andrew Carnegie, the speeches of Lord Rosebery, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Hon. George F. Hoar, Wm. R. Smith, Hon. David B. Henderson, and Dr. MacLeod, and letter of Hon. E. R. Hoar, and sundry interesting poems. These last are by Montgomery, Halleck, Campbell, Mrs. Wm. R. Smith, and others.” All this is accomplished in some 90 odd pages, in clear and readable type. In addition, excellent photo-gravures are given of Bonnie Jean, Mrs. Brown, and Jean Armour Burns Brown, of Dumfries, daughter and grand-daughter of Robert, the eldest son of the Poet. The book is therefore a multum in parvo of Burns oratory, and forms excellent value for the modest price asked. The imprint we give as it stands on the title-page.

Henley and Burns. By Dr. John Ross. Stirling: Eneas Mackay, 43 Murray Place. London: Gribbins & Co., Ltd., 18 Bury Street, W.

Of all the excellent handbooks on Burns and Burnsiana from the industrious pen of Dr. Ross, this is perhaps the handiest and most valuable. In his preface, he informs us that most of the papers which are here reprinted were stowed away in his library, labelled “An Appendix to the Centenary Burns,” and his object in issuing them in book form was to counteract in some measure the offensive work of Mr. Henley. They are, for the most part, reproductions from the newspaper press of the date of issue of the Centenary Edition, and include the scathing criticisms which appeared in the Scotsman, the Edinburgh Evening News, the Daily Record, the Kilmarnock Standard, the Greenock Telegraph, the London Daily Chronicle, Saint Andrew, &c., &c. The selection also includes the speech of Mr. F. Faithfull Begg, M.P., to the Rosebery Club, Glasgow; that of Dr. Wallace, M.P., to the Leeds Caledonian Society; and those of Sheriff...
Brand, the Rev. J. H. M'Culloch, and others. These are all well worthy of preservation; but, by some oversight, Dr. Ross has omitted the trouncing administered by Dr. Robertson Nicoll in the British Weekly of September 30th, 1897, which we reproduce by way of completing the indictment. We note that the book may be had from the publishers, bound up with Henley's Essay (post free, 3s. 9d.), and no more instructive volume can be placed in the Burns corner of the student's library.

"MR. HENLEY ON BURNS THE RAKE."

"To the Editor of The British Weekly.

"Sir,—The last volume of the fine edition of Burns, edited by Mr. Henley and Mr. Henderson, and published by Messrs. Jack, of Edinburgh, has now come to hand. The book is completed in four volumes, and though the binding does not altogether please me, in every other respect the publishers have done their work to admiration. The most important—not the most important, but the most challenging—part of the work appears in this volume. It is the essay of Mr. Henley upon Burns. It has been kept to the very last, and is apparently intended to be taken as a highly rectified spirit; in short, a kind of elixir.

"Before discussing the essay, it is right to recognise in the most cordial manner the great merits of the edition, the thoroughness, conscientiousness, and accuracy with which the editors have done their work. Burns scholars, of whom I do not profess to be one, have hit blots in it, and the temper of the whole is, of course, blameworthy. The editors have made something too much of their researches in the British Museum, and their conclusion, which is a mere commonplace, that Burns owed much to older singers. Any Scot can see for himself that the interpretation of Scotch words in the glossary is sometimes incorrect and inadequate. Of the truculent insolence with which other editors are spoken of, nothing need be said. But every fair-minded critic will recognise that the labour has been performed with due sense of its importance, and Mr. Henderson, to whom the best of it is probably due, is to be heartily congratulated on the result. On the whole, the book is not so good and useful a one as the Wallace Chambers edition of Burns, which has the great advantage of being complete, and is superior alike in its knowledge and in its general tone. Nevertheless, the Henley-Henderson edition will occupy an honourable place in its class, and future editors will be glad to consult it, although all that it contains of new matter will be ultimately absorbed in a much better book.

"When I first became aware of Mr. Henley's existence he was a contributor to the Academy. The Academy was then a fourpenny weekly, if I mistake not, with signed reviews. Among the writers was Robert Louis Stevenson, whose contributions always showed his characteristic touch. The novels, which used to be done in a weekly bundle by one writer, were divided among Mr. Andrew Lang, Mr. Saintsbury, Mr. Henley, and others. Mr. Lang did that kind of thing brilliantly, does it to this day brilliantly in the Times. Mr. Saintsbury was always honest and readable; but it was, I will frankly confess, a disappointment to see Mr. Henley's
name. He was good-natured, but dull. There was no flash of brightness in his writing, and his benevolence—for example, to Mrs. Henry Wood—was perhaps excessive. I was also a subscriber to a paper with which he was connected, London—one of about 150 or 200 subscribers; at least, so I was told by one of the editors. But Mr. Henley first made his mark in the Scots Observer. By that time he had apparently discovered that in the ordinary way he would never impress the public. He devoted himself accordingly to slashing. He dredged the slang dictionary for adjectives. He threw aside such trifles as good nature and good feeling, and, it is not too much to say, outraged every convention, if not even every decency, of literature. He gathered around him a few contributors like-minded, along with many others, and their work for some time was a good deal talked of, though never, I believe, in the commercial sense, successful. Undoubtedly some good was done by frank speaking, and certainly Mr. Henley at times showed that he could be generous and encouraging. This is sufficiently proved by the affection entertained towards him by some of the young men to whom he gave a start. Nevertheless, it was pretty plain that almost the whole claim which his criticism had to attention was its deliberate intention to give pain. If Mr. Henley had continued in his natural style—the style of a gentleman, at least—he would have filled up respectable columns, and no one would have mentioned him twice. For, as a critic, he is too impressionable to do valuable work. He is too bitterly prejudiced, too eager to strike everyone whose views do not happen to agree with his own, and too much of a self-educated man to accomplish permanent work. I do not use the term 'self-educated' in any offensive way. It is to Mr. Henley's credit that he has read diligently and intelligently a large number of books. And it is still more to his credit that he has a very high ideal of the editor's function. But his fame as a prose writer—I am not speaking of his poetry, which puts him high up amongst the minor poets of the day—depends entirely on the fact that he is a literary swash-buckler. Take from him the slang dictionary, impose upon him the ordinary laws which govern the conduct of gentlemen, and there is not much left to speak of. I think, however, he has done in his time a good and valuable work. He has proved to the hilt that there is no public for the slashing style of journalism. No one can ruin a paper more effectually than by taking to that, for the public after all loves fairness, courtesy, moderation. The fact is, apart from the public altogether, these journals are ultimately ruined by the squabbles on their staff. After everybody has been shown up, including, as Punch kindly suggested, Tennyson and Newman, there is nothing for it but that the staff should turn upon one another. As the members have skins of incredible sensitiveness, or rather have no skins at all, the result of this is a general massacre. Among reminiscences over which one may sometimes smile, I have several of the way in which the members of the staff of the National Observer described one another in the strictest confidence—a confidence which I am always going to keep. Towards Mr. Henley himself literary men have not cherished resentment, partly because they know that he has good qualities, and partly for another reason which I will not name. I will only say that the reason is not that they feared him.
"It was somewhat puzzling that Mr. Henley should undertake an edition of Burns. He is not a Scotsman. He knows little or nothing of Scotland. The character and genius of the country are entirely repellant to him. But the answer is supplied by this essay. The essay is not upon Burns the man or Burns the poet. It is almost entirely upon Burns the rake. Over the sadder and baser incidents in Burns's career, Mr. Henley literally gloats. Every amour is described as particularly as Mr. Henley dares. He is also sadly restrained because he cannot quote with freedom from works which decent publishers have suppressed. He hankers after 'The Merry Muses,' a book which he has been the first to praise. To Mr. Henley it is 'unique and precious.' It bears testimony to an entirely admirable talent. Mr. Henley says our fathers loved scoundrelly, although he does not seem to know of Scott's classical example of that love, and I am not going to tell him the volume. The letter of Burns to Ainslie, of date 3rd March, 1788, is partly quoted, but Mr. Henley or his publishers have been afraid. Nevertheless he cannot resist saying, 'The original must be read, or the reader will never wholly understand what manner of man the writer was.' However, he finds a good deal of material in Burns's life, and he is eager to suggest that there was more. He repudiates the more kindly view of Burns's last days, although, to do him justice, he does not adopt the very worst suggestions. In anyone other than Mr. Henley, it would be considered grossly impertinent to call Burns's sister by a name which could not be quoted in any newspaper. But, in the riotous coarseness of the essay, the phrase passed almost without remark. Something, however, should be said of the attack on Mary Campbell. Mr. Henley is most anxious to show that she was a woman of bad character, not only of bad character, but of the very worst character. So far as I can make out, the whole evidence he has for this is that there was a certain Mary Campbell who figures in the Dundonald Session records. Mr. Henley rages exceedingly against the people who dare to think she was as she is pictured in that lovely and immortal song, 'Thou lingering star of lessening ray.' It need hardly be said that Mr. Henley has a very poor opinion of this poem. Let it be remembered that we know nothing about Mary Campbell except from Burns himself, and that all he tells us and all she inspired within him make us believe that she sleeps in a pure grave. We decline to apply to her any of the epithets Mr. Henley has resorted to his slang dictionary for, because she was a woman, because she is now defenceless and dead, because we know that her poet thought of her memory with lingering and sacred tenderness. Of course, these reasons are Greek to Mr. Henley, but he must be content to leave room in this planet for those who understand them.

"If, then, anyone wishes to know the worst that can be said about Burns's life, if he wishes to have the story told with vigour and with a certain sympathy, he may be recommended to Mr. Henley's essay. If he looks for new facts, he will look in vain. If he looks for valuable criticism, he will also look in vain. There are some criticisms which I think true enough, but which are utterly commonplace. For example, he does not think well of what Burns wrote in English. He thinks that he was
never really at home, never at his best, except in Scotch. I should be inclined to say that, with certain exceptions, this may be allowed. But Principal Shairp put the same criticism far better in his much-decried biography of Burns, published by Messrs. Macmillan. Mr. Henley likes the attacks made by Burns upon religion and upon, let us say, conventionality. Burns is, in his mind, a lewd peasant. 'He was absolutely of his station and his time. The poor-living, lewd, grimy, free-spoken, ribald old Scots' peasant world came to a full, brilliant, and even majestic close in his work.' If 'The Hallowe'en,' 'Holy Willie,' and such pieces did not keep Burns's fame up, Mr. Henley wonders whether 'The Cottar's Saturday Night,' 'The Vision,' and 'The Mountain Daisy' would have escaped the iniquity of oblivion. Mr. Henley's idea of the Kirk of Scotland is that it was in 1759 still offensive enough and still potent enough to make life miserable, to warp the characters of men and women, and to turn the tempers and affections of many from the kindly and natural way. He also speaks of the life of Scotland as made up of theology and fornication, and so forth, and so forth.

"I can scarcely think that any Scotsman will give himself the smallest trouble to reply to such statements. He will simply say, 'You know nothing of Scotland and nothing of Scottish religion, and no man could ever explain either to you.' Happily there are Scotsmen, and Englishmen too, who have written of Burns in a worthier strain, and it is a deep refreshment to take up Carlyle after Henley. Does any rational person believe that Burns was a rake, and nothing more; that it is the obscenity and irreligion of his poems that preserve them? No doubt Scotsmen may have gone too far in refusing to see the real faults of Burns, but it is largely because they see that what wrecked his life plays but little part in the enduring influence he now exercises upon his country. The first thought that any worthy critic of Burns would have emphasised is the fact that he rose up in a generation which had forgotten passion, rose up from the deepest obscurity, without weapons, loaded with penury and toil, weakened by the follies that laid him low, dying at thirty-seven, and yet altering the whole course of British literature, and leaving a name as immortal as that of Shakespeare. Such a criticism would have dwelt upon the fact that he was the voice of Scotland, that he first gave language to the inarticulate passion and longing and rebellion in the hearts of the Scottish people. That was his desire from his twenty-fifth year.

"E'en then a wish—I mind its power—
A wish that to my latest hour
Shall strongly heave my breast,
That I, for puir auld Scotland's sake,
Some usefu' plan or buik could make
Or sing a sang at least.
The rough bur thistle spreading wide
Amang the bearded bear,
I turned the weeder clips aside,
And spared the symbol dear."
"A true criticism would have had much to say of Burns as the great poet of love. He was not permanently degraded to the service of lust. The highest, the purest, the most consecrating passion finds its voice in him. Such a criticism would have dwelt on his intense affection for his country, on the genuine reverence for religion which marks much of his work, on his sincerity, on his sympathy with nature, on his deep and sometimes unbearable pathos.

"'The pale Moon is setting beyond the white wave
And time is setting with me, O!'

"It may be impossible to forget his aberrations, his excesses, his sins against those who should have been dearest; but, if these things are to be remembered, how much more is to be remembered besides. But, above all, what is never to be forgotten is the bitter, remorseful sorrow for the times when he served in the 'leprous armada' of sin. The Scottish people have not forgotten, and they never will forget, how he spoke of his own sad life:

"'The poor inhabitant below
Was quick to learn and wise to know,
And keenly felt the friendly glow
And softer flame,
But thoughtless folly laid him low,
And stained his name.
Reader, attend! whether thy soul
Soars fancy's flight beyond the pole,
Or darkly grubs this earthly hole
In low pursuit—
Know prudent, cautious self-control
Is wisdom's root.'

"They have said 'Amen' to this true and humble and human judgment, and they wish to say no more. Let us not, however, part in anger from Mr. Henley, for Scotsmen are too sure of their poet to be very angry with anyone who misconceives him or very grateful to anyone who defends him. Mr. Henley has done his best with the side of Burns he understands. He has shown great industry and he has spared no pains. Scotsmen will take what helps them, and will wish Mr. Henley a better temper and a better understanding. They love Burns and they pity him. They may not love Mr. Henley, but him too they will pity, if they trouble to read him.

"I am, Sir, yours, &c.,
CLAUDIUS CLEAR.

Basil Regis, Middlesex, Tuesday."

SCOTIA'S SATURNALIA ON THE NIGHT OF THE TWENTY-FIFTH JANUARY. BY ALEXANDER MILLER, Author of "Bacchus and Bohemia." Printed by the Author, 289 Dumbarton Road, Glasgow, 1902.

This is a sixpenny pamphlet containing a poem of some thirty-five stanzas in which the Author professes to describe the menu and toast list of an
anniversary meeting he had the misfortune to attend on some “twenty-fifth” of recent date. We do not know Mr. Miller, nor can we quite make out the locale of the rowdy club whose “saturnalia” he celebrates; we have consequently no means of gauging how much of his picturesque description is due to the lively imagination of the poet. The following are all the facts we have to go upon:—

“We got a farmer for the chair,
A priest for the oration,
But Kyle knew not the former’s fare,
Nor Rome the latter’s station.
The platform, if it might be dull,
Could never be a dumb show,
That bore a writer at the mull,
A banker at the bum-throw.

Then one and all forsook the scene
Of such a happy drinking,
And men who enemies had been
Went down the roadway linking;
And some went north by Cumnock banks,
And some went south by Catrine,
While some stepped in to ease their shanks,
With stories in the latrine.”

From Dumbarton Road to Cumnock is a far cry, but, of course, the Muse in these railway days is not dependent on her wings. The Cumnock men must look to it; we have never gone so far afield on the twenty-fifth, but if what Mr. Miller says is true, the Federation must be called upon to purge its roll. The Chairman, it appears, cannot preserve order even when the “Immortal Memory” is being proposed, for “the priest” was interrupted in the most disgraceful and riotous manner by a personage who is thus described—

“His County Ayr, his surname Graham,
And whisky his cognomen,
He counted slightly sin and shame,
But amply his abdomen.”

“Whisky Graham” is the material embodiment of the author’s idea of the common Burnsite as it appears in rhymed form on his title-page—

“The common run his only fun,
In temper little sadder,
His only note a goodly throat,
Or a most capacious bladder.”

This animal may be very common on “Cumnock banks,” viewed through Mr. Miller’s poetic spectacles, but he is certainly very uncommon in Burns Clubs everywhere else. Were he by any fortuitous chance to gain admittance to a respectable Burns meeting, his filthy tongue would entail the services of the “chucker-out” as soon as it began to wag, accompanied by
a parting blessing on that part of his anatomy which Mr. Miller is in the habit of rhyming with the word "verse." To be brief, we fail to grasp the purpose of this poem, if, indeed, it has any purpose at all beyond that of a peg on which the author hangs some 280 rhymes to which he has made everything else subservient—sense, syntax, and synthesis—the result frequently being a perplexing jumble of words from which there is no extrication without an author’s key. The pamphlet is certainly a curiosity in Burnsiana, and when we have said that, probably we have said enough.

IN CLOVER AND HEATHER. By WALLACE BRUCE. WILLIAM BLACKWOOD & SONS, Edinburgh and London; Bryant Union, Temple Court, New York, 1896.

This is a dainty volume of poems by Mr. Wallace Bruce, who, several years ago, acted as American Consul in the city of Edinburgh. The author is well known on both sides of the Atlantic as a talented lecturer on literary subjects, and he is, moreover, a minor poet of no mean order, whose productions have already had a most favourable reception at the hands of the reading public of Britain and America. In common with most cultured Americans, he is a great admirer of Burns, no fewer than three pieces in the present volume being devoted to that theme, the handling showing enthusiasm, just appreciation, elevation of thought, and marked facility and felicity of rhyme. "Scott's Greeting to Burns" is a bold conception which might have degenerated into burlesque in weaker hands. The author animates the statues of Shakespeare, Scott, and Burns, and represents them holding high converse in the Central Park, New York. Possibly our Southern friends may pucker their brows at Scott's covert claim on behalf of his native country, expressed in the following stanza—

"O Robin, if we had a plaid,
We'd quite convert yon Stratford lad;
He said, in truth, but yestermorn,
I'm Scotch in wit, though English born."

Of the other pieces, "Inasmuch—a Christmas Story" displays an amount of dramatic power seldom met with in those days of universal versifying. The book will prove an acquisition to all lovers of good poetry.
NOTES AND QUERIES.

BURNS COTTAGE ASSOCIATION.

LOUISIANA PURCHASE EXPOSITION, TO BE HELD AT ST. LOUIS IN 1904.

The Caledonian Society of St. Louis having come to the conclusion that Scotland should be well represented at the proposed Exhibition in that city two years hence, a Special Committee was appointed for the purpose of securing funds to build a Replica of Burns's Cottage in the grounds, and also a Museum for articles illustrating Scottish Literature and Art as well as the History of Scotland as a separate nation. Mr. Wallace Bruce, late U.S. Consul at Edinburgh, has been appointed Special Commissioner for Great Britain, and ex-Provost Mackay, Captain Sneddon, W. H. Dunlop of Doonside, and D. M'Naught, Directorate for Scotland. It is estimated that a sum of £10,000 will be required for the reproduction of the Cottage and the Palace of Stirling Castle, which latter is intended as a Valhalla of Scots Worthies and an exhibition gallery of articles connected with their personality. Appeals are to be issued to the possessors of portraits, manuscripts, and relics of distinguished Scots to have these on loan, the Committee coming under all obligations of insurance and cost of transit. Associate members, upon payment of one dollar, will receive a certificate of membership, entitling them to the use of the Cottage and Palace at the World's Fair, and to all the other privileges of membership. The project is an ambitious as well as a costly one, yet it must commend itself to all Burns admirers and patriotic Scots everywhere.

SCOTTISH BAZAAR IN MANCHESTER.

In the spring of this year a movement was inaugurated by the Scottish residents in Manchester to raise funds for the purpose of founding and endowing a bed in the Southern Hospital in honour of the memory of the Scottish National Poet, and also a child's cot in the same institution to the memory of Sir Walter Scott. The Bazaar was held on the 8th, 9th, 10th, and 11th October, and was so successful that £4000 was placed at the disposal of the Committee, a sum so much exceeding the original £2700 aimed at that the scheme can now be completed on a much more liberal scale than was at first considered possible. The Bazaar was under the distinguished patronage of the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress, the Countess of Eglinton, Lady Houldsworth, Sir William Houldsworth, the Hon. A. J. Balfour, the Duke of Argyll, and other notables. Much of the success is due to the Committee, who left no stone unturned to achieve their object.
VISITORS TO BURNS'S COTTAGE AND MONUMENT.

The returns as to the number of visitors to Burns's Cottage and Monument for the year ending 30th September, which have just been made up, exhibit an extraordinary increase, largely owing, no doubt, to the facilities afforded by the Ayr Corporation electric tramways. The adult visitors to the Cottage numbered 50,092, an increase of 11,332 compared with the previous two years ago. At the Monument the number of adults who paid for admission was 66,158, an increase of 18,582 compared with last year, and 9266 more than the previous record. The busiest day, both at the Cottage and Monument, was Glasgow Fair Monday, 21st July. At the Cottage on that day 2528 persons, and at the Monument 3774 persons passed through the turnstiles, while the returns for the Fair week showed 8724 visitors at the Cottage and 11,658 at the Monument—these figures constituting records for each place. There were a great many American visitors during August and September. The admissions to the Cottage during August reached the high total of 13,838, and it was also the biggest month of the year at the Monument.

SCOTTISH EXCISE.

A.D. 1812. EDINBURGH ALMANAC.

Alexander Findlater, Collector, Glasgow.
George Mackay, Collector, Greenock.*
Ivor Campbell, Collector, Ayr.
Charles Gordon, Collector, Teviotdale.
Gray Campbell, Collector, Aberdeen.
Adam White, Collector, Paisley.
Henry Hannah, Collector, Elgin.
Robert Carrick, Supervisor, Linlithgow Collection.
Angus M'Donald, Supervisor, Glasgow Collection.
James Fletcher, General Examiner, Edinburgh.
Daniel M'Lean, Warehousekeeper, Edinburgh.
James Noble, Collector, Stirling.
John Grant, Collector, Fife.
James Peat, Collector, Linlithgow.
Alex. Campbell, Collector, Haddington.
Hugh Nairn, Supervisor, Aberdeen Collection.
Peter Stalker, Supervisor, Dumfries Collection.
Robt. M'Cracken, Collector, Dumfries.
Thos. Ross, Collector, Argyll.
Thos. Speirs, General Supervisor, Edinburgh.

R. W. MACFADZEAN, Ayr.
MEMENTO OF A WORLD-FAMOUS ROMANCE.

"'Robert Burns to Mary' is the inscription on a quaint-looking silver coffee-pot that attracted much curiosity last week at the auction-rooms of Mr. J. C. Stevens in King Street, Covent Garden, and was eventually sold for 17 guineas. Experts have christened this piece of plate the Argyll Cup, as it was a gift from the poet to his early love, 'Highland Mary.' The hall-mark date is 1784, so that Burns was probably not much over 25 when he sent the present to the pretty dairymaid at 'The Castle of Montgomery,' whose name he has immortalised in one of the noblest of all his ballads. Cunningham has described Mary as handsome rather than lovely, and possessing the neat foot and the low melodious voice that the poet loved. Burns was delighted with her good sense, and on Sundays loved to show her his favourite walks on the banks of the Ayr, in the woods of Coilsfield, and by the stream of Faile, where a thorn is pointed out as connected with their story. It was in these early stages of their brief courtship that the Argyll Cup was presented."

[Remark upon this oracular newspaper paragraph is superfluous, but we may be allowed to hope that the purchaser has got value in specie. What next, we wonder, in the way of Burns relics!—ED.]

THE LATE REV. S. S. MURKLAND.

Last month an old American Ayrshire man passed on "to the land o' the leal" in the person of the Rev. Sydney Smith Murkland (or Murchland). Mr. Murkland was born in Kilmarnock in 1807, and died at his son's residence at Farmville, Virginia, being 73 years old. His family were friends of Robert Burns, who sang of his aunt as the "divine" Miss Murkland. At an early age he devoted himself to mission work along with two or three young men of similar spirit, one of whom was, along with the celebrated martyr John Williams, a victim to the cannibalism of the South Sea Islanders. Mr. Murkland, after being married by the Rev. Dr. Ralph Wardlaw, of Glasgow, gave himself to missionary work at Demerara, which he left, on account of his health, for Nova Scotia. Thereafter he laboured as a minister in Virginia and North Carolina, founding several churches and the Riddle University at Charlotte, N.C., and showing throughout his long life a full average of Scottish energy, endurance, and adaptability to varying circumstances.—[Glasgow Herald, 13th April, 1880.]

W. INNES ADDISON, Glasgow University.

MR. PIERPONT MORGAN AND BURNS MSS.

Whether the Liverpool Athenæum will accept Mr. Pierpont Morgan's offer of 25,000 dollars for the Burns MSS. in its possession (says the Pall Mall Gazette) remains to be seen. The manuscripts are in two volumes, which are perhaps best described, and certainly most briefly, in the catalogue of the Athenæum Library:
"Poems written by Mr. Robert Burns, and selected by him from his imprinted collection for Robert Riddell, of Glenriddell, Esq., a quarto volume of 162 pages, exclusive of portrait, title, and an introductory letter. The letter and seventy-eight pages of the poem are entirely in the poet’s autograph. The rest of the MS. is in the handwriting of amanuenses, with occasional corrections and remarks by Burns himself.

"Letters of Mr. Burns, which he selected for R. Riddell, Esq., of Glenriddell, F.A.S. of London and Edinburgh, and member of the Literary and Philosophical Society of Manchester. A quarto volume containing 103 pages, exclusive of title and portrait. The first six pages are blank; the rest of the volume is in Burns’s autograph."

Captain Robert Riddell, it will be remembered, was Burns’s good friend while he lived at Ellisland, and there are many references in the poet’s letters to the genial Captain and his wife. The MSS. afterwards came into the possession of Dr. Currie, the poet’s biographer, who was the first president of the Liverpool Athenæum. Dr. Currie left them to his son Wallace—not Robert, as has been stated—and they were presented by Wallace Currie’s widow to the Athenæum in 1853.

The most interesting of the MSS. volumes is that containing the poetry, the title-page of which has the following lines on the poet:—

"Here native genius—gay, unique, and strong—
Shines through each page, and marks the tuneful song;
Wrapt Admiration her warm tribute pays,
And Scotia proudly echoes all she says.
Bold Independence, too, illumines the theme,
And claims a manly privilege to Fame.
Vainly, O Burns! would rank and riches shine,
Compared with inborn merit great as thine;
These chance may take, as chance has often giv’n,
But pow’rs like thine can only come from Heav’n."

The preface, in Burns’s handwriting, is an interesting document, and is as follows:—

"As this collection almost wholly consists of pieces local or unfinished fragments the effusion of a poetical moment, and bagatelles strung in rhyme simply pour passer le temps, the Author trusts that nobody into whose hands it may come will without his permission give, or allow to be taken, copies of anything here contained; much less to give to the world at large what he never meant should see the light. At the Gentleman’s request, whose from this time it shall be, the Collection was made; and to him, and, I will add, to his amiable lady, it is presented as a sincere though small tribute of gratitude for the many many happy hours the Author has spent under their roof. There what Poverty even though accompanied with Genius must seldom expect to meet with at the tables and in the circles of Fashionable Life, his welcome has ever been, The cordiality of Kindness and warmth of Friendship. As from the situation in which it is now placed, this MSS. may be preserved, and this Preface read, when the hand that now writes and the heart that now dictates may be mouldering
in the dust, let these be regarded as the genuine sentiments of a man who seldom flattered any, and never those he loved.”

It will be seen that Burns’s desire was that none of the poems should be published. In fact, after the death of Captain Riddell he wrote a good deal more strongly in this strain than he did in the above preface. In a letter to Mrs. Riddell, he describes the poems as “puerile and silly” and “unfit for the public eye.” “As I have some little fame at stake,” he begs the return or destruction of the poems. Despite the poet’s desire, however, most of the matter has been published in one form or another, some of it, however, for private circulation only. The manuscripts have, of course, been carefully examined by Burns editors, though it would seem as if no great interest were taken in them in Liverpool. They are open to inspection, however, by members of the Athenæum, which is a private institution.

THE YOUNG LAIRD OF WAUCHOPE.

A few days ago the young Laird of Wauchope, Mr. T. M’Millan Scott, came of age this year, and received the usual congratulations of neighbours and tenants residing in the Water of Rule. At Wauchope House the employees and tradesmen were entertained to a banquet—Mr. Veitch, farmer, presiding.

The venerable building in which these proceedings were held has an interesting history. It was here, on the 9th May, 1787, that Robert Burns met another poet, Mrs. Scott, of Wauchope House. He breakfasted by the way with Dr. Elliot, an old, weather-beaten medical. In passing, the party was entertained at a neighbouring laird’s mansion, Wolflee, where a glass out of which he drank is carefully preserved. Mrs. Scott, of Wauchope House, to whom Burns addressed a complimentary poem and some correspondence, was the “Guidwife of Wauchope House.” With pith and humour Burns describes her husband thus—“Mr. Scott, exactly the figure and face commonly given to Sancho Panza; very shrewd in his farming matters and not unfrequently stumbles on what may be called a strong thing rather than a good thing. Mrs. Scott has all the sense, taste, intrepidity of face, and bold critical decision which usually distinguish female authors.” There is preserved in Wauchope House a green horn with a silver label on which is inscribed that “Burns drank out of this horn.”
MOTTO—"A MAN’S A MAN FOR A’ THAT."

The Burns Federation,
INSTITUTED, 1885.

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

OFFICE-BEARERS.

President.—Provost MACKAY, J.P., Kilmarnock.

Vice-Presidents.—Sir JAMES SIVEWRIGHT, K.C.M.G.
Wm. WALLACE, LL.D., 36 Lilybank Gardens, Glasgow.
Wm. FREELAND, 34 Garturk Street, Govanhill.
Dr. WM. FINDLAY, 19 Wester craigs, Dennistoun.
DAVID MURRAY, M.A., B.Sc., Grammar School, Kilmarnock.
JAMES M’CULLOCH, President, Royalty Burns Club, Glasgow.
J. B. MORISON, Burns Club, 36 Nicolson Street, Greenock.
ROBERT FORD, 142 Ingleby Drive, Dennistoun.
J. THOMSON FINDLAY, Kilbowie.
THOS. CLARK, Hamilton.
GEO. MACKAY, Campsie.
J. S. JAMIESON, 344 Dumbarton Road, Partick.
Councillor HUGH ALEXANDER, Eastfield House, Rutherglen.
Councillor J. JEFFREY HUNTER, 139 St. Vincent Street, Glasgow.
A. M’CALLUM, Thornliebank.
J. HUNTER, Eastfield, Dumfries.

Hon. Secretary.—Captain D. SNEDDON, J.P., Kilmarnock.
Assistant Secretary.—THOMAS AMOS, M.A., Kilmarnock.
Hon. Treasurer.—JOSEPH BROCKIE, J.P., Royal Bank, Kilmarnock.
Editor, "Burns Chronicle."—D. M’NAUGHT, J.P., Benrig, Kilmarnock.
Auditors.—GEORGE DUNLOP, The "Standard" Office, Kilmarnock.
DAVID MURRAY, M.A., B.Sc., Kilmarnock.

CONSTITUTION.

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

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

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

OBJECTS OF THE FEDERATION.

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

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

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

RULES.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

**BENEFITS.**

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

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

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

4. Members are entitled to be supplied, through the Secretaries of their respective Clubs, with copies of all works published by the Federation, at a discount of 33\(\frac{1}{3}\) per cent.

**BOOKS PUBLISHED BY THE FEDERATION.**

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

Burns’s Chronicle and Club Directory, 1892, 1s. 6d.

... 1893, 1s. 6d.

... 1894, 1s. 6d.

... 1895, 1s. 6d.

... 1896, 1s. 6d.

... 1897, 1s. 6d.

... 1898, 1s. 6d.

... 1899, 1s. 6d.

... 1900, 1s. 6d.

... 1901, 1s. 6d.

... 1902, 1s. 6d.

... 1903, 1s. 6d.

A few copies of the back vols. may still be had on application to the Hon. Secretary. Increased prices are charged when the vols. are out of print.
ANNUAL MEETING OF BURNS FEDERATION.

BURNS CLUB ROOMS, GREENOCK, 15th July, 1902.

The Annual Meeting of the Burns Federation was held here to-day at 11 a.m. The following delegates were present:

No. 0, Kilmarnock. — Ex-Provost Mackay (presiding), Capt. D. Sneddon, J.P.; D. M'Naught, J.P.; ex-Bailie Wilson, J.P.; George Dunlop, J.P.; Dr. William Findlay, and Thomas Amos, M.A.

No. 9, Glasgow Royalty.—James M'Culloch, president.


No. 36, Glasgow Rosebery.—J. S. Jamieson and C. F. M’Pherson.

No. 49, Glasgow Bridgeton.—William Freeland.

No. 53, Govan Fairfield.—William Peacock, V.P., and William Munro, secretary.

No. 57, Thornliebank.—Andrew M’Callum and David Marshall.


No. 75, Kirk.—J. T. Johnston, secretary.

No. 76, Brechin.—W. J. W. Cameron.

No. 83, Glasgow Co-operative.—J. Jeffrey Hunter.

No. 91, Shettleston.—Thomas Hogg and James Jack.

No. 100, Hamilton Mossgiel. — Thomas Clark.

No. 105, Rutherglen. — William Stewart.

No. 113, Vale of Leven Glencaim.—Alexander Campbell, secretary.

No. 115, Kippen.—Robert Jackson and John M. Syme.

The Minutes of last Annual Meeting and Committee Meetings held during the year were read and approved of.

The Treasurer's statement was also submitted and passed, the credit balance in bank being £140 11s. 9d.

Mr. M'Naught, Editor of the Chronicle, reported that the last impression of the Chronicle had been completely sold out. To ensure the permanence of the publication, something must be done for the Chronicle. Last year five guineas were expended in obtaining contributions, and this sum was drawn from the funds of the Federation.
Mr. Freeland reported on the Burns Lectureship Scheme. He gave particulars of interviews and correspondence which the Committee entrusted with the furtherance of the Scheme had with members of the Carnegie Trust, with the view of ascertaining whether aid would be forthcoming from the Trust for the Lectureship. The Committee's views were sympathetically discussed by the members of the Trust who had been approached, but, in view of the various schemes of the universities, they could not see their way to place the Burns Lectureship among the first claims on the funds at their disposal. Even should the Carnegie Trust fail them, and Mr. Carnegie offer only a conditional cheque, his generous action ought to have an inspiring influence on the Burns Clubs throughout the country and induce them to contribute any extra sum that might be necessary to complete their noble Scheme.

It was moved that the matter be left to the existing Sub-Committee.

Dr. Findlay, in moving an amendment to this motion, said that we ought to show ourselves worthy of Mr. Carnegie's generosity by putting our hands in our own pockets. He also moved that the Clubs do not relax their efforts to get money for this scheme, irrespective of what may come from Mr. Carnegie.

Mr. J. S. Jamieson seconded the motion.

Captain Sneddon thought that it was advisable to send out another circular to the Clubs.

Captain Sneddon then brought forward his motion:—"That the Executive Council strongly and unanimously recommend the Clubs to subscribe a minimum sum of half-a-guinea annually to ensure the publication of the Chronicle."

Mr. Freeland seconded the motion.

After a discussion, which was taken part in by Messrs. M'Culloch, Clark, Jeffrey Hunter, Jamieson, and Johnston, the motion was unanimously agreed to. At the same time, it was recommended that the Chronicle be sent out earlier than previously, say the beginning of December, and that secretaries be instructed to call meetings for election of office-bearers at the end of October, in order to have the names of office-bearers in the new publication.

On the motion of Mr. M'Culloch, seconded by Mr. Jeffrey Hunter, a sum, not exceeding ten guineas, was voted to assist the Editor of the Chronicle to obtain articles for publication.

It was unanimously agreed to re-elect the present office-bearers.

In addition to these, Capt. Sneddon moved that Sir James Sivewright, K.C.M.G., honorary president of the Greenock Burns Club, and Mr. J. Thomson Findlay, Kilbowie Jolly Beggars Club, be elected Honorary Vice-Presidents of the Federation.

Sir James Sivewright expressed his appreciation of the honour which the Federation had conferred on him, because, to him, the love of Burns had been life-long.
Mr. Jamieson moved that the next Annual Meeting be held in Edinburgh.
Mr. Jeffrey Hunter seconded the motion.
A very hearty vote of thanks was passed to ex-Provost Mackay for presiding.

Immediately after the meeting, the delegates were entertained to luncheon by the Greenock Burns Club—Sir James Sivewright presiding. After the usual loyal and patriotic toasts, the Chairman, in an able speech, proposed "Success to the Burns Federation," to which ex-Provost Mackay replied. Captain Sneddon proposed "Prosperity to the Greenock Burns Club." Mr. R. S. Walker replied.

The company then paid a visit to Highland Mary's Grave in the Old West Kirk grounds, where they were photographed. At three o'clock the party left Princes Pier for a sail through the Kyles of Bute. The weather was of the finest description, and the outing proved a fitting and successful termination to the day's proceedings. A large party of ladies accompanied the delegates, and a most enjoyable concert took place in the cabin.

The best thanks of the Federation are due to Messrs. J. B. Morison and Wm. Wilson of the Greenock Burns Club for their untiring and unselfish efforts to make this a red-letter day in the annals of the Federation.

THOMAS AMOS, Assist. Hon. Secretary.
ALPHABETICAL LIST OF FEDERATED CLUBS.

No. 40.—Aberdeen.
  84.—Abington.
  23.—Adelaide.
  20.—Airdrie.
   2.—Alexandria.
   6.—Alloa.
  82.—Arbroath.
123.—Auchinleck.
  19.—Auckland.
  99.—Barlinnie.
 12.—Barrow-in-Furness.
  64.—Beith.
  15.—Belfast.
  30.—Blackburn.
125.—Blackburn on Almond.
  95.—Bolton.
  29.—Bolton Juniors.
119.—Bonhill.
  76.—Brechin.
120.—Bristol.
114.—Brodick.
106.—Broxburn—Rosebery.
   4.—Callander.
110.—Cambuslang.
  87.—Campsie.
  71.—Carlisle.
102.—Carlisle—Border.
  81.—Carstairs Junction.
 11.—Chesterfield.
  51.—Chicago.
  93.—Clydebank.
103.—Coalburn—Rosebery.
  79.—Corstorphine.
 42.—Crieff.
  66.—Crossgates.
  45.—Cumnock.
  86.—Cumnock—The Winsome
  62.—Cupar. [Willie.
  35.—Dalry.
122.—Darnconner.
  55.—Derby.
No. 37.—Dollar.
   10.—Dumbarton.
  52.—Dumfries—Mechanics.
 104.—Dumfries—Oak.
112.—Dumfries—Howff.
  14.—Dundee.
  69.—Dunedin.
  80.—Dunoon (Cowal).
  85.—Dunfermline—United.
   5.—Earlston.
108.—East Calder.
  22.—Edinburgh.
111.—Edinburgh (South).
124.—Edinburgh (Ninety).
126.—Falkirk.
  44.—Forfar.
  90.—Garelochhead.
   3.—Glasgow—Tamo’Shanter.
   7.  „  Thistle.
   9.  „  Royalty.
  24.  „  Bank.
  27.  „  Springburn.
  33.  „  Haggis.
  34.  „  Carrick.
  36.  „  Rosebery.
  38.  „  Jolly Beggars.
  39.  „  St. David’s.
  41.  „  Dennistoun.
  43.  „  Northern.
  47.  „  St. Rollox.
  49.  „  Bridgeton.
  61.  „  Glencarr.
  63.  „  Mossgiel.
  67.  „  Carlton.
  68.  „  Sandyford.
  70.  „  St. Rollox Jolly
   Beggars.
  74.  „  Mauchline Soc.
  78.  „  Ardgowan.
  83.  „  Co-operative.
  88.  „  Caledonian.
No. 107.—Glasgow—Hutchesont'n.
117. “ Southern.
118. “ Albany.
59.—Gourock—Jolly Beggars.
53.—Govan—Fairfield.
116.—Greenloaning.
21.—Greenock.
100.—Hamilton—Mossgiel.
121.—Hamilton Junior.
96.—Jedburgh.
92.—Kilbokie.
0.—Kilmarnock.
97.—Kilmarnock (Bellfield).
115.—Kippen.
58.—Kirkcaldy.
75.—Kirn.
98.—Lanark.
73.—Lenzie.
18.—Liverpool.
1.—London.
28.—Mauchline—The Jolly Beggars.
8.—Morpeth (dormant).

No. 101.—Motherwell.
56.—Muirkirk—Lapraik.
65.—Musselburgh.
32.—Newark.
17.—Nottingham (dormant).
48.—Paisley.
77.—Paisley—Gleniffer.
72.—Partick.
26.—Perth.
54.—Perth—St. Johnstone.
105.—Rutherglen.
31.—San Francisco.
91.—Shettleston.
13.—St. Andrews.
50.—Stirling.
89.—Sunderland.
16.—Sydney.
57.—Thornliebank.
94.—Uphall.
113.—Vale of Leven (Glencairn).
46.—Warwickshire.
25.—Winnipeg.
60.—Wolverhampton.


No. 2. ALEXANDRIA Burns Club. Instituted 1884. Federated 1885. President, John Sharp, 7 John Street, Renton; Vice-President, James M'Farlane, Linnbrane Terrace, Alexandria; Treasurer, Donald Campbell, 116 Bank Street, Alexandria; Secretary, Duncan Carswell, Linnbrane Terrace, Alexandria; Committee, John M'Gown, Jas. Murray, Matthew Campbell, Donald M'Vean, Walter Calder, and Jas. M'Kenzie. 25 members.

No. 3. GLASGOW Tam o' Shanter Club. Instituted 1880. Federated 1885. President, David Milne, 124 Bothwell Street; Vice-President, Charles Marshall, 68 Bath Street; Secretary, G. L. Cumming, 1 Blythswood Drive; Committee, John Muir, Andrew Crawford, M. M'Kenzie, Samuel Palmer, Thomas Thomson, George H. Forrest, John Smith, James M'Kenzie, and ex-President G. S. Galt.

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

No. 5. ERCILDOUNE Burns Club. Instituted 24th January, 1885. Federated 26th November, 1885. President, William Kerr, Earlston; Vice-Presidents, T. Murdison and A. Nichol,
No. 6. ALLOA Burns Club (formerly Alloa Haggis Club). Instituted 1873. Federated 1896. President, Thomas Young, Corn Exchange Buildings; Vice-Presidents, John Colville, Fenton Street, and A. P. Shearer, Mar Place; Secretary, R. Tait Melville, 44 Mill Street, Alloa; Committee, Wm. Galloway, Geo. Burton, and Robert Smith.

No. 7. GLASGOW Thistle Burns Club. Instituted 10th March, 1882. Federated 1885. President, James Mearchant, 136 Govan Street, S.S.; Vice-President, Alexander Rennie, 41 Cumberland Street, S.S.; Treasurer, A. Kerr, 24 Thistle Street, S.S.; Secretary, John Peters, 150 Main Street, Anderston; Committee, R. Crockhart, D. Douglas, D. Liddell, John Frame. Limited to 40 members.

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

No. 9. GLASGOW Royalty Burns Club. Instituted 1882. Federated 1886. President, James M'Culloch, 27 Rose Street, Garnethill; Vice-President, John M'Guffie, 143 Argyle Street; Secretary, Wm. C. Rodger, 44 Bath Street; Committee, James M'Nicoll, James Martin, Thos. Graham, W. H. M'Donald, W. D. Goudie, and John Gibson. 170 members.

No. 10. DUMBARTON Burns Club. Instituted 1859. Federated 1886. President, Provost MacFarlane; Vice-Presidents, C. M. Stevenson, and W. Mayer; Secretary and Treasurer, Quartermaster M'Gilchrist. Committee, Provost M'Farlan, Dean of Guild Kirk, ex-Dean of Guild Allan, ex-Councillor Macphie, Major Thomson, and Dr. W. A. M'Lachlan, M.D. 36 members.

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

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


No. 14. DUNDEE Burns Club. Instituted 1860. Federated 1886. President, George Fraser, 36 Nethergate; Vice-President, David R. Roberts, 36 Nethergate; Secretary, James Binny, 36 Nethergate, Dundee; Treasurer and Librarian, E. Dobson; Curator, John A. Purves; Committee, Chas. Wood, John Niven, and Geo. Kilgour; Auditors, James Fowler and D. Maclagan.
No. 15. BELFAST Burns Club. Instituted 1872. Federated 1886. President, W. H. Anderson, East Hillbrook, Holywood; Vice-President, Peter Galloway; Secretary and Treasurer, Barclay M'Conkey; Auditor, James Gemmell; Committee, A. M'Cowatt, J. Denvar, W. Campbell, J. L. Russell, J. Jenkins, A. E. M'Farlane. 64 members.

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

No. 17. NOTTINGHAM Scottish Society Burns Club (dormant). Federated 1886. President, R. Hemingway; Vice-President, John Johnstone; Secretary, D. Stuart Hepburn, 9 Wellington Circus, Nottingham.

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


No. 20. AIRDRIE Burns Club. Instituted 1885. Federated 1886. President, James Hamilton, East Parkhill; Vice-President, Lieut.-Col. Peter Spence, V.D., Northfield; Secretary, R. C. Platt, 26 South Bridge Street, Airdrie; Treasurer, David Johnstone.

No. 21. GREENOCK Burns Club. Instituted 1802. Federated 1886. President, Major D. F. D. Neill, Sugar Refiner, Greenock; Vice-Presidents, Colin M'Culloch, Town Clerk, and James Nicoll, Accountant, Bank Street; Secretary, A. Kerr Bruce, 47 Brougham Street, Greenock; Treasurer, A. T. Anderson, Director of Music, Gilbert Moffat; Directors, J. H. Morrison, William Wilson, James Graham, Jas. L. Gilloran, and Jas. Buchanan. Club rooms are open daily; keys with Curator on premises, 36 Nicolson Street. Library has valuable collection of editions of Burns, Fergusson, Galt, &c., and on walls are numerous signed portraits of most distinguished men in the country who are honorary members of the Club. The Greenock Club is the oldest Club in the world.


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

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

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

No. 27. GLASGOW Springburn Burns Club. Federated 1886. President, Thos. D. Wilson, 4 Bellvue Terrace; Vice-President, Dr. W. A. Mason; Secretary, William M'Bain, Janefield Cottage, Springburn, Glasgow; Committee, John Flint, John Young, Alex. Forbes, Thomas Forsyth, Robert Kirkland, Wm. T. Muir. 37 members.

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

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

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

No. 31. SAN FRANCISCO Scottish Thistle Club. Instituted 18th March, 1882. Federated 1886. Royal Chief, W. A. Dawson, Hughes' Hotel; Chieftain, Andrew Ross, 1208 A Howard Street; Treasurer, John Ross, 26 Eddy Street; Recorder, George W. Paterson, 801 Guerrero Street. 250 members.

No. 32. NEWARK Caledonian Club. Federated in 1886. President, John Huggan; Treasurer, Paul Buchanan, corner of 16th Avenue and Bergen Street; Secretary, John Hogg, Caledonian Club, Newark, New Jersey, U.S.A.
No. 33. GLASGOW Haggis Club. Instituted 1872. Federated 1886. President, Archibald Armour; Vice-President, Robert W. Turner; Hon. Secretary, Robert John Cameron; Hon. Treasurer, Thomas Macfarlane; Committee, The above and the ex-President. 50 members (limited).

No. 34. GLASGOW Carrick Burns Club. Instituted 1859. Federated 1886. President, Donald Campbell, 23 Willowbank Crescent; Vice-President, Duncan Norval, c/o Mrs. Sim, 33 Elmbank Crescent; Secretary, William Brownlie, 11 West Nile Street, Glasgow; Treasurer, Robert Norval. 30 members. Meet last Tuesday of each month at 62 Glassford Street, Glasgow.

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

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

No. 37. DOLLAR Burns Club. Instituted 14th January, 1887. Federated 29th December, 1897. President, John Benson Green, Station Road; Vice-President, Charles Arrol, Castle Terrace; Treasurer, J. Fleming, Bloomfield; Secretary, John M’Gruther, Chapel Place, Dollar; Committee, Messrs. W. G. Cruickshank, J. F. Wyles, C. Kinloch, J. S. Henderson, D. Finlayson. 50 members.

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

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

No. 40. ABERDEEN Burns Club. Instituted 1887. Federated in 1889. President, James M’Intosh, 50 Mushit Hall.

No. 41. DENNISTOUN Burns Club. Instituted 1886. Federated in 1889. President, Thomas Baxter; Vice-President, W. Williamson; Secretary and Treasurer, John B. M’Intosh, 300 Duke Street. Club Room, Loudon Arms Hotel, Glasgow. 25 members.

No. 42. CRIEFF Burns Club. Instituted 1889. Federated 1891. President, Thomas Edwards, Dalearn; Vice-President, Bailie Williamson; Secretary and Treasurer, William Pickard, Meadow Place, Crieff; Committee, Provost Finlayson, ex-Provost Macgregor, Charles E. Colville (Town Clerk), John Philips (Herald Office), S. Maitland Brown (teacher). 50 members.
No. 43. GLASGOW Northern Burns Club. Federated in 1891.
President, Peter R. MacArthur, 11 Randolph Place, Mount Florida; Vice-President, John S. Hunter, 33 West Princes Street; Treasurer, John Duncanson, 90 North Frederick Street; Secretary, James Weir, 216 New City Road; Committee, James M'Lay, Mr. Machie, C. Demangeat, William Reid, A. B. Mitchell, Alex. MacLaughlan, R. W. French. 80 members.

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

No. 45. CUMNOCK Burns Club. Instituted 1887. Federated 1891. President, D. A. Adamson, Solicitor, Glassnock Street; Vice-President, Bailie John Andrew, Glassnock Street; Secretary and Treasurer, Matthew Brownlie, Mars' Hill, Cumnock; Committee, A. B Todd, James Muir, W. J. King, John Samson, William Wallace, Robert Bird. 70 members.

No. 46. WARWICKSHIRE Burns Club. Instituted 1888. Federated in 1891. Treasurer and Secretary, Robert Greenfield, F.R.H.S., Ranelagh Nursery, Leamington. 70 members.

No. 47. GLASGOW St. Rollox Burns Club. Instituted 1st November, 1889 Federated 19th November, 1891. President, Adam Paterson, 50 Glebe Street; Vice-President, Robert Brown, 689 Duke Street; Secretary, Robert J. Carruthers, 74 Alexandra Parade, Glasow; Treasurer, Donald Crawford, 184 Castle Street; Committee, Wm. Cameron, Arthur McCormack, Thos. King, Wm. Thomson, and D. Bruce; Steward, Gabl. Blair.

No. 48. PAISLEY Burns Club. Instituted 1805. Federated 1891. President, John Hodgart, Linsburn, Paisley; Vice-President, John Adam, Norwell, Paisley; Secretary and Treasurer, James Edward Campbell, M.A., B.L., Writer, 3 County Place, Paisley. Limited by Constitution to 40 members.

No. 49. GLASGOW Bridgeton Burns Club. Instituted 1870. Federated 1891. President, Daniel Duncan, 140 Trongate; Vice-President, D. L Stevenson, 1 Morris Place; Secretary, William Cochran, 190 West George Street, Glasgow; ex-President, James Young; Treasurer, James Murray; Assist. Secretary, W. Stevenson Cochran; Directors, Wm. Freeland, Wm. Rodger, James M. Cullen, William M'Allister, Wm. Stirling, Dr. Munro, Andrew Hay, F.E.I.S., and Wm. Nicol, J.P. 318 members.

No. 50. STIRLING Burns Club. Federated 1891. President, D. B. Morris, Town Clerk, Stirling; Vice- Presidents, John Craig, Laurel Hill, and Alex. Sands, Raploch; Secretary, Councillor Kirkland Sandeman, 22 Forth Crescent, Stirling; Treasurer, J. F. Oswald, Randolph Crescent; Committee, Robert Whyte, Ronald Walker. Treasurer Buchanan, R. B. Philip, A. Thomson, A. Dun, H. Cameron, Peter Hunter, J. E. Thurman, A. Weir, and T. C. Darling.

No. 51. CHICAGO Caledonian Society. Instituted 1883. Federated 1892. Chief, Hugh Shirlaw; Chieftain, F. D Tod; Secretary, Charles T. Spence, 3002 Wabash Avenue, Chicago; Treasurer, Augus M'Lean. Meetings held 1st and 3rd
Thursdays in each month in Hall, 185 E. Madison Street, Chicago, Ill. 197 members.

No. 52. DUMFRIES Mechanics' Burns Club. Instituted 1884. Federated 1892. President, D. K. Mackie, 3 M'Lellan Street, Dumfries; Vice-President, W. Ritchie, 8 Howgate Street, Maxwelltown; Secretary and Treasurer, James Anderson, 55 St. Michael Street, Dumfries; Committee, Messrs. G. Crichton, T. Ovens, A. Cochrane, J. M'Kinnell, T. W. Paterson, J. Kelly. 40 members.

No. 53. GOVAN Fairfield Burns Club. Instituted 25th January, 1886. Federated 23rd September, 1892. President, Hugh Marr, 37 White Street; Vice-President, William Peacock, 92 Hozier Street, Partick; Secretary, William Munro, 4 Hamilton Street, Govan; Treasurer, Andrew Torrance, 33 White Street; Committee, Joseph Burns, James Cunningham, William Boyle; Hon. Presidents, ex-Bailie Hugh Lymburn and G. Maclachlan; H n. Vice-President, T. Black.

No. 54. ST. JOHNSTONE Burns Club, Perth. Instituted 1892. Federated 1892. President, Councillor Charles Wood, Brunswick Terrace; Vice-President, Alex. Paterson, County Place Hotel; Secretary and Treasurer, Thomas Macgregor, 15 Balhousie Street; Committee, James Martin, Wm. Angus, James Rutherford, James M'Intyre, Alexander Mulholland, George Young, John Kerr.


No. 56. MUIRKIRK Lapraik Burns Club. Instituted 1893. Federated 1893. President, Thomas Burns Marshall, Irondale House; Vice-President, Andrew Pringle, Glasgow Road; Secretary, Hugh Cameron, Victoria Buildings, Muirkirk; Treasurer, Andrew Pringle; Committee, Thomas Weir, Alexander Donald, Thomas Murray, David Greenwood, Richard Bell, Alexander A' elson, John Armstrong, and John Taylor.


No. 58. KIRKCALDY Burns Club. Federated in 1893. President, J. W. Duncan, Lady Helen Street, Kirkcaldy; Vice-President, Charles Robertson, 130 Links Street; Secretary and Treasurer, John A. Miller, 12 Quality Street, Kirkcaldy.

No. 59. GOUROCK, "Jolly Beggars" Burns Club. Instituted 1893. Federated 1894. President, William Wilson, Loudoun Place; Vice-President, James Shearer, 58 Kempock Street; Treasurer,
D. B. Brown, Loudoun Place; Secretary, John Ogg, Loudoun Place; Gourock; Committee, D. Malcolm, J. Ogg, Wm. Christie, E. Mc'Grath, Geo. Gray, Alex. Mc'Farlane. 90 members.

No. 60. WOLVERHAMPTON Burns Club. Instituted 1891. Federated 1893. President, William Mc'Ilwraith; Vice-President, James Boswell; Secretary, James Killen, Beechgrove, Compton Road, Wolverhampton; Treasurer, John Cummings. 81 members.

No. 61. GLASGOW Glencairn Burns Club. Instituted 1890. President, Robert Corbet, 2 Ardgowan Terrace; Vice-President, James Jamieson, 13 Commerce Street; Treasurer, W. F. Hutchison, 220 Paisley Road, West; Joint-Secretaries, James Laing, 218 Watt Street, and John M. Picken, 375 Paisley Road, Glasgow. Meet at 375 Paisley Road. 46 members (limited to 60).


No. 63. GLASGOW Mossgeb Burns Club. Instituted 1893. President, J. M. Cowden; Vice-President, D. Anderson; Treasurer, R. Blair; Secretary, J. M. Blair, 186 Cumberland Street, S.S., Glasgow. 50 members.

No. 64. BEITH Burns Club. Instituted 1892. Federated 1893. President, D. Lapraik Smith, Arranview; Vice-President, Dr. Stewart, Eglinton Street; Treasurer, John Short, Main Street; Secretary, James S. Anderson, Craigwell, Beith; Committee, John Howie, R. Paterson, A. Mc'Ewan, J. Crawford, R. Crawford, J. E. Hood, James Rankin, T. Smith, R. H. Sinclair. 42 members.


No. 68. GLASGOW Sandyford Burns Club. Instituted 1893. Federated 1894. President, John Macleish, J.P.; Vice-President, Donald Mackenzie; Treasurer, George Paterson; Secretary, Robert S. Brown, 121 St. Vincent Street, Glasgow. 200 members.
No. 69. DUNEDIN Burns Club. Federated in 1894. President, Dr. W. M. Stenhouse; Vice-Presidents, John B. Thomson and James Muir; Treasurer, John Scott; Secretary, William Brown. 400 members. Meetings held on the third Wednesday of every month in the Choral Hall, Dunedin, and on the 25th January, annually. The largest hall in Dunedin is filled to overflowing.

No. 70. GLASGOW St. Rollox "Jolly Beggars" Burns Club. Instituted 1893. President, William Eyre, 77 Taylor Street; Vice-President, William M'Kay, 101 Castle Street; Treasurer, John Docherty, 21 St. Munro Street; Secretary, Matthew Ferguson, 64 St. James' Road, Glasgow.

No. 71. CARLISLE Burns Club. Instituted 25th January, 1889. Federated 1895. President, James B. Bird, M.D.; Vice-Presidents, W. Mather, 37 Chiswick Street; G. White, 8 Botchergate; R. Todd, Shaddongate; J. A. Wheatley, Eden Croft, Crossby; Secretary and Treasurer, John Jardine, 20 Broad Street, Carlisle; Committee, Messrs. Bowman, Muir, Porteous, Meldrum, Malcolm, Buckle, Brown, and D. Graham. 53 members.

No. 72. PARTICK Burns Club. Instituted 1885. Federated 1895. President, Bailie Kennedy, 13 Victoria Crescent, Dowanhill; Vice-President, John Scotland, Luscar, Partickhill; Secretary and Treasurer, William Scott Wylie, Writer, 149 St. Vincent Street, Glasgow; Committee, Provost Wood, Major Stout, Geo. H. Buchanan, Bailie Kennedy, John Scotland, Captain James Watson, William M'Allister, Robert Young, Robert Sorley, Matthew White, John White, Wm. Sutherland, and John M. Lamont. 155 members.

No. 73. LENZIE Burns Club. Instituted 1894. Federated 11th January, 1896. President, William Douglas; Vice-President, Rev. William Brownlie; Secretary and Treasurer, James Moir, The Neuk, Lenzie; Committee, William Gibson, A. R. Whyte, James Cameron, Dr. Smith, James Fraser, J. W. Pettigrew. 37 members.

No. 74. GLASGOW-MAUCHLINE Society. Instituted 1888. Federated 1895. Hon. President, James Baird Thorneycroft of Hillhouse; President, Thomas Killin, 168 West George Street, Glasgow; Vice-President, A. G. Alexander, Westfield, Mauchline; Treasurer, Thomas Killin, 168 West George Street, Glasgow; Secretary, William Campbell, 96 Buchanan Street, Glasgow. 60 members.


No. 76. BRECHIN Burns Club. Instituted January, 1894. Federated in 1896. Hon. Presidents, D. H. Edwards and Provost Scott; President, W. J. W. Cameron, Clerk Street; Vice-President, John S. Baxter, St. Mary Street; Treasurer, A. J. Dakers, High Street; Secretary, Edward W. Mowat, 1 St. Ninian's
Square; Committee, David Joe, William Davidson, James Bruce, James Lamond, Charles Bowman. 230 members.

No. 77. PAISLEY Tannahill Gleniffer Burns Club. Gleniffer Burns Club formed 20th September, 1892. Amalgamated and reconstructed 14th March, 1902. Federated 19th March, 1896. President, Thomas Rigg, 4 Buchanan Terrace; Vice-President, Wm. Brown, 9 Gilmour Street; Secretary, C. Jago Gregg, Glasgow Herald Office, Paisley; Treasurer, Wm. Baird, J.P., 6 Glenview. Formed to ensure that the birthdays of the poets, Burns and Tannahill, will be celebrated in a suitable manner; to encourage the study of their works, and of British literature in general; and the promotion of social and friendly intercourse among the members.

No. 78. GLASGOW-ARDgowAN Burns Club. Instituted 8th March, 1893. Federated 1896. President, William King, c/o A. Mair, 40 Bridge Street; Vice-President, Alex. Mitchell, 14 Pollokshaws Road; Treasurer, John M'Auslan, 126 Crookston Street, S.S.; Secretary, John Fairley, 160 Cathcart Street, Kingston, Glasgow; Committee, J. Brown, T. Danks, R. D. Clugston, D. J. White, James Adams.


No. 80. DUNOON-COWAL Burns Club. Instituted 2nd March, 1896. President, John Reid Young, Garail; Vice-President, Commissioner Crosbie, Hillfoot Street; Treasurer, William Munn, Argyll Street; Secretary, Walter Grieve, James Place, Dunoon. 224 members.

No. 81. CARSTAIRS JUNCTION Burns Club. Instituted 27th May, 1896. Federated 1896. Hon. President, James Hazier; President, John Cowper; Vice-President, George Martin; Bard, Alexander Blake; Treasurer, James Shaw; Secretary, William Neill, Burnside Cottages, Carstairs Junction; Committee, Thomas Robertson, Andrew Weir, David Ferguson, James Thomson, William Ramage, William Scott, James Buist, Alexander Blake, George Martin. 58 members.


No. 83. GLASGOW Co-operative Burns Club. Instituted 1896. Federated 1896. President, Malcolm Neil, Parkview, Kilbarchan; Vice-President, Arch. Norval, 230 Norham Road; Secretary, William Galbraith, 9 Royal Terrace, Govan; Treasurer, Thomas Craig, 224 Baltic Street, Bridgeton; Committee, Jas. Deans (Kilmarnock), W. B. Buglass, J. Jeffries Hunter, R. Reyburn, Robt. Watson, and Peter Stewart (Glasgow), and John M'Ewan (Govan). 80 members.

No. 84. ABINGTON Burns Club. Instituted 1886. Federated 1896. President, James French, J.P., Netherton, Crawfordjohn, Abington; Vice-President, Wm. Clark, Glengonnarfoot; Secretary and Treasurer, Robert Colthart, Arbory Villa,
Abington; Committee, James M’Morran, Andrew Milligan, Hope Hunter, Alex. Hunter. 83 members.

No. 85. DUNFERMLINE United Burns Club. Federated 1896. President, Thomas Jackson; Secretary, Wm. Fraser, Free Abbey School, Dunfermline. 24 members.

No. 86. CUMNOCK “Winsome Willie” Burns Club. Instituted 1856. Federated 1896. President, James Howat; Vice-President, Robert Hyslop; Secretary, A. Harrison Kirkland; Treasurer, Hugh Brown; Committee, A. Hart, W. Hyslop, James Stewart, James Gordon, Hugh Fleming, Walter M’Crindle, Robert Eccles, Robert Smith, W. M’Call, John Young, D. Clark, S. Fleming. 50 members.

No. 87. CAMPSIE Burns Club. Instituted 1890. Federated 1896. President, James Y. Allen, Union Place, Lennoxtown; Vice-President, E. M. Dalgleish, Stirling Place, Lennoxtown; Secretary, James Orr Robertson, Main Street, Lennoxtown; Committee, A. M’Lennan, S. Blakley, J. Pryde, A. Hosie, J. Gray, J. M’Donald, and T. Whyte. Hold eight meetings per annum for the study of literature.

No. 88. CALEDONIAN Burns Club. Instituted October, 1896. Federated 2nd March, 1897. President, John Magarry, senior, 115 Ledard Road, Langside; Vice-President, Harry Townsend, 556 Rutherford Road, S.S.; Secretary, John Muirhead, 556 Rutherford Road, Glasgow, S.S.; Treasurer, George Philips.


No. 90. GARELOCHHEAD Burns Club. Instituted 18th November, 1895. Federated 1897. President, Geo. C. Bennett; Vice-President, Parlan M’Parlan; Secretary and Treasurer, John Currie, Station House, Garelochhead; Committee, Thos. Stobo, D. M’Kichan, J. Connor, Holm, Saunders, Maitland, Brough. 60 members (limited to that number).

No. 91. SHETTLESTON Burns Club. Instituted 25th January, 1897. Federated 18th August, 1897. President, Thomson Hogg, Violetbank, Springboig; Vice-President, Wm. MacLennan, Cluny Cottage, Earlybraes; Secretary, James Mair, 106 Eastmuir, Shettleston, Glasgow; Hon. President, W. J. Grant; Treasurer, Hugh Y. Reid. Committee, D. Templeton, J. Jack, H. Mair, J. Neilson, R. Grant, J. Ramsay, and G. Reid. Object.—To cherish the name of Robert Burns and foster a love for his writings, and generally to encourage a taste for Scottish literature.

No. 92. KILBOWIE “Jolly Beggars” Burns Club. Instituted 10th August, 1897. Federated 26th August, 1897. President, Alex. M’Donald, 15 Janetta Terrace, Radnor Park, Dalmuir; Vice-President, Wm. Paterson, 2 Livingstone Street, Clyde-
bank; Secretary, Leonard Trew, 9 Gladstone Terrace, Dalmuir; Treasurer, J. Seright; Hon. Presidents, Hugh Tennant, Esq., and Dr. J. S. Robertson; Committee, C. Abbot, A. Nicol, Wm. F. Turner, R. Turner, and D. Robertson. **Objects.**—Study of Burns's Works and other Scottish Literature.

No. 93. **CLYDEBANK Burns Club.** Federated 1897. President, William Butchart, 6 Cameron Street, Clydebank; Secretary, John Murphy, c/o James M'Haftly, 2 Kilbowie Gardens, Clydebank.

No. 94. **UPHALL "Tam o' Shanter" Burns Club.** Instituted 1896. Federated 1897. President, A. Cook, Elm Bank; Vice-President, John Kerr, 42 Dechmont; Secretary, Walter Crawford, Dechmont, Uphall; Treasurer, J. Brodie, junr.; Committee, D. Paris, J. M'Dougall, and J. Redpath. Limited to 60 members.

No. 95. **BOLTON Burns Club.** Instituted 6th September, 1881. Federated 1897. President, James Cecil Broadbent, Broadway, Blackpool; Vice-President, Charles Mallison, Seymour Road, Astley Bridge; Secretary and Treasurer, Arthur Graham, 35 Manchester Road, Bolton; Committee, J. Watson, W. M'Nabb, P. Halliday, G. Guthrie, J. Boyd, J. Graham, G. P. Robertson, J. Dickinson, T. Laidlaw, G. Begg, C. M'Nabb, C. A. Fogg, and R. H. Swindlehurst. **Objects.**—To promote the study of the National Poets and the ancient Ballad Poetry of Scotland. Annual Dinner, January 25; Annual Dance and Gathering, Hallowe'en night; and Annual Country Ramble during summer months.

No. 96. **JEDBURGH Burns Club.** Instituted 25th January, 1869. Federated 1897. President, Councillor T. S. Smail, High Street; Vice-President, A. R. Telfer, Market Place; Secretary and Treasurer, P. Telfer, 58 Castlegate, Jedburgh; Committee, J. Wight, Jas. Cree, R. Wright, W. Swanson, A. Oliver, R. Halliday, G. Aitken, L. G. M'Donald, J. K. Young, J. Oliver, and R. Waldie.

No. 97. **KILMARNOCK Bellfield Burns Club.** Instituted 1895. Federated 1898. President, Thomas Neilson, 24 Robertson Place; Vice-President, William Duff, Paxton Street; Secretary, Daniel Donnelly, 29 M'Kinlay Place, Kilmarnock; Committee, Daniel Picken, William Cooper, John Anderson, and Thomas Rarity. Meetings held first Monday of month in Bellfield Tavern. 24 members.

No. 98. **LANARK Burns Club.** Instituted 1891. Federated 17th January, 1898. President, ex-Provost Watson (Thos.) of Churchill; Secretary, Robert M'Keane, Commercial Bank House; Treasurer, Alex. R. Stuart, Hyndford Place. 55 members.

No. 99. **GLASGOW Barlinnie Burns Club.** Instituted 25th January, 1893. Federated 20th January, 1898. President, Major Forbes, Deputy-Governor, Barlinnie; Vice-President, David S. Robertson, No. 17 Officers' Quarters; Secretary, Thomas Campbell, No. 18 Officers' Quarters, Barlinnie; Treasurer, Wm. Calder; Committee, Messrs. Lumsden, Wilson, and Robertson.

No. 100. **HAMILTON Mossgiel Burns Club.** Instituted, January, 1892. Federated 4th April, 1898. President, Hugh Mair, Woodside.
Avenue; Vice-President, John Campbell, Gateside Street; Secretary, Archibald Clark, jun., Ardenlee, Portland Park, Hamilton; Committee, William Hastings, John Brown, Wm. Smith, James Tutton, Wm. G. Craig, Wm. Stewart, jun., and L. S. Smellie, jun.

No. 101. MOTHERWELL Workmen's Burns Club. Instituted 1897. Federated 1898. Hon. President, William B. Miller, Glenlee, Hamilton; President, ex-Bailie King, Muir Street, Motherwell; Vice-Presidents, Bailie Park, Thos. Miller, and Thos. Hamilton; Secretary and Treasurer, John King, 128 Muir Street, Motherwell; Committee, T. Stirrat, A. Smith, J. Baillie, A. M'Lellan, Alex. Miller. 50 members.


No. 103. COALBURN Rosebery Burns Club. Instituted 1st December, 1895. Federated 1st August, 1898. President, John H. Odger, 9 Tinto View Terrace, Coalburn; Vice-President, J. J. Paterson, 613 Cathcart Road, Glasgow; Secretary, John Woodburn, Coalburn Inn, Coalburn; Treasurer, John Waters, Holme Cottage, Coalburn; Committee, Thomas White, James Walker, Alexander M'Innes, Alexander Hamilton, David Simpson, William Bain. 50 members.

No. 104. DUMFRIES Oak Burns Club. Instituted 1897. Federated 1898. President, Robert Ritchie; Vice-President, G. Creighton; Secretary and Treasurer, Thomas Haining, jun., 26 Swan's Vennel, Dumfries; Committee, D. Jackson, T. M'Cardle, A. Hanby, T. Haining, sen., N. Sharp, W. Crosbie, and Mr. Houston. 40 members.

No. 105. RUTHERGLEN "Cronie" Burns Club. Instituted 30th October, 1896. Federated 13th December, 1898. President, William Stewart, 24 Westmuir Place; Vice-President, D. Robertson, 24 Harriet Street; Secretary, D. M'Quaker, jun., 816 Rutherglen Road, Glasgow; Treasurer, Wm. Morrison, 2 Burnhill Street; Trustees, Wm. Watson and A. Alston; Committee, J. Hammell, J. M'Kee, A. Alston, J. Aitken, A. Lee, and J. Canning.

No. 106. BROXBURN Rosebery Burns Club. Instituted 7th December, 1898. Federated 19th December, 1898. President, Thomas Lamb, Kirkhill Road; Vice-President, William Pagan, Bridge Place; Treasurer, James J. Sharp, Clifton Arms, Broxburn; Secretary, Joseph Miller, Ashfield Buildings, Uphall; Committee, Drummond Young, Peter Anderson, James Watmore, James Sharp, Robert Leckie, Malcolm Paterson, James Lamb, Adam Scott, John Rollo, William Shearer, Robert Harris, James Charleston. 40 members.

No. 107. GLASGOW Hutchesontown Burns Club. Instituted 1898. Federated 1898. President, Andrew Stewart, 570 Rutherglen Road; Vice-President, Charles Taylor; Treasurer, Stewart D. Nisbet; Secretary, Alex. M'Whirr, 12 Wolseley Street; Committee, Wm. Whyte, Jr., Alex. M. Gardner, Neil M'Vean, Alfred Wright, and Wm. Papple.
No. 108. EAST CALDER AND DISTRICT “Jolly Beggars” Burns Club. Federated 17th January, 1899. President, William Young, East Calder; Vice-President, James Miller; Treasurer, John Reid; Secretary, Sam. Hislop, Mid Calder; Club Room, Grapes Inn, East Calder.

No. 109. CALEDONIA Burns Club, Glasgow. Federated 3rd March, 1899. President, Jas. W. Buchanan, 13 Kingsley Street, Crosshill; Vice-President, Jas. G. Alexander, 27 Westmoreland Street, Crosshill; Secretary, Thos. A. Hutton, 188 Pollokshaws Road, Glasgow; Hon. Presidents, Thomas Brown, Esq., and W. A. M‘Killop, Esq.; Treasurer, Wm. Burns.

No. 110. CAMBUSLANG Burns Club. Federated 25th May, 1899. President, Thomas Brown, Mansion Street, Cambuslang; Vice-President, George Johnston; Secretary, Andrew D. Strachan, 4 Morriston Gds., Cambuslang.

No. 111. SOUTH EDINBURGH Burns Club. Federated 26th July, 1899. President, Andrew Macpherson, 1 Rankinchell Street; Vice-President, M‘Gregor Henderson, 17 Gladstone Terrace; Secretary, James Telford, 8 West Newington Place.

No. 112. DUMFRIES Burns Howff Club. Instituted 1888. Federated 1899. Hon. President, S. Dickson; President, George Bell; Treasurer, J. Maxwell, jun., English Street; Secretary, John Connor, 7 Maxwell Street, Milldamhead, Dumfries; Committee, J. Sinclair, A. Bryden, A. M‘Meeking, J. Craig, T. Laidlaw, W. Paterson, and R. Potter; Auditors, J. C. Gill and J. Grierson.

No. 113. VALE OF LEVEN “Glencairn” Burns Club. Instituted 1897. Federated 1899. President, Hugh M‘Vean, 167 Main Street, Bonhill; Vice-President, Robert Mossman, Thomas Street, Alexandria; Secretary, Alex. Campbell, 18 Reglan Street, Bonhill; Hon. President, Wm. White, 44 Bridge Street, Alexandria; Treasurer, Wm. Smith, 263 Main Street, Bonhill. Meet on last Saturday of each month in Albert Hotel, Alexandria. Members contribute short papers occasionally. The following were read during the past year:—“James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, by the Secretary; “Tannahill,” by the President; and “The Cottar’s Saturday Night,” a review by D. MacMillan.


No. 115. KIPPEN AND DISTRICT Burns Club. Instituted 1896. Federated 1900. Hon. President, John Monteath, Esq., W.S., Wright Park; President, Robert Jackson, Boquhan Mains; Vice-President, Andrew Main, Streurihan; Secretary and Treasurer, Thomas Syme Strathview; Committee, John Allan, Alexander Davidson, Archibald Gray, George Hay, Peter Matson, D. J. Muirhead, George M‘Queen, J. M. Syme, Samuel Thompson, Alexander Trotter, George Watson, and David Young. Gave forty-three prizes this year to school children for singing and reciting parts of the works of Burns 75 members.

No. 117. GLASGOW Southern Burns Club. Instituted October, 1899. Federated October, 1901. President, John M’Laren, 62 Batson Street, Govanhill, Glasgow; Vice-President, James Cranstoun, 51½ Adelphi Street, Glasgow; Secretary, John M’Gillivray, 168 Mathieson Street, Glasgow; Treasurer, R. Logan, 14 Oxford Street, Glasgow; Committee, C. Angus, D. Frew, J. Gardner, T. Kelly, and J. Stewart.

No. 118. GLASGOW Albany Burns Club. Instituted 1899. Federated 1900. President, Robert Goodall, 28 Grafton Street; Vice-Presidents, J. Wilson Bain, 113 West Regent Street; and James Taylor, 143 West Regent Street; Secretary, John Brown, 37 Dalhousie Street, Garnethill, Glasgow; Treasurer, James Raeside, 36 Grafton Street; Librarian, Thomas Kennedy, 33 Hope Street; Committee, Hamilton Brown, Alex. M’Glashan, Peter Craik, John Greenlees, Alex. Gray, and David Loudoun. Membership is 150, which is the limit.

No. 119. BONHILL Burns Club. Instituted October 6, 1900. Federated 1900. President, Thomas Cornock, 84 Bridge Street, Alexandria; Vice-President, James White, 429 Main Street, Bonhill; Secretary, John F. Eadie, 9 Dillichip Terrace, Bonhill; Treasurer, Daniel Miller, 3 Burn Street, Bonhill; Committee, Donald Campbell, John M’Pherson, Duncan White, and William Dougal. 40 members.

No. 120. BRISTOL Caledonian Society. Instituted 1820. Federated 1900. President, Captain Peter Campbell, Oakfield Road, Clifton, Bristol; Chairman, Robert Reid, Claremont Road, Harfield, Bristol; Secretary, Alex. K. Simpson, 11 Small Street, Bristol; Treasurer, R. Maxwell, 7 Nicholas Street, Bristol; Chairman of Relief Committee, James Lyall, 1 Nicholas Street, Bristol; Chairman Social and Literary Committee, Dr. James Young, St. George, Bristol. Objects.—Benevolent purposes, annuities granted to needy Scotch folk, and temporary assistance rendered; annual dinner for Benevolent Fund on St. Andrew’s Day; Burns dinner, and other social gatherings and lectures.

No. 121. HAMILTON Junior Burns Club. Instituted September, 1886. Federated April, 1901. President, Andrew Dickson, Johnstone Street; Vice-President, James Adams, 10 Union Street; Secretary, William Wilson, 38 Orchard Street; Treasurer, John Stewart; Steward, James Gourlay; Committee, J. Steven, J. Gillon, and J. M’Gregor. 30 members.

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

No. 123. AUCHINLECK Boswell Burns Club. Instituted 30th March, 1901. Federated 10th December, 1901. President, Robert
No. 124. EDINBURGH Ninety Burns Club. Instituted 25th January, 1890. Federated January, 1902. President, John Irving, 98 George Street; Vice-President, John A. Clues, 10 Dublin Street; Secretary, D. Lawson Johnstone, 3 Marchmont Street, Edinburgh; Hon. Treasurer, A. M. Mackay, 13 Cornwall Street; Committee, as Past Presidents, W. Lawson, J. Fraser Cunningham, Dalziel Pearson, W.S.; Peter Smellie, and H. R. Elliot; Ordinary Members, W. Stark, L. S. Blanche, Councillor James Cunningham, Thomas J. Ford, and Daniel Macfarlane. Limited to 180 members, in addition to honorary and life members.

No. 125. BLACKBURN-ON-ALMOND Rabbie Burns Club. Instituted 1900. Federated 1902. President, James Samson, East End; Vice-President, Alexander Smith, East-End; Secretary, James Middleton, Albert Buildings, Blackburn; Committee, Joseph Fleming, John Millar, John Reid, James Bostock, George Clarkson, and William Kerr. Objects.—To celebrate the Poet's birthday and to encourage the Poet's works.

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