BURNS' CENTENARY.

Jan. 25, 1859

Fourth Book of Lessons

Embraces subjects of a still higher class than the preceding, and contains some beautiful selections from our greatest poets. It is compiled on the same principle as its predecessor.

Supplement to Fourth Book.

When the pupil has gradually been brought to understand and appreciate the instruction conveyed in the last book, this will open up a new and more intellectual field of information, and will afford a great amount of pleasure and profit to the inquiring mind.

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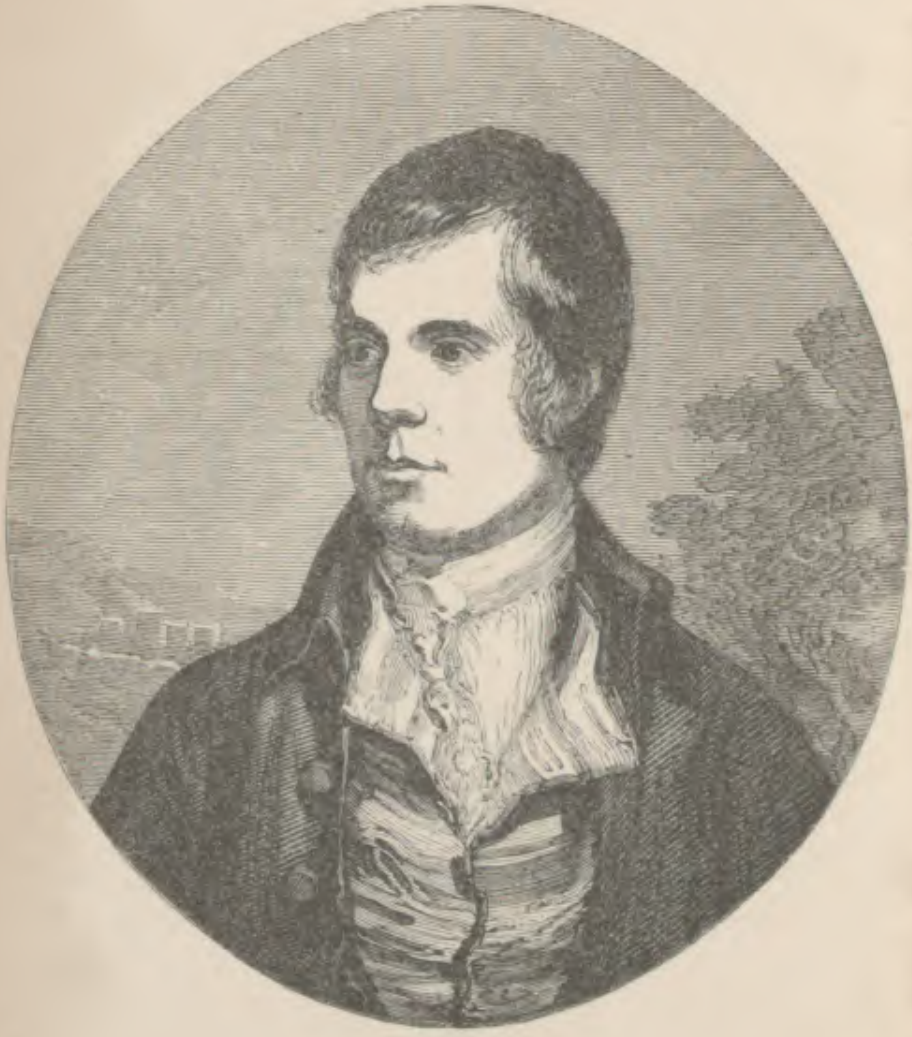

ROBERT BURNS,

BORN JAN. 25, 1759.

THE

BURNS CENTENARY:

BEING AN ACCOUNT OF

THE PROCEEDINGS AND SPEECHES AT THE VARIOUS BANQUETS AND MEETINGS THROUGHOUT THE KINGDOM.

WITH

A Memoir and Portrait of the Poet.

"Nor skill'd one flame alone to fan;
His country's high-soul'd peasantry
What patriot-pride he taught—how much
To weigh the inborn worth of man!
And rustic life and poverty
Grow beautiful beneath his touch."

CAMPBELL.

Second Edition.

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CONTENTS.

PREFACE.

THE National Commemoration of the Hundredth Birthday of ROBERT BURNS will take its place among the most remarkable of such events, in any age or country of the world. It may, indeed, be safely affirmed, that never before was so universal and impressive a tribute rendered to the genius of any poet. Perhaps the most memorable of similar exhibitions was the great Stratford Jubilee in 1769. But splendid as was that display in honour of the greatest poet of England and the world, it could not, in any proper sense, be called National; and however sincere the homage paid to Shakspeare, its outward forms at least were, not inappropriately, taken from the Stage, rather than from common life. The Burns Commemoration, on the other hand, has not merely been national—it has actually extended to every portion of the habitable globe where men speak the English tongue. The 25th of January has been remembered with honour not in Scotland alone, but in England, in Ireland, in America, in India, in Australia, wherever, in short, we believe, two men could be found to join hands in singing "Auld Lang Syne." The like of this, we may surely say, was never seen in the world.

We may confidently hold that this commemoration of our national Poet's birthday was substantially a most profound and true expression of such love and sympathy as no other poet, of any time or country, did ever evoke, or by any possibility could. Viewed in this light, and apart from all national predilections, there could be no more impressive testimony, both for poets and for all men, than this Centenary affords, of the infinite

value, above every other gift of genius, of that utter simplicity and truth, that thoroughly human and sympathetic spirit, which, above all poets, belonged without measure to Robert Burns. It teaches surely this, if anything, that the man who would plant his influence in the heart of his fellows, and secure their affection by links imperishable through all time, must address himself to those universal instincts that do not change with clime or custom, and utter, from the fulness of his experience, thoughts and feelings which men and women of every rank and of every nation can recognise and appreciate as the most deep and perfect expression of their own.

To this cause, essentially, and beyond all question, must be attributed the peculiar and altogether unexampled enthusiasm with which the Burns Anniversary has been celebrated on this occasion. Lesser causes might possibly have been sufficient to work up a merely local excitement, and one or two showy demonstrations in great towns. But when we look at the meetings that have been held in every town and village of Scotland, almost without an exception, in all the principal cities of England and Ireland, and, as we already know, throughout all Great Britain's many colonies, it is impossible not to see that there has been something at work, springing from the deepest fountains of human nature, something essentially genuine, something even touching and sacred in its impressiveness. This is no mere Idolatry of Genius, as some miserable croakers have thought fit to call it; it is simply and mainly the just and legitimate homage of humanity to the embodiment of what is in itself most fair and noble, joined, too, we need not fear to say, with peculiarly tender sympathy for one who loved and sinned and suffered, like a true son of Adam, and a partaker of our common clay. In the affectionate feeling with which we regard Robert Burns above other poets, we unconsciously testify to the infinite power of love—a love embracing all God's creatures, and shedding its sympathetic sweetness over every herb of the field that He has made. In the enthusiasm with which we chant his strains we express our faith in Honesty

and Patriotism and Independence, in the priceless value of the Domestic Affections, and the Brotherhood of Universal Man.

Nothing could be more weak, as well as false, than the imagination that fervent esteem of Burns implies a lowering of the standard of morals. To those who are capable of using such reasoning, it is waste of words to speak of the transcendent prevalence in Burns' character and influence of what is eminently good and beautiful. It might be more to the purpose for such to point to the many devout and pious men, both lay and clerical, who did honour to themselves, as much as to the day, by taking prominent part in this celebration. It is, indeed, one of its most striking and beautiful features, that men of the most diverse sentiments in politics and religion, of the most opposite characters and pursuits, sat, on this occasion, side by side, owning the common influence of the poet who had sang to them of the time

> "When man to man the world ower,
> Shall brithers be and a' that."

The interest of such a celebration as this will not pass away with the excitement of the hour. It is one of the most remarkable proofs of the reality and genuineness of the feelings called forth by the occasion, that the speeches delivered at the various meetings rise, on the whole, so markedly above the level of mere after-dinner declamation. Considering the triteness of the theme, we question if ever so many speeches were uttered on such a topic, characterised by so much merit, both of thought and expression. This fact, combined with the peculiar interest of the occasion, has made it desirable that some memorial should be preserved of the Burns Centenary, more generally accessible than is to be found in the columns of the newspapers. With this view the present volume has been compiled, in which an attempt has been made to give, in reasonable limits, as full and accurate a report of the various meetings as the circumstances of the publication admitted. While considerable space has been devoted to

the more important meetings and speeches, some brief record has been given of all the minor celebrations that have hitherto come under the notice of the press. The imperative restrictions of time and space will, it is hoped, be sufficient excuse for any imperfections that may be found in the following pages.

EDINBURGH, *Jan.* 29, 1859.

THE BURNS CENTENARY.

MEMOIR.

"Glory without end
Scatter'd the clouds away; and on that name attend
The tears and praises of all time."—*Byron.*

THE birthplace of Robert Burns, the national bard of Scotland, was a cottage situated in the parish of Alloway, about two miles south of the town of Ayr. He was born on the 25th of January 1759. His parents were worthy and respectable people in their station. His father was a gardener by trade; his talents were of a superior order; he had read with care many useful works; his principles were pure and upright; his piety was sincere and unaffected; and his efforts to promote the moral and intellectual improvement of his children, entitle him to the warmest commendation. His son says of him, in one of his poems—

"My father was a farmer, upon the Carrick border,
And soberly he brought me up in decency and order;
He bade me act a manly part, though I had ne'er a farthing,
For without an honest, manly heart, no man was worth regarding."

Agnes Brown was the maiden name of this good man's wife. She is represented, by those who knew her intimately, to have been a woman of no ordinary powers of mind, and to have laboured honestly and diligently, with her husband, in bringing up her offspring "in the way they should go." The future poet was sent to school, in the sixth year of his age, under the care of a master named Campbell. A few months later, he became a pupil of John Murdoch, who was a painstaking conscientious teacher; and on his removal from the neighbourhood of Burns' residence, his education was continued by his father, who taught him writing and arithmetic in the winter evenings by candle-light; and at a subsequent period he

acquired a knowledge of geometry, surveying, algebra, and a little of French. His thirst for knowledge increased with his years; and before he was sixteen he had perused the principal standard works in English literature, including the compositions of our most eminent historians, and the poetical productions of Shakspeare, Pope, Thomson, Shenstone, and Allan Ramsay.

It should be recollected, to the credit of Burns, that during the period when he was devoting every leisure moment he could spare to the improvement of his mind, and to the cultivation of the poetical art, he was working many hours daily as a ploughman and labourer on his brother's farm; and it was only by the severest drudgery, and the most rigid economy, he and the family of his excellent brother Gilbert could obtain the bare necessaries of life. The latter has described, in the simple memoir he drew up of his brother's life, the distressing effects produced upon Robert's sensitive feelings by these early struggles with poverty and disappointment.

From the time Burns was sixteen years of age, until he was twenty-four, his life was not marked by any variety of incident. During this period he wrote some of his most remarkable effusions; and it is to be remembered that it was in the midst of the discouraging circumstances of his early life, that the Scottish bard composed many of his tender and pensive songs, his cutting satires, and his unrivalled lyrics. "Poetry," says he, "was still a darling walk for my mind; but it was only indulged in according to the humour of the hour. I had usually a dozen or more pieces on hand; I took up one or other as it suited the momentary tone of the mind, and dismissed the work as it bordered on fatigue. My passions, when once lighted up, raged like so many devils, till they got vent in rhyme; and then the conning over my verses, like a spell, soothed all into quiet." Burns was anxious to promote the intellectual improvement of his companions, as well as to extend his own knowledge. With this laudable view, he was instrumental in establishing, in the village of Tarbolton, a Debating Club, which was professedly literary in its objects, but combined with it too many opportunities for social enjoyment. At its commencement, the members consisted only of himself, his brother Gilbert, and five other young men. Subsequently the number was increased, and among the additional members was David Sillar, a young man of superior talents and considerable literary information. He excelled as a

writer of local poetry, a volume of which was published, and well received. His proverbial jovial habits led his brother poet into convivial excesses, and other irregularities. It was to this clever youth that Burns addressed his well-known "Epistle to Davie, a Brother Poet." In the year 1781, when Burns was twenty-three, he resolved upon learning the trade of a flax-dresser; and for this purpose went to reside in Irvine, where he was employed by a Mr Peacock, a distant relation of his mother. He was led to adopt this course in consequence of his brother and himself having taken a plot of land from their father, which they appropriated principally to the cultivation of flax. He laboured with zeal and diligence in his new vocation for about six months, when the scheme he had projected was suddenly abandoned, by his master's shop having caught fire while the "flax-dressers were giving a welcome carousal to the new year." The premises were consumed, and Burns was left, like a true poet, not worth a sixpence. From the period that Burns took up his residence in Irvine, his brother dates a serious change in his habits and moral conduct.

It was during his residence at Mossgiel, after his return from Irvine, that he formed a connexion with Jean Armour, his future wife. In the unrestrained ardour of youthful attachment, their intercourse became more familiar than the laws of religion and of society authorise. The effects of this intercourse became apparent. Burns was not in a condition to form a new domestic establishment, much as he desired to afford the object of his affection the only reparation which now remained within his reach; and it was under these painful circumstances that our unfortunate and erring poet became the father of two illegitimate children. His agony and remorse were indescribable. He was willing to seek for refuge in a foreign land, and to labour hard when there for the support of his family; or to remain at home, and work as a common labourer, in order to provide for his offspring. The former resource was preferred, and he obtained the appointment of an assistant overseer on the estate of Dr Douglas, in the island of Jamaica, in the West Indies. Not having sufficient means to pay for his passage, he resolved upon publishing by subscription a collection of the immortal poems which he had written, during the time he resided with his brother, and assisted in the management of the farm at Mossgiel. With the aid of his kind landlord, Mr Gavin Hamilton of Ayr, and other patrons, he procured a considerable number of

subscribers; and in 1786 his first work was published at Kilmarnock, under the title of "Poems chiefly in the Scottish Dialect." An impression of six hundred copies was speedily purchased; the reception of the volume was instantaneous and enthusiastic, the genius and vigorous talents of the rustic poet were at once acknowledged, and greeted with universal admiration.

After deducting all expenses in bringing out the book, Burns realised a clear profit of twenty pounds. Nine guineas of this sum were expended to defray the expense of a steerage passage in the first ship bound to Jamaica, that was to sail from the Clyde. To adopt our poet's own language, "he had taken the last farewell of his few friends; his chest was on the road to Greenock; he had composed his last song in Caledonia—'The gloomy night is gathering fast'—when a letter from Dr Blacklock, the celebrated blind poet, who had the taste and discernment to appreciate the extraordinary genius of the young man, overthrew all his schemes, and opened new prospects to his poetic ambition." Dr Blacklock having suggested that a larger edition of these fascinating poems should be immediately published, Burns relinquished for a time his scheme of emigration, and proceeded on foot to Edinburgh, where he arrived in November 1786. He was received with great kindness by his amiable patron, and introduced by him to Mr Mackenzie, the accomplished author of the "Man of Feeling," who wrote a beautiful paper in the *Lounger* in praise of Burns' genius. He was at once admitted into the society of Dugald Stewart, the eminent metaphysician; of Dr Robertson, the historian; of Dr Blair, professor of Rhetoric, and of several other distinguished literary characters. The new edition of his works was brought out in 1787, under their auspices, and supported by the patronage of the Caledonian Hunt. The profits of fifteen hundred copies sold were considerable, and enabled Burns to live for a time on his means, and to gratify his taste by travelling through the most romantic parts of his native country. In the course of his various excursions, he was received by men of rank and taste, and by the population generally, with the most gratifying marks of respect. His company was sought after by all classes in society, whom he captivated by his brilliant talents, his frank manners, his fluent conversation, and his eminent social qualities. The convivial scenes in which he daily mingled, tended to confirm those habits of intemperance which ultimately proved

his ruin; and what is still more to be lamented, the circles he visited became, after some time, much less select and respectable.

After remaining for some months in the Scottish capital, the object of universal curiosity and admiration, he was agreeably surprised to find, on settling with his bookseller, that the profits on the sale of the new edition of his poems amounted to nearly £500. With his characteristic generosity of heart, he immediately remitted to his brother Gilbert, who was still a struggling farmer at Mossgiel, £200; and with the residue of the money he proposed to rent or purchase a farm, and return to his original occnpation. On the 6th of May, Burns left Edinburgh for the purpose of selecting a farm suitable to the circumstances in which he was then placed, and at length became a tenant of Mr Miller of Dalswinton, from whose estate at Nithsdale he rented on advantageous terms a few acres of land, situated on the banks of the river Nith, abont six miles from Dumfries.

Previous to his taking possession of Ellisland, which was the name of his new residence, he retnrned to Edinburgh, where he was welcomed again with delight. During his stay there he contracted a severe and dangerous illness. While confined to a sick bed, and suffering from his old malady, depression of spirits, he received intelligence that Jean Armonr, for whom his ardent attachment continued unabated, had undergone extreme mental suffering from the reproaches of her family, and been turned out of doors by the imperions command of her nnrelenting father. Burns immediately wrote to his friends, imploring them to give a temporary shelter to his persecuted Jean and her helpless children, of whose misfortunes he felt most keenly that he was the guilty author.

On his return to Mossgiel, his marriage was publicly declared; and notwithstanding many faults which must ever be deplored and condemned, Burns was an affectionate hnsband, and a tender father. Upon his resuming his occupation as a farmer, he worked hard for the first year, and evinced a disposition to be steady and regular in his conduct. He was then contented in the society of his wife and children. This happy state of things did not long continne. Unfortunately, the agricultural speculation into which he had entered became gradually distasteful to him. His zeal slackened; prosperity did not continue to smile npon his efforts; temptations and allurements multiplied around him: and he was more frequently seen as the presiding

spirit of the social board, than in his fields, following with cheerfulness and diligence his rural pursuits, or at his fireside, making his home the abode of peace by his presence and virtuous example.

The next step in the life of Burns was the crowning one of his misfortunes, and accelerated the melancholy termination of his short career. He had, for a length of time, entertained a strong desire to procure a situation under the Government, and this was one of the reasons that prevented him from carrying out his original plan of going abroad. His increasing dissatisfaction with his farming project, induced him to solicit employment in the Excise, in which he was at first unsuccessful; hut at length, through the intervention of powerful friends, he was nominated to the office of a gauger in the district in which he had fixed his residence. The consequences of this rash and ill-advised proceeding might have been easily anticipated. His farm was neglected; his circumstances became embarrassed; and although his exemplary wife conducted her domestic affairs with economy and prudence, yet, at the expiration of three years and a-half, Ellisland it was found necessary to give up. Towards the close of 1791, the unfortunate owner was glad to remove to Dumfries, and in the humhle situation of an Exciseman, with a paltry salary of £70 a-year, to maintain Mrs Burns and her family.

During the time that he held his farm at Ellisland, and afterwards when at Dumfries, he did not relax in his devotion to the muse, but produced some of his finest effusions, among others, his inimitable poem of "Tam o' Shanter." Three volumes of his letters were written in the course of four years, besides a numerous collection of songs, which he contrihuted to the Scottish Melodies published by George Thomson. His correspondence with that gentleman is extremely interesting, and gives a full detail of the circumstances under which some of his most charming lyrics were produced. The close of this great poet's career is detailed with touching eloquence hy Irving, Lockhart, and Allan Cunningham. Our limits will not admit of inserting particulars in this sketch of Burns' life. It will be sufficient to state, generally, that towards the end of the year 1795, his rohust constitution hegan to exhibit the effects of free living. He was confined to his house hy an accident for several months. Before he had perfectly recovered he was prevailed upon, hy some injudicious friends, to dine with them at a tavern; and returning home at three o'clock in the morn-

ing, in a state of inebriation, he is said to have fallen asleep upon the snow. The next morning he was seized with a numbness in his limbs, which was followed by a severe and protracted attack of rheumatism. From that moment he foresaw that his destiny was sealed. He continued to linger for several months, without any hope of permanent improvement, till the close of June, when he went to a village, on the shore of Solway Frith, for change of air; but, finding no permanent relief from the sea air, he returned to his house on the 18th of July, and in three days after his arrival—namely, on the 21st of July 1796—he expired, in the thirty-eighth year of his age.

EDINBURGH.

THE first of the various meetings we have to commemorate is that which was held in the Music Hall, Edinburgh, presided over, in the much regretted absence of Lord Brougham, by Lord Ardmillan. At this banquet tables were laid out for 700 persons, besides which the the galleries and orchestra were crowded with 500 ladies in full dress, who took their places at an early hour, and remained till nearly the conclusion of the proceedings.

The Chairman was accompanied to the platform by the Lord Provost, the Lord Justice-Clerk, Lord Ivory, Lord Neaves, Colonel M'Laverty, Captain Carnegie, Rev. Dr Robert Lee, Mr Adam Black, M.P., Sir William Gibson Craig, Professor Blackie, Mr D. O. Hill, Mr James Ballantine, and Professor Campbell Swinton. Sheriff Gordon and Mr R. Chambers acted as croupiers.

Burns' pistols, presented by Bishop Gillis to the Society of Antiquaries, were exhibited in a case in front of the chair; and several interesting relics of the Poet were handed about—among others, his ticket as a burgess of Dumfries, brought from its owner, a gentleman in Manchester, by Mr A. Ireland of the *Manchester Examiner*. After dinner—

The CHAIRMAN rose amid loud cheering, and said—I cannot, in mere words of form, propose to you the toast with which it becomes us, as good subjects, to commence our proceedings. This is the centenary of a day when, within the "auld clay bigging" of a Scottish cottage the peasant-bard of our country was born; and, now that each returning summer brings royal visits of condescending kindness to Scottish cottages, I am sure that you will join me in dedicating loyally, thankfully, and joyously our first enthusiastic pledge to the health, happiness, and prosperity of the Queen. (Great cheering.) Whether we take a retrospect of the years which have passed since the birth of Burns, or try to number our national blessings, or mark the present aspect of the times, and anticipate the bursting on other lands of the storm with which the little cloud on the horizon may be charged, we have great reason to be thankful to Divine Providence that our beloved Queen is, by the personal virtues of her pure and amiable character, an illustrious example to her subjects, and that in her wise and benign sway we have the best security for social order and national tranquillity, and the surest guarantee of personal and constitutional freedom. (Cheers.) Thus it is that, from the stateliest castle to the humblest cottage of our happy land there prevails one universal feeling of devoted loyalty to the throne; and that, with the deliberate conviction of our judgment, and the earnest affections of our hearts, we unite loyally and lovingly in a bumper to the Queen. (The toast was drunk with great enthusiasm.)

The CHAIRMAN then gave, in succession, "The Prince-Consort," and "The Prince of Wales and the rest of the Royal Family."

The CHAIRMAN again rose, and called for a bumper—I rise to propose to you "The Arms of our Country"—not the heraldic arms, blazoned though they be with the historic glories of departed ages; but the two brave and powerful arms with which Britain now guards her shores, maintains her rights, and achieves her triumphs—the Navy and Army. It is in no narrow or exclusive spirit that at this Scottish festival we rejoice to think that Scotsmen have ever been, and now are, in the front rank of our defenders on sea and shore. In the navy, where a Prince of the blood-royal is now training for service and developing his promise of distinction, there are leading Scotsmen too numerous to mention; and I am happy to see present my hon. and gallant friend, peculiarly qualified to represent his noble profession, as he adds new lustre to a name hereditarily distinguished in the annals of naval war. In the army our eyes turn to the daring veteran whose Scottish arm now bears aloft the standard of victory in the East, and to that determined Scottish brigade who so brilliantly accomplish the plans of a leader worthy of their confidence. (Cheers.) On this occasion

there is a peculiar propriety in the toast; for in every phase of the soldier's life—at each step in the course of conflict, victory, and returning peace—some tones from the harp of Burns come thrillingly to our feelings. In the unflinching stand from which attacking foes recoil, scattered like waves from a rock; in the desperate onset which sweeps the enemy from the field, how has there run along the Scottish line the sound—first murmuring low, then swelling like thunder—of that noblest of martial odes, "Scots, wha ha'e wi' Wallace bled!" (Enthusiastic applause.) In the hour which crowns the triumph and closes the career, as "Victory shines on life's last ebbing sands," how finely, with a touch at once powerful and delicate, does Burns describe the dying hero:—

"Nae cauld faint-hearted doubtings tease him;
Death comes—wi' fearless eye he sees him,
Wi' bluidy hand a welcome gi'es him:
And when he fa's,
His latest draught o' breathing lea'es him
In faint huzzas."

And, once more, when the fruits of victory are reaped in honourable and lasting peace, who can forget—who even that has not seen Mr Faed's illustrations can forget—Burns' picture of "The Soldier's Return?"—

"When wild war's deadly blast was blawn,
And gentle peace returning,
Wi' mony a sweet babe fatherless,
And mony a widow mourning;
I left tho lines and tentod field
Where lang I'd been a lodger,
My humble knapsack a' my wealth,
A puir but honest sodger. (Cheers.)

"A leal light heart was in my breast,
My hand unstain'd wi' plunder,
And for fair Scotia hame again
I cheery on did wander.
I thought upon the banks of Coil,
I thought upon my Nancy,
I thought upon the witching smile
That caught my youthful fancy.

"At length I reach'd the bonny glen,
Where early life I sported,
I pass'd the mill and trysting thorn
Where Nancy oft I courted.
Wha spied I but my ain dear maid,
Down by her mother's dwelling?
I turn'd me round to hide the flood
That in my een was swelling."

May many such returns be soon witnessed, and may peace, and home, and love be the rewards of the brave! The toast is "The Navy and Army." (Drunk with great enthusiasm.)

The CHAIRMAN again rose amid cheering, and said—Let us

now offer our best wishes to the Lord Provost and Magistrates of this city—"Edina, Scotia's darling seat." I am rather amazed to find myself in this chair. In the first place we had hoped and longed for the presidency of Lord Brougham, from whom I have had the honour of receiving a most instructive and valuable letter, which has been printed and handed to every one present, that it may be deliberately considered, and then retained as a memorial of the occasion and of the writer. Not, indeed, that any special memorial of that learned, eloquent, and distinguished man can be required, for the extended intelligence and the enlarged liberties of his country are his appropriate and enduring memorial. (Cheers.) Then, in the absence of Lord Brougham, I expected to see the Lord Provost in the chair; but as he has done me the honour of supporting me in a chair which he was so well entitled to occupy, I take the earliest opportunity of proposing his health and that of the Magistrates; and sure I am the toast deserves, and will receive, your hearty adoption. (Drunk with Town Council honours.)

The CHAIRMAN again rose amidst enthusiastic cheering, and said—Though I am deeply conscious that I shall most inadequately present to you the great toast of this evening—especially as I am a most unworthy substitute for the illustrious man whom we had hoped to see in the chair—I shall, without prelude, address myself to the subject which has evoked these simultaneous gatherings in every part of the world. One hundred years ago, a Scottish peasant was born, who in his life was first flattered and tempted, then scorned and neglected, by the great, and whose world-wide fame now craves a demonstration altogether without precedent. There is a pretty impromptu by James Montgomery—with the manuscript of which I was favoured by Mr Watson in Princes Street, whose store of literary memorials, and especially of Burns' memorials, is very extensive and interesting:—

> "He pass'd through life's tempestuous night,
> A brilliant trembling Northern Light;
> Through after years he shines from far
> A fix'd unsetting Polar Star."

To that star, clear and bright, after the lapse of a century—a glorious light and yet a beacon light—all eyes are now turned. No poet of any age or country has obtained the same position in popular admiration and affection as Burns. Truly it is said by Wilson—a noble and appropriate eulogist of such a man—(cheers)—"Burns was by far the greatest poet who ever sprung from the bosom of the people, and lived and died in humble condition." As the embodiment of popular genius, the champion of popular independence, and the type of popular elevation, his memory—not the memory of his faults and his follies, but the memory of his matchless genius and his noble spirit—is cherished close to

the heart of every Scottish man. (Loud and continued applause.) In my own county of Ayr, to my connexion with which I owe the honour of my present position, this feeling is greatly intensified. His memory there is inscribed on every feature of natural scenery, and associated with every phase of domestic life. Everything there around us is impressed by his genius and vocal with his name. (Cheers.) We seem to hear it in the song of every bird and the murmur of every stream, in the sough of the night-wind that rocks the raven's nest at Alloway Kirk, and the rippling of the moon-lit waves breaking on the coves of Culzean; our breezes whisper, and our rocks repeat, all nature echoes, and the heart of man owns it with responsive throb. There in a lowly cottage, on "the banks and braes o' bonny Doon," dwelt his worthy father—he who is so touchingly and beautifully described in "The Cottar's Saturday Night," as reading to his gathered household from "the big ha' Bible," and offering the family prayer, so impressive in its simple solemnity—

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

In that cottage Burns was born. Within a week of his birth the "auld clay bigging" was partly blown over in the night, and beneath the midnight storm and howling wind and flashing light, the infant poet and his mother were carried to a neighbouring hovel for protection—meet ushering into life of the tempest-tossed soul of Burns—fit emblem of the startling combination of the wild and the tender, the terrible and the homely, which swayed his heart and inspired his muse. Since Ayrshire contains not merely the spot of his birth but the scene of his youth and his prime, of his sports and his toil, of his loves and friendships—the scene of his nascent thoughts and springing fancies, where his young genius tried her early wing, and,

> "As he walked in glory and in pride,
> Following his plough upon the mountain side,"

his great heart swelled with its high aspirings—amid such scenes an Ayrshire man may be forgiven an intense and peculiar feeling on the subject. (Cheers.) But Burns belongs not to Ayrshire alone, but to Scotland; and in a sense, not to Scotland alone, but to humanity. In every part of the habitable world where Scottish enterprise has penetrated, and the Scottish tongue is known, and Scottish hearts beat with manly feeling and patriotic emotion, his works are universally felt to be a great popular treasure—his fame a great popular heritage—his genius a great popular impulse, as it sheds gladness on the humble home, and cheers the social board, and inspires the dream of young

ambition, and revives the courage of sinking hope. (Loud cheers.) To the Scottish peasant Burns represents and illustrates all that he prizes most: his order ennobled; his humble lot dignified; his unuttered aspirations expressed in words that set his heart on fire; his country honoured by the genius of the cottage-born. But there have been other peasant-bards; and it is not alone to his humble birth, his rural toils, and his Scottish dialect, that the name of Burns owes its popular spell. The true power of the charm lies in three qualities, characteristic alike of the man and of his poetry—sensibility, simplicity, and reality. He was the poet not of fiction but of truth. His joys and tears, his passion and his pathos, his love and his pride, the reckless mirth of his jovial hours, and the remorseful sadness of his subsequent reflections—all are real—the product not of his fancy, but of his experience; and as he clothes in language of modest and nervous simplicity his natural and earnest thoughts, his words find an echo in the heart. Under all the forms of affectation, whether it be of thought, or fancy, or feeling, or style, the charm of poetry breaks and the power of genius withers; and of all true poetry the inspiration should be drawn, like that of Burns, fresh, clear, and gushing, from the fountains of natural thought and feeling. Burns was no mere song-writer. Had he never written a song, his poems would have made him immortal; had he written an epic or dramatic poem, the author of "The Cottar's Saturday Night" and of "Tam o' Shanter" could not have failed; and in any view he must rank, not merely as the greatest poet of humble station, but as one of the greatest poets whom the world has produced. (Cheers.) In my humble opinion there is more genius in Burns' songs than in volumes of our modern poetry. Sometimes in sublimity, sometimes in pathos, sometimes in graphic description, sometimes in elevated sentiment, sometimes in exquisite humour, and always in tender and passionate emotion, Burns is without a rival. (Loud applause.) Let petty fault-finders and carping cavillers object as they may—(vehement and renewed cheering)—the true test of the power of Burns' poetry is, that, like what is recorded of his society, criticism is disarmed by intense emotional impression. There are deep springs in the human heart, often covered and hidden by the rubbish and *débris* which the tide of life deposits as it rolls along; other poets pass over the surface and pierce not the interposed earthiness; but these hidden springs are stirred by the power of a spirit like Burns, and nature, evoked from her deep and rarely-reached recesses, owns the touch of a master-spirit, and bursts forth responsive to the call of true genius. (Loud cheering.) I should trespass too long on your time if I once began to quote in illustration of this peculiar character of Burns' poetry. What heart does not feel that "The Cottar's Saturday Night," "The Vision," "The Lament," and the address "To

Mary in Heaven," with others too numerous to mention, are poems of the rarest and highest order? What can be finer, wild and startling as it is, than the "Address to the Deil," and the picture of the great enemy as

> "Whyles ranging like a roaring lion,
> For prey a' holes and corners tryin';
> Whyles on the strong-wing'd tempest flyin',
> Tirlin' the kirks;
> Whyles in the human bosom pryin',
> Unseen thou lurks!"

(Great cheering.) "Tam o' Shanter," to any one well acquainted with the Scottish dialect, is magnificent. (Great cheering and laughter.) It is scarcely possible to refrain from quoting; but I must forbear. Notwithstanding the supernatural ingredients so admirably wrought into the tale, it has all the air of a reality. Every Scotsman, especially every Ayrshire-man, with a mind above the clods of the valley—(loud cheers)—can close his vision on existing objects, and in his mind's eye can see Tam, and the Souter, and the landlady, and the parting cup, and the ride in the storm, the auld haunted kirk, the accumulated horrors on the table, the dance of witches to the unearthly music of the demon-piper on the bunker, the furious rush of the startled legion with Cutty-Sark at their head, the crisis of Tam's fate at the key-stane of the brig, and the gray mare skelping hame without her tail! (Laughter and applause.) In the midst of this wild description, where horror and humour prevail by turns, how beautifully is the vanity of earthly pleasure touched off:—

> "But pleasures are like poppies spread,
> You seize the flower, its bloom is shed;
> Or like the snow-fall in the river,
> A moment white—then melts for ever.
> Or like the borealis race,
> That flit ere you can point their place;
> Or like the rainbow's lovely form,
> Evanishing amid the storm."

But wonderful as "Tam o' Shanter" is, our admiration is increased by the extraordinary fact that the whole poem was written, not in Ayrshire, where he was in the midst of the scenes, but at Ellisland, and between breakfast and sunset of one day. Among the many specimens of the broad and hearty humour of Burns, I may mention "Meg o' the Mill," "Tam Glen," "Death and Dr Hornbook," where rare caustic humour alternates with a power almost sublime; and "Hallowe'en," where the rustic sports of that now almost forgotten festivity are charmingly described. Think of the adventure of "Fechtin' Jamie Fleck"—

> "Who whistled up Lord Lennox' march
> To keep his courage cheerie;
> Although his hair began to arch,
> He was sae fley'd and eerie;

Till presently he hears a squeak,
An' then a grane and gruntle,
He by his shouther gi'ed a keek,
An' tumbled wi' a wintle
Out-owre that night.

He roar'd a horrid murder shout
In dreadfu' desperation!
And young and auld came rinnin' out,
To hear the sad narration;
He swore 'twas hilchin' Jean M'Craw
Or crouchin' Merran Humphie,
Till, stop!—she trotted through them a'
An' wha was it but Grumphie,
Asteer that night!"

(Laughter.) Or call to mind the scaring of Leezie on the brae—a sketch in which the graphic and humorous spirit is relieved by a bit of exquisitely beautiful description:—

"A wanton widow Leezie was,
As canty as a kittlin';
But, och! that night, amang the shaws,
She got a fearfu' settlin'!
She through the whins, and by the cairn,
And owre the hill gaed scrievin,'
Where three lairds' lands meet at a burn,
To dip her left sark sleeve in,
Was bent that night.

Whyles owre a linn the burnie plays,
As through the glen it wimpl't,
Whyles round a rocky scaur it strays;
Whyles in a wiel it dimpl't;
Whyles glitter'd to the nightly rays
Wi' bickering, dancing dazzle;
Whyles cookit underneath the braes,
Below the spreading hazel,
Unseen that night.

Amang the brackens, on the brae,
Between her and the moon,
The deil—or else an outler quey
Gat up an' gae a croon:
Puir Leezie's heart maist lap the hool,
Near lav'rock-height she jumpit;
But miss'd a fit, and in the pool
Out-owre the lugs she plumpit,
Wi' a plunge that night."

Or what say you to his epigram on a certain lawyer?—

"He clench'd his pamphlets in his fist,
He quoted and he hinted,
Till in a declamation-mist,
His argument he tint it:
He gaped for't, he graped for't,
He fand it was awa', man,
But what his common-sense cam' short,
He eked it out wi' law, man."

(Great laughter.) I cannot pause to give specimens of the tender and passionate poetry of Burns. His songs abound in

stanzas of surpassing beauty, chiefly inspired by his love to Bonnie Jean, his good and faithful wife—a love which was, I think, his deepest and tenderest feeling. His famous lines said to be addressed to Clarinda, and containing the stanza adopted by Byron as the motto of the "Bride of Abydos,"

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

were not, I believe, meant for Clarinda, but for Bonnie Jean, whose image was never long absent from his heart. He walks by the burn-side at night, and sings—

"As in the bosom of the stream
The moonbeam dwells at dewy e'en,
So trembling, pure, is tender love
Within the breast of Bonnie Jean."

He plods his way across the hills from Ellisland to Mossgiel, and love prompts the charming song to Jean, "Of a' the airts the wind can blaw." When Lapraik's verses are sent him, his heart chooses—

"There was ae sang amang the rest
Aboon them a' it pleased me best,
That some kind husband had address'd
To some sweet wife;
It thrill'd the heart-strings through the breast,
A' to the life."

He sees in fancy the Genius of Coila, and Jean recurs to his mind as alone rivalling the celestial visitant—

"Down flow'd her robe—a tartan sheen,
Till half a leg was scrimply seen,
And such a leg—my bonnie Jean
Alane could peer it;
Sae straight and taper, tight and clean,
Nane else came near it."

(Great cheering and laughter.) And then, with all his high aspirings, and all his love for social pleasures and even social excesses, where does he place the scene of his highest duties and his dearest joys?

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

(Loud applause.) Had this man not a heart, and a heart with some rare qualities—sensitive, passionate, and tender? (Enthusiastic and long-continued cheering.) I believe that, next to the blessing of a conscience divinely enlightened, and divinely cleared, the greatest happiness permitted to man in this life is the happiness of loving and being beloved. (Cheers.) The heart is the true spring of happiness, as Burns himself well says—

"It's no in titles nor in rank,
It's no in wealth like Lunnon bank
To purchase peace and rest.
It's no in books, it's no in lair,
It's no in making mickle mair,
To make us truly blest.
If happiness have not her seat
And centre in the breast,
We may be wise, or rich, or great,
We never can be blest.
Nae treasures, nae pleasures
Can make us happy lang:
The heart aye's the part aye
That makes us right or wrang."

Of the moral character of Burns I must say a word. Let me not be misunderstood. I am no hero-worshipper, no unqualified eulogist of Burns. I protest against the thought that for what is morally wrong an excuse can be found in the rarest talents; and deeply should I regret if any word fell from me tending to lower the standard of character, or loosen the obligations of religion and morality. There are few sadder subjects of contemplation than a noble generous spirit like that of Burns, manly, tender, and true, full of the love of nature, of country, and of liberty, yet floating rudderless and helpless on the tide of life, till dashed on the fatal rocks which have wrecked so many of his countrymen. His lot, indeed, was cast on evil times. The tone of morality in his day was not pure or high; the tone of religion was cold, and hard, and low. To the prevailing devotion of his day, generally cold, frequently ascetic, sometimes hypocritical, there was an antagonism in Burns' nature. (Loud cheers.) Genuine, practical, and loving piety might have charmed and won him. If, instead of the stern or the cold preachers who repelled his feelings and stimulated his opposition, there had met Burns a pastor in whose large and genial heart dwells love and sympathy as well as faithfulness, who, true to his own convictions, recognises in others the rights of conscience, whose preaching and whose life present religion in her most attractive aspect, and whose imperishable memorial will be read in the statistics of diminished crime, in the testimony of reclaimed children, and in the records of converted souls, who can tell what impression might have been made on him? He was not so fortunate. To him was rarely presented the instructive illustration of the influence of true religion on human character. That influence comes in no harsh or ascetic spirit, it diverts no noble aim, it extinguishes no honourable ambition, it quenches no pure fire of genius, no flame of virtuous love, no generous sentiment or kindly feeling, but, entering with searching power into the heart, out of which are the issues of life, it expels from the "dome of thought" and the fountain of feeling the dark spirits of evil, it raises man to his true dignity, and directs his faculties to their appropriate aims. We

must deplore and condemn much in the character and in the writings of Burns; we must lament that the spirit in which he wrote the "Cottar's Saturday Night" did not always prompt his pen or guide his life; but there was much to deplore in the character of the times in which he lived. Time has not passed in vain over the influence of Burns. As a mountain torrent, depositing its earthiness as it flows, comes after a long course to reflect the face of heaven on its bosom, time has cleared and mellowed the influence of Burns—(applause)—like an old and rich wine, the coarse and impure particles have subsided, and we now rejoice only in the pure and generous qualities which remain. I do not seek to disguise or to palliate his faults—but who among us is without faults? Charity, which hopeth all things and thinketh no evil, ought to be our monitor. (Applause.) Let us "gently scan our brother man"—let us judge ourselves severely, and others leniently—let us gather the good we can, though it be intermingled with evil—let us use aright the more favourable appliances which surround us—let us strive ourselves to cultivate a purer morality, and adorn by our lives a sounder religious profession; but let us admire in Burns whatever is worthy of admiration, and honour his genius as it deserves. Those who object to this demonstration must remember that the power of Burns over the popular mind of Scotland is a great fact which cannot be ignored. (Enthusiastic applause.) Burns has lived, and has written, and has a hold upon the heart of Scotland. (Renewed cheering.) It is well to qualify our praises, and to inculcate the warning lessons of his life. But surely it is not the part of wisdom or of virtue so to repudiate such a man as to consign to the cause and the friends of mischief a name and fame so attractive and so potent. (Long-continued applause.) Let us rather deal with the power of Burns' name as science has dealt with the electric element. Science has not stood afar off, scared by each flash, mourning each shivered tower; science has caught and purified the power, and chained it to the car of commerce and the chariot of beneficence, and applied it to the noble purpose of consolidating humanity—uniting all the world by the interchange of thought and feeling. On this day Burns is to us, not the memory of a departed, but the presence of a living power—(enthusiastic cheering)—the electric chain which knits the hearts of Scotsmen in every part of the world, stirring us not only to admiration of the poet's genius, but to the love of country, of liberty, and of home, and of all things beautiful and good. Therefore, I call on you to pledge me, not in solemn silence, but with our heartiest honours, to "The Immortal Robert Burns." (The chairman, whose speech was delivered with great power and fervour, resumed his seat amidst volleys of cheers.)

Mr JAMES BALLANTINE (Secretary) then read the following verses, composed by himself for the occasion :—

BURNS' CENTENARY BANQUET.

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

He strode straught forward to the chair,
And sat him down by Craufurd there,
When shouts o' welcome rent the air
As ne'er were heard,
And proved the love that Scotland bare
To Scotland's Bard.

He rose—his form tower'd proud an' hie,
Fire flaughted frae his goss-hawk e'e—
Syne, wi' a gesture bauld and free,
He leant him back,
And, in deep tones o' melody,
Thus Robin spak :—

Dear friends and brither Scots, guid e'en ;
Hech, sirs, it seems but like yestreen
Since first frae Ayrshire's pastures green
I daur'd to stray,
And to Edina, Scotland's queen,
I made my way.

A touch strikes fire frae flint or steel,
A spark gaurs granite mountains reel,
And kindness shewn a rustic chiel,
Far frae his hame,
Soon made his grateful bosom feel
A kindred flame.

But threescore years an' ten hae fled,
And a' those genial friends are dead
Wha that young ploughman's footsteps led
Through palace ha's,
And his poetic fancy fed
Wi' kind applause.

Yet those kind friends o' auld lang syne
Still live within this breast o' mine,
For a' their generous virtues shine
In memory's sky,
And I wad fain a wreath entwine
Round days gane bye.

Glencairn my patron, friend, and brither,
The world scarce e'er saw sic anither,
His godlike form and soul thegether,
When seen an' felt,
Ye had a kind o' hankerin' swither
Ye should hae knelt.

Then Erskine, wha could cowe the whole age
For wit an' lair, for fun an' knowledge ;
Wi' Blair and Stewart, kirk and college

Weel skill'd to lead;
And Creech wha charged nae fee or tollage
On my wing'd steed.

And then the genuine Man o' Feeling,
Sic fostering love to me revealing,
His eloquence to a' appealing,
Soon made weel kenn'd
The thoughts that born in humble sheeling
Made man my friend.

And thus did friendship's sacred flame
Light up my rugged path to fame;
And ploughman Rab, whase muirland hame
Was cauld and drear,
Auld Reekie, canty, couthy dame,
Was first to cheer.

The first kind blink o' opening Spring,
That set the birds to churm and sing,
Aye set my fancy on the wing
To wander on,
And gaur'd me aim my harp to string
In unison.

When Summer cam', in sun and showers,
And clothed the earth wi' leaves and flowers,
How sweet to wander leesome hours,
And no think't lang,
While hills and dales, and woods and bowers,
Burst forth in sang.

When harvest fill'd a' hearts wi' cheer,
And reapers' mirth rang loud an' clear,
Ilk lad had aye his lassie near
To geck and gab wi'—
And wadna Robin lookit queer
Wi' nane to blab wi'?

For Love and Beauty aye were themes
Of a' my highest hopes and dreams,
And slee side-keeks, or glowing beams,
Frae maidens' eyes,
Aye warm'd me up wi' gowden gleams
O' summer skies.

And Beauty still, I'm proud to see,
Here blinks on me wi' kindly e'e,
As gin she cam' to tell to me
I did nae wrang
In reining the unbridled glee
O' auld Scots sang.

When mountains wore their snawy hood,
And Winter howl'd through leafless wood,
I lo'ed to mingle wi' the cloud
On rugged height,
And wauk wi' sang the Patriot's blood,
For freedom's right.

I kenn'd the puir man's eident life,
I shared his cares, and soothed his strife;
And tho' whiles sorrows, dark and rife,
Might grieve or stound him,
Joy cam', like light, when weans and wife
A' cluster'd round him.

Byganes hae been, let byganes gang;
That ever Scotland meant me wrang
Was never sung in a' my sang,
But when we parted
I felt a queer mysterious pang,
And dee'd sair-hearted.

Then fare-ye-weel, Auld Reekie dear,
And ilka time, each coming year,
Your sons and daughters meet me here
They'll ken me better,
And own a spirit true and clear
In every letter.

But, hark! the cup that memory 's quaffin',
Amid the universal daffin',
While Freedom's sun-bright flag is wawffin'
Afar and near,
And Time's auld clock is telegraphin'
My Hundredth Year.

Sheriff Gordon was received with loud cheers. He said—Lord Ardmillan, Ladies, and Gentlemen, of all who are here to-night, there is not one probably, except myself, who may hesitate for a moment to regret the absence of Henry Brougham. Right gladly, too, could I have seen the hearts of this vast assembly, like boughs of the wind-stricken forest, swayed to and fro by the resistless impulse of his living words. But I doubt if in his own presence, had I then been privileged to speak of him, I could have ventured to have given full utterance to all my honest admiration of his great-hearted and many-handed life. (Cheers.) And yet it is possible, perhaps, that even as I had looked upon him face to face, there might have touched me one spark of his own impetuous and irrepressible fire, which has now for more than half a century flamed on the forehead of his country's story. (Applause.) He is not with us, but depend upon it, and indeed we are sure, that his sympathies are not far away from a meeting which means to appreciate the sturdy independence and the blunt honesty of a nature on which the shadows of hypocrisy or duplicity never fell—(cheers)—a meeting which means to commemorate the victorious progress of an inborn vigour which, against the barriers of social condition, ay, and even of individual temperament, held on its earnest way, till glory filled the furrows of its plough—(loud cheers)—and a meeting which means to wreathe with green gratitude the wonderful achievements of that Æolian sensibility which, placed in the window of a peasant's breast, vibrated to every whispering air or stirring breeze, or even stormy gust, which moves man's strange and chequered life, and gave back the exquisite melody, of which the undying echoes have been, and will be, wafted over "a' the airts the wind can blaw" till time shall cease to be. (Applause.) Brougham is not with us, but I see him now, the Demosthenes of Britain, as he sits on the shore of the

broad Mediterranean and revokes across its tideless mirror the magnificent renown and the terrible ruin of which the colossal annals, from the pillars of Hercules to the blue Semplegades, strewed the whole margin of its waters. (Applause.)

> "Thy shores are Empires, changed in all save thee,
> Assyria, Rome, Greece, Carthage, what are they?
> Thy waters wasted them while they were free,
> And many a tyrant since."

(Cheers.) And I hear him murmur to this unchangeable witness of the awful vicissitudes of nations and kingdoms—Does, then, the past always teach us the future? for, if the free and brilliant race who conquered at Marathon, the Bannockburn of Greece, and if the majestic and proud people who survived Cannæ, the Flodden of Italy, are now crumbled into littleness, almost worse than nothingness, shall I fear, or may I hope, for my own grand country? (Applause.) But it is not for the sea, but for us ourselves, his countrymen and his fellow-citizens, to answer his query, and I think we may bid him be of good cheer; or, at all events, I think we may tell him, with a cheerful pride, that there has not often lived in the world any man, who, more truly than Henry Brougham, looking back with an undimmed eye through a retrospect of fourscore years, can mark the steady and large improvement of his country by the very foot-prints of his own luminous and indefatigable career. The very spirit of indomitable vitality of which, active yesterday when he wrote that long letter with his own hand, as in the vehement ardour of his prime, he scattered the seeds which have ripened under his guidance, and, while he lives, into not only abundant and general, but healthful and invigorating harvest both of thought and of action. But I suspect that the pilgrimages of many generations of men must begin and end before there can be fairly estimated or properly fixed the precious value and the vast extent of what directly and indirectly in every corner of the commonweal, the energy of his efforts and the influence of his example have done or helped to do. Remember that I cannot now justify this large eulogy, or even illustrate it, by particular incidents in his career. I cannot be a miniature painter. I cannot even give you his portrait in colours. I must rather try, however roughly and imperfectly, to put before you, as it were, in a model of sculpture, the muscular massive outline of the image of that individual force and that individual activity which has made itself felt throughout the length and breadth of the British empire. I set him before you an avenging giant with a hundred arms, but I must leave you to select what head of the hundred-headed hydra you wish to bring down, which the hun-

dred arms of Brougham were ever ready to attack and destroy. (Applause). I do not dwell, therefore, upon the manifestations, I dwell upon the reality, the intensity, and the efficacy of a power which, on memorable, momentous, and even vital occasions, has photographed so vividly the existing wrong, and has telegraphed so unmistakably the coming right. (Cheers.) And I will draw the general conclusion, that when a man has spoken and written as Brougham has done, whether his cause was right or wrong, he has done so with a glowing consciousness of enormous mental strength—(cheers)—and knowing his strength, the question is, how has he used it? And I say that he has used it invariably, perseveringly, and enthusiastically, and with a glorious success, for the intellectual expansion, for the social amelioration, and for the political elevation of his fellow-men. (Applause.) He has invaded tyranny in all its citadels, and shaken all its arsenals, and settled the sunshine of the standard of freedom both upon the heights and down in the valleys of humanity. He has torn bigotry into very tatters, and let in the comfort of the light of common sense even through the densest theological atmosphere—(cheers)—and he has warred with ignorance under every shape and in every recess, and planted, and watered, and cherished—till its fruits were ripe and mellow for the taste and nourishment of all—the blessed tree of general knowledge. I do think that the man who has done all this may well hope, and need not fear for his country, which by its whole life shews that the lessons of Brougham have entered deeply into the convictions, the aspirations, and the daily habits of its people. And therefore I shall, in all our names, bid the currents of the ocean carry to that old man eloquent, upon the shore of the great inland deep, our heartiest thanks and good wishes, and our belief that when he obeys the doom to which we all must yield, even if no temple, or column, or memorial tomb shall mark his resting-place, he needs none of them who shall be known in after times as a man who can feel on his deathbed that, largely by his means, man his brother in his native land stands at this hour more erect and free before God and his fellow-man. (Loud applause.)

Song—"John Anderson, my jo"—Miss Cole.

Solo on the Violoncello on favourite melodies of Burns—Mr Hausmann.

Lord NEAVES, in proposing "The Biographers of Burns, and Mr Robert Chambers," said—It has been said that a hero is nothing without a poet to celebrate his achievements; and it may be added that a poet is not wholly himself without a biographer to commemorate his character and conduct. Some poets there may have been so fortunate as to afford few materials

for biography—who, blest with a decent competence, and exempt from violent passions, have retired to the secluded contemplation of nature, or have looked at the world through the loopholes of some calm retreat where they might behold the perils of life without partaking of them—

> With friendly stars their safety seek,
> Within some little winding creek,
> And see the storm ashore.

(Cheers.) But with those who are cast forth upon the billows and breakers of human existence, who with feelings as quick and passions as powerful as their genius, are exposed to all the trials and temptations that flesh is heir to; above all, with those who, with manly souls and genial dispositions, have known the heights and hollows of worldly fortunes, the task of the biographer is necessary not only to make us know the poet, but to make us know his poems. With all its imperfections, there is no literary work more delightful than Johnson's Lives, and there has seldom been a life more deserving of commemoration than that of the great man in whose honour we are now met. (Loud cheers.) I shall not attempt to enumerate all his biographers, for their name is Legion. I shall select four names out of the list as specially deserving notice. The services of Dr James Currie, as the first great biographer of Burns, were nearly as valuable as they were meritorious and disinterested. I do not enter on the controversy whether Currie was too forward to do what another great man forbade—

> "To draw his frailties from their dread abode,
> The bosom of his father and his God."

If he erred in this respect, it was not through want of charity or from bad intention; and any accusations there admitted have since been answered by anxious and ample vindications, which have enabled the cooler hands of our own day to hold the balance impartially. We now know the man as he was, with many errors that in him were unhappy, and in us would be unpardonable, but with virtues at the same time that far outweigh all his faults. (Cheers.) But Currie was especially useful in helping men to form a true estimate of Burns' genius and works. Even in Scotland, Burns was then imperfectly appreciated. But in England he needed an interpreter to introduce him. Currie discharged that office successfully, and thereby at once did honour to the Scottish name, and rendered good service to English literature. Towards the end of the last century there seemed at one time a great risk that all manly and noble poetry would be extinct. By the influence of some silly women, and some sillier men, a school arose under the name of the Della Cruscan, of the

most sickly and senseless sentimentality; while, on the other hand, a return to the old style of Pope and Dryden was hopeless. At this juncture there arose two men especially qualified to regenerate the public taste, and give it a truer and firmer tone than it had long exhibited. Cowper published his "Task" in 1785, and in 1786 there appeared in the obscure town of Kilmarnock a volume of "Poems chiefly in the Scottish Dialect," which needed only to be known in order to be admired. These two men were very different, and were suited to reach very different minds; but they agreed in this, that they were men of manly intellects and noble hearts, and it was impossible that where their poetry could penetrate there could be any room for affectation or imposture. (Applause.) The diffusion of a relish for Burns was in this way a safeguard against false taste, and a preparation for whatever of genuine nature or feeling we have since welcomed in the poetry of the present century. Nor would it, perhaps, be a bad thing if some of the poets of the present day would revert to those models, and imitate, without copying, the native force and straightforward simplicity—the intelligible feelings and the transparent diction—by which they are so eminently characterised. (Cheers.) It should never be forgotten as to Currie, that while he devoted to his friendly task the time and strength which might have been occupied in his profession, he generously gave up to Burns' family the whole profit—a very considerable sum—which was thus realised. (Cheers.) The next names I shall couple together—Lockhart and Wilson—have both done justice to our great bard; and the eulogy of Wilson is one of the noblest pieces of criticism in the language. These men, adorned with all the learning of classical studies, and accomplished in all the arts that confer literary skill, recognised fully, by an instinctive sympathy, the merits of him who had "followed his plough upon the mountain side;" and they gave him their admiration, not as a sentiment of relative wonder due to a show or a prodigy, having reference to his origin and position, but as a tribute of just praise to an equal—to one who, in his own department, was absolutely and abstractly, both in sentiment and in expression, an unrivalled master of his art. (Applause.) I now come to the last of the list—one who, in closing the procession, has done his work so fully and so exhaustively, that he seems to have made it impossible that he can have a successor. Our friend and fellow-citizen, Mr Robert Chambers—(cheers)—has brought to bear on this task that power of industry and skill of research which in other departments, and particularly in the Antiquities and in the Domestic Annals of Scotland, have rendered such services to his country. In preparing his Life of Burns, every source of information has been visited, every track that promised any advantage has been followed up, every document has been

collected that could throw a ray of light on the truth. We have thus, I think, a perfect history and representation of the man, while the occasion and motive of all his poems have been admirably illustrated. To Mr Chambers we thus owe a full and final development of the truth (as to Burns), and we can there learn the lesson to avoid his errors, to admire his virtues, and to herish, as we now seek to do, the memory of his genius. (Cheers.) I ought to add that Chambers, like Currie, has literally made his work a labour of love, and generously surrendered the profits of his great exertions to promote the comfort of those of Burns' surviving relatives who needed assistance. (Loud cheers.)

Mr ROBERT CHAMBERS, in returning thanks, said that he must attribute his having entered into the same field with such men as Currie, Wilson, and Lockhart, to Burns himself, and to the public, because there was no name in the past which he had been accustomed to regard with so much veneration and love as that of Robert Burns. (Cheers.) In his (Mr Chambers's) early days, Burns was in the position of Shakspeare in the days of Rowe and Pope; but since then men had learned to appreciate his works more thoroughly and to take greater interest in the incidents of his life. That was the reason that had led him to look more narrowly into the life of Burns, and to prepare his biography of the poet. If, in executing that book, he should have gratified the curiosity of the present or of any future generation, he should be amply rewarded for his laborious days and nights. (Cheers.)

The CHAIRMAN then said he was extremely sorry to have to state that he had received a letter from his friend the Dean of Faculty, stating that, in consequence of severe indisposition confining him to bed, it was out of his power to attend there that night, although he warmly sympathised with the object of their meeting, and was deeply disappointed at being compelled to relinquish the very flattering and agreeable task of proposing the toast of "The Peasantry of Scotland." (Cheers.) He (the Chairman) not being able to find any one to undertake that toast, would venture to do so himself. (Hear, hear.) He therefore proposed the fountain from which the stream flowed in which they were all rejoicing. The influence of Burns' poetry on the people of Scotland subsisted at that moment, it affected them in their homes; it affected them in their public gatherings; it affected the heart and mind of the people of Scotland; and not of Scotland only, but of the whole world at that day. He thought that it could be nothing but a generous, noble, and virtuous sentiment which came so home to the hearts of men in every stage of their lives and in every part of the globe. Therefore, with very warm wishes for the prosperity, advancement, advantage, and elevation of the peasantry of Scotland, he proposed their health. (Cheers.) No good could befall them they did

not wish them; no good could happen to them they did not deserve; no good could be their lot which Burns would not have desired; no good could be theirs which, on this hundredth anniversary of Burns' birth, they did not earnestly and with their whole hearts wish for them. He proposed "The Peasantry of Scotland." He hoped they might retain the feeling and fervent affections of Burns, with firmer principle and more self-denial. (Cheers.)

The toast was drunk with great applause.

The CHAIRMAN then introduced to the company Mr William Glover, an old man, aged a hundred years and six months, who had been a contemporary of Burns, had heard his voice, and seen him face to face.

Mr GLOVER, who appeared remarkably hale for his years, was received with much cheering; and recited a portion of "Tam o' Shanter," with a good deal of spirit and humour.

The CHAIRMAN then proposed three cheers for that ancient man, whose memory and whose spirit had lived for so many years. (This was responded to with acclamation.)

Mr ADAM BLACK, M.P., proposed the health of "The Chairman," which was received with the utmost cordiality.

The CHAIRMAN, in returning thanks for the compliment paid him, stated that he had just received a telegraphic despatch from Newcastle, to the effect that the Chairman, and all present at the meeting held there in honour of Burns, desired to concur with them in all possible honour to the memory of the bard. (Loud cheers.) The Chairman also referred to a pot of daisies which had been sent to him by a working gardener in the neighbourhood, and to a china punch-bowl which had belonged to Burns, and which was placed before him on the board as a relic of the poet. He might well, he said, feel proud of the position he now occupied, and he could not find fitter language in which to return them his thanks than that which Burns once rhymed when asked to join a friend at some merry-making. Being unable to go, his reply was:—

But Mauchline race, or Mauchline fair,
I should be proud to meet you there;
We'se gie ae night's discharge to care,
If we foregather,
An' hae a swap o' rhymin-ware
Wi' ane anither.
(Laughter and cheers.)

The four-gill chap, we'se gar him clatter,
An' kirsten him wi' reekin' water:
Syne we'll sit down an' tak our whitter,
To cheer our heart;
An' faith we'se be acquainted better
Before we part. (Cheers.)

Awa, ye selfish warly race,
Wha think that havins, sense, an' grace,

E'en love an' friendship, should give place
To catch-the-plack!
I dinna like to see your face,
Nor hear your crack.

But ye whom social pleasure charms,
Whose hearts the tide of kindness warms,
Who hold your being on the terms,
"Each aid the others,"
Come to my bowl, come to my arms,
My friends, my brothers!

(Immense applause; the whole company rising to their feet, and cheering the speaker.)

Captain CARNEGIE gave "The Ladies"—a toast that was drunk with great enthusiasm.

Professor BLACKIE next proposed the Memory of Sir Walter Scott. He said—It is with the greatest pleasure that I rise to propose "The Memory of Sir Walter Scott." There are six great names in Scottish history round which all true Scotsmen must gather as the proudest symbols of their nationality—two in the political world, Robert Bruce and William Wallace; two in the world of Christian heroism and devotedness, Patrick Hamilton, the first Protestant martyr, and John Knox, the founder of our national Church; two in the literary world, Robert Burns and Walter Scott. To which of these truly representative men we are most indebted for the inheritance of our great birthright of national feeling it were foolish to inquire; enough that they have all contributed to make us what, by the grace of God, we are—a free, an independent, a thoughtful, a sober-minded, and a conscientious—an earnest, determined, and persevering—and, so long as we cherish these virtues, a prosperous and an invincible people. I value Walter Scott for many things; but for nothing, certainly, more than this, that he was a thoroughly national and an eminently Scottish writer; and with all this strong tincture of nationality, he was at the same time so widely human, and so generously catholic, that he has made Scottish character and Scottish scenery known and beloved wherever the common British language is understood, from the Ganges to the St Lawrence. No doubt he has not done justice to one class of Scottish men—to our Guthries and our Renwicks, and our whole glorious array of martyrs, who are, with good reason, more to us than St Jerome or St Augustine, or all the saints in the calendar put together; but that was his misfortune, no doubt—not his fault; besides, religion is always a somewhat delicate matter, with which, in a divided country, a poet is often wise not to intermeddle. With this single exception, however, there is no Scottish writer more thoroughly Scottish, in his whole tone, temper, and habits, than Sir Walter Scott; none to whom a Scotsman, by whom his nationality is prized, lies under greater obligations; none who has more just claim to

be specially remembered in this national recognition of the great lyric poet of the Scottish people—Robert Burns. There is scarce a notable hill or crag in the country on which he has not stamped his name; not a birch-fringed, amber-flooded stream which does not murmur more sweetly or rush more fiercely to the stirring notes of his lyre. Scotland lies painted in his pages as truly and as significantly as the woody Zacynthus or the rocky Ithaca in Homer. There is everywhere in Scott's poetry to me a breath as of the bracing mountain air, and a distinct smell of heather—qualities which are not only essentially Scottish, but pre-eminently healthy. And this brings me to the second point which I should wish to bring forward in connexion with the bard of "Marmion" and "The Lady of the Lake." Scott is characteristically, both in his prose, and in his verse, a healthy poet; and this is a quality which, both in prose and verse, but especially in verse, ought to be ranked a great deal higher than now-a-days seems in certain quarters to be fashionable. I could name poets of considerable note within the present century whose works can be accurately defined no otherwise than as the musical utterance of a sublime disease; with which one may be pleased after a fashion, as with the piteous cries of the Sophoclean Philoctetes left on the desert isle; but after all it was an ugly sore; and one has permanent delight in the warblings of a happy bird, not in the screaming of a wounded Titan, into whatever curious harmonies they may be worked up. It is not at all an indifferent matter whether a great poet be a healthy and therefore a happy man. The business of poetry—the special prerogative of genius—is not merely to stimulate and to excite, but to harmonise and to reconcile; and no one who does not know the blessing of a reconciling and harmonising temper in his own mind can communicate that greatest of all blessings to the souls of his fellowmen. My notion unquestionably is, that if a man can give nothing to the public but musical wails, and lamentations, and denunciations, he had better hold his tongue. We have enough of misery in the world without applauding persons as great poets for whisking up into sparkling foam the bitter waters of their own diseased emotions. Walter Scott was not a poet of this troubled class, and may be compared fitly, not to a seething ocean of passion, but to a cup of mellow wine. He will not be the chosen poet of those young ladies, to whom the "horrible murder" and the "shocking accident" is the most delightful paragraph in the newspapers. As little will he please those to whom neither poetry nor sermons, nor even novels in the present age, are palatable without a certain amount of misty metaphysics and supersubtle theology. I have only another word to say in conclusion, and it is this: a great deal of critical fencing has taken place among notable men abroad, and in this country also, about the two great schools of art, the classical and the romantic. I have no wish to tax your

patience at present with any curious definitions on this subject; but this I will say, that in the best and deepest sense of the word, Walter Scott is the most classical of modern poets, and that precisely by virtue of the thorough nationality and broad healthy-minded popularity which was so eminently characteristic of his genius. He is, in fact, more like Homer both in style and manner than any writer that I know, ancient or modern. In Homer there is no theology, no metaphysics, no sublime supersensualism; but only and everywhere Greek nature and Greek life, Greek men and Greek cheerfulness, and Greek eloquence. So in Walter Scott, while we are everywhere kept far from the dim region of intangible speculations and laboured subtleties, we are nowhere divorced from the invigorating influences of Scottish nature and Scottish life, Scottish sobriety and Scottish honour, Scottish hills, Scottish heather, and Scottish mountain air.

"Scottish Art and the Royal Scottish Academy" was then proposed by Professor Campbell Swinton; and the "Secretary, Treasurer, and Committee," by the Chairman, coupled with the healths of Mr James Ballantine and Mr A. T. Boyle, to whom the credit of getting up this demonstration was mainly due. Mr Ballantine and Mr Boyle having replied, "Auld Langsyne" was sung by the whole company, and the proceedings of the evening were brought to a close.

An excellent band of music, under the leadership of Mr William Howard, was stationed in the orchestra, and performed a variety of Scottish airs, including solos by Mr Howard and Mr Hausmann. The proceedings were further enlivened by several songs from Miss Cole, Mr Hunter, Mr Stewart, Mr Rough, Mr Smith, &c. Mr James Sinclair (gorgeously arrayed) officiated as toast-master, in a very imposing manner. The dinner was furnished by Mr Anderson of the "Rainbow."

The following letter from Lord Brougham to Lord Ardmillan was circulated amongst the company:—

LETTER FROM LORD BROUGHAM TO LORD ARDMILLAN.

My Lord,—It is altogether unnecessary to say how very deeply I lament the disappointment of my hopes that I should have been able to attend this interesting festival. Such celebrations are the discharge of a duty, the payment, as it were, of a debt to departed genius; they afford occasion for indulging in mutual congratulations, and displaying honest national pride. But also they should by all means be turned to good account in the opportunity which they give of drawing practical inferences from the subject-matter of our contemplations. To two of these inferences I take the great liberty of directing your attention, in order that this celebration may be productive of some useful result.

After his great poetical genius, there is nothing so remarkable

in Burns' history as the extraordinary refinement of his sentiments, and even of his taste, from his earliest years, the effect certainly of his education having been greater than falls to the lot of the peasantry, even in Scotland. But it is impossible to read the accounts of his family, and his description of, and correspondence with his friends of the same age and the same humble station, and not be struck with the manner in which they were all raised above their condition by the ordinary education of the parish schools, and the taste for reading and for contemplation to which it gives rise, besides its effects in forming industrious and temperate habits. It led in him further to the greater cultivation of his faculties, and the nursing and unfolding of his genius; and we have an unquestionable right to affirm that but for this education he, in all likelihood, would have passed through the life of an humble and unknown peasant; and that his genius would never have been known either to himself or the world. The existence of genius must ever be an accident; but as it cannot be confined to any class of the community, the chances of its appearing, that is of its existence being known, must needs be in proportion to the numbers placed in circumstances that shall nurse and unfold it. Thus, besides the ordinary and every-day effects of this education, we have its necessary tendency to mature and to disclose rare capacity of the highest order—all that is called genius; a Watt to alter the whole face of the world by the changes which his profound science and matchless skill produced, each change an improvement, and adding to the happiness of mankind; a Burns whose immortal verse makes the solace and the delight of his countrymen in every age and every country where their lot may be cast. These are, of course, very rare examples; but it is fit to dwell upon the common and universal effects of the system in raising the character of our people, distinguishing them wherever they go for intelligence and usefulness, for thoughtful and therefore prudent habits. The testimony is general, and it is striking, which is borne to them in these respects, not only by calm observers free from all national prejudice, like M. Biot, father of the National Institute (whose work on our Scottish system I am publishing with notes), but by the employers of labour in all parts of the world both old and new. It is truly gratifying to reflect that wherever a native of Scotland goes, he bears this character along with him, and finds his claims to respect acknowledged, as soon as he declares his country; not like the old Roman appealing to the fears awakened by the sound of the barbarous tyrant's name, and silencing the voice of justice or preventing its course; but representing the humane and enlightened nation which has faithfully discharged its highest duty of diffusing knowledge and promoting virtue.

The inference to be drawn is, that what cannot in any way be treated as the ground of empty boast, should not be made the

ground of exultation, foolish and unprofitable. Our duty is to maintain and to amend the system by all well-considered measures, so that it may not only be perpetuated but improved. There, as everywhere else, time has produced some defects and disclosed others. By our experience in both these respects we are bound to profit, securing the independence of teachers; placing them under the inspection which the law originally intended to be effectual; providing for their removal when incompetent, and for their support when disabled by age or infirmity; apportioning their advancement to their merits, and raising to their just place in society such as are distinguished by their useful labours; nor ever forgetting that to this body of men there once belonged one of the most powerful preachers and eminent leaders of the National Church. That a firm resolution to work for the attainment of these objects may arise out of this celebration, to which it is so peculiarly appropriate, would not seem to be entertaining too sanguine a view.

But it is also fit that we should on this occasion consider in what language Burns' poems, at least by far the most celebrated, and the most justly celebrated, are written. It is the language, the pure and classical language of Scotland, which must on no account be regarded as a provincial dialect, any more than French was so regarded in the reign of Henry V., or Italian in that of the first Napoleon, or Greek under the Roman Empire. Nor is it to be in any manner of way considered as a corruption of the Saxon; on the contrary, it contains much of the old and genuine Saxon, with an intermixture from the northern nations, as Danes and Norse, and some, though a small adoption, from the Celtic. But in whatever way composed, or from whatever sources arising, it is a national language, used by the whole people in their early years, by many learned and gifted persons throughout life, and in which are written the laws of the Scots, their judicial proceedings, their ancient history, above all, their poetry. Its Saxon origin may be at once proved by the admitted fact that Barbour, Chaucer's contemporary, is more easily understood by an English reader at this day than the Saxon of the father of English poetry. The merits of the Scottish language are attested, as regards conciseness, by the brevity of the Scottish statutes, compared with the English, and as regards clearness, by the fact that there has been much more frequent occasion for judicial interpretation of the latter than of the former. But the peculiar value of the language arises from the great body of national poetry entirely composed in it, both in very remote times and in those nearer our own day; and there can be no doubt that the English language, especially its poetical diction, would greatly gain by being enriched with a number, both of words and of phrases, or turns of expression, now peculiar to the Scottish. It was by such a process that the Greek became the

first of tongues, as well written as spoken. Nor can it be for a moment admitted that the Scottish has less claim to this partial adoption, than the Doric had to mingle with the Ionian; or the Æolic with the Attic. Indeed, of Æolic works there are none, while there is a whole body of Scottish classics. Had Theocritus lived before any poet like Pindar made frequent use of the new Doric, his exquisite poems, so much tinged with Sicilian, must have given that dialect admission into the pure Greek. Indeed, Pindar, himself Bœotian, and naturally disposed to use the old Doric, has recourse to the new, for its force of expression, probably as much as he would have done had he, like Theocritus, been a Sicilian; as Moschus did, who belonged to those colonies of Asia Minor, the origin of the language and literature of Greece. It must be allowed that when we refer to the free admission of various dialects into the classical language of Greece, we should bear in mind the peculiar fastidiousness of the Attic taste, and its scrupulous rejection of all barbarisms, and all solecisms—all words in languages not purely Greek, and all terms of expression arising from a corruption of that pure tongue.

It is a great mistake to suppose, as some have done, that the interest excited in all minds by the associations of early years, forms the only ground of desiring to retain in certain compositions the language familiar to us in childhood. The charm imported by such associations is unquestioned; but it is not the only merit of the language, which may have other claims to being preserved independent of that. Thus Scotsmen will beyond all doubt feel a greater interest in Burns' poetry, because it is in the language used by those who cherished them in childhood, and which themselves first spoke. But so they will feel a greater interest than foreigners in the songs which they knew at the same period of life, in whatever language composed, an interest wholly independent of the language; and yet there may be in the merits of the language itself strong claims to being preserved and adopted. A Sicilian might feel the charm of Theocritus' verse, because it reminded him of the pastorals, the national songs of the peasantry, from whence, indeed, it was in a great part taken; and he might delight in that verse all the more for the language in which it was composed. But others, as Pindar and Moschus, who could have no feeling of local associations, could adopt that language in their lyrics and pastorals, if not preferring it, yet uniting it to their own, because of its peculiar adaptation to the subjects of their composition.

The events which brought about the general disuse of the Scottish language, first, the union of the Crowns, but infinitely more, that of the kingdoms, have not extinguished the great works in which it is preserved. It stands in very different circumstances from the Italian in this important respect. The accident of the great writers, especially the poets, being Tuscans,

in all probability prevented the dialect of Venice from being the classical language of Italy, and its great beauties make men lament that it is not partially adopted into the more expressive but harsher Tuscan, the prevalence of which has kept all poets of eminence from using any other. Scotland stands very differently in this important particular; for the greatest of modern lyric poets has used the Scottish alone. Assuredly, had either Dante or Petrarch been Venetians, the Tuscan would have divided its sovereignty with the dialect of Venice. The accident of all the great writers of the fourteenth century being Tuscans, had the same effect in preventing the other languages from keeping its ground, which political changes had in discouraging the Scottish; yet it can hardly be doubted that, if Ariosto or Tasso, at a much later period, had used the Venetian, it would have gained an ample share of estimation; and if to this had been added the important circumstance, that all the Italian national poetry was confined to the shores of the Adriatic, as all the British has ever been to the country beyond the Tweed, the inevitable consequence would have been a great softening of the Tuscan by the sweeter Venetian, at once to improve the language, and to prevent two several tongues being used by the same people.

Would it not afford means of enriching and improving the English language if full and accurate glossaries of approved Scottish words and phrases, those successfully used by the best writers, both in prose and verse, were given with distinct explanation and reference to authorities? This has been done in France and other countries, where some dictionaries accompany the English, in some cases with Scottish synonyms, in others with varieties of expression. It may be hoped that the very learned person who is preparing an important philological work of the same description, may incorporate with it the flowers at least of our northern Doric. Two of our most venerated names, those of Playfair and Stewart, may be cited; they were wont to express their desire to borrow some Scottish words as of great scientific use. In the judicial proceedings of Parliament we have, at least of late years, discountenanced all attempts at translating Scottish technical expressions into English. Let it be added, that the greatest poet after Burns whom Scotland has produced (there wants no mention of T. Campbell), was wont to lament the inability of using his mother tongue with the mastery which he had so happily gained over a foreign language.

I have to apologise for this intrusion upon the meeting; but only for the length of the letter, and its inferiority to the subject.—Yours faithfully,

BROUGHAM.

CANNES, *January* 17, 1859.

BANQUET IN THE CORN EXCHANGE.

THE "grand citizen banquet" in the Corn Exchange, under the auspices of the Total Abstinence Society, came off with great *éclat*. The decorations of the Exchange were tasteful and brilliant, and the *tout ensemble* of the preparations was scarcely less striking than what was presented on the occasion of the celebrated Crimean banquet which was held in the same place two years ago. Numerous flags and banners waved from every available spot on the walls and ceiling, while from arch to arch of the roof were suspended enormous garlands of evergreens, intermingled with artificial flowers. Along both sides of the hall temporary galleries were erected, capable of accommodating 400 individuals. At the south end an enormous platform, for the speakers and special guests, and fitted up with tables for 200, was raised high above the floor of the hall; and at the north end, opposite the principal platform, was a smaller erection, on which was stationed the band of the 16th Lancers, who performed the overture "Fair Maid of Perth" during the assembling of the audience. The fronts of the platforms and galleries, as well as the pillars which support the roof, were all tastefully draped with red and white cloth, and festooned with evergreens. On the wall, at the back of the speakers' platform, were the letters "R. B.," illuminated with variegated lamps, and surrounded by a laurel wreath, on either side of which were placed banners bearing the Edinburgh and Scottish arms. Twelve parallel tables stretched the whole length of the area of the Exchange, at which those holding tickets for that part of the building were served with tea, presided over by about 150 ladies. A spacious gasalier was suspended in the centre of the hall, and along with numerous smaller brackets, all tastefully decorated, threw a flood of light upon the vast assemblage beneath, and completed the brilliant effect of the scene. Every corner was filled long before the hour announced for the proceedings to commence, and even the passages were choke full. There could not be fewer than 1500 persons present. The arrangements, however, were on the whole very satisfactory. Mr Duncan M'Laren occupied the chair; and among those on the platform were the Lord Provost; Bailie Grieve; Councillor Fyfe; J. B. Gough, Esq.; John Dunlop, Esq., Brockloch; Rev. A. Wallace; Dr Brodie; J. W. Jackson, Esq.; Dr Menzies; Andrew Scott, Esq.; David Low, Esq.; Thomas Knox, Esq.; William Logan, Esq. (Glasgow); John Knox, of Greenlaw, Berwickshire, &c.

After tea had been partaken of,

The CHAIRMAN said—Ladies and Gentlemen, The hall is so large, the difficulty of speaking so great, that no speaker can hope to be heard unless very great silence be observed. (Applause.)

I have to explain, first of all, that although this meeting is not the one that was first advertised and brought before the public of Edinburgh, it was not started in any rival spirit to the meeting in the Music Hall. (Hear, hear.) But its promoters thought that at no meeting in honour of a man who was pre-eminently the man of the people should the door be barred against the people by a large price being charged for admission. (Applause.) On that ground, and with these feelings alone, this meeting was set agoing; and the committee soon found that they had struck the right chord; and when the tickets were all disposed of, and thousands could not obtain admission, then other meetings were organised, until this evening there are four large meetings in the four largest halls in Edinburgh to celebrate the anniversary of Robert Burns. (Applause.) It is not for me to depict the character of that distinguished individual in all its parts. His merits as a poet speak to the heart, I am sure, of every one present; and anything that is to be said upon that subject will far more aptly come from the learned Lord Neaves, who is to address you this evening—(applause)—than from the humble individual who now addresses you. I will only say that the poetry of Burns has sunk into the character and hearts of the people of Scotland. Every one knows more or less of it. Every one knows so much of it, that I have no doubt whatever that if, by some extraordinary event, the writings of Burns were to be all burnt, they could be reproduced from the memories of the people of Scotland. ("Hear, hear," and applause.) The power of his writings is something extraordinary. They have, as it were, been woven into the thoughts and feelings of the people. His whole character seems to have been embued with the most intense love of country—with the most ardent patriotism. I know many people blame us for coming here to celebrate the anniversary of Burns, because, as they justly say, he was not an immaculate character. No doubt, ladies and gentlemen, many things could be pointed out which are deserving of severe criticism; but when we consider the character of the man, we must consider it in reference to the times in which he lived. (Applause.) We must not measure a man like Burns by the gauge of the customs and sentiments of the present day alone. For example, if, in the days of Burns, some great meeting had been called to celebrate the heroes whom he idolised and almost worshipped—I mean Wallace and Bruce—(applause)—had a meeting been called for this or any other purpose when Burns lived and was in the zenith of his fame, I ask you, would it have been possible to have called 2500 persons together in a hall like this, where they had nothing stronger to drink than tea and water? (Renewed applause.) Those who read the contemporary history of that time know that, much as he is blamed for the bacchanalian sentiments to be found in many of his songs, and for the effect which these in

many instances have produced, he must be measured by the men amongst whom he lived; and if you look at contemporary history and inquire into the customs that then prevailed, by reading the lives of men who lived in these times—take, for example, the glimpses which are given of life in Edinburgh at the beginning of the present century in that interesting work of Lord Cockburn's—you will find that men, far more elevated, in a worldly point of view, than Burns—men most distinguished at the bench and at the bar—indulged as much, I fear some of them even more, in those bacchanalian orgies for which Burns became, unfortunately, so distinguished. (Cheers.) Three meetings are held in this city to-day of the same character as this. In all of them the utmost propriety of conduct, I have no doubt, will be observed; and from all of them the parties will go home, I have no doubt, without anything occurring that will require the censure of the public of Edinburgh to-morrow. (Cheers.) That state of things could not have existed in any town in Scotland during the last century, and considerations of that kind should make very great allowance in judging of the character of Burns. (Cheers.) There is one part of his character which I should like to notice—the deep and heartfelt sympathy which he had for anything to elevate man; his ardent love of liberty; his sympathy with every just and good cause; his utter abhorrence of everything like obsequency and falling down and worshipping the rich and the great in whatever society he was placed. (Cheers.) When he came, for example, to this great city to have a second edition of his works published, he was taken into the highest circles; he was idolised; and no man could have been more noticed and petted (if I may say so) than was Burns. (Hear.) And yet, from all that we know of that period of his life, we have every reason to believe that he took his place amongst the highest of the land, standing erect and calling no man master. (Cheers.) He tells us himself in a short sketch of the early period of his life which is preserved, that the first books which he ever read after he left the school, were the Life of Hannibal, and the Life of Wallace by Blind Harry; and he tells us the effect of the reading of the last of these works was extraordinary upon his mind. He says,—"The story of Wallace poured Scottish prejudices into my veins, which will boil and run over until the floodgates of life shut in eternal rest." (Cheers.) This was infinitely the case. This may be regarded as the key to his character. To his intense love of country as a Scotsman, his intense admiration of his patriot hero, and for all those who, like him, stood in defence of liberty, we are no doubt indebted for that beautiful song, "Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled!" (Cheers.) In no circumstances of his life did he forget that self-respect to which he was entitled from his talents and genius. When he came to Edinburgh, he was taken by the hand and

met with an amount of kindness which, I think, has been greatly underrated. (Hear hear.) Many people say he did not get justice from the more distinguished men who lived in his time. My impression is that he could hardly have expected to meet with greater attention, greater respect, or greater patronage (as it was then called) than he did when he came to Edinburgh. (Hear, hear.) After referring to what had been done for the success of Burns' second edition of his works by the gentlemen of the Caledonian Hunt, Mr M'Laren said—In the dedication to that edition of his works, we do not find that fawning, flattering, cringing to the great, which we find in the dedications of many works of that period by many distinguished literary men. In that dedication he says, in words which should never be forgotten—"I was bred to the plough, and I am independent." (Cheers.) That was Burns' idea of independence. Burns was one of the people. He knew that to every man health and strength were real independence, if he could only earn his bread; and that independence he would not have exchanged for the most distinguished position which the world could give. (Applause.) That is the kind of man with which the people at that time had to deal; and hence the ardent love of liberty which is to be found woven into the very heart of all his poetry, and which has done so much, in my opinion, to nourish, to cherish that ardent love of liberty, which exists to so great an extent amongst the people of Scotland. (Great cheers.) I believe that, next to the spirit that was infused into this country at the time of the Covenanters (to whom we can never be sufficiently grateful), I think that to Burns we are more indebted than to any other single individual, for cherishing, and preserving, and increasing that intense patriotism and love of country and love of liberty that characterise Scotsmen, not only in their own country, but in any other country in the world to which it may be their fortune to go. (Great cheers.)

The Lord Provost then addressed the assemblage, and was received with loud cheers. He said—Often since the close of the short but brilliant career of our great national poet, has the day of his birth been celebrated by his countrymen, in proud remembrance of his genius. An epoch has now been reached which more emphatically than hitherto marks and brings the event to our remembrance. (Applause.) Let me congratulate you on your assembling as you now do, in order to mingle your homage along with that offered by your fellow-countrymen, to the memory of one whose genius has shed a halo of glory around our native land and her people. (Loud cheers.) The source of the intense admiration cherished towards Burns by his countrymen is to be traced partly, perhaps chiefly, to the vivid delineation given by him in his writings of our national character, and of the virtues which made the peasantry of his country

in his day stand out in bold relief, as distinguished from those of every other country in the world. (Applause.) No poet ever identified himself more fully with his class than did Burns. The lofty tone of self-respect maintained by him, and in which he invariably spoke of his brother man, sustained that elevation of thought and of action, amongst his class, of which he was the true exponent. He furnishes in himself a noble specimen of the spirit of self-reliance which is so strongly inculcated in his writings. (Cheers.) He enjoyed the inestimable blessing of the education which, in bygone times, was furnished to the people of Scotland by their parish schools, and which has done so much to form our national character. (Applause.) It was there that he imbibed a thirst for knowledge, and such was the valne attached by him to its acquisition that he established—and, it is believed, he was the first who established—a village library, and evinced a desire to encourage, in this form, a taste for reading amongst his countrymen. (Cheers.) But there was another fountain whence he derived the education which no school can give, and without which all other instruction is comparatively valueless: I refer to the example which he was privileged to enjoy under the parental roof—(applause)—which lighted up the flame of piety that glows with solemn fervour in what we all admit to be his greatest work, "The Cottar's Saturday Night"—(applause)—of which I know that I express your sentiments when I give utterance to the ardent wish that, perpetuated and handed down, as it is sure to be, to all succeeding ages, it may ever be found exerting a benign influence on the people of our country—an example which makes the memory of the sire as dear to us as is that of his gifted son. (Great cheering.) Who can tell the amount of good whioh has not only been sustained but produced by the tone of religious and moral scntiment—the scene of domestic bliss, depicted in that immortal work! (Applause.) The sentiments there expressed must have been felt before they were described; and bitter, therefore, the anguish at a departure from them! If we turn to his lyrical compositions, which form an important and valuable portion of his writings, how strongly are all our best feelings and emotions evoked when listening to his songs, known to us from childhood, and the more admired the longer they are known! (Great applause.) Who does not know some exile whose fond recollections of country and of home have been soothed and sustained by the songs of Burns, whose works find a place in the library of every Scotsman who leaves his native land? (Cheers.) The source of our admiration of Burns, however, has its rise from a foundation deeper than any feeling which is merely national. While to his countrymen his delineations of character have an interest and value which one would think could scarcely be appreciated by those who are unacquainted with our vernacular and unversed in our national

usages, we find that in all lands where his works are known they have commanded the same homage as at home—(cheers)—and for this reason—that they are delineations of the human mind, and therefore they secure a sympathy which is universal and has no limits. (Applause.) Hence it is that his works, when translated into other languages, are almost as much appreciated by others as by ourselves—the sentiments and feelings which they convey being intelligible to all. Where will you find patriotism described in colours so glowing as in the works of Burns?—(applause)—where are pure love and disinterested affection, where is manly independence more warmly inculcated?—and when are we induced more ardently to long after the possession and the exercise of the nobler affections and duties, than in rising from a perusal of those of his writings which bear on these all-important topics? (Loud applause.) The subject immediately described may be an individual, and that individual a countryman of his own, and the scene may be in his own country; still the sentiments to which he gives utterance, being those of the human heart, find an echo in every breast. (Cheers.) It is, I know, unnecessary for me to say to you that these remarks do not apply to his entire writings, amongst which are to be found some which we could wish had never been written; and others which, though they may be palliated, cannot be excused even by the vitiated taste of a bygone age. Casting aside the dross which is to be found in the works of Burns—as, alas! it is to be found intermingling itself with the works of almost every writer of his time—we this day fix our exclusive attention on those emanations of his genius where all that is best in our common nature is so beautifully and faithfully depicted—where the domestic altar, love of country and of his brother man, manly independence, and unsullied integrity, are held up to our admiration and respect. (Loud cheers.) At the age of thirty-seven he closed a life of varied enjoyment and suffering, which has left behind it many lessons. More than sixty years have elapsed since he was consigned to an early grave. His fame survives—a fame which, we believe, will never die, because he gave utterance to thoughts that are immortal. (Great cheering.)

Mr Thomas Knox was the next speaker. He said—Mr Chairman, Ladies, and Gentlemen,—Allow me to say in all sincerity that I never stood up to address my fellow-citizens more conscious of the difficulty of the task I had undertaken than I do now; and I am only sustained by this conviction, that no man ever does his best, in the best spirit, before an Edinburgh audience, without having the best construction put upon his efforts. (Applause.) I feel that this is indeed a great occasion, and that it may well task all our powers, for it is no other than the celebration of the hundredth birthday of Scotland's national bard—Robert Burns. (Applause.) It seems to me that we some-

times speak of Burns as our national bard without realising how transcendently glorious the title is; for only think how big that great soul of his must have been which can fill up the vast space of a century—I might even say of the wide, wide world of civilisation itself. (Applause.) For where is the habitable nook of creation that the enterprising and daring feet of our countrymen have ever trodden, that has not also been penetrated and gilded by the sun-like rays of his resplendent genius? (Applause.) Wherever Scotsmen go, he goes—dwell, and he dwells—ay, laugh, and he laughs; and it is because of this moral ubiquitousness of Burns that he is emphatically our national poet, and that we celebrate his centenary in a manner that has never been before, and may never be again. If I were asked to define in one simple and significant word the great supreme characteristic of Robert Burns, I would define it as universality—universal love. He loved all mankind, without reference to creed, country, or colour, as perhaps no man ever did. No man ever gave such overflowing fulness of expression to the idea of universal brotherhood as did Robert Burns. Mr Knox having cited "A man 's a man for a' that," as an illustration of the idea of universal brotherhood which so largely distinguished Burns, said, in conclusion—And since Burns fell asleep, what mighty forces have been wakened up by Providence, and launched into the arena of the world's history, and are hurrying on the epoch for which he so fervently longed! The penny postage has opened its lips, and proclaimed the dawn of the prophecy—"It 's coming yet for a' that;" the printing-engine, with untiring energies and enterprise, cries out by night and by day—"It 's coming yet for a' that" (cheers); the railway train, bounding and careering along the valleys of England, along the valleys of Europe, ay, and along the valleys of every continent in the world, merrily whistles the strain, "It 's coming yet for a' that." (Applause.) The fleets of steamships, scudding along the high seas, beat paddle-time as they bear to every shore the millennial music, "It 's coming yet for a' that" (cheers); and the electric telegraph, as if impatient of the progress of its great compeers in civilisation, speeds lightning-footed, and careers from shore to shore, proclaiming the same heaven-born message—

> "It 's coming yet for a' that,
> When man to man, the warld o'er,
> Shall brithers be for a' that."

(Great applause.) In the name of our national bard, Robert Burns—in the name of his and our own dear auld mother, Scotland—in the name of universal manhood—and in the name of our universal Father, God, Amen—so let it universally and quickly be. (Immense cheering.)

The CHAIRMAN read a letter from Lord Ardmillan, apologising

for the unavoidable absence of that nobleman. He also stated that the Lord Provost had been authorised to apologise for the absence of Lord Neaves.

The Rev. ALEXANDER WALLACE of Glasgow was the next speaker. In the course of his speech he said—This is, in some respects, one of the most remarkable nights in the history of Scotland. The country is stirred to its very depths, and not only so, but a sympathetic chord is struck which vibrates in the breast of every Scotsman on the face of the earth. What is it that has led to such a national demonstration on the part of a people not easily moved to such meetings as the present? The gatherings in every town and village to-night, from John O'Groat's to Maidenkirk, are not sectional or party gatherings, but national. They breathe the spirit of an entire people, for Robert Burns was the most intensely national poet that ever lived. The Supreme Giver of all good gave Scotland a rich and rare gift—wo may never see the like of it again—in that immortal genius which, wheu it rose to the high purpose for which it was given, men felt—as they feel still, and must ever do, so long as human hearts can feel the power of genius—that this gift was truly the "touch of nature that makes the world kin." His "native wood-notes wild" were so sweet, so simple, so full of nature, that men felt that a voice was given to feelings which they had all experienced, but which they could not utter, and that new life, and beauty, and attraction, were thrown around the most commonplace objects, and the most familiar incidents of everyday life. It is but simple justice to our national poet to say, that his brilliant genius should be looked at apart from the dark cloud through which, alas! that genius often shone, and struggled into glorious light. The splendour of his genius made the dark spots of his life all the more visible. We would look upon these through tears—the blinding tears of pity and regret; but we cannot remain insensible to that genius which has sung, as poet never did before, the joys and the sorrows of the poor man's lot, and given a voice at the same time to noble sentiments which make the poor proud of him as their poet—for he is emphatically the poet of the poor. But by the power of his genius he binds together the rich and the poor in one common sentiment, so widely and practically acknowledged to-night—

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

His best effusions were written when "he walked in glory and in joy behind his plough upon the mountain side." The toiling thousands of this and other lands have reason to be proud of that genius which has beautified the rough byways of labour. And so they are. They have ever looked upon his genius with grateful admiration. They stood true to him when he was cast off by those from whom better things might have been expected.

We can never forget that Burns was born a poet, that he was a poet by nature, that the gift which was in him was not the result of art, but a gift of nature, as much as is the song of the linnet or the lark. He poured the rich melody of his genius over broad Scotland, because, like the birds, he could not but sing. There was in him, by nature, what could not fail to attract and delight, and make him a power amongst the people. In that humble homestead in which he was reared, conjugal love and all the gentle ministrations of the home affections brightened the stern face of poverty, strengthened every noble sentiment, and checred the drudgery of ceaseless toil. No man knew better, or could better describe, the home influences of humble cottage life. He knew the straits, the privations, the joys and the sorrows, the independence and the worth, the manly virtues as well as the weaknesses, that were to be found in the cottage homes of Scotland; and nowhere does his marvellous genius appear to greater advantage—nowhere does it shine with greater brightness and purity than when he starts into life those scenes and feelings which appeal to the common heart of man. This is the secret of his power, especially with the mass of the people. They love him notwithstanding all his failings. You have but to witness the effect produced in any circle, or in any great promiscuous gathering of the people, by the singing of one of Burns' songs, in which manly independence, or the love of freedom, or patriotism, or conjugal affection, or the purity of virgin love, is set forth, to be convinced of the power and vitality of his genius, and of the hold which he has upon the hearts of men. The popularity of his best lyrics does not arise from the music to which they have been wed, as is the case with many songs, but from the inherent power of genius itself. Take away from his writings all that is objectionable, all that in his last hours he would have blotted out, and which he would have consigned, could bitter regret have done it, to the deepest shades of oblivion—take away all which the best of men and his firmest admirers regret should ever have been written, and after this is done there will still remain much, very much, that will endear his genius to the common heart of man, and which that heart, as long as it beats in unison with noble sentiment, will not willingly let die. I need not say that I am speaking of the genius of Burns in its brightest and finest moods, and, though we have but mere fitful snatches of these, surely there is enough to call forth our grateful admiration and our deepest pity. Had this not been the case—had there not been in his writings the stamp of imperishable genius—that sympathetic something which makes the world kin, which appeals to the universal heart—the name of Burns would have perished. It would have been dragged down into oblivion by the baser part of his life and writings. As time passes the impure sediment will sink, but the pure

stream of genius itself flowing above that, and looked at apart from that, will ever be regarded with grateful admiration, and will remain a "thing of beauty and a joy for ever." His genius has wreathed around the brow of old Scotland a garland of poetic beauty imperishable as her own heathery glens, and sweet and simple as her own "Mountain Daisy," to which that genius has given a deathless fame. (Cheers.)

A choice selection of Burns' songs, sung by Mr John Johnstone, Mr William Kerr, Miss Acquroff, and a choir of the Edinburgh Abstainers' Musical Association, filled up the intervals between the different addresses, and were received with the utmost enthusiasm by the vast audience. Mr Melville (of the Theatre-Royal) recited "Man was made to mourn," and "Mary in Heaven," with much feeling and effect. Mr A. Laurie presided at the pianoforte, and the performances of the band of the 16th Lancers added much to the entertainment of the evening. The proceedings were brought to a conclusion about half-past eleven o'clock, by the whole audience joining with the utmost spirit in the parting song of "Auld Langsyne."

QUEEN STREET HALL.

At six o'clock the Trades' Delegates held a fruit soiree in Queen Street Hall, where was assembled an audience that filled every corner both of area and galleries. The only decorations consisted of a plentiful array of evergreens, tastefully arranged around the platform, and a few flags hung in conspicuous positions. One or two portraits of Burns were placed in front of the galleries, and, in addition, a handsome bust of the poet occupied one of the niches at the back of the platform. A bust of Sir Walter Scott occupied the corresponding niche on the other side. On the motion of Councillor Ford, the chair was taken by Professor George Wilson, who was heartily cheered on making his appearance. On the platform, besides a number of the Delegates' Committee, were Councillor Ford, Mr Gorrie, advocate, Mr John M'Laren, advocate, Mr Macdonald, &c.

The Chairman, in introducing the business of the meeting, said—We are met to-night to commemorate the birth-day of a mighty man of genius, who entered on his earthly life this day one hundred years ago. I did not look forward to taking a prominent place in the festivals on this occasion, although I deeply sympathise with the spirit that prompts us to commemorate the birthday of Burns. (The Chairman was here interrupted for a few minutes by the loud dashing of the rain against the cupola-windows. When he was able to go on, he remarked that Burns himself had told us that there was a wild blast on the night he was born.) (Applause.) The Chairmau, after explaining that he had given the preference to the invitation of the Trades'

Delegates over those which he had received from other quarters, on the ground that he was the Professor of Industrial Science, then proceeded—We are met together this night, not to criticise Burns, not to judge Burns, not to apologise for Burns—no, not even to praise Burns. He is now in the land of the great departed, and when we consider that, we shall be slow to call him, whom the Merciful Judge has already judged, before our unauthorised tribunal to judge him anew. If you think that in that world of spirits they know what happens here, you will be slow to call before you him who has been already judged; and if, on the other hand, you believe that no message goes from this earth to that other spirit world, except by those who themselves have also put off the mortal flesh, you will the more feel that, as he cannot hear our praises, as little should he be called before us to hear his faults. You will also agree with me that we should be sparing of judgment, and that we need not offer laudation; yet, let me say that it is not because we are afraid to submit him to criticism. All know the incident that happened when his grave was opened to lay his widow beside him. When his mouldering remains were exposed, they took up that wondrous example of Divine architecture—his skull—and, perhaps unseemly—I will not say irreverently—they tried whether their hats would fit it. And that very skull, which bare the flesh that once covered it, and the noble black locks that had curled around it, was too big for their hats. Ay, let us be warned by that; let us not try to cover Burns' head with our caps. (Applause.) Let us not seek to shew that his organ of veneration was not so big as ours—that his organ of benevolence was not so large—but that his organ of self-approbation was larger than ours. Ah me! he was beyond most of us; and let us cheerfully concede that, and waive aught of judgment. And yet we might submit him to judgment, and not be afraid to praise him. We are not here to be partakers of other men's sins. It is not the faults of Burns that have brought us together; no, it is the superabounding excellence of his virtues that has compelled us to come here to-night. No man denies that he had his faults; he would rise himself from his grave and condemn him if he did. Nevertheless, let me remark that he was a shining star. In that noble poem which was read to-day in the Crystal Palace, Burns is called a "star soul," and the word will be acknowledged. I would have said he was a "burning and a shining light," did I not fear that I should be called irreverent in quoting Scripture about him. Yet he was a true star, and "dwelt alone;" and, as a star, so as a sun. Now, you know that our sun has spots in it—great blanks of darkness, great areas out of which no light comes. There are some who judge Burns as an astronomer would the sun, if, when he was asked about it, he said there were only spots of darkness in

it. You do not judge so. As the sun heats as well as illuminates, I ask you if Burns has not, from our earliest childhood forward to manhood, been alike the source of intellectual light and moral heat, though we do not refuse to acknowledge that there are spots of darkness in him. (Applause.) Thus, my friends, we are met together on his birthday to realise as much of the feeling as possible that we experience when we meet together on the birthday of a member of our own family still living, where we do not think of counting our father's or mother's, or our sister's or brother's faults, but, having had a large experience of their virtues, dwell on them, and think of them. And let me remind you that this is the birthday of a dead man, and that it therefore the more becomes us to recall his virtues and not his faults. (Applause.) He is no party to our calling him, like the Hebrew prophet when invoked by the distinguished King of Israel. At least let us remember that we have him not before us, and that it is not our right to make his faults take place before his virtues. (Applause.) There is a seemliness in our commemorating his birthday, for I ask you if it is not the case that Burns lives amongst us to a far greater extent than many a man whose heart is still beating, and his blood still flowing in his veins? He is so, inasmuch as he was that great thing—a poet. And what does that mean? It means that he could create what others could not; it means a man who can see a greater light about all things than other men can see—a sweeter sound in all music than they can hear—a deeper loveliness in all that is loveable than they can feel—who can, in fact, day after day, feel and realise what other men do only at short seasons and at brief intervals. And then this Burns, who was a marvel of genius—who had the power to see what other men could not see, was no poet-laureate with a liberal pension—(hear, hear)—no titled Lord occupying his leisure hours with verses—no idolised youth with his collar turned down—(laughter and applause)—but a hard-worked ploughman, "following his plough upon the mountain side," who could only steal an evening for something to lighten the hardships of his daily toil by thrashing so many more sheaves in the barn—one whose bread was scanty and coarse, whose sleep was short—who, in bearing on his shoulders the burden of a Scottish peasant's life, had enough, and yet who rose to be a higher light than the most idolised and most regal Scotsman of them all. (Applause.) Yet we are all poets in some degree. The child who thinks it can climb the rainbow, who believes that the moon can be cut into slices, or who looks into his pillow, and sees wondrous things there, is a poet; every child who reads the Arabian Nights, who believes in Aladdin's lamp, or who goes to a pantomime, is a poet. And in later years we are all poets—love makes us poets. (Applause.) Every

man lover is a poet; every gentle sweetheart is a poetess; every mother bending over her suckling child is a poetess; every son comforting his old mother is a poet. There is a poetry in all our lives, if we can feel it; and if we cannot, no Burns or any one can teach it. But we want some one to see it for us, and this Burns did; and how did he do it? He so sang that we not only enter intensely and sympathisingly into all his feelings, but he sang in the very way that we ourselves would have done had we had the power. Think of this—that he has sung our native land into greater glory in the earth because it is the birth-land of Burns. (Applause.) There is not anywhere over the civilised world where men are able to appreciate genius, or worth, or reality—who do not say that Scotland, in producing a ploughman like Burns, who did not pretend to speak more than the feelings of his own countrymen, but spoke it with the poet's power, must be a grand land. And he sang our Scottish tongue into a repute that it never had before, and secured for it a longevity that otherwise it never would have had, so that he would be a bold man who would predict the time that mother speech will die, when Englishmen learn it for nothing but to read the songs of Burns. Such is his power over the language of our hearts and the language of our country, that Scotsmen scattered over every part of the world are on this day assembled as we are now; and I have but recently learned that, at this very moment, my dear brother will be presiding at a meeting like this in Toronto. (Applause.) And you know that he not only sung to please our perhaps too partial ears, but he has so sung that generous England has listened to his songs, and said he is an Englishman, and that he shall have a hearty toast in every English town. In Ireland, too, you may go through its length and its breadth, and if you can sing a song of Burns' you will be welcomed. All through Anglo-Saxondom, from the Gulf of Mexico down to the Tierra del Fuego, it is the same; and wherever the language of Burns is understood, there his poems are listened to and his songs are sung. When we think of all this, I think we may very lightly bear the blame of those who say that we are doing a wrong thing in commemorating his birth by meetings such as this. (Hear, and applause.) What did Burns sing of? He proclaimed in noble words a catholic patriotism, an intense love for his mother-land, which yet should be compatible with the recognition that men of other lands should also love them with a similar love. There is a selfish sectarian love, a feeling which I can compare only to that of the cat which lingers around the fire and the hearth-rug when those who once dwelt there had gone away. But it was another patriotism that Burns sang of, which linked its own roots in the soil of "Caledonia, stern and wild," but all the while intertwined in sympathy with the branches of other lands. Yes, and if he was a lover of his own country, it

was no blind love. He knew our Scottish land, and loved it for its own sake. Think of the stories he has reduced to song, which would not otherwise have existed; think of that most magnificent war ode, "Scots, wha hae;" think of the affectionate way in which he refers to what others might call weeds—to the "mountain daisy," the sweet hawthorn, the thistle, and the harebell; think of his feelings towards the lower creatures, to the "cowering mousie," to the "chittering bird," to the "wounded hare," to the "old mare"—in a word, on every living thing he bestowed his affection and his sympathy. More than that, he loved his fellow-men—unlike Sterne, who loved only his ass—for what killed Burns was, that he could not get love to respond to his own. There was deep loyalty in him. He had no disrespect to the powers that be—notwithstanding which he held a strong recognition that "a man 's a man for a' that." (Applause.) The learned Professor proceeded, in glowing language, to allude to some of the sorrowful traits in the life of Burns, in which respect he paralleled him to Scott, Southey, Moore, Byron, Keats, Shelley, Chatterton, and other poets. In the lives of all these men there was a deep lesson to be learned; and an obligation lay on all to receive the instruction and edification from the lives of our poets that they were fitted to give, as it was only by suffering that they learned what they had taught in song. One thing he hoped would be kept in mind, not to treat their living poets as they had treated Burns, who when he asked for bread got a stone; but not even that till dead. The Chairman concluded by a comparative sketch of the careers of Burns and James Watt, and the respective influence which both had exercised on their own and the present generation.

Mr Gorrie then addressed the meeting, and said—I confess that, in rising to say a few words on this festival night, I feel as if I were trying to speak where a thousand voices already filled the air. You are all quiet and attentive; but a secret sympathy tells me, as it must tell you, that the eulogy of Scotland's bard is at this moment ringing round the world. It is not only the tongue of auld Scotland that struggles to utter thoughts too deep for utterance; but pass with me in imagination to what quarter of the globe you choose, and there you shall find the sons and daughters of the old country engaged in enthusiastic celebrations. The sound of revelry is rising from Canadian cities—the memory of Burns is being fondly recalled beneath the soft beauty of Australian skies—and this night the Scottish soldier, resting from war, shall sing the songs of his country's bard by the bivouac-fire on the banks of the Ganges. Then why need I attempt to address you when the thousand voices, now treating of the same theme, can but faintly approximate to what Scotland means to say on this the hundreth anniversary of the poet's birth. It seems to me that it is not

of Burns alone, nor of his poetry, that she would speak, but that she takes this man and the productions of his wondrous genius as a type of her nationality—a nationality which even now grows dim in the hearts of the people, and in another hundred years may be fed entirely by the songs of Burns. I shall leave it to others, then, to enter upon a critical estimate of the poet's works—I shall leave it to those who feel the subject agreeable to them to point the finger at the follies of his life, and with your permission shall say a few words upon two prominent qualities which the poetry of Burns has cherished in the hearts of Scotsmen—I mean independence of character, and love of country. Mr Gorrie then proceeded to comment at considerable length upon the first of these features, and, turning to the second, namely, that the poetry of Burns had done much for Scottish nationality, said—The poet was born amid scenes peculiarly fitted to fire the patriotic ardour of his soul. Every inch of the soil which he trod in youth was classic ground. Ayrshire was the land of Wallace before it was the land of Burns. It was the land, too, of the Covenanters; and the remembrance of tho liberty, civil and religious, which had been thus achieved, acted powerfully upon the whole population of the west. Thc blood of the poet, like that of every true Scotsman, fired at the very name of the Great Patriot. He tells us how he used to visit and muse amid the scenes of Wallace's dangers and triumphs, and how he longed to sing a song worthy of the man and his work. I would the practice were as universal now as then, of recalling the life and labours of one who preserved Scotland from the yoke of bondage, and thus made her what she is in her freedom, her prosperity, and her great aspirations. I would it were more common than it is, to tell the children of the land—they who must in future bear up the country's banner—the legends of that elder time when their fathers struck for freedom. But I presume they are now taught the "philosophy of sport"—taught the nature and attributes of a soap-bubble, or why a fly can walk along the ceiling. It is good to do the one, but not to leave the other undone. It is good to teach them the works of Greek and Latin poets, but teach them first—

"Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled."

Burns, I say, has done much for Scotland and Scottish nationality, by thus becoming a voice to her patriotism. He kindled his torch ere the fire had burned low, and now it passes from hand to hand down the ages, lighting afresh the patriot's zeal. And God help the country where patriotism is no more, and the science of money-getting reigns supreme! God help the people who havc no thought to bestow upon the history of their native land, or on the achievements of the great men of their race! Their seeming prosperity may go on widening and deepening

till the whole world gazes with admiration and envy, but it is a prosperity which is rotten at the core, and will one day crumble into a terrible ruin. It is not based upon those everlasting foundations which alone can insure permanence to prosperity; it is reared upon a false political economy; and when the storm comes, as come it shall, the nation shall find that it has built its house upon the sand. Yes, initiate your children, if you choose, into all the mysteries of science—make them walking cyclopædias of knowledge, and forget to tell them how the blood of patriots and martyrs was poured out, that the bright legacy of freedom might be handed down unsullied and unimpaired—forget to tell them that, next to loving God, their duty is to love their country with all their soul and strength—to treasure its traditions—to extend its fame—to guard its privileges—and to widen its freedom; forget all this, then, I say, God help the nation, for its doom is already written :—

"O Thou! who pour'd the patriotic tide,
That stream'd through Wallace's undaunted heart,
Who dared to nobly stem tyrannic pride,
Or nobly die the second glorious part,
(The patriot's God peculiarly Thou art,
His friend, inspirer, guardian, and reward!)
Oh! never, never, Scotia's realm desert;
But still the patriot, and the patriot bard,
In bright succession raise, her ornament and guard!"

I thank thee, Burns! for these lines. It is in such strains he gives a voice to Scottish patriotism; and on this the centenary of his birth, the Genius of Scotland seems to appear, and mutely plead that the voice may not be raised in vain. I am afraid we all think too little of auld Scotland, and lay too few plans for her sake. I am afraid there are some among us who even act a more ungrateful part—who ridicule the spirit of nationality, and exult in the humiliation of their country! It is of these things that the Genius of the land struggles to speak; but the heart is too big for utterance, and she can only call up before us visions of the past, and point silently and sadly to the future. The future! May we so labour that the future shall be no less glorious than the past—so labour that when the next centenary comes, Scotsmen may look round upon a regenerated land, and seeing, boast the memory of their sires, and utter a blessing over our graves. (Mr Gorrie, who was warmly applauded throughout his speech, resumed his seat amidst loud applause.)

Mr JOHN M'LAREN, advocate, who was the next speaker, referred to the pulpit declamation that had been fulminated against the present celebration, and defended the conduct of those who had taken part in it. The Scotsman was little to be envied whose heart did not swell more proudly when he contemplated the manly virtues, the resolute independence, and the lofty patriotism of Robert Burns. (Applause.) He would not like to

intrust those ecclesiastical censors with the task of revising the poems of Burns, for their acute ear would be sure to catch false notes where all was sublime harmony to others.

Mr Fraser, blacksmith, and Mr Caw, joiner, members of the Delegates' Committee, having said a few words,

The LORD PROVOST, who had entered while they were speaking, addressed some brief remarks to the audience, in which he referred to what had taken place at the Music Hall and the Corn Exchange.

Mr WM. GLOVER, a contemporary of Burns, who had previously appeared in the Music Hall, was then introduced to the meeting, and, after giving a garrulous narrative of his dealings with Burns in his character of excisemen, repeated, at the request of the Chairman, the poem of "Dr Hornbook," which he recited from beginning to end without a slip, and with a distinctness of utterance that, considering his great age, was really wonderful.

This terminated the proceedings of the evening, which, it is needless to say, were diversified by songs and recitations from the works of the poet. Mr Macdonald discharged the task of reciter with great ability.

DUNEDIN HALL.

THE "Working Man's Festival" in Dunedin Hall was crowded by an audience numbering upwards of two thousand individuals, while many were unable to gain admittance. Mr Donald Ronald M'Gregor presided. The building was decorated with evergreens, and had a very fine appearance; but the arrangements were so bad that nearly half of the audience did not appear to be supplied with tea. Considerable noisy dissatisfaction therefore prevailed for some time; but at length

The CHAIRMAN gave the toast of the evening. In doing so, he said—In a humble cottage near the Bridge of Doon, exactly one hundred years ago this day, Robert Burns was born, and it is this event which we are now met to commemorate—an event which is this day being celebrated not only in every city, and town, and village, and hamlet throughout Scotland, ay, and England too, but in every land, and in every clime where the Anglo-Saxon language is spoken, or an adventurous spirit has carried one of Scotia's sons. (Cheers.) And well may the whole Scottish nation celebrate the birth of Burns, for Scotland herself is this day exalted and glorified in the fact that, sprung from the bosom of her people, and living and dying among the children of toil, she has produced a poet whose genius has pictured in undying words all that is lovely and loveable in her daughters, all that is manly and independent, noble and devout, in the character of her sons. (Cheers.) In Robert Burns we recognise the true representative, so to speak, of his countrymen. His genius

searched into the hearts of those among whom his life was spent, and gave utterance to the nobilities he found there. The simple piety which erected a family altar in every household speaks to us in "The Cottar's Saturday Night"—the pure, unselfish love of our lads is expressed in such sweet strains as "My Nannie, O," and "Of a' the airts the wind can blaw," rising into the sublimity of chastened tenderness and love in the "Ode to Mary in Heaven"—our slow-to-give, but fast-to-hold, friendship in "Should auld acquaintance be forgot"—our pride even in our honest poverty—our independence, manly but not boorish, the peasant casting no glance of envy on the peer, is pictured in "A man's a man for a' that"—while Scottish patriotism as it existed in the time of Burns, as we are proud to know it exists among us still, thrills through our every vein, as if we heard the trumpet's call to battle for freedom and our hearths, in "Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled!" (Applause.) Robert Burns is truly, *par excellence*, the poet of the Scottish people. His songs are with us in our every mood, are associated with us in our every memory, that takes us back to the days of langsyne, to the days of our boyhood and our youth, to friends who have passed away, and to joys that return no more. His songs lighten the toil of labour, and bring balm to the spirit oppressed with the world's care. Robert Burns lives in the heart of the Scottish nation, and there will he be enshrined while the plough turns up the soil of auld Scotland, or the sound of the hammer is heard in her cities and her hamlets. After a spirited narrative of Burns' career, the Chairman, in referring to the drudgery and disappointments of the poet during the closing years of his short life, said—Of this part of his history I cannot bring myself to speak. No man can read of it with dry eyes; and we are met, my friends, not to weep, but to rejoice. Suffice it to say that they were years of sorrow and anxiety beyond what commonly falls to the lot of man. The expected promotion never came—the poet's free political opinions ever jeopardising the poor situation he held, and alienating many friends. Burns never would consent to write poetry for money; and hence we cannot wonder that he left his widow and five children very slenderly provided for. The poet's deathbed was soothed by the conviction that his countrymen, after his death, would be kind to them for his sake. He bequeathed them to his country, and she has shewn herself worthy of the trust. We cannot help wishing that some of his great friends had been more true to Burns, and more energetic on his behalf; that in his case, at least, politics had been overlooked, and that the rulers of the nation had honoured themselves in honouring him; although, perhaps, we are wrong to expect much in that way in times of Sedition Bills, imprisoning of newspaper editors, and prosecutions of Thomas Muir. (Cheers.) But whatever views we may take of the doings of the great men in power—the titled,

the wealthy, the philosophers, the clergy, and the critics of that time—we are bound to say this, and we say it with pride—the working men of his day, with their wives and their sons and daughters—the men who, like himself, had earned their bread by the sweat of their brow, and knew what it was to toil, and to bear, and to suffer—were ever true to him; and their successors of the present generation, whether it be their lot to whistle at the plough, or, far from the light of heaven, to dig out the hidden treasures of the earth, to tend the loom or wield the hammer; whether watchers of sheep or diggers for gold in far Australia; pioneers of civilisation in Africa or America; fishermen on our rivers, or sailors on the ocean; old warriors at the ingleside, or Scotchmen, worthy of the country of Wallace and of Bruce, avenging, 'neath India's burning sun, their murdered and outraged kindred, this day hail Robert Burns as their poet and their brother, and proclaim that his memory shall be hallowed and enshrined in their hearts for ever. (Great cheering.)

At the conclusion of the Chairman's address, several songs were sung. The proceedings were broken up before the long programme of national music was much more than half exhausted.

GLASGOW.

CITY HALL BANQUET.

THE greatest of the gatherings in Glasgow to do honour to the National Bard took place in the City Hall, when about 800 gentlemen sat down to dinner. The hall had been beautifully furnished for the occasion. The north and south galleries were adorned with large and handsome busts of Scottish and English poets, and other great men, placed in each of the panels between the windows. Among other eminent Scotsmen, a bust of Lord Clyde was conspicuous. At each side of the platform were busts of Burns, the one modelled by Fillans, and reckoned one of the noblest of that artist's works, and the other lately executed by Mr Currie, a young and rising artist, who had evidently taken great pains with the work, and had produced a good and animated likeness. Each of the busts was supported by brackets, with short banners of gold hanging over them, on which were painted a wreath, with initial letters of the names, and the bases were decked with sprigs of bay and laurel. Under the galleries and between each pillar, were hung festoons of evergreens, the upper part filled up with crimson cloth, on which were painted in white letters the names of Burns' most prized songs and poems, with quotations from them. At the entrance, on either side, were the two last verses of "The Cottar's Saturday Night," and between them hung a coronet of holly over the croupier. The principal decoration was behind the platform, which represented a colossal

statue of the Bard in bronze, erected in a composition landscape of his localities, artistically arranged, so as to embrace the Brig o' Doon, the cottage of his birth, Auld Alloway Kirk, the monuments at Ayr and Edinburgh, and his mausoleum at Dumfries. This panorama of his scenes was draped with crimson, surmounted by his shield, crest, and mottoes, and supported by large banners, clasped at their crossings with a shield of the Scottish Lion and the Glasgow Arms. The hall was otherwise very much embellished by a display of flags, tastefully arranged.

Conspicuous, likewise, in front of the platform, was the splendid portrait of Burns, by Mr Macnee, which was displayed to the best advantage.

At ten minutes past five o'clock, the chairman (Sir Archibald Alison) and guests took their seats at the tables on the platform.

After the usual loyal toasts had been proposed and duly honoured,

The CHAIRMAN rose, amid loud cheering, and said—I have now to propose to you a toast which I know will be received with enthusiasm, the toast of the evening—"The Immortal Memory of Robert Burns." (Tremendous cheering, continued for several minutes.) In approaching this great subject, I know not whether to feel most impressed with the lowliness of the origin from which our great national poet sprung, or the colossal magnitude of the fame which he has since attained. (Hear, hear.) On this day one hundred years—25th January 1759—a child was born in a cottage near the now classic Kirk of Alloway, in Ayrshire, intended apparently for a humble lot, and to be gathered at length to his fathers, unknown, unsung, in the simple churchyard where "his rude forefathers of the hamlet slept." (Cheers.) But this child was destined to immortality—(continued cheering)—Nature had given him the patent of true nobility, the passport to eternal fame; and while all, or nearly all, cotemporary reputations have already passed away, his alone is hourly on the increase, and now shines like the fixed stars with imperishable lustre. (Loud cheers.) It has come to embrace not only his own countrymen, but all who can admire genius and venerate lofty feelings in every country of the civilised globe. In every city and village of Scotland, in not a few in England and Ireland, multitudes are now assembled to celebrate his genius, and wherever the English language is spoken, in Europe, Asia, or America, one universal chorus of admiration is resounding in honour of our peasant son. (Cheers.) His fame has been like the swelling eddy, which rises round a pebble thrown by a child—the child of nature—into a stream; but that stream has descended to the ocean and become a mighty wave, which has rolled across the Atlantic, and broke on the American and Australian shores. (Hear, hear.) Vast as is this assembly which I now address, it is but the representative of millions in the East and in the West,

in the North and in the South, who are now found together in the expression of common feeling; and the pulse which now throbs so violently at the very name of Burns under this roof, is beating also at the same moment in the extremities of the earth, afar off in Australian and Transatlantic wilds. Whence is this moral prodigy in which we all participate, yet at which we are still surprised. It is to few men only, and those in ages far distant from each other, that Nature has given the passport to immortality, and when she has done it, it is not on the great or the affluent that she in general has bestowed her gift, but on the most humble and suffering of the human race. (Applause.) She gave it to the Bard of Chios, as, a blind and needy supplicant, he wandered through the Isles of Greece. She gave it to him of the Mantuan lake, as he mourned the loss of his little freehold under the shadow of his wide-spreading beech-trees. She gave it to the exile of Florence, as by the waters of the Po he sat down and wept. She gave it to the prisoner of Ferrara, as in the gloom of his dungeon he mourned a hopeless love. She gave it to the Republican of England, after he had, poor and unbefriended,

"Dazzled by excess of light,
Closed his eyes in endless night."

But where was she to find a worthy recipient for such a gift among the aged civilisations and national jealousies and political passions of Europe in the close of the eighteenth century? She looked for him in the halls of princes, but she found him not there. She looked for him in the senates of nobles, but she found him not there. She looked for him in the forums of commerce, but she found him not there. She looked for him in the solitude of nature, and she found him beside the plough, with his eye fixed on the mountain daisy which spread its humble beauties beneath his feet. (Loud cheers.) It was in this very circumstance—the lowliness of his origin—that the secret of his ultimate greatness is to be found. (Hear, hear.) The child of nature, he told us, like Homer, or the Hebrew poet in the book of Job, what he saw and what he felt, uninfluenced by the greatness, unbought by the wealth, undeterred by the criticism of the world. Mr Pitt said at Lord Liverpool's table, shortly after Burns' death, that "since the time of Shakespeare, poetry had never come so sweetly from the hand of Nature as in his rhyme;" and that was literally true, and true just because Nature had been his only teacher. Self-taught, untutored, he poured forth in unpremeditated lays "the short and simple annals of the poor," but in their short and simple annals he found means to descend to the inmost depths of the human heart, to ascend to the loftiest heights of human feeling. "The Cottar's Saturday Night" is the most perfect picture that ever was drawn, not merely of individual life, but of the race of man, inferior to none in the world in virtue and firmness—the peasantry of the land. (Cheers.)

"Auld Langsyne" has become the national air of Scotland—the expression of the love of home and of the scenes of infancy to the entire civilised world. "Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled," is already the war-song of the bold and the patriotic in every country of the earth—(hear, hear)—and the passion of love in its purest form was never so finely expressed as in his immortal lines to Highland "Mary in Heaven."

"That sacred hour can I forget?
Can I forget the hallow'd grove,
Where, on Ayr's winding banks, we met,
To live one day of parting love?

"Ayr gurgling kiss'd her pebbly shore
Beneath the wild wood's arching green,
Where fragrant birch and hawthorn hoar
Twined amorous on th' enraptured scene.

"The flowers sprang wanton to be prest,
The birds sang love on every spray,
Till too, too soon the glowing west
Proclaim'd the speed of winged day.

"Still o'er these scenes my mem'ry wakes,
And fondly broods with miser care;
Time but the impression deeper makes,
As streams their channels deeper wear."

(Loud cheering.) All the world has joined in admiration of these exquisite lines; but our wonder at them becomes greater when we recollect that they were written by the poet on the anniversary of Mary's death, after he had concluded the labours of the harvest field, when resting on some corn sheaves, with his eye fixed on the evening star, whose growing light "proclaim'd the speed of winged day." (Cheers.) To us, and to Scotsmen in every part of the world, who can appreciate the fidelity of his pictures, the poems of Burns possess a peculiar and indescribable charm: they recall scenes of early youth, long unseen, but still unforgotten, and realise in waking hours the beautiful words of the poet in the Soldier's Dream:—

"I flew to the pleasant fields traversed so oft
In life's morning march, when my bosom was young;
I heard my own mountain goats bleating aloft,
And knew the sweet strains which the corn reapers sung."

(Loud cheers.) But the universal admiration with which the poems of Burns have been hailed, not merely in his own country, but over the whole civilised world, prove that, great as his graphic powers were, they were the least of his varied gifts. (Hear, hear.) It was the depth of his feeling, his warm, expansive love for all mankind, the touching pathos which shone forth in his pieces, which everywhere went to the heart. His tenderness extended even to inanimate objects. The hares, the field mouse, the mountain daisy, have been celebrated in his songs. Above all, he possessed in the highest degree that great quality

without which, in the trial of Time, all others are but as tinkling brass—a due appreciation of the dignity of human nature, and a firm determination to assert it. (Loud cheers.) To him we owe those noble lines now become as household words in every land of freedom—

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

(Cheers.) To this quality also he owed many of the misfortunes with which his life was embittered. Had he condescended to flatter the great—to conciliate the affluent—to fawn upon the multitude—he might have earned ease and comfort in life; but he disdained to do any of the three. Therefore he was neglected by his cotemporaries—therefore we are now raising statues to his memory. (Cheers.) Gentlemen, it is said that Burns was a Radical. I know he was; but I do not respect him the less on that account. (Cheers.) I wish we had more Radicals like Burns. (Continued cheering.) Most men of his ardent and poetic temperament are inclined to those opinions, and were so especially in his day. They see in others the generous feelings of which they are conscious in themselves. It is well they are so; they would miss their mission if they were not. Genius is the moving power of the moral world. Experience is the fly-wheel which regulates the movements of the mighty machine: without the first it would stand still; without the second it would be torn in pieces. It is by the counteracting influence of the two, as by the antagonistic action of fire and water in the material world, that the equilibrium of nature is prescrved; and thus is secured at once the life, the progress, and the stability of nations. (Hear.) But if Burns was a Radical, he was not less a patriot. He was no advocate for domestic broils or foreign interference; for what said he to the Dumfries Volunteers, of whom he was a member?—

"Be Britons still to Britons true,
Amang yourselves united;
For never but by British hands
Maun British wrangs be righted."

(Loud cheers.) A more serious charge brought against Burns is that his life was sometimes irregular, and some of his poems effusions which, however admired at the moment, his warmest friends must now lament. Gentlemen, in reference to this charge I will not repeat the common excuse that his frailties were those to which men of ardent and poetic mind have in all ages been most subject. I disdain any such apology. I recognise no exemption from moral responsibility in the sons of genius. I know rather that from him to whom much is given much also will be expected. But I say he was a son of Adam, and let him that is without sin among you throw the first stone. (Cheers.) I would answer in the words of Bolingbroke, when reminded of

the faults of his great political antagonist, Marlborough—"Yes, I know he had faults; but he was so great a man that I have forgot what they were." (Loud cheers.) And I would recommend his detractors to imitate his example—to expiate passing faults by lasting benefits to the species, and, like him, to cause the spots on the sun to be forgotten in the lustre of his rays. (Cheers.) But one great moral truth I extract from the fate of Burns, and that is that no lasting fame is to be acquired, even by the brightest genius, save that which is devoted to the purposes of Virtue; for the few poems of Burns which we now lament have long since passed into oblivion, and those on which his immortal fame is rested are as pure as the driven snow. And, as such, they will form an unseen bond which will for ever unite Britons and their children in every part of the world—a bond which will survive the maturity of colonies, the severance of empires; and "Auld Langsyne" will hold together the widespread descendants of the British empire, when grown into independent states—

"Tho' seas atween them since hae row'd."

Gentlemen, I have detained you too long; and I conclude in the words of the poet—

"A last request permit me here
When yearly ye assemble a',
One round, I ask it with a tear,
To him the Bard that 's far awa."

The learned Chairman then resumed his seat amidst tremendous cheering.

The toast was drunk with all the honours, the whole company rising to their feet; and ladies, as well as gentleman, waving their handkerchiefs, and making every demonstration of enthusiasm.

Colonel JAMES GLENCAIRN BURNS, who was received with enthusiastic applause, said—I humbly thank my God that He has spared me to live and see this glorious day, a day on which so many thousands in almost every part of the globe are paying homage to the genius of the Bard of Scotia. (Cheers.) My mother told the late Mr M'Diarmid of Dumfries that my father once said to her—"Jean, one hundred years hence they 'll think mair o' me than they do now." How truly this prophecy has been fulfilled the proceedings here and elsewhere amply testify. I feel most grateful to you for the opportunity you have afforded me of being present at this, one of the most influential of these gatherings, presided over, as it is, by the celebrated and talented author of the History of Europe—(applause)—supported by such well-known and distinguished men as Judge Haliburton, Principal Barclay, Sir David Brewster, Mr Monckton Milnes, and Mr Glassford Bell. In no place will the day be hailed and cele-

brated with more enthusiasm than in the far East, where I spent so many and such happy years. In proof of this I may quote a few lines written by my old friend, Colonel George Anderson Vetch, the author of many a Burns' birthday ode. In a poem of his, entitled "The Exile in India," he says—

> "The music of Scotia is sweet 'midst the scene,
> But ah! could you hear it when seas roll between!
> 'Tis then, and then only, the soul can divine
> The rapture that dwells in the songs o' lang syne."

(Cheers.) As a leal and true Scot, and a warm admirer of the genius of the Bard, I have joined in doing honour to his memory. As his son, permit me to return you my most sincere thanks for the same. (Renewed cheering.)

Mr DALGLISH, M.P., proposed "Lord Clyde and his Companions in Arms," which toast was drunk amid loud cheers. The toast of both Houses of Parliament, proposed by Principal Barclay, was also duly honoured, and responded too by W. Buchanan, Esq., M.P.

Mr HENRY GLASSFORD BELL said—Every one has felt that it is not always on those occasions when he is most anxious to say something worthy of being listened to, that he is best able to satisfy his own wishes. I confess that to-night I feel my mind almost overpowered when I reflect on the grandeur of the devotion—not national only, but world-wide—that is being paid to the memory of one man. I question whether such an amount of grateful and affectionate remembrance was ever before so concentrated and so extended. The question naturally occurs—Whence all this gratitude?—honourable alike to him who occasions and him who cherishes it; surely no unworthy sentiment, since it ascends to the Creator through the person of one of his created. Whence this gratitude? Simply because that Scottish peasant added more than most men to the stock of human happiness; and he did so by throwing wider open the gate of human knowledge. (Cheers.) The most valuable of all knowledge is knowledge of ourselves, and it is *that* the poet teaches. Great as the benefactor of his species is who extends the confines of science, not less great is he whose finer eye looks with a clearer perception into all the subtle mechanism of the human heart. (Cheers.) Robert Burns invented no steam-engine, but he knew the secret source of tears and smiles; he discovered no new planet, but he called up thoughts that twinkled in the soul like stars, for he touched, as with a fiery finger, every latent emotion until it started into light; he made us no richer in worldly wealth, but he taught us how divine a thing human love may be; he taught us the nobility of earnest patriotism and unflinching manliness; he taught us how these, or any of these, may make the darkest life resplendent with a gleam of inward lustre. (Cheers.) Hence comes it that thousands of his fellow-men, who

never saw him in the flesh, have to-day met in every quarter of the globe to do him honour; hence comes it that

> "The might
> Of the whole world's good wishes with him goes;
> Blessings and prayers, in nobler retinue
> Than sceptred king or laurell'd conqueror knows,
> Follow this wondrous potentate!"

In Scotland all this feeling is intensified by the consciousness that Burns was essentially, and, from his cradle to his grave, our countryman—a Caledonian. The country to which other great men have belonged seems often to have been an accident of birth. There appears no reason why Shakspere might not have been born in Scotland, and Beattie or Campbell in England. But Burns never! He was a concentration of the genius of Scotland. His patriotism was Scottish—

> "Wha for Scotland's king and law
> Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
> Freeman stand, or freeman fa',
> Let him on wi' me!"

(Loud cheers.) His delight in the beauties of external nature was Scottish—

> "Their groves o' sweet myrtle let foreign lands reckon,
> Where bright beaming summers exalt the perfume;
> Far dearer to me yon lone glen o' green breckan,
> Wi' the burn stealing under the lang yellow broom."

His loves were Scottish, and his happiest moments with the objects of his love were in the midst of Scottish scenery—

> "Ye banks and braes and streams around
> The Castle o' Montgomery,
> Green be your woods and fair your flowers,
> Your waters never drumlie;
> There summer first unfauld her robe,
> An' there the langest tarry,
> For there I took the last farewell
> O' my dear Highland Mary."

(Applause.) His noble independence was Scottish—

> "Is there for honest poverty
> Wha hangs his head and a' that?
> The coward slave we pass him by—
> We daur be poor for a' that."

(Loud cheers.) His earliest and his latest aspirations were Scottish—

> "Even then a wish, I mind its power,
> A wish that to my latest hour
> Shall strangely heave my breast,
> That I for poor auld Scotland's sake
> Some useful plan or book could make,
> Or sing a sang at least!"

Shall Scotland not be proud of her peasant poet—

> "Who murmur'd to the running brooks
> A music sweeter than their own."

(Cheers.) Shew me a song-writer, from the days of Anacreon to the days of Beranger, who comes within a thousand miles of him. (Immense applause.) All social and friendly gatherings do good to the hearts of care-worn men; but we have assembled here to-night with a nobler motive than to eat and drink and be merry. We have assembled to do justice to the better part of our own nature, by declaring our veneration for a true bard who died in poverty, but who has made us heirs to the priceless riches of his own effulgent mind. I leave the theme with reluctance; but it has already been descanted on with an eloquence that has charmed us all, with a copious grace and beauty peculiar to the rich, genial, and refined mind of an Alison. (Applause.) The toast I have the honour to propose is "The Poets of England." I do not know whether it is meant to be limited to the living poets; if so, their number, I fear, is small, taking the word poet in its true and proper sense. But I think it may be understood to comprehend all those poets who shed, about five-and-twenty years ago, so brilliant a light over the literary horizon. Their bodily presence has been taken from us, and it is a somewhat sad thought for those who, like myself, have been privileged to look upon their fine and thoughtful foreheads, and to hear their living voices, that nothing mortal now remains of a Byron, a Coleridge, a Wordsworth, a Southey, a Shelley, a Rogers, a Hemans, and a Landon, but the mouldering dust in their graves. Yet, though dead, they still speak to us solemnly and sweetly; none with more solemn sweetness than Wordsworth, because none with a truer and purer human love and understanding. The sacred key was intrusted to the keeping of them all by which the deeper heart of man is unlocked; and the electric thrill emanating from them diffuses itself through all lands—

"One touch of nature makes the whole world kin!"

(Applause.) Of living poets I must not pretend to speak; but, as Wordsworth in his beautiful sonnets on personal feelings says he will mention two female portraitures "pre-eminently dear"—

"The gentle lady wedded to the Moor,
And heavenly Una with her milk-white lamb"—

so I shall venture to name two poets as standing conspicuously out among all our living minstrels, and sending abroad from their resounding lyres richer and nobler melodies than any of their compeers. You will not doubt that I mean Alfred Tennyson, and the high-minded lady, Mrs Barrett Browning. (Cheers.) Their styles are altogether different, each marked by its own originality; but in the works of both there is a repertory of dignified and graceful thoughts, of deep and glowing feelings, of suggestive and lofty imaginings, which have worthily won for them a place far up the sacred mount. Of them, and of all who labour at the same delightful task, we say with universal voice—

"Blessings be with them, and eternal praiso,
Who gave us nobler loves, and nobler cares;
The poets, who on earth have made us heirs
Of truth, and pure delight, by heavenly lays!"

(Loud applause.) Permit me to couple with my toast the health of an English poet now present, whose English heart is not the less sound that it has in it some Scottish affections, which inspired him with a poet's yearning to do honour with us to Scotia's Bard. Mr Monckton Milnes—(applause)—so well known for his more recent exertions in the cause of legislative and social improvement, has written, among other effusions of great energy and beauty, "Memories of many Scenes." I hope that to-night will enable him to add to them a fresh memory which he may deem worthy of cherishing, and that he will at least believe that "poor auld Scotland," whilst it remembers departed, welcomes living genius. (Prolonged applause.)

The toast was drunk amid loud applause.

Mr Monckton Milnes was received with cordial applause, and said—Nurtured in the love and admiration of Burns, and accidentally connected with the fortunes of his family, I accepted the proposal to act as one of the arbiters of the merits of the poems composed in his honour, and for myself, the distinction of being your guest to-day. Many of you will have seen the poem to which the prize has been adjudged, and have, I hope, not considered it unworthy of the occasion; but it becomes me here to say a word respecting the unsuccessful candidates for the crown, many of whom have produced works of deep feeling and noble expression, and all of whom appeared impressed with the real greatness of the character it was proposed to them to celebrate. (Cheers.) In the phrase of one, they all recognised

"The glorious and poetic peasant
Driving his laurell'd plough."

In the words of another, they appreciated the character of the people who read by turns

"The Psalms of David and the Songs of Burns."

(Cheers.) Two impressions indeed, which seem to me altogether erroneous, prevailed in many of the poems—the neglect of the poet by his contemporaries, and the connexion between his poetic gifts and the sorrows and discomforts of his life. Now, I believe that the worth of a poet never received a more rapid acknowledgment from a nation than Scotland has given to Burns, from the first letter of Dr Blacklock to the celebration of this hundredth anniversary. I am equally convinced that the poetry of Burns was the joy and sustenance of an existence not otherwise favoured by fortune. True, the lights of the poetic temperament cast their shadows, as they will always do: true, there was in him that earnest melancholy, which is ever the reverse of

the true medal of genuine humour. But without his poetry, Burns must have been as much an exile from his native land as Dante, whereas with it, he is as identified with his country as Shakspeare. With it, the incidents of his common and private life have become the events of a century; the songs composed for the merriment of an obscure tavern club have set millions of tables ringing with delight; the natural outpourings of his affections have become the stimulus and the interpreter of youthful passion in ten thousand breasts; and the religious bickerings of a remote province have been made vocal with the most stirring trumpet-tones of civil and religious liberty. I remember being in Prussia some fourteen years ago, when the Censor of the Press condemned a spirited translation of "A man 's a man for a' that," as hostile to the order of society, and calculated to set class against class. I should be very glad to have that censor here to-night, and to ask him whether this, and the thousand other festivities now taking place, exhibited hostility and ill-will to mankind? (Cheers.) You have done me the honour of connecting my health with the poets of England. When Burns was writing, the poetry of England was mainly represented by the languid grace of Cowper, and I do not know how much of the great revival which followed may be attributed to the influence of your bard. I wish I could anticipate any such phenomenon in our days. We have, indeed, a laureate whom we can boldly match with any of his predecessors, yet I am conscious that the tendency of the time is rather to enjoy and rest upon the poetry that has gone before it than to add to the imaginative store of the world. Perchance it must be so. Few thoughts have not already been expressed in as good music as words can supply, and our business may be rather to appreciate and apply them—just as Burns took up the screed of some old ballad that touched his fancy, and transformed it into a poem for his own and for all time. (Cheers.) Those, indeed, who desire to combine the pleasures of the composition of verse with the duties of active life, will rejoice to remember that Burns made an excellent and diligent exciseman, as Wordsworth an accurate stamp-distributor; and instead of lamenting that such men were so employed, they will delight in every combination of rare talents and honest toil. Who shall say whether, if the outward circumstances of the life of Burns had been those of comfort and repose, his wonderful powers might not have been obscured and contracted? But be this as it may, I am sure that the passionate admiration which brings together the multitudes of this evening would not have been excited. The sorrows of the great have ever been the aliment of the veneration of mankind; and the victims of misfortune in high places have even attained supernatural powers, without any very close scrutiny into their character and conduct. But the time comes when even the "sad stories of the deaths of

kings" fail to move the popular imagination; and yet, even then, the heart of a nation is stirred to its depths by the recollection of suffering genius, and something of a sacred halo surrounds the poet who has endured and striven like a man. (Great applause.)

Mr A. DENNISTOUN proposed the next toast, "The Scottish Peasantry," in a brief speech.

The toast was drunk with applause.

Mr BLANCHARD JERROLD then, in a few words, proposed, "The Poets of Scotland." He said that, in proposing this toast, he thought the simple enumeration of Scotland's poets would be sufficient to recommend it to the company, particularly when he coupled it with the name of Peter Cunningham, the son of the accomplished author of Burns' Biography. (Cheers.) Among the poets that had followed Burns, and who, to some extent, were inspired by him, might be mentioned the names of Sir Walter Scott, Thomas Campbell, W. Edmonstone Aytoun, Dr Charles Mackay, and many others. I think (said he) we cannot do wrong in toasting this nest of singing birds. (Cheers.)

Mr PETER CUNNINGHAM, who was received with great cheering, said—My friend, the hon. member for Pontefract, has told you, in language such as I cannot imitate, why he accepted the office of being one of the judges of the prize offered by the Crystal Palace Company. I will tell you why I refused that position: it was because I felt I was not competent to be a judge, and I felt that if a proper committee had been constituted, a lady should have been on the committee. (Cheers.) And I am sure we should have had a poem with a little more of the touch of feminine beauty in it, beautiful as it is. I have a slender claim to return thanks for the poets of Scotland. My father was a Scottish poet, and was, moreover, a Scottish peasant. (Loud cheers.) To him I owe everything, and my brothers, who fought in the East, like the sons of your chairman—to him they owe everything. Our destiny has been cast very much like the destiny of the sons of Burns. My friend, Mr James Glencairn Burns, derives his name from a Cunningham; and my father also was one of the best friends the poet had, for he wrote his life, and wrote it well, and vindicated his character. My dear friend, Colonel Burns here, left his native Dumfries, and became a scholar in Christ's Hospital like myself. The two sons of Burns went to India and came back with honour. Two sons of Allan Cunningham went there too, and acquitted themselves with honour to their country. (Loud cheers.) I have this claim also to return thanks for the poets of Scotland, that I have shaken hands with Sir Walter Scott, and for twenty years I sat with Archibald Hastie, and drank to the immortal memory of Scotland's Poet out of Burns' own punch-bowl. I have perhaps another claim to reply to this toast. I have sat with Thomas Campbell, the poet of Hope and

Hohenlinden, and drank whisky-toddy, very well brewed, from that silver bowl given to the great poet by the students of this university. I have also sat and drank with the Ettrick Shepherd from a silver bowl given to him by a true-hearted Scot, and honoured and prized as it deserved to be. There is a genealogy in song. Our friend, Mr Monckton Milnes, will recollect how beautifully that idea is expressed by Dryden, who says that Chaucer was the poetical father of Spenser, and Spenser of Miltou. There is a hereditary descent in song as natural as "Abraham begat Isaac, and Isaac begat Jacob." (Laughter and cheers.) I will even say that Allan Ramsay was the father of Robert Burns, and Robert Burns the father of the Ettrick Shepherd, and Allan Cunningham of Edmonstone Aytoun and Charles Mackay. In this belief, that poetry never dies, I return thanks for the poets of Scotland. (Loud cheers.)

Mr MONTEITH of Carstairs then gave, "The City of Glasgow and its Civic Rulers," which was replied to by the LORD PROVOST.

Mr BAILLIE COCHRANE of Lamington, in proposing "The Poets of Ireland," said—It does not require any assurance to persuade us of the extreme beauty of the Irish melodies. The lyrical power has happily not expired with Cormac and Carolan—the names of Sheridan and of Moore, of Sheridan's illustrious granddaughters, of Goldsmith, of Lever, of Morgan, of the author of the "Angel's Whisper" and of "Rory O'More," our honoured guest of this night, Samuel Lover—all these testify that the cunning has not departed from the land, and that the fire of Irish talent still burns like the inextinguishable lamp of Kildare's shrine. (Cheers.) But there is one bond of union between the minstrelsy of the two countries—that is, the feeling of independence and of patriotism that each awakens. Moore and Lover are dear to Ireland, as Burns is to Scotland, and who shall say what an effect these great men may have had on the destinies of their respective countries? For instance, there was a time, a century ago, when our nationality was endangered, when Scotland had been converted into that battle-field "where those who conquer do not win, and they must lose who gain." The nation felt that a stranger was in the land, and his cold hand was laid on its heart. Aye, at that time there was danger, not for our national, but for our mental independence, for a feeling sprung up in the south hostile to our progress; but in spite of all jealousies and antipathies, Scotland marched on England, not in military array, but in the less dazzling march of mind and of intelligence; and this march—the echo of which is still heard throughout the land—this march was preceded by Robert Burns. (Cheers.) Yes; and there is another point of sympathy between the lyrical poets of the two countries. In most cases we find that the poet is neglected during his lifetime. Mr Lover has

done a great and a good work for Ireland in collecting those immortal lyrics which, but for him, might in time have been lost. What a long list of names is there of those who, like Carolan, died neglected. What shall we say of the last days of Richard Brinsley Sheridan? Alas! all nations can testify,

> "How nations, slowly wise and meanly just,
> To buried merit raise the tardy bust."

When Mr Lover returns to Ireland, if he is asked, as Macduff asks Rosse, "Stands Scotland where she did?" he will, in his own powerful language, describe the grand scene he has witnessed; he will tell how

> "The friends we have tried
> Are by our side"

this night in the persons of the honoured sons of our immortal poets, and how we may anticipate, as Robert Burns anticipated the day, "when man to man, the world o'er, shall brothers be." (Great applause.)

Mr Samuel Lover, who was received with loud and prolonged cheering, said—Sir Archibald Alison, Ladies and Gentlemen—Before I attempt to allude to the subject-matter of the toast you have just heard, I must first give expression to a feeling that has been struggling at my heart all this night, increasing in warmth and magnitude as the evening has progressed; and that feeling has been one of more than a fulness of joy—an overflow of joy—at the glorious sight I have seen to-night of a nation's pride in her poet. (Cheers.) That I have been invited to this banquet to-night, and for such a purpose as to speak on the part of the poets of Ireland, I look upon as the highest honour of my life. (Cheers.) It is an honour every man might be proud of, and this medal I wear as steward of this meeting I look upon as an order of poetic merit which I shall treasure as long as I live. (Cheers.) I cannot but remark upon the singularly handsome compliment paid me by the tune which accompanied the toast. The dying eagle, when he saw the arrow that struck him, winged from his own feathers, felt his death more keenly; but I feel my life stronger within me when I find a compliment winged and pointed in a shaft of my own quiver. (Cheers.) I look upon the union of that air with that toast as very much after the fashion of certain ready and rapid alliances made upon this side of the border. Milton talks of music married to immortal verse, but now has music been married to a handsome Scottish compliment; and I can assure you, Ladies and Gentlemen, that Rory O'More is not the man to object to a Scottish compliment. (Laughter and great cheering.) Mr Baillie Cochrane has alluded to the legislative bards of Ireland; he repudiates them, and says that he thinks there is no such thing as legislative bards. Neither do I; but I do believe that legislators have some regard for

the bards, because they constantly call upon us to pay the piper. (Laughter and cheers.) With respect to the poets of Ireland, Ireland is as proud of her poets as Scotland is, and Great Britain ought to be well pleased, and regard it as one of the happiest circumstances attendant upon the triumphal march of our language, that it has become the vehicle of thought and expression for such men as Goldsmith, and Sheridan, and Moore. (Cheers.) That the poets of Ireland should be remembered here does not surprise me, because there is much in common between the people of the two countries. They are both of Celtic origin, both gifted, as all the Celtic races are, with the gift of song, both clinging affectionately to national observances, both excelling in national glory, both rejoicing in a generous and hilarious hospitality, both sending round the shells of joy, often filled with mountain dew—that dew that distils so plentifully in the evening, but does not always so fast evaporate in the morning. (Great laughter and cheers.) Ladies and Gentlemen, there is an old saying that states that an Irishman has leave to speak twice for another man's once. But the minutes are so precious that really I feel that, though an Irishman with that privilege, I must speak only once, and that as short as possible. But before I sit down I wish to express once more the feeling of delight this evening has given me in its glorious celebration of a glorious name, this grandest example I have ever seen in my life of the pleasures of memory. (Cheers.) It has been of late, in these utilitarian days, common to ridicule nationalities, to think lightly of those dear remembrances that every man of warm sympathies must wish to cherish, and it has been too much the fashion to look upon poets as merely the ornamental appendages of society rather than things to be honoured and remembered. But if any man of so cold a nature will not listen to a generous argument on the subject, if they will accept of nothing less than an argument of stone walls, let me refer them back to the history of Greece, and point to the ruins of the Pantheon, and let me ask what is the cause that the glory of Greece has passed away, and that the conquests of Alexander are but as dust, while Homer and Sophocles hold their sway as strongly as ever in the human mind? (Loud cheers.) No, let us never give up our poetical memories. What should we be without these endearing remembrances? Where is the man that has not some sacred place in his heart for dear memories, and who would be solitary and desolate without them? The ship in mid ocean, without compass, quadrant, or rudder, would not be more utterly desolate without some tender recollections in his heart. No, let us never give up our heart memories, or forget our poets. I hope and believe the time is coming when those evil feelings will be dispersed, and when poets will be cherished as dear things; and if any are sceptical, I should like to shew them this meeting, and I think that it, in the shape of

an argument, would be what is called a clencher. (Laughter and cheers.) Better times are coming, and it is a good sign that in the present Government of Great Britain we find two bright names in literature, the names of Mr Disraeli and Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton. In your country you have had a charming example lately of literary merit rewarded by a coronet. And in what does Lord Macaulay excel? In history. And what is history but memory on a grand scale? I say then, in conclusion, cherish your memories and love your poets; and on the part of the poets of Ireland, with a full heart and a brimming glass, Ladies and Gentlemen, I salute you. (Great cheering.)

The Hon. Judge HALIBURTON proposed the next toast—"The Scottish Clergy." In doing so, he said—I have accepted the invitation to appear here to-night with peculiar pleasure. A hundred and fifty years have elapsed since my family left the borders of Scotland to seek their fortune in the wilds of America, and I am the first of that family that has made his appearance in his fatherland—(cheers)—and that you have been so good as to call me here to-night as your guest, overpowers me in a way that I cannot well express. I have been honoured by being requested to propose a toast, which, I am sure, every one who hears me will receive with a most cordial and affectionate response, since it is the clergy of Scotland. When it was first proposed to me to give this toast, I confess that I was considerably embarrassed. It did not appear to me particularly appropriate that so venerable, so pious, so zealous, and so learned a body as the Church of Scotland should be given by the humble author of "Sam Slick." (Laughter and loud cheers.) I thought perhaps that it might have been given more appropriately by one nearer home and better able to do justice to such a subject, but a moment's reflection taught me that nothing was required of me but to propose it, because it was a toast that spoke for itself, as the clergy had their bond of union with the country in the feelings, and sympathics, and hearts of the people. Nothing, therefore, remained for me to do but to propose it, for their eulogium is like that beautiful inscription, sublime from its simplicity, in the crypt of St Paul's Cathedral—the inscription to the immortal architect who raised it—*Si monumentum quæris, circumspice.* (Checrs.) In like manner, the eulogium of the clergy of Scotland is best found in the character of its people, in the institutions they have fostered, in that comprehensive system of education they have encouraged which has made Scotland pre-eminent among the nations. Having said thus much, I should feel that I have done all that is required of me; but the clergy of the Church of Scotland are not the whole Scottish clergy, for there is a very large body of Scottish clergymen whom they have sent abroad, as learned, as pious, as laborious, as self-denying, and as useful as any, in

British North America. The Hon. Judge proceeded to describe the arduous labours and trials of the Scottish clergy in the vast territory of British North America, covering as it did a ninth part of the surface of the globe, and proceeded to say—It is easy to draw delusive pictures, as I saw one drawn the other day by a skilful artist, who, addressing the working classes of Glasgow, bade them go to a country where they would have a vote in the representation, with the safeguard of the ballot-box—where there were no taxes, and where they would have a happier home in the wilderness. These are such very pretty pictures, that it is a pity they are fancy sketches, and not realities. (Laughter and cheers.) The poor settler that goes to that country you hear from when he succeeds; but do you ever hear from the hundreds who perish by the way, who carry a broken heart, broken hopes, and a broken constitution to the grave? You hear not from them; all you know is that they have gone to America, and that they have not written, or that their letters have not reached. I am delighted to see here the venerable and learned head of the University of Glasgow—a university so renowned through the world, which has produced so many statesmen, poets, judges, lawyers, and able men; and I am delighted also to see the Rev. Dr M'Leod, whose acquaintance I had the honour and pleasure of making on the other side of the Atlantic, where the amenities of his manner, and the eloquence of his pulpit oratory, will long be remembered by the population through whom he passed. (Cheers.) I am delighted to see him here, further, because he can bear witness that wherever there are Scottish clergymen, you find under their care a body of men distinguished for moral and religious feeling—for frugality, industry, and general respectability. (Cheers.) I am glad to see them, further, because it tells me that by the end of a century there has been time enough to weave that cloak of charity which we are told covers a multitude of sins. (Cheers.) If that cloak had not been woven by this time, I would think little of the clerical or lay weavers of Glasgow. I beg leave to propose to you the Scottish Clergy, present and absent—those here and those in North America.

The toast was received with great approbation.

Rev. Dr M'Leod, of the Barony, in replying to the toast, said—I have the honour to acknowledge the toast which has been so kindly proposed and accepted. The clergy could not have their merits tried by a more discriminating judge than the honourable gentleman. Yet I for one would not have objected had the duty which he has so eloquently performed been assigned to an illustrious friend of his, who, if less venerable, is, if possible, better known over the world than himself, and who is everywhere admired for his accurate knowledge of men and manners—his keen perception of character—his most excellent wit and genial humour; and who, if he could not, perhaps, spare

the weaknesses of the clergy, would certainly not forget their virtues—I mean his distinguished friend the Clockmaker. (Laughter and cheers.) It is now more than ten years since I enjoyed the privilege, which the Judge, no doubt, cannot remember, but which I cannot forget, of receiving a shake of his hand in Halifax, and a welcome to Nova Scotia. I now in Glasgow reciprocate that welcome to Old Scotia; and where could Old and New Scotia more appropriately meet than when commemorating Robert Burns? (Cheers.) There are two things which to me make Burns sufficiently memorable. One is—his noble protest for the independence and dignity of humanity, as expressed, for example, in that heroic song, "A man 's a man for a' that." Another is—his intense nationality—a noble sentiment, springing, like a plant deeply rooted for ages in the soil, and bearing fruit which nourishes the manliest virtues of a people. (Cheers.) Few men have done for any country in this respect what Burns has done for Scotland. He has made our Doric for ever poetical. Everything in our land touched with the wand of his genius will for ever retain the new interest and beauty which he has imparted to it. Never will the "banks and braes of bonnie Doon" cease to be "fresh and fair," nor the "birks of Aberfeldy" to hang their tresses in the bright atmosphere of his song. He has even persuaded Scotsmen "of a' the airts the wind can blaw" most dearly to "lo'e the west," though it comes loaded to us, who live in the west, only with the soft favours of a "Scottish mist." So possessed are even railway directors and rough mechanics by his presence and power that they send "Tam o' Shanter" and "Souter Johnnie" as locomotives roaring and whistling through the land that is called by his name and immortalised by his genius! (Cheers.) How marvellously has he wielded the hearts of Scotsmen throughout the world! Without him, they would, no doubt, be united by the ordinary bonds of a common country that cannot anywhere be forgotten—a common tonuge that cannot anywhere be easily mistaken—and by mercantile pursuits in which they cannot anywhere be wanted. But still these ties would be like the cold hard cable that connects the Old and New World beneath the Atlantic. The songs of Burns are the electric sparks which flash along it and give it life; and "though seas between us may be cast," these unite heart and heart, so that as long as they exist Scotsmen can never forget "auld acquaintance" or the "days of auld lang syne." (Cheers.) And yet, sir, how can a clergyman, of all men, forget or fail to express his deep sorrow on such an occasion as the present for some things that Burns has written, and which deserve the uncompromising condemnation of those who love him best? I am not called upon to pass any judgment on him as a man, but only as a writer; and with reference to some of his poems, from my heart I say

it—for his own sake, for the sake of my country, for the sake of righteousness more than all—would God they were never written, never printed, and never read! (Hisses, answered by loud cheers and renewed hisses, which were again silenced by cheering.) And I would rejoice to see, as the result of these festivals in honour of Burns, a centenary edition of his poems from which everything would be excluded which a Christian father could not read aloud in his family circle, or the Christian cottar on his "Saturday night" to his sons and daughters! (Hisses, which were again drowned in cheers.) One thing I feel assured of is—that, righteously to condemn whatever is inconsistent with purity and piety while it can not lessen one ray of his genius, is at once the best proof we can give of our regard for his memory, and the best sacrifice we can offer to his departed spirit. If that spirit is cognisant of what is done upon earth, most certainly such a judgment must be in accordance with its most solemn convictions and most earnest wishes. (Loud applause.)

Mr J. P. Trotter, advocate, proposed "Colonel Burns and other existing Relatives of the Poet." In doing so, he said—I cannot help remarking that it is a matter of congratulation to this assembly that, at a time so far removed from that in which the poet lived, we are privileged to honour him in the presence of his son. Two sons of Burns—one of whom sits at this table—still live as living witnesses of one of the most remarkable tributes that, since the world began, has been paid to genius—to listen to the simultaneous lifting up of the voice of a whole nation to proclaim the glory of one man, and that man their father. It has been said, and I think with much truth, that when we hold intercourse even with the remote descendants of great men, we are carried back through the links of a long chain of associations, until we seem to hold intercourse with themselves; but it is our privilege to-night to hold intercourse not with one of the remote descendants of the immortal bard, but with his own son, with one whom he has often folded in his own loving arms, and whom he has often gazed on with his own loving eyes. (Applause.) In proposing the health of Colonel Burns, it is not my purpose to dilate on his personal merits, though a long life of great honour affords many materials for my doing so; but this at least I must be permitted to say, that much of that fine geniality of disposition, that kindly warmth of heart, that overflowing sympathy with all that concerns humanity, which so strongly characterised the father, have been reproduced in the son. (Applause.) And if there be one feeling which more than any other throughout life has marked the character of Colonel Burns it is his love for the virtues, his admiration for the genius of his glorious sire. I have often been privileged to visit our honoured guest and his no less honoured

brother, at their delightful residence in Cheltenham, and I have often thought how it would have gladdened the heart of his father if he had been permitted to see his sons, after lives passed honourably in the pursuit of an honourable profession, spending the evening of their lives in the enjoyment of each other's society, living under the same roof, engaged in the same pursuits, and devoted to each other with a love so strong as is only to be transcended by that still stronger love which they bear to the great name of their father. (Cheers.) The other relatives bear about them the impress of worth and of talent with which the poet himself was so strongly stamped, which marks and verifies their distinguished lineage. To use a familiar Scottish phrase, they are all come of a good kind; and there is much meaning in that phrase. There is much influence in what we commonly call blood, and the blood of Burns is characterised by strong intellectual vigour and high moral integrity, or as he himself so well expresses it, by "The pith o' sense and pride o' worth." This is the characteristic of the whole of the rest of the family of Burns, and it shone out pre-eminently in the exemplary and high-minded character of William Burns, the poet's father. It was this that marked before an admiring world the bright career of a man whose death some years ago a whole nation deplored—I mean Sir Alexander Burnes, the poet's cousin; and it is this which will mark the race of Burns to the whole end of posterity. (Cheers.)

The COLONEL was again received with great applause. He said—I have to thank my friend Trotter very heartily for the way in which he has introduced the toast, and you for the hearty manner in which you have responded to the toast of "The Sons and Relatives of the Bard." I may as well here enumerate them, as far as my knowledge extends. There are my brother William Nicol and myself; my two daughters, Mrs Hutchison, with her two children, in Australia, and Annie Burns, now in Edinburgh; and my late brother Robert's daughter, Mrs Everett, with her daughter, in Belfast. These are the direct descendants. My uncle Gilbert left a large family, of whom survives one daughter (Ann) and three sons (William, Thomas, and Gilbert). The three brothers have many olive branches. For the survivors of my late dear aunt, Mrs Begg, I leave my cousin Robert to thank you himself. (Applause.)

Mr ROBERT BURNS BEGG, nephew of the poet, also responded to the toast, and said—I did not expect to be called upon to speak just now. I am unaccustomed to public speaking, and I cannot let my voice reach this immense assembly. All I can say is, that I have met with many kindnesses in the world, and I believe they are all owing to my connexion with Burns. I owe the honour of being here as a guest to-night solely to that, and I believe to an acquaintance many years ago with the late

Sheriff Steele. I may, however, be allowed to say that I should like very much to live another hundred years to see such a sight as this. (Applause.) I would like to see the same beauty assembled together, and the same learned men assembled here. I thank you kindly. (Cheers.)

"The Centenary Celebration," "Our Guests," "The Festival Committee," and other toasts having been duly proposed,

Mr SAMUEL LOVER rose to propose "The Lasses." He said—Ladies and Gentlemen, it seems a sort of practical pun that the lasses should be proposed by a Lover. (Laughter.) But I hope the ladies that are here will believe that an Irish lover is never deficient in paying his homage to what has well been called the most beautiful half of the human race. (Cheers.) Ladies, in your smile exists the poet's inspiration, and in your smile exists the poet's reward. There never was a poet yet that didn't worship woman—(hear, hear)—and pre-eminently the bard whose name we have met this day to honour, worshipped "the lasses, oh!" (Loud applause.) But the greatest poet in the world, whatever might be his power—and the power of making love was very great in Robert Burns; but no man can make love by himself. He must have a lady to help him—(laughter)—and, I must say, that from all my experience, very good helps they are. (Renewed laughter.) Shakspeare has comprised under one head the lunatic, the lover, and the poet; and when I first became a lover, I felt convinced that Shakspeare was right in saying that a lover was a lunatic—(laughter)—for I was perfectly mad. (Much laughter.) But that took place a long time ago—about half a century—but I began very young. (Roars of laughter.) And Mr Chairman, Ladies, and Gentlemen—for I wish to call as many witnesses as I can to this fact—I found madness so delightful that I think I never have been right in my senses since—(great laughter)—but if ever I have had a lucid interval, it has only been to sigh for Bedlam again, and call upon Cupid for my keeper. (Cheers.) A very interesting document has been placed in my hand to read to you to-night. It is an additional verse to "Green grows the rashes, O," composed by Robert Burns, the son of the great Robert Burns. The lines were presented by Mr Alexander Maclagan, author of "Poems and Songs," to be repeated. In reading it I shall give as much attention as I can to your Scottish dialect, and if I make mistakes pray forgive a stranger. Mr Lover then read the following verse, which was received with applause; the talented reader's manner in setting off the Scottish words creating considerable amusement:—

"Frae man's ain side God made His wark
That a' the lave surpasses, O;
The man but lo'es his ain heart's bluid
Wha dearly lo'es the lasses, O!"

Mr Lover concluded by saying—After this, of course, it would

be trespassing on you to say one word more than to give the toast, and I hope that my fair hearers will believe me when I say that never had they a truer, or a warmer, or a more gallant lover than the one that addresses them. (Loud cheers.)

The proceedings terminated about half-past eleven.

In the course of the evening there was handed round for inspection the veritable silver-mounted snuff-box which belonged to the Bard when he was in the Excise, the somewhat worn inscription being "Robert Burns, of the Excise." This interesting relic is now the property of Mr Reid, of Port-Glasgow.

THE ROYAL HOTEL.

A select party of forty gentleman dined in Carrick's Royal Hotel, under the presidency of Mr James Hedderwick, the editor of the *Citizen*, and author of the "Lays of Middle Life." James B. Gartley, Esq., officiated as croupier. The Chairman was supported by Mr Daniel Macnee and Councillor Harvey. The croupier was supported by Mr Alexander Smith, author of the "Life Drama," and Councillor Allan.

The CHAIRMAN, in proposing the toast of the day, said—The sole object of this remarkable patriotic rising has been to give expression to a memory and a sentiment! Surely, such a spectacle is not without significance, or rather, I should say, is not without some deep and beautiful meaning, occurring, as it does, in the midst of an intensely industrial age. To my mind it shews that, amid all the din of machinery, the ear of mankind is still exquisitely awake to every appeal of the affections. It shews that the fresh and tender spirit which dwells in the heart of the child never wholly dies within the bosom of the man. It shews that all of us—even the strongest, the most worldly, the most money-seeking—have yet, if we would but confess it, a certain soft warm something, not always guessed by the world, beating under our left waistcoat pockets. (Applause, and a laugh.) How else could it be, that he who has given the most delicate and earnest utterance to the gentler and nobler feelings of our nature, should have left behind him such a name to conjure with? "Spirits are not thus finely touched but to fine issues;" and in the multitudinous meetings of this night, I believe that some little is being done to expedite the time

> "When man to man, the warld o'er,
> Shall brithers be an' a' that."

(Cheers.) Gentlemen, when I reflect that wherever any half-dozen Scotsmen are assembled, there this night must be a Burns' festival, I find myself haunted by a fear that, great as our national poet undoubtedly was, the language of eulogy may reach such a pitch as to defeat its end. Great reputations are at all times liable to be assailed by the intellects which they

dwarf. Now, what if a reaction should ensue, in connexion with this Burns' centenary, the result of a too exuberant apotheosis? To be confidential with you, I had some notion of trying to throw a little shade into the picture. I began to muse upon the weaknesses and the aberrations of genius. Like Wordsworth —but in a more critical mood—

> "I thought of Chatterton, the marvellous boy,
> The sleepless soul that perish'd in his pride;
> Of him who walk'd in glory and in joy,
> Behind his plough upon the mountain side.",

My purpose was, like the Poet of the Lakes, to be calm, unimpassioned, and a good deal more stern; but, I may as well confess to you at once, that it melted before the fire of Burns' genius. (Cheers.) To say the truth, the time is past for attempting to lower the position of Burns among the immortals. At the outset I find myself confronted by a success I cannot gainsay, and for which I dare only try to account. The enthusiasm which now prevails is not a thing of yesterday. It began during his life. It turned the heads of the "Tarbolton lasses" and the "belles of Mauchline." It shook the rafters of many a masonic lodge and jovial *howff* in various parts of Ayrshire. On the wings of the Kilmarnock press it spread over all Scotland, penetrated the high places of learning in classic Edinburgh, "throned on crags," and broke in tears and penitence over the poet's grave at Dumfries. I say penitence, not because I consider that the contemporaries of Burns were particularly to blame for his life of struggle, but because his countrymen, touched by his early death, thought bitterly on what he had suffered. It is not, I hold, the business of any age to seek out and elevate its men of genius. Such enterprise would be Quixotic, and liable to all the errors of caprice and fashion. Genius of the highest kind can never, indeed, be known until proved by its own immortalness. But if, from inevitable causes, Burns found Scotland a poor enough land to live in, it at least proved for him a sufficiently glorious land to die in. Ten thousand people thronged to his funeral. Every scrap of his burly handwriting became a treasure. The public sorrow took visible shape in stone and marble. Not a favourite haunt of his but became immediately and for ever classic. The very stool on which he had sat while correcting his proof-sheets in Edinburgh was elevated into an object of respect. I suppose it has long since been broken up into snuff-boxes. When, in the doom which overtake all things human, his household goods came to be scattered, how marvellously had their value risen! An old fender on which he had been accustomed to toast his toes, while crooning, it might be, his immortal "Vision" in the flickering hearth-light, brought twentyfold its original cost. The top of a superannuated shower-bath, which had been employed to drench away a poetic rheu-

matism, was run up to a fabulous sum. A dilapidated coffee-pot, a pair of bellows sorely afflicted with asthma, and other such lumber, commanded prices which, had there only been more of them—and they might easily have been multiplied—might have supplied funds sufficient to pension all his relations for life. (Cheers, and a laugh.) But perhaps the piece of household furniture which excited most attention was an eight-day clock. As that article was neither made in London nor in Paris, I should not like myself to put a price upon it. It was the production of a Mauchline artist. I am not aware that Mauchline has been at any time famous for clocks. Perhaps a liberal valuator might have been inclined to appraise it at—say thirty shillings. But that clock had often been wound up by the hand which penned "The Jolly Beggars," "Tam o' Shanter," "The Cottar's Saturday Night," "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled," "My Nannie, O," and "Auld Lansyne." I will not say, too, that it had not many a queer story to tell about "The wee short hour ayont the twal!" At all events, it was ultimately knocked down, not at thirty shillings, but at thirty-five pounds, the purchaser considering himself fortunate, as the limit he had fixed was sixty! (Cheers.) From that time the Burns *furore* has certainly not abated. Fifteen years ago it exploded in the vicinity of Ayr; on that occasion 80,000 of his countrymen assembled in commemorative festival. Vast, however, as was the enthusiasm then displayed, how incalculably is it at this moment eclipsed! What chance should I have in attempting any nice balance of the poet's merits, in the midst of such an outburst of hero-worship? With what face could I hint at failings prompted and palliated by the manners of the peasantry and people amongst whom his lot was cast? One hundred years ago "there was a lad was born in Kyle," whose circumstances were humble—whose lot was one of hard labour—who had not even the advantage of length of life—and who yet, with matchless ease, and merely, as it were, by letting out his broad and massive nature upon the world, vaulted into fame, and whom a grateful nation is proud, at this day. to rank among its most illustrious dead. What spell did this man possess to exercise an influence so potent? Go into the fields, and observe any ploughman at his toilful and monotonous occupation, and ask what chances that man has of making his name ring through the world, and down through the "corridors of time!" Such was the position of Burns, and yet what a triumph has been his!—a triumph infinitely exceeding that of all the alumni of all the universities of his time. How poor now do the crowns of our dead kings, and the glory-wreathes of our departed conquerors, appear beside the holly with its "berries red" which Coila bound around his brows! (Cheers.) How are the images of our great ones fading—those who walked under triumphal arches and

passed between houses "peopled to the chimney-tops"—and how are the stalwart limbs, the rounded shoulders, and the great, dark luminous eyes of the poor Ayrshire ploughman, and despised Nithsdale *gauger*, enlarging upon the canvas of the past? I cannot account for all this, except upon the principle that Burns was made of finer clay than falls to the ordinary lot of mortals. . . . Nothing but the intense humanity of Robert Burns could have given such numbers to this movement. But what need that I should attempt to analyse his merits? What are words when overtopped by the majesty of circumstances? How can I presume to add one stone to a cairn already towering to the heavens? In the universality of this commemoration there is an eloquence which enfeebles all speech, and a glory which dims all display. Suffice it that we, as Scotsmen, feel a debt of gratitude to him who was the first to popularise the sentiment of "daring to be poor," the first to cause the truth to be widely and proudly recognised among his countrymen, that, apart from the accidents of fortune, "a man's a man for a' that." As our own Campbell has said—

"His lines are mottoes of the heart."

Who, let me ask, has imparted such purity to love, such warmth to friendship, such dignity to labour, such courage to misfortune, such fire to patriotism, such sovereignty to moral worth. (Great applause.) Even, too, in his first great gush of poetry, when, at Mossgiel, he put forth those racy and brilliant epistles to his brother bards, and those scathing and merciless satires on the "unco guid" which we are apt to consider somewhat irreverent, we find him exclaiming—

"All hail, Religion! maid divine!
Pardon a muse sae mean as mine,
Who in her rough imperfect line,
Thus dares to name thee;
To stigmatise false friends of thine
Can ne'er defame thee!"

Irrespectively of the floods of song on which Burns has floated into all hearts for ever, a certain halo of greatness surrounds his name. Wonderful as his poems are, they appear only as broken lights of the man. All who came in contact with him seem to have been profoundly impressed with the force and brilliancy of his intellect. The dashing Duchess of Gordon had never met with a man whose conversation "carried her so completely off her feet;" the clever Mrs Riddell—herself an authoress—declared that "poetry was actually not his forte." Taking him, then, for all in all—taking the influence of his life, and the moral of his death—I believe that Scotland is infinitely the better for Burns having lived. (Cheers.) His ambition was to do something for his country, and, if he could do no better, to "mak' a sang at least." The effect of what he actually achieved has been

to make love sweeter, integrity bolder, hypocrisy more abashed. The effect has been to link the Ayr, the Lugar, and the Doon with the Tweed and the Yarrow, as haunts of the Scottish muses through all time. The effect has been to bind Scotsmen more to Scotland, and to make the Scots abroad more intensely Scottish than even their countrymen at home. Our Scottish nationality—there is no use to deny it, or to struggle against it—is becoming year by year merged in the common nationality of England. As, however, the waters of the Ohio retain their distinctive colour for miles and miles after their junction with the Mississippi, so, in like manner, must the Scots as a people continue to be tinctured with their picturesque and heroic past. (Applause.) Burns stands, as it were, proud in his peasant garb, at the confluence of the two nations, as, in many essential characteristics, our noblest representative man. Let but Scotsmen continue to be nurtured in the manly spirit of Burns—then, in his own lofty words—

> "Howe'er crowns and coronets be rent,
> A virtuous populace may rise the while,
> And stand a wall of fire around their much-loved isle."

Gentlemen, on this the hundredth anniversary of our poet's birthday, let us rise up and with full hearts and full glasses do honour to his genius. Let us, in a word, drink as it deserves to be drunk—not with the silence of a recent bereavement, but with the enthusiasm due to a completed renown, and to a glory which is still ours—"The Immortal Memory of Burns." (Loud applause.)

Mr Gartley, Robert Somers, Esq., of the *Morning Journal*, and Mr Alexander Smith, also made brief speeches.

THE MERCHANTS' HALL.

A GRAND soiree, under the auspices of the Ayrshire young men resident in Glasgow, was held in the above hall. John M'Gavin, Esq., presided.

He said—Our meeting this evening, and the countless assemblies that are being held throughout our own country, as well as in other lands, in honour of Burns' birthday, bespeak the powers of his genius, tell us how deeply his writings have moved the heart of his countrymen, and foreshadow their permanent influence. How changed, in many respects, is the state of Scotland since Burns was born; how changed in its material resources, its agriculture, its manufacturing and commercial industry; how altered even in its social habits and political status; and yet the writings of the poet are ever young and ever fresh. We listen to his songs with unwearied pleasure; we read his descriptions of Scottish life with the delighted feeling of their beauty and their truth; and though the interval has widened our sympathies

as a nation, we yet enter with enthusiasm into his intense nationality. It seems to me as if Burns had been born to be the poetical historian, so to speak, of Scotland. (Applause.) The old forms of Scottish life had begun to fade, and a new dispensation of social and political life had begun to dawn. In the transition hour the ploughman of Ayrshire was endowed with the power to paint the passing figures, and make them live for ever. I question if now such a poem as "Hallowe'en" or "Tam o' Shanter" could have been written, and I doubt if Burns himself could now have penned Bruce's address on the field of Bannockburn. Our habits are altered to a great extent, our feelings of nationality are modified; like a dissolving view we only see the outlines of these old pictures; but Burns saw them in more clear light, felt them with poetic force, and has imaged them before us in the real shapes and colours of the very things themselves. There is a distinctness, an individuality in the creations of Burns, about which there can be no doubt; the characters stand out from the pages full of life; you see them, you fancy you have been long familiar with them, you know their look, their walk, their dress; they are the "old familiar faces" of your boyhood, and they mingle themselves with your intellectual being—an unfading imagery. (Applause.) I confess that I cannot enjoy poetry of that mystic kind that requires a great effort to guess at its meaning, and which sometimes leaves you in doubt, even after you have done your best to decipher it, whether you really understand it. With the perusal of the pages of Burns there mingles no such incertitude; whatever chord he strikes, it is with a bold steady hand, and the response is free and spontaneous. He breathed not a foreign atmosphere, but the air around him; he looked at the men and objects by which he was surrounded, and they were mirrored back from his own soul with all the realities of life, of form, and of figure. Besides, through his writings there runs a strong vein of common sense, evincing that the poet had in him capacities of the most valuable kind, that would have fitted him for the most important positions in the world. (Applause.) I daresay no one in this meeting will accuse me of leniency to the use or abuse of drink, but to me it seems no marvel at all that Burns should have sometimes fallen before such a temptation. Consider his impulsive spirit, and the occasional physical depression to which from boyhood he was more or less subject; take into account the customs of the times in which he lived, the imperiousness of those customs, remembering that drink was held to be the symbol of friendship, having mingled itself with the most pleasant experiences, as well as the most solemn occurrences of life, and say what was the likely result of such an ordeal operating on an organism such as that of our national poet. I do not know how you may conclude in your judgment, but

to me it would have seemed more strange if Burns had escaped. I sometimes speculate what Burns might have been if he had lived under better influences. Had he lived, for example, in our own times, when the facilities for physical and intellectual enjoyment are so largely increased compared with what they were sixty to one hundred years ago, when his great powers would have had more ample scope, flowing in channels more akin to his better nature—had he had platforms from which to pour out the eloquence he possessed, or the field that the press now offers to talent, there can be little doubt that his life would have been a brighter and a happier one. No Scotsman can look back to the closing years of our greatest national poet without feeling that his country might have done better for such a man—might have smoothed his rugged fortune, and brightened his closing days. The lesson speaks of the past, but it speaks also to ourselves. It has been said that it requires a century to produce such a man as Burns, and so even now there may be born such another in our native land; and the question may be put practically to us, How will you treat him? With the proud swell of independence in his heart, will he be left in his days of weakness to brood over the neglect of his countrymen; or will the kindly eye visit him, and the kindly hand assist him? If we have not so learned, then we have mistaken the lesson, and our present meetings are but hollow show. (Applause.)

Songs were sung by Miss O'Connor, Mr Locke, and Mr Imrie.

Mr Thomas Brown delivered an eloquent address. He said —Since the day those three ragged and straggling volleys from the carbines of the gentlemen volunteers of Dumfries announced that all that was mortal of Burns had been committed to its kindred dust, the fame of the bard has so grown and broadened on the poetical horizon that all must feel how little such assemblies as this, or even such a day as this, is needed to diffuse or perpetuate his renown. (Cheers.) That voice which, a hundred years ago, rose in lowly cadence in yon "auld clay biggin'" by the banks o' bonnie Doon, is now heard on every wave, and sounds on every sea. Fame so universal can receive but little expansion. Indeed all now left to even the most enthusiastic admirers of our national bard is simply to cast a few insignificant pebbles on the mighty cairn already towering to his glory from out the rock of humanity. (Applause.) But though tho memory of the poet cannot possibly profit, we may profit much by the centenary. If the homage this night offered to his shade be not a hollow mockery, it is impossible it should fail to exert at once a potent and salutary influence upon modern society. The sincerity of that homage will be best discovered by interrogating ourselves whether it is simply a fashionable idol we follow the multitude to honour—a Robert Burns as he lived, laboured, loved, sung, and suffered, to whom the incense of our

admiration spontaneously arises. On the honest answer to that question it depends whether it is a star, among the stars of mortal night, or merely a will o' the wisp, risen from out the fens of death, to which we have surrendered ourselves. I know there are those ready to tell us that in doing honour to Burns we lift our eyes rather to a baleful meteor than a light from heaven. But on a night such as this we have little taste for either quarrelling or arguing with these good people. If it affords them any gratification to think and speak as badly as possible of their brother man, then by all means let them cherish their antipathies. Only this caution we give them, and give them in the kindliest spirit—Have a care not to confound envy, malice, and uncharitableness with holy zeal. (Cheers.) We can distinguish between the merits and the shortcomings of the Bard so greatly beloved. (Cheers.) Much of the disquietude and unrest which the proud and sensitive soul of Burns endured sprang from the consciousness that to be poor was to be despised. His own stern independence did much to wipe away this reproach off the lot of the lowly. "A man 's a man for a' that" taught the Scottish peasant to stand erect. That lay in the hearts and on the lips of our countrymen, and the spaniel-like spirit of abject submission to the behests of "their betters," which evenwhile had characterised them, was clean gone for ever. (Cheers.) This revolution, methinks not unfit to compare with the labours of a Wallace and a Knox, was the work of Burns. (Cheers.) How utterly unworthy of him should we prove ourselves did we forget its worth! Certain good but timid folks have a fear lest this centenary should be found to foster a spirit of man-worship, and dreading any services that might even in the remotest degree be supposed to develop that inverted religion, shrunk from offering to our national bard the homage they only cherish. I dread not the result those timid friends contemplate with so much terror. Even were it demonstrated that their alarm was not wholly groundless, there would remain for me this consolation—man-worship is at least an improvement upon mammon-worship. (Loud applause.) A too enthusiastic admiration of genius is not the sin that most easily besets a great commercial city. The celebration at which, in common with our countrymen, we are this night assisting, is a grave and solemn rebuke to that merely material estimate of humanity, which forgets "the rank is but the guinea stamp," or fails to remember that in the eye of the veriest outcast there is a spark struck from His light of whom the sun is but a beam. (Loud cheers.) Looked at from this point of view, this centenary becomes rather the propagandist of a forgotten truth than the herald of a baleful superstition. We hope we shall not be accused of any desire to set class against class, when avowing that the works of this solitary peasant

bard have done more for Scotland than all her coroneted nobles put together. (Applause.) While teaching labour to forget its stoop, Burns knew better than any of labour's modern mentors how to rebuke the demagogue :—

"The wretch who would a tyrant own,
And the wretch his true-born brither,
Who would set the mob aboon the throne,
May they be damn'd thegither."

(Checrs.) Statesmen, we have sometimes thought, might do themselves a service by occasionally devoting a leisure hour to the productions of the Ayrshire Ploughman. Possibly, the Duke of Argyll and Lord Panmure had still been Cabinet Ministers had they, in the critical hour when their chief was yet undecided upon tinkering British law under Gallic inspiration, only whispered in the ear of Lord Palmerston—

"The kettle o' the kirk and state,
E'en though a clout should fail it,
Deil a foreign tinkler loon
Shall ever ca' a nail in't."

(Cheering, amid which Mr Brown resumed his seat.)

Mr GEORGE TROUP then delivered an able addrcss, which was warmly applauded.

Miss Aitken, who, in the most handsome manner, gave her services gratuitously, read Burns' "Cottar's Saturday Night" in her usual expressive style. The proceedings were wound up by a full-dress assembly.

DINNER AT THE KING'S ARMS.

A numerously attended dinner at the King's Arms Hall, Trongate, was presided over by Mr Hugh M'Donald, author of "Rambles round Glasgow," &c., who in proposing the toast of the evening dwelt at some length on the universal manner in which the centenary was being observed throughout the world. He also explained why such an unprecedented honour had been conferred on Burns, and the other great masters of the lyre passed over. Shakspeare and Milton, said the Chairman, seem to us as semi-deities, standing upon an eminence apart from ordinary mortals; Burns comes amongst us almost as a friend and a companion—no matter how humble or how poor we may be, he would meet us over the table, or take our arm in a country walk, and open his heart to us, and tell us of his joys and sorrows, his hopes and his fears. He would let us into the secrets of his loves, and his very sins in his hours of remorse would not be concealed from us. He dared to shew his heart, and, despite a few specks or flaws, an open, manly, and loving heart it was. Yes, Burns is the most loving of all poets, and therefore the most loveable. Love and sympathy pervade the writings of Burns in a larger measure than those of any other poet that I know—and

hence, in my opinion, one main cause of his extreme popularity. To others we yield respect and admiration—to him our kindliest affections are surrendered. Robert Burns is peculiarly the poet of the people—the poet of the working man. Born to a life of poverty and toil, he knew by sad experience the many woes and hardships which are incident to a lowly condition of life. Other poets have written *about* the poor—written as from an elevation and down to them. His voice ascended from the depths of society, from the huts where poor men lie. He taught the working man how to respect himself, and he compelled the worlds of rank aud fashion to regard the children of toil with a more reverent and sympathising spirit. Burns was a thorough patriot. To the backbone he was a Scotsman. For Scotland and everything Scottish he entertained the deepest affection. He loved his native land; he revered her poets, and he gloried in her heroes. Her honest men and bonnie lasses were the favourite themes of his song; her banks and braes, her woods and lakes and streams, the scenes which he best loved to paint. He waxes eloquent on "Scottish drink;" of the "parritch," "Scotia's halesome food," he talks in kindliest terms; while he has thrown a halo around the haggis which can never grow dim. But Burns was more than a mere Scotsman. His love, it is true, began at home; but it embraced all mankind in its far-stretching sympathies. The cause of liberty all over the world was his motto, and to his own worldly disadvantage he feared not to give it expression. Of the life of Burns—that brief but glorious span of smiles and tears—it needs not that I should speak. Every one knows of his early toils and struggles—of his early loves, and of his early wooings of the Muse. Every one knows of his first bold venture into print—of his lionising visit to Edinburgh, the plaything of a day to rank and fashion—and of his subsequent disappointment and neglect. The last sad scene of the tragedy—for every life is a tragedy—and that of Burns was emphatically so—is one of the most melanoholy which it is possible to contemplate. Neglected and poor, aud for his very independence of soul despised by the rich and great, the curtain fell. In the very noon of life, the sun of his genius was darkened; ere half his harvest was gathered the reaper was called hence. The angel they entertained—so scurvily entertained—was not appreciated until he had for ever departed. It is now upwards of threescore years since all that was mortal of Robert Burns was consigned to the dust. Since then his fame has continued, and is continuing to extend. With the gathering years his honours continue to gather. With the good and the true his name and his memory are now more dearly cherished than at any former period. So it is now, and so it will be a century hence, when the myriads who are this night doing honour to the poet are all sleeping in the narrow house:—

"Time will the impression deeper make,
As streams their channels deeper wear."

Several meetings of lesser note, but not less enthusiastic, were held in Glasgow.

AYR.

THE centenary festival was celebrated here, as was to be expected, from its close proximity to the poet's birthplace, with great enthusiasm. Early in the forenoon the brethren of the "mystic tie" assembled in their various lodge-rooms, and at twelve o'clock they all marched to the general rendezvous—the Academy Square—where they were marshalled in procession order. They then marched np High Street, with bands of music and banners flying, and other masonic insignia displayed, to the Old Church, where Brother Francis Rae, of Wallacetown Church, conducted the services. The large church was nearly filled by an attentive congregation, who listened devoutly to the solemn services. On dismissal, the procession re-formed, and walked up High Street, and on to the Cottage (uncovering as they passed) and Monument. The Cottage was very tastefully decorated with evergreens, as was the entrance to the Monument Inn. The masonic body were admitted to the Monument grounds, where Brother the Rev. William Buchanan delivered a long and eloquent speech on the genins and character of our great national poet. The procession returned by Greenfield Avenue and Race-course Road, passing by the dwelling of the nieces of the poet, the Misses Begg, where they again uncovered on passing. They then marched round Wellington Square, down Sandgate Street, New Bridge Street, and thence to their several lodge-rooms. A few of the trades joined the procession, and among these we observed the slaters, plumbers, and brassfounders. Some of them carried little models of implements connected with their various crafts.

In the evening there were large and enthusiastic gatherings of the admirers of the bard at the Cottage, presided over by the Rev. P. H. Waddell, Girvan. A soiree took place in the Assembly Room, presided over by the Rev. Wm. Buchanan. This large hall was filled to overflowing, nearly 500 of both sexes being present; Rev. Messrs Pollok of Glasgow, and Monkland, Gartmore, took part in the proceedings. The masonic body dined in the Corn Exchange Hall—the Rev. Mr Thompson presiding, and Rev. Francis Rae being one of the speakers. This also was a large meeting.

In the theatre a large meeting was also held, presided over by Colonel Shaw, of the Qneen's Indian army. At the outset of his address the chairman requested the audience to note the fact, that his name appeared upon the bills as the "President of the

Ayr Reform Association." This circumstance, said the speaker, gives you the point and pith of this commemorative effort; it is as the Reformers of Ayr that we have met together to-night. We have not come together for the purpose of doing homage to Burns' private character, no, nor even to his genius: we have assembled for the purpose of doing justice to the reformer, who, more than seventy years ago, went for "manhood suffrage"—singing "A man's a man for a' that." Permit me, at the hazard of seeming somewhat tedious, yet, in justice to myself and to the noble-minded, virtuous, and honourable working men with whom I stand associated, to be distinctly clear and very unmistakeable upon this point. I say, was Burns a Mormon, or was he an angel of purity? We have nothing to do with these questions. Was he a sybarite of intemperance, or was he a model of sobriety? We have nothing to do with these questions. Did he abase—not to say profane—his God-given genius, or were his poems, every one of them, the effusions of a seraph? I repeat it, we have nothing earthly to do with these questions: we are commemorating the great Reformer who, more than seventy years ago, went for "manhood suffrage"—singing "A man's a man for a' that." In Burns' day the times were dismally dark. Socially, politically, and morally speaking, our country was at that time in a low and very melancholy condition. Why, it was then thought the only real and right hospitality to make a guest dead-drunk; and no one with the least pretension to the name of gentleman ever went to bed sober. The song of the poet—inexpressibly sweet and beautiful when, like the bird in the morning, it soared towards heaven—became steeped in the predominant rage. But we may not enter on this topic; I repeat it once more: we are assembled to do justice to the mighty genius, who, in so dark an age, sang the glorious song, "A man's a man for a' that;" and it will now be sung. The chairman sat down amidst a burst of applause; and the song indicated by him was then sung. A glee party and a pianist were in attendance. No fewer than thirty songs were sung.

COUNTY BUILDINGS.

The principal banquet, however, was held in the County Buildings. There, at four o'clock P.M., about two hundred and fifty gentlemen sat down to dinner—Sir James Fergusson of Kilkerran in the chair; Professor Aytoun, croupier. Among those present were Elias Cathcart, of Auchendraine; William Cooper of Failford; Major C. V. H. Campbell of Netherplace; Rev. R. Wallace, Newton; James Baird of Cambusdoon; J. D. Boswell, of Garallan; Sir E. H. Blair, of Blanquhan; Graham Somervell, of Sorn; Mr Finnie, jun., of Newfield, &c., Professor Trail, Edinburgh; Sheriff Robison; William Baird of Rose-

mount; Dr Hume, Liverpool; Evan Hunter, Sheriff-Clerk of Ayrshire; Dr Hunter, of Ayr Academy; Captain Calvert, Ayr.

The CHAIRMAN, in giving the toast of the evening, said—Wholly unequal as I am to do justice to this occasion, I have felt that to shrink from the proud and enviable office that had been offered to me would be to confess my inability to unite with my fellow-countrymen in their great unanimous rejoicing. (Cheers.) I know that I speak in the presence of the living poet of Scotland—(loud cheers)—whose glorious lines cause every one's cheek to glow with pride and pleasure—of him who has drank deep at the fountain whence Burns derived his inspiration—who has restored to us so many of those noble old Scottish lays from the perusal of which Burns imbibed the nurture of his genius. Also, I speak to many upon whose ears must linger the burning words of the panegyrics of Eglintoun, of Wilson, and of Aytoun, delivered on the Banks of Doon at the first great celebration in honour of the Poet's memory, and those hearts must have been struck in their tenderest chord by the written praises of Jeffrey, of Carlyle, of Wordsworth, and of Montgomery. I know that the memory of Burns is not the property of poets or of men of literature alone—his name is a heritage of all the natives of the country which gave him birth. (Cheers.) Uncultivated as I am in the study of poetry, and coming here simply as a country gentleman to join in the celebration in which my countrymen take so much interest, I know that the few sentences, plain and prosaic perhaps, yet sincere and earnest, in which I shall mark our grateful task of to-day, will find a response which they have not excited, because it will be the offspring of that undying gratitude which is laid up for the name of Burns to all generations. (Loud cheers.) I think that this centenary celebration is greater than any which has taken place. The meeting which I now address is not so large as that which assembled on the banks of the Doon. It is not even graced by so many men who have rendered themselves famous by their success in science, in poetry, or in art. But it is the great central meeting of a vast number of meetings, held in every town, and village, and hamlet throughout the country, and in different parts of the world. The demonstration of to-day makes me feel proud of being a Scotsman. (Cheers.) It is as the poet of Scotland that I call upon you to do honour to Burns this day; and let not our children's children, to whom Burns' songs will be as dear as to us, have cause to wonder at the littleness of the minds of those who, while regarding the shell in which the pearl was hid, forgot the brightness of the jewel. (Cheers.) I marvel much at the idle malignity of some who have set themselves against the feelings of the great mass of their fellow-countrymen on this auspicious occasion. I have read of sentiments as expressed by them which I am certain will meet

with no audience here. I have read such remarks by ministers of the gospel, who of all men are those who should look upon their brethren's failings with charity—(hear, hear)—who would depreciate, if it were possible, the outburst of enthusiasm which has reached its climax this day. I saw in a newspaper only this morning the words of a minister in Edinburgh, spoken from his pulpit, in which he says he considers the homage about to be paid to Burns both foolish and wrong, and then he proceeds—"England would not do so for her Milton—Germany would not do so for her Goethe—Italy would not do so for Tasso or Dante; but Scotsmen are about to do so for a man who was far beneath any of these sons of genius. I cannot but regard this conduct, in every view of it, as both foolish and wicked." (Disapprobation.) I shall only say that I hope I know the clergy of Scotland too well to think that this sentiment can be held by many of them. (Cheers.) The clergy are well represented among us to day; and I know that others would be here were they not engaged to take the chairs at the dinners in their own parishes. (Cheers.) Therefore, I do not fear to be misunderstood when I say that I am ashamed a Scottish clergyman should have so misunderstood the feelings of his countrymen; and merely to shew the ignorance which has dictated these unfortunate words, I would only remind you that there have been celebrations like these before—that in the last century at Stratford-on-Avon there was a celebration, at which the wise and talented met to do honour to the memory of Shakspeare; and if the gentleman who spoke these words had read such a common book as "Boswell's Life of Johnson," he would have known what I have stated. He might have known also that all Germany assembled at Mayence to inaugurate a noble statue to the memory of Schiller. Had they not done so—had they not appreciated the genius of their countrymen, it would even then have remained for Scotland to shew that she could better appreciate the genius of her sons—(cheers)—and had England and Germany been behind in honouring Shakspeare and Schiller, Scotland, nevertheless, must have shewn that she would not be behindhand in paying her debt to Robert Burns. It is our peculiar right and privilege in Ayrshire to shew how much we value the poet. What Stratford was to Shakspeare—what Weimar was to Schiller and to Goethe—so is Ayrshire to Burns. This is a spot dear to us, and but for the genius of Burns it would have been comparatively unknown; but now it has gained a world-wide fame. (Cheers.) Burns holds the first place in popular favour—in the estimation of all who have a heart and a soul to value and appreciate him—by the scholar and the critic—by the simple and unlettered—his memory lives and shall live with us; and to-day we lay a gift at his shrine—the offering of a nation's gratitude and love. (Loud and long continued cheering.)

The CROUPIER then rose amid loud cheers to propose the next toast. He said—It was on a cold night like this, when the wind howled as it does now, and the sleet was beating as it does now, when within a humble cottage, was heard the feeble cry of a babe just brought into a world wherein it was to find so much fame, and to suffer so much distress. (Cheers.) It is with unmingled satisfaction that I have joined the demonstrations that are being made, not only in this his native district, but all over Scotland, beyond the Border, in America I know, and in Australia I believe, in honour of our greatest, of our self-reared, of our most popular poet. (Cheers.) The universality of these demonstrations is in itself quite sufficient justification for our being here this evening. It is the verdict—although I cannot say the universal verdict of mankind—but still of the immense majority, with comparatively few dissentients, that we ought to be here now; and I may say it is well that there is a common ground upon which men of all sorts, of all shades of opinion, can come together to interchange kind words and warm mutual good feelings, if it were only over the grave of the illustrious dead. (Cheers.) I have heard it said that in meeting together in this way we are perpetrating idolatry and man-worship, and we are attempting to pass over, or rather to varnish, frailty in the individual man. Sir, I am no idolator, no man-worshipper. I am not here to varnish over frailty, or to defend it; but I say to those men who have made the accusation, that if they would judge him in a more kindly spirit they would act more in accordance with the dictates of Christianity. (Hear, hear.) Should they not remember that all of us, even the best, in the eyes of the Creator are sinners; that, "in the course of justice none of us should see salvation?" (Hear, hear.) And I have the highest authority for saying that he who breaks even the least of the commandments breaks the whole of them; and if Burns was frail, did we not know what penitence he shewed before his death, and where penitence is, who shall dare to say that the evil he had done cleaves to him? (Cheers.) We are here sir, especially to pay honour to the dead, thereby paying honour to ourselves and the country which has produced this illustrious man; and although it may be that, speaking of those who are no more, we might assume a melancholy tone, yet we must remember that in their works these great men yet live and speak to us—

"Even in their ashes burn their wonted fires:"

therefore we need not hesitate on this occasion, when we are all met here together, cordially and kindly, and with but a feeling of gratification, and even, I may say, of glory, that our land has produced such men, without thinking that we are mingling the amaranthus with the leaves of the dark cypress. (Cheers.) But now, sir, I must come to the more immediate subject of the

toast, and address myself to that. It is now, as nearly as I think I can remember, about seventy-five years ago that Burns, then in the zenith of his fame, when in Edinburgh, whither he had come from this place, was looked upon as a phenomenon; and well might he be regarded as a phenomenon even then, although, since his death, his fame had risen so greatly. It was at that meeting in Edinburgh where Burns, attracted by some lines written at the foot of a picture, asked who was the author of them, when he was told by a boy who was then present that they were written by Langholme, a poet whose name was then nearly forgotten. The poet rewarded the boy with a cordial smile, and that is the sole record of the only interview between Burns and the youthful Walter Scott. (Cheers.) The anecdote has been told more than once, and it is to be found in some of the biographies of the poet; but I confess that it has to me a deeper interest, from the fact that it was told to me by one still living, who still remembers being present at that interview—one who was very young—but one near and dear to me, for it was my own mother. (Hear.) Well, sir, Burns passed away: these things remind us of the rapid flow of years. For a time that boy that had so spoken with Burns was studying the ballads of his own country, and collecting the many traditions that were afloat at the time on the Border; the same studies engrossed his mind as had occupied that of Burns. Scott was in a different station of life, and had received more direct educational advantages than Burns; but a long period elapsed before he produced anything original of merit; for he was one of those great men, and possessed that attribute which the great alone possess, that they don't consider themselves from the very first as being prodigies of genius. It is late before that revelation dawns upon them: they think all around them are moved as they are. (Applause.) They are like Aladdin in the cave, who did not know that the fruit that was hanging on the fairy trees were jewels, but that they were common glass was his first idea; and so it was with Scott for a long time. His dreams, his aspirations, and all that burned within him he thought common and plain. He was not aware for a long time of the inestimable value of the treasure that he bore within him. At last he discovered the secret; and then, one by one, came forth those wonderful poems that for a long time entranced the public, and won for him such unrivalled fame. And then all at once he changed his note, and became the prose poet of the day; and in simple prose gave to us such a series of wonderful representations that the world never had seen before. (Cheers.) Cornelius Agrippa could not have shewn in the magic mirror scenes more life-like and truer than those which the great magician gave forth to the admiring world. Look at his characters: see how true they are—how truthful and faithful to nature—and how loveable in every feature. Look at those depictions

of Eddie Ochiltree, of Dandy Dinmont, of David Deans, of his sweet, dear, kind, Christian Jeanie. (Cheers.) Saw you ever such characters, except, perhaps, some drawn by the immortal Shakspeare? And further, throwing back the clouds which hang between us and centuries that have long gone by, he brought us up pictures—realities as they ever were—as from ages long gone by; pictures taken under an Eastern sun—the palm-tree, the fountain in the desert, and other loveable scenes; but I will not detain you longer with these matters. (Hear, hear.) He became the darling of the nation, the honour, not only of Scotland, but the glory of Great Britain. His name will rank the highest among the many who have created the literature of this our country. Transcendant as a poet—unrivalled in the field of romance—a patriot with as warm a heart as ever beat for its country—honourable, true, upright, sympathetic, enduring—is it any wonder that the Scottish people should revere and cherish his memory! He needed no monument, for he has raised for himself a monument of glory and renown beyond the power of architecture to counterfeit—a monument which can only fall into ruin when the British language has disappeared—nay, not even then; for although we undoubtedly have the best right to congratulate ourselves that such a man was reared and moved among us, his works are the property of the whole world, for they have been translated into every European speech: and the memory of Scott is as safe from decay and oblivion as that of Homer or Shakspeare, which will last till language is no more. (He resumed his seat amidst loud cheering, after proposing "The Memory of Sir Walter Scott.")

The other toasts of the evening were proposed by Professor Traill, Dr Hume, Professor Aytoun, Mr Baird of Cambusdoon, Mr Somervell of Sorn, and Mr Gemmell, of the *Ayr Advertiser*. The whole of the satisfactory proceedings were brought to a close at ten o'clock.

DUMFRIES.

THE demonstrations at Dumfries in honour of Burns have been very remarkable and very enthusiastic. Burns, as is very well known, died at Dumfries, and was buried there, when but thirty-eight years of age. The poet spent the last five years of his existence in this town in the capacity of an excise-man, an office which he did not relish, but his circumstances rendered anything of the kind acceptable. There are yet living in Dumfries a few old people who have a vivid recollection of the last days of Burns. They remember his appearance, and they can point out the spots where he was generally seen. The little house which he occupied stands in a narrow lane, now called Burns Street, and is at present inhabited by the master of a

Ragged School. It is a very humble dwelling, and has become a great object of interest to those who visit Dumfries. The leading feature in the course of the day was a public procession, of which the like had never been seen in the town before; and in the evening there were two dinner parties—one, that of the Burns' Club of the town, which was select; the other, a town's demonstration, at which an immense assembly was collected together. The business of the town was entirely suspended, and the shops were shut all day. In many of the streets arches of triumph were reared, which were adorned with evergreens, and which gave to the old borough as gay an appearance as the season of the year would admit. Although the weather was blustering, thousands upon thousands thronged the streets of the town, and comprised persons who had probably gone there from all parts of the country, as well as strangers even from other lands. The procession comprised the Provost, the leading Magistrates, the Town Council, the seven incorporated trades, with freemasons, workmen, and bands and banners, many of which had been brought from a distance. The bells rang all day, shots were fired, shouts raised. The popular airs of the country were played, and we fear much whisky was drunk. At home, families vied with one another in spreading out their tables with real Scotch fare, and there certainly was no lack of hospitality anywhere. At night a tempest of wind and rain interfered with the illuminations, and the discharge of fireworks, and the blazing of bonfires. In the afternoon an able address was delivered to a meeting of the working classes by Mr Washington Wilks, the gentleman who had to make his appearance last year at the bar of the House of Commons.

DINNER IN THE ASSEMBLY ROOMS.

About 220 gentlemen dined together in honour of the centenary, and under the auspices of the Burns' Club, in the large hall of the Assembly Rooms, which was very tastefully decorated for the occasion; and the place looked all the finer from being lighted with gas for the first time.

The chair was occupied, in the unavoidable absence of Sheriff Napier, from the sudden and unexpected death of his son, by Dr W. A. F. Browne. Mr James Mackie of Bargaly, M.P.; Mr Thomas Aird, of the *Dumfries Herald;* and Mr J. M. Leny, ably discharged the duties of croupiers. Among the gentlemen on the platform were:—Colonel Burns, Colonel M'Murdo, Dr Ramage, Mr Wm. Gordon, Mr Robt. Scott, Mr Walter Scott, Mr Wm. M'Diarmid, Mr Jas. Barbour, Castle-Douglas, Provost Leighton, Rev. David Hogg of Kirkmahoe, Mr Andrew Barrie, Mr John Thorburn, Mr George F. Train, and Mr H. Fuller (from America,) Mr M'Neillie, Mr C. Harkness, Colonel Hyslop; supporting the croupiers were—Captain Noake, Dr Adam, Mr Strachan, Mr

Jeffrey, Braehead, Mr Smith, junior, Dalfibble, Mr Dudgeon of Cargen, Mr Johnstone, Bank of Scotland, Sir William Brown, Dr Grieve.

After the usual loyal toasts, the chairman rose to propose the toast of the evening. He said—There have been in this country three great literary celebrations. A thousand years after the good and great King Alfred died, he, "the truth-teller," who founded schools, universities, instituted trial by jury, bemoaned the ignorance of his people, gave principalities for a book, commenced the translation of the Bible, gave places and honours to those only who could read, who composed histories and verses which have descended to us—a few of the descendants of that race which he had advanced so far towards civilisation, testified their acknowledgment and gratitude by a jubilee. They cared not that he was a king and conquered in fifty-six battles; they remembered only that he was a philosopher and a poet, that he had laboured earnestly to enlighten his subjects; and they had their stately processions, they met in festivity, and founded a noble school in the place of his birth. Two hundred years after, William Shakspeare went with "shining morning face" unwillingly to the Grammar School of Stratford-upon-Avon. After he had raised our language to the rank of a classic tongue, partly by developing its powers, but chiefly as the vehicle of the noblest thoughts man's mind ever conceived. After he had given poetry the dignity of history and ethics, and spoken to all men, in all time, through the highest and holiest sympathies of our nature, some of his countrymen renewed their expression of admiration in pageants, and song, and banquets, and ultimately in the purchase of the house in which he was born, as a museum for relics of his life, as a national monument to his genius. (Cheers.) And now a hundred years after the birth of the greatest poet, the most manly nature that Scotland ever bore, whose genial and fervid utterance has embalmed our land's language—not as a vulgar idiom, but as a copious tongue—has given expression to all that is earnest and impassioned, hearty and homelike and social in our lives and customs—whose fame, tried by time and criticism, remains a boast and a glory in our history—we offer homage. (Cheers.) You will observe the resemblance which subsists between these events. Three men love and labour for, and elevate their fellow-men. Ages after they have fallen asleep, when the mist of prejudice has cleared away, and we stand in the sunshine of truth, their worth is acknowledged; atonement, perhaps, is made for neglect and injustice, edifices arise as monuments, the homage of grateful hearts is recorded. (Cheers.) But you will remark the difference in these events. While the royal poet's requiem was sung in his native village only, while the commemoration of Shakspeare was left in the hands of his brethren of the buskin, anti-

quarians and literary men, the centenary of Robert Burns is national, universal; for in every land where his native tongue is spoken, his lyrics sung, his genius appreciated, from Indus to the Pole, there is this day expressed in various fashion, but I verily believe, earnestly and cordially, honour to his immortal name. (Enthusiastic cheers.) Why, gentlemen, do we do this? Why is it that an excitement prevails unheard of, almost inexplicable —that our halls will not contain those who press forward to offer homage—that not only Scotsmen, but all, wherever they may be, who have Scottish hearts, or understand Scottish feelings, who sympathise with the best feelings common to all mankind, participate in this impulse? It is not because he was perfect, that he was a man of vigorous, unbending will, of high-toned prudence, or that he was exempt from the failings of our race, that we do this. We understand and appreciate best, and can approach nearest and love most those natures most like our own. There is, and there ought to be, the sympathies and relations of weakness as well as of strength. Upon one side of his character, Burns was the reflection of the manners and habits of the time, of those with whom he associated, of those whom he naturally imitated; but upon the other side we find bold and gentle and generous aspirations, deep feeling, and intense susceptibility, and that broad humour which so often accompanies these qualities. Burns' range of poetic vision was around him, it was essentially humane, it might be called practical, it concerned itself with the doings, the joys, the sorrows, the destinies of man, but it penetrated into the deepest recesses of the soul, "the native feelings strong, the guileless ways." (Cheers.) It is not because this man was a peasant that we regard him as a great poet: had he been of that royal and poetic line which once ruled this land, and which he loved so well—had he been nurtured in academic groves, and imbued with science and philosophy—had his genius awoke and seen the Vision amid the glow of art, the fairest scenes, the brightest skies, instead of at the plough and in the "auld clay bigging," he would have been a master. Whoever examines his correspondence with Thomson, will be astounded at the prolificness of his mind; but beyond this, there is evidence in his letters, in his correspondence, in his Tam O'Shanter, of an unexhausted capacity—not the result of taste and criticism—of powers of which he was evidently conscious, greater than he ever manifested, and which, had his life been spared, would have asserted supremacy. (Hear.) Had he produced nothing but the "Cottar's Saturday Night," which I trust is not a picture of the poet, he would have taken place with Chaucer and Spencer, and his fame would have rested upon a narrower, though as elevated a basis. (Loud cheering.) It is because this peasant poet—I love to dwell upon the name, though he belongs to all classes—rose up amid great

difficulties, although I think in circumstances favourable to elevation of sentiment—not as a parish wonder, not as seeking fame in a limited and unlettered circle, but towering above his companions in the grandeur of innate strength and of self-culture, suddenly becoming the compeer of the wise, and the learned, and the polished; and, by that marvellous adaptation which he possessed, assuming their habits of thought as well as their manners, displaying with great sensitiveness, perfect simplicity and naturalness, and deep originality of thought, teaching in the high places, and among the noble and the mighty, the rights and privileges as well as the powers of genius, the brotherhood of man, and the virtues and the beauty of lowly things. He was not merely the guest; he was, and was felt to be, the equal of Erskine, Blair, Home, and Gregory. (Cheers.) It was because this man stood forth in bold outline, in diversity of gifts, in nobleness of purpose, the representative of the most characteristic and best qualities of the national mind. He gave expression in our common language, and in exquisite beauty, to sentiments which every man feels burning within him and moulding his whole nature. He has given us words in which to woo our brides, to vindicate our patriotism, to cheer the social hour, to cement our friendships—hymns to proclaim tho love, and peace, and beauty of our homes. Burns' songs are the speech of the human heart. We think his thoughts, we speak his words, in our sternest and softest moods, and these now household words elevate, sanctify what would otherwise be rude and common. Songs live longer than history, are mightier than wisdom; and we believe this grand recognition of Burns' power is attributable chiefly to his lyrics. (Cheers.) Lastly, it is because this Ayrshire ploughman, bold, independent in critical circumstances, at painful sacrifices, was the defender of rights, perhaps too zealously, then little understood, of that freedom of thought and opinion which was dreaded and discouraged, sometimes punished, of that universal participation in the blessings of knowledge, which was regarded, but is no longer regarded, as subversive of the peace and order of society. As poet—patriot—we propose "The Immortal Memory of Burns." (The toast was drunk in solemn silence; after which the band struck up, "Farewell, thou fair day," and Mr Stewart rendered in beautiful style, "There was a lad was born in Kyle.")

Colonel BURNS briefly replied. He remarked that the poet had once, in a state of despondency, said, that a hundred years hence from that time, he would be more thought of by the people of Scotland than he was then, and he needed not to say how fully that had been realised this day. (Applause.)

The CHAIRMAN then proposed "The Memory of the Widow and of the Eldest Son of Burns."

Colonel BURNS thanked them for the honour done to his mother and brother.

The CHAIRMAN thereafter gave "The Health of the Sons of Burns."

Colonel BURNS replied. He returned his most grateful thanks for the way in which they responded to the toast so ably proposed by the Chairman. He referred to the progress of himself and his brother in the army in India. As had been the case in every district of Scotland, so in India, from the genius of Robert Burns, they had received an enthusiastic reception. From the same cause, although it had not at first been successful, he himself and his brother had received an appointment in the staff of one of their generals. Having spent a long residence in India, they had now come to spend the evening of their life in this their native land. (Applause.) And wherever the sons of Burns had gone, whether into England, Scotland, or Ireland, they had always been received with the greatest enthusiasm. (Applause.) Even in America, the people had almost as enthusiastically responded to the names of the sons of Burns as our own country. (Great applause.)

At this stage of the proceedings, the Chairman intimated that, in order to evince the brotherly feeling which he was sure they all felt towards the assemblage gathered in the Nithsdale Mills, as they themselves were, to celebrate this great festival, a deputation, consisting of Colonel Burns, and Messrs Gordon, Scott, and M'Diarmid, would now go to the Mills to convey to them their best wishes for their enjoyment. The deputation thereupon left amid loud applause.

Dr ADAM then, in an able speech, proposed "The Literature of Scotland."

Mr AIRD replied. He said he might well say they had done him too high an honour; bnt since it was their pleasure to be generous, it would ill become him to bandy words with them. He appreciated their kind compliment, and accepted it most gratefully. (Applause.)

Dr RAMAGE gave "The Biographers of Burns."

Mr CARRUTHERS gave "The Literature of England;" which was duly responded to.

After some other toasts appropriate to the occasion, the meeting separated.

DINNER IN NITHSDALE MILL.

The town's dinner took place in the sheds of large mills, the property of the Messrs Scott, manufacturers. These sheds were very well adapted for the occasion. Upwards of 1000 here sat down to dinner, and when dinner was over, ladies were admitted to reserved seats, and the passages became crowded. The place was illuminated with many lights. The people were enthusiastic beyond all control, and the interest was heightened by the fact that the mausoleum and tho remains of Burns were contiguous to the place of meeting.

Mr JOHN HAMILTON, as a native of Dumfries, was called upon to deliver the sentiment of the evening, "To the Memory of Burns." He proceeded to remark that he ought to be not a little concerned at having to do so; but he had, at the latest hour, consented to supply the place of a gentlemen of distinguished ability, who was probably glad that he could evade a too serious responsibility, for the task was no other than to propose that those who were there, who belonged to Dumfries, and who were, therefore, more interested in the matter than others, should do reverence to the memory of that wonderful man, the centenary of whose birth they were then celebrating. As the duty had fallen upon himself, he confessed that he would rather raise his voice in that than in the other assembly of their neighbours—to use a Parliamentary expression, in this rather than in another place. He preferred to do so in their House of Commons rather than in their House of Lords—in their more popular rather than in their more genteel assembly; and why? Because Burns belonged to the people. (Loud cheers.) From the people did he spring—among the people did he live—with the people did he die; and here were the people assembled to perpetuate his fame. (Continued cheering.) And not only were they assembled there, but all over Scotland, and in many other parts of the United Kingdom, was there a celebration that day in honour of the People's Poet; yet it was peculiarly in Dumfries where the day should be kept sacred and festive to his name, for if in that town the poet was not born, in that town did he spend the remaining years of his life. If Dumfresians could not exhibit the cottage that held his cradle, they could point to the churchyard that contained his tomb. (Applause.) Indeed, what was the object to which the eye of the stranger who visited the Queen of the South was first directed? Not to the placid river, so refreshing, which then overflowed its banks, or to the beautiful vale of the Nith, so rich, that encircled their ancient boundaries. Nor to the rising institutions, or the old history, or the peculiar character of Dumfries. No, the sojourner in that hospitable town asked not for these until he had inquired for an object more deeply interesting to human feeling, that was to say, for the grave of Robert Burns. (Hear hear.) And it was with pride and with pleasure that the townsman conducted the feet of the traveller to that mausoleum where the inspiring Coila was exhibited casting her mantle over the Ayrshire peasant at the plough. And with what result? Why the name of Burns had become the same as the name of his country. Did not the name of Greece suggest that of Homer, of Switzerland that of Tell, of England that of Shakspeare, of the United States that of Washington? Well, to mix with the educated people of all countries, utter the name of Scotland in their hearing, and they would understand you to mean the land of Burns. (Cheers.) While Dumfries, then, was the inheritor of his ashes, with

equal truth might it be said that Scotland was the inheritor of his fame; and, what was better than all, that mankind was the inheritor of his inspiration. (Loud cheers.) But how was this? Here was a striking and extraordinary occurrence in the world of mind. Last year a small speck of light was seen in the far distant regions of our solar system—soon afterwards it was discovered to be a comet—and as the days passed on, and the nights became shorter, the comet grew in size and brilliancy until it became the most prominent object in the heavens, and almost surpassed anything of the kind that had ever been seen before. Was this a remarkable phenomenon of nature? Did we call it a miracle? It might be so, but he held that it was not more wonderful or more miraculous than that a young west-country ploughman, who had been undisciplined by any scholastic education, who had held no intercourse with the cultivated men of his time, and who was unacquainted with the lore of libraries—it was not more remarkable than that this young man should, within a few years, and almost unconsciously to himself, have become the author of what might be called a new classic literature, and of writings that have secured for him a fame which the great schoolmen of all ages would have sacrificed their lives or have exchanged a world to possess. (Cheers.) The fame of Burns was unquestioned, but how were we to account for it? How came it to pass that the name of this man should be synonymous with the name of his country? They need not travel to Moscow or Athens for a reply. Was not nature everything but eternal? Well, the explanation was, that the words of Burns were the words of nature. (Great cheering.) It was with poetry and prose as it was with painting, or with sculpture, or with any of the fine arts,—that is to say, if we merit success it is because we write and model from nature. Was there any one there who wanted to understand the influence of Burns, or who wished to imitate his power? Then let such a one take his draft from nature, let him not go beyond it, or exceed it, or daub it over with Dutch pink or Prussian blue, and by no means let him imagine that the altar of nature can be rendered more sacred by religious decorations, or the great soul of nature more attractive by the emblems of party spirit, or the beautiful form of nature more graceful by waving skirts of crinoline. (Laughter and cheers.) No; if there was any one who wanted to know how the writings of Burns had become universally influential, and who wanted to make some approach to his ability, then let him open wide his heart, and receive into it the holy spirit of nature, and act accordingly. (Loud cheers.) Then there was another question. If the primary and paramount element in the writings of Burns was what he (Mr H.) had described it to be, in what way did nature exhibit herself in these writings? This was the same as to inquire what qualifications were needed

to constitute a true teacher of the people; and, in the first place, it was a great point that the teacher of the people should speak in the language of the people, in the language which the people best understood, and which to them was the most expressive and emphatic. Now Burns not only did this—he not only penned the best of his productions in the south-country dialect of Scotland, but he did for that dialect what Shakspeare achieved for the English tongue, that is to say, he refined and remodelled it, he gave to it a more commanding position, he made it the vehicle of a new literature, he probably even saved it from gradual decay; and, at all events, he made the sounds of their mother-Scotch sweeter to their ears than any notes ever struck from harp or heard in public hall. (Cheers.) Next, the teacher of the people should write the songs of the people, and should get them adapted to the music of the people, for, as had been said more than once, he who had succeeded in composing those ballads that a nation should accept, held more influence over that nation, and over its character and history, than all its statesmen and all its Parliaments. Well, there were countries of which it might be said that the people really possessed no songs they could call their own. But the songs of Scotland had been written, and they were sung in every home and hall, in every cottage that rose on mountain or plain, and in every concert that called any assembly of the people together. (Loud cheers.) The songs of Scotland, he repeated, had been written, and he thanked God from his heart that they had been written by Robert Burns—(cheers)—for, in the third place, the teacher of the people should be a man with no selfish feeling, with no pandering principles, with no inclinations that are mean, slavish, cowardly, or contemptible. No, no; their darling poet had none of these. (Loud cheers.) He could not have them. It was not in his nature to have them; and Heaven only seemed to have suffered him to be tempted by what might be called manly vices, not by anything beggarly and despicable. And as such was the character of Burns, so to sing his songs was to sing of independence and courage, of love and contentment, of kindness, of friendship, of home, and of country. (Cheers.) And there was, in other of the workings of their poet, a high, noble, religious emotion, with scathing and scalping attacks upon hypocrisy, and a courageous way of opposing the works of darkness, that was to say, by turning the devil himself into ridicule and contempt. (Laughter.) Burns, then, had all the qualifications necessary to make himself a national instructor and an immortal bard; and his voice, as he (Mr H.) had said, was the voice of nature itself. And the only fault to be found with his writings was that to nature's truth they were sometimes too true; yet that was a fault which must be forgiven, for it had even been imputed to the sacred writings. (Hear.) But he had been told that there was a fourth qualifica-

tion needed for a teacher of the people, and that was that he should have an entirely spotless reputation. Who were those who said so? Not those who had the wisdom to perceive that when it became necessary that a teacher of perfect character should stand among men, it was not less necessary that there should be divine and miraculous interposition to bring it about. No; they were told so by those in whose eyes, he supposed, no mote could be seen—whose eyes, indeed, were so clear that they could even discover those spots which are said to be found in the glorious luminary of day itself. Oh, yes, Burns had his faults. He who described to them the saintly father of the cottar's home—he who told them of the countless thousands who had to mourn, by reason of man's inhumanity—he who fixed it as a settled point for ever, that a man was a man in spite of everything—he who made auld lang syne deathlessly and irresistibly charming—oh, yes, he whose groans tore and rent his breast when standing over the grave of his Mary who had gone to heaven, even he, it must be admitted, had his faults; and he (Mr Hamilton) was sorry to add that there appeared to be one or two miserable beings in existence who would never forget or forgive them. (Loud cheers.) It might, indeed, be well for ourselves that Burns had his faults; for, if it had been otherwise—if their poet had not afforded another demonstration of the universally received opinion that all mankind have fallen from their first estate, and if, as a natural consequence of his perfection, he had, like Elijah, been carried up into the clouds in a chariot of flame, we poor mortals who were left below might have bestowed upon him something like Divine honours. Of a brilliant English poet it had been said, that he only wanted the faith of the Christian in order that he might be regarded as more than man; but with greater truth might it be affirmed, that if they had had a perfect Burns, they might have mistaken him for an incarnate Deity. (Cheers.) But Burns, with all thy faults, they loved him still. (Loud cheers.) Alas, that ever in the order of nature he should die! But the skill of art had preserved the features of that countenance of the poet which was destined to moulder in the clay. Behold that face [the speaker pointed to a picture of the poet], when it was young and healthy, when its brow was unoppressed, when its eyes were penetrating, when it was altogether manly, and meditative, and guileless! Oh, heavens, how we could look upon it all day, and grieve to think that it was gone? Had they not heard of that ever-affectionate Queen who caused the body of her deceased Prince to be embalmed, that it might not be taken to the churchyard, but that it might remain in her room, and that she might always look upon those features that were once warm with life. She thought her husband could not die—she thought he was not dead. But they must confess that Burns was no more.

There were those present who could remember that, years ago, the greatest son of their mild and stern mother, Caledonia, had been taken away from them, and had been entombed; and now the thistle bloomed over his grave. And long, long, might Dumfries fulfil the mission that had been given to it of preserving his ashes in peace! (Cheers.) To those who lived in Dumfries he would pronounce the words uttered over the dead body of Patroclus:—

> "Oh, guard these relics to your charge consign'd,
> And bear the merits of the dead in mind!
> How skill'd was he in each obliging art,
> The mildest manners, and the greatest heart."

(Loud cheers.) Yes, let them preserve the remains and honour the genius of him whose writings would live till time should be no more. And, in conclusion, he called upon them to rise from their seats and preserve solemn silence to the memory of Robert Burns, the Bard of Scotland. (At this call the vast assembly rose and presented a silent, but imposing spectacle.)

After the toast had been drunk in solemn silence, Mr Thomson, baker, sang "There was a lad was born in Kyle;" his fine powerful voice being heard in the remotest corner of the hall.

Mr Fairley, teacher, then proposed "The Memory of the Wife and Son of Burns."

Mr Wilks then proposed "Our National Poets." (Drunk with great enthusiasm.)

The most interesting part of the whole proceedings was the appearance of Colonel Burns, the son of the poet, who presented himself at the meeting. He was received with most rapturous demonstrations, and his health, as well as that of his brother was the occasion of these demonstrations being renewed.

Colonel Burns, in rising to respond, was full of emotion. He only uttered a few words of thanks, his heart being too full to permit him to say anything more. His appearance was venerable, and his countenance very like the countenance of a Burns.

The chairman, it may be added, sat in the arm chair in which Burns himself had so often reclined when full of care and oppressed with sorrow.

DUNDEE.

The Burns' Centenary was celebrated here by all the masonic lodges in town, in the various public halls and leading hotels, but the great public demonstration was that held in the new Corn Exchange Hall—Mr A. S. Logan, Sheriff of Forfarshire, in the chair. Nearly 2000 persons were present, the whole of the tickets having been sold a week before, and hundreds of persons were disappointed. The musical department of the festival con-

sisted entirely of the songs of Burns and a few Scottish airs, the vocalists being Miss Fleming, Miss Robertson, Mr A. Milne, and the People's Chorus; while the instrumental performers were Master Carl Rosi, solo violinist, Mr Pearman, pianist, and the People's Orchestra. During the evening there were services of cake and fruit. The chair was taken at seven o'clock.

Sheriff LOGAN, in the course of an eloquent address, vindicated Scotland from the opprobrium long and industriously cast upon her for having stooped to the imputed degradation of permitting her great poet to be created and to continue an exciseman. (Hear.) First of all, he said, I regard it to be a sound axiom of moral economics that it is no part of the duty of those who direct the public affairs of a country such as ours to provide employment for, or otherwise directly to reward, a man of genius; further, and as a corollary, that such a man gets all that is his due provided that his countrymen accept his efforts with considerate candour while their quality is as yet unknown, and that when known and seen to be good, then with warm and cordial approbation. Beyond that neither government nor people are bound to go; and to excellence, particularly to excellence of the highest order, it would indeed be fatal were either to presume to advance further. Genius, however much to be admired and even honoured, confers on its possessors no dispensing powers in reference to matters of universal obligation. In particular, it does not absolve them from the seemingly hard but truly merciful condition which imposes on every man born into a world where labour and self-support are the necessities of all, the duty of doing for himself what he cannot allow to be done by others for him, without loss of self-respect as well as of independence—the duty, I mean, of supporting himself, and those whom he is bound to support, by the labour of his own proper hands or head. (Cheers.) So Burns himself was accustomed to think; and as he thought, so likewise he acted. Independence he valued at its true rate, though sometimes, perhaps, he spoke too much about it. Until he was three-and-twenty he wrought, dutifully as well as laboriously, for a wage which, in money, never exceeded £7 by the year; and though, when he had become famous he no longer was constrained to constant bodily toil, he to the last owed his subsistence to his own constant industry, and to that alone. His aim throughout was to be independent, and, in order to that, to keep free of debt. In this, though not without a sore struggle, he almost wholly succeeded; for, though his income was never large — not more indeed than barely sufficed for his wants, and not always even that; and though for some time before his death it, small as it was at the best, was diminished considerably by sickness and the consequences of sickness, he yet left behind him no debt worth speaking about. In those days testimonials, as such affairs are

managed at present, were things unknown and undreamt of. Any private pecuniary donation, therefore, was quite out of the question; but, even had it otherwise been, who that knew anything of the soul of Burns would have dared to form one of the deputation to wait on him with the presentation? On the other hand, any offer of public money, other than as a recompence for public service, would in all probability have been equally distasteful: the idea of becoming a pensioner would not have suited the proud stomach of a man who more than once repelled, almost with fierceness, money offered in payment of his own songs. (Cheers.) But, as Burns from his merits certainly deserved, and owing to his necessities as certainly required, remunerative employment of some sort, where was the harm of finding it for him in connexion with the Excise? (Hear, hear.) His education had been such as, with a short preliminary training, to fit him for an exciseman's duties; whilst there is reason for concluding that it did not fit him for those of any other attainable office. He himself, it is quite certain, did not regard the office as beneath him, or as derogatory to his pretensions either as a man or a poet. For though he once sang—

"Searching auld wives' barrels,
Ochone the day
Their clarty barm should stain my laurels!
But what'll you say?
These movin' things ca'd wives and weans
Wad move the very heart o' stanes—

we find him also writing to the Countess of Glencairn in the manly and sensible terms which follow:—"People may talk as they please of the ignominy of the Excise. £50 a-year will support my wife and children, and keep me independent of the world; and I would much rather have it said that my profession borrowed credit from me, than that I borrowed credit from my profession." (Cheers.) Another aspect of the matter is this. A true estimate of his position, as an Excise officer, cannot be formed unless it be borne in mind that his first step of promotion, though it made him no more than a gauger, would in regular course, according to the rules of the service, have conducted him ultimately to a position of considerable consideration and considerable emolument. (Hear, hear.) Of that Burns was fully aware, and no doubt he counted on it. So early as 1789 he expressed to Dr Moore that he hoped in due time to obtain a Treasury warrant for a supervisorship, or even a surveyor-generalship; and, though he did not live to attain even the first of these considerable promotions, he was placed in 1791 on the list as a supervisor-expectant, whilst in 1794 he for a short time acted as such.

Mr C. MAXWELL gave an address on "The Cottar's Saturday Night." After quoting the stanzas, Mr Maxwell said—The vivid

remembrance of such poetry and such patriotism incites the sons and daughters of Scotland to bow their head as with one accord at the shrine of Robert Burns, and to proclaim far and wide that his name is embalmed for ever in the affections of a whole people. (Cheers.)

The Rev. GEORGE GILFILLAN, who was received with great cheering, said—I rejoice to be present at the meeting to-night, and to know that I do not stand alone among the clergymen of Scotland in doing homage to the genius of our great poet. In many other of the towns and cities of Scotland which are this night honouring themselves in honouring Burns—Dunfermline, Dumfries, Perth, Edinburgh, and Glasgow—I observe that ministers of all denominations—and some of them of great eminence in their profession as well as in general literature—are appearing on the platforms of Burns' festivals, and doing so not merely because they have been invited, or that the cause is popular, but from spontaneous enthusiasm. (Cheers.) The religion we profess is a religion of charity and long-suffering, of love and hope—a religion which sympathises with all genuine excellence, beauty, and intellectual power; and all these qualities of our holy faith combine in teaching its ministers to pity the fallen, to be charitable to the erring, to hope all things, bear all things, and believe all things in reference to noble natures, even when partially eclipsed—

> "Gently to scan their fellow-man,
> Still gentler sister woman"

—to do this without sacrificing one atom of moral feeling or of Christian principle; and, on the other hand, to acknowledge the claims of great genius wherever it is to be found, without compromising the far grander claims of the writers of the Word of God. And I may say still further, that I have no sympathy with the rancorous abuse which some clergy, both in England and in Scotland, have been heaping upon the memory of Burns—an abuse springing in some of them from one-sided habits of view—in others from religious zeal pushed to fanaticism—in others from sheer envy and malignity, or from the spirit of contradiction—and in a few from downright stupidity, their attacks being just the bleat of certain animals against the author of a certain well-known poem. (Loud cheers.) A clergyman whom I greatly respect is reported to have said that "Burns never loved a woman but he betrayed her, and never made an acquaintance among either young men or women, but he injured and corrupted them." This I characterise as a gross calumny. Did he betray Highland Mary? Where is the evidence that he betrayed Charlotte Hamilton, or even Clarinda? Nor could Dr Alexander specify one young man whom Burns corrupted. Certainly it was not Alexander Cunningham, to whom Burns addressed that beautiful letter, describing his soul in a stormy day rising

to Him that walketh on the wings of the wind, nor Robert Ainslie, the devout, the pious, the author in after life of a "Father's Present to his Children." Burns as a man had his faults, and as a poet his limitations. He did not, like Milton, maintain his life and his song to the same high pitch, nor did he ever produce any large elaborate masterpiece of genius. To gain the Miltonic position, he lacked learning, experience of men and manners, elevation of moral nature, as well as length of life. Nor had he that wondrous imaginative faculty of Shakspeare, which, had Burns possessed, would have enabled him to make his smallest poems typical of universal truth, and overflowing with everlasting significance. But the quality of Burns which entitles him to his truest fame—great as were his gifts of humour, pathos, sense, and fancy—and which like a shield protects him from all his enemies, intellectual or moral, is his nationalism. He was the poet of his people—elected at once by nature, circumstances, his own and his country's choice as the bard of Caledonia. (Cheers.) And let it be remembered that the poet who identifies himself with a country in his sympathies and his song, identifies himself with it in its work, wisdom, and valour. It becomes his quite as much as he becomes its. Even as an algebraic sign stands for a multitude of inferior numerals, so the name of a single genuine poet stands at once for the millions composing a country, and for the country which includes the millions. There are thousands of the human race who know little of Persia, except that there the poet Hafiz sung. There are many that never heard of Ionia or of Chios, except that on one of their shores was born Homer—

> "The blind old bard who on the Chian strand,
> Beheld the Iliad and the Odyssee
> Rise to the swelling of the voiceful sea."

Ireland, in some quarters of the globe, is chiefly known on account of its miseries and its Tom Moore,

> "The sweetest lyrist of its saddest wrong."

And I know that to many in England, Wales, France, Germany, Italy, America, India, and China, the name of Scotland has little interest except as associated with these two—for we fortunately have two representatives of our national character and genius—Sir Walter Scott and Robert Burns. (Loud cheers.) Here, I dare challenge a comparison between this country and our sister in the south. She has produced many noble spirits, such as Spenser, Shakspeare, Milton, Dryden, Byron, and Coleridge, with some of whom I would not compare the Scottish ploughman in point of genius, any more than of culture; but none of these—not even Shakspeare—can be called the poet of the English nation. Spenser is the poet of Fairy-land, not of Mother Anglia. Milton is the poet of Heaven and of Hell, and these

are not peculiarly connected with England. Dryden is the poet of the court and age of Charles II., and that court and age were not fair specimens of the country. Byron fought like Harry Wynd for his own hand, and is mainly the representative of his own moody passions, one-sided power, dark unrest, and shallow infidelity. Coleridge belonged to what he himself calls

"Cloudland, gorgeous land,"

and you might read his works for a long time without being certain, except from the mere diction, whether he came from England or Germany—shall I say from the earth or the moon? Shakspeare was of all time—he was an Englishman by accident—a man by condescension—a cosmopolitan by courtesy—by nature he belonged to the universe, in the broadest sense of that term. (Cheers.) But Burns and Sir Walter were "Scots of the Scots." They lived, moved, and had their being in the atmosphere of their own country, and national tradition was their life and revenue—the red heather was their regal crown—the thistle of Scotland, "the thistle sae green," was their poetic sceptre—the mountains of their native land, from Criffel and Corsincon to Benlomond and Bennevis, were their chosen thrones—(loud cheers)—and they both deliberately and gloryingly sacrificed much that was universal in their powers to the special purpose of celebrating the country of their birth, and

"To Scotland gave up what was meant for mankind."

And if they gave up so much for Scotland, what should Scotland do for them? What, especially, should it do for Burns, who, to parody an expression of Byron's—

"Did for *love*, what others did for *hire*"—

who sung of Scotland during his brief but brilliant career, and sung of nothing else, and was rewarded—how? Why, first, to be just, by the rapid sale of a large edition of his poems, and his admission into the aristocratic circles of the land, where he, by his conversational eloquence, electrified duchesses, silenced moderators of the General Assembly, and surprised fashionable circles into humanity, enthusiasm, and tears—(cheers)—rewarded, secondly, by a far more exceeding great reward, unbounded popularity among the peasantry and the artisans of his country, who, as Elliott says—

"Gave him more than gold;
They read the brave man's book,"

And admired it as a perfect picture of their life, in its joys and sorrows, heights and howes, depressions and aspirations, folly and wisdom, faults and virtues, as well as for its marvellous genius. (Great cheering.) So far all was well. But then came the reaction. The people did not tire of their poet; but the aristocracy tired of their plaything. They had bound this Samson

in golden chains, and brought him into their convivial assemblies to make them sport, but they found that though in chains he was a Samson still—dangerous in his bondage, strong in his humiliation—and that, though they had bound his limbs, they had not been able to blind his eyes. And then they gradually drew off from him; when he knocked at their doors, they were not at home. Treated formerly like a fiddler at a feast, the feast now dispensed with the fiddler, and to excuse themselves they exaggerated his real errors, and ascribed to him failings that he never had. They, however, although it was chiefly one of their number, the kind-hearted Glencairn, did raise him one step in the social scale—they made him a gauger. (Hear, hear, and laughter.) They appointed him to rummage stores, to gauge ale firkins, to inspect the making of tallow candles, to unload cargoes of Jamaica rum, and to chase smugglers over the dales of the Nith and the mountains of Galloway. (Hear, hear.) The giant feeling himself insulted, but not daring, on account of his wife and "wee anes," to resent it, retired growling to his Ellisland den, and after a few years' struggle with hard labour, poverty, fierce passions, and comparative neglect, closed his miserable career at the age of thirty-seven. And then when kindness could be of no earthly service to him, a stir of sympathy, subscription, and stone-cutting arose in the land. He had asked for bread, and he received a stone; ay, and soon the other part of the sentence became applicable to him—he had asked for fish, and he received a serpent, the serpent of foul-mouthed detraction and hissing calumny. (Cheers.) And what availed it to his shade, that in a "late remorse of love" Scotland provided for his widow, cherished his children, and erected splendid monuments to his memory; he was away! the last sounds in his ear almost being the importunate demands of creditors for certain paltry sums of money, if not the cries of his famishing children for bread. It was thus that up to the beginning of this century Scotland rewarded her greatest bard. Let me here, however, say once for all that I am no apologist for the errors of Burns. (Hear, hear.) Some years ago, if I may be pardoned a personal allusion, I underwent much obloquy for what was deemed undue severity to his character. But I am not here, however, to cry *peccavi*, but to say that it is difficult to look at two sides of a question fairly, or at once, and that I am not proposing Burns as a model of every virtue, or denying that in some instances, both in life and in pen, he grievously erred; and let all, especially the young, be warned by his fate, and shun his follies. But Scotland loves him, not on account of, but in spite of his errors; and in so doing she cannot help herself. (Cheers.) She must honour him as she is doing in all her borders to-day, because, first of all, he was her greatest natural genius, and potential man; because, secondly, he possessed many

high and noble qualities, being an honest man—a true man—a man of rugged independence—a man of warm heart—(cheers)—and a man who, at times at least, shewed a fervid respect for the Christian religion, and sang one strain, which has, I know, made many erect family altars to their fathers' God—(loud cheers)—and because, especially, he loved the people, protested against their wrongs, sang their sorrows and joys, fanned the glow of their well-placed love, sympathised with their toils, and strove for their elevation. (Cheers.) And therefore all ranks, high and low, all creeds and denominations, all varieties of opinions, nobles, cottars, cotton lords, artisans, churchmen, dissenters, teetotallers—(laughter)—and men of mason lodges, ay, and many Englishmen, Irishmen, and foreigners, are this day commemorating the centenary birthday of Burns; and doing so, not in riot and revelry, but in calm, sober, although merry and multitudinous assemblages like the present. Scotland has this day proclaimed an act of oblivion to her poet's errors; she may remember them to-morrow, and be instructed and warned by them, but to-day she cries out in the language of the poet, a little altered—

"Seek not to-day
To draw his frailties from their dread abode."

To-day let there be solemn silence in reference to all that was unworthy in his life, and loud, reverberated, enthusiastic applause as to what was noble in his character and immortal in his song. (Cheers.) I recur a moment to my text: Burns, the poet of the people—not the slavish pet of the aristocracy, as Southey, Scott, and Wordsworth, to some extent, all were—not, on the other hand, as Byron and others, the flatterer of the people's passions, the encourager of their every wild and ungovernable wish, and the shaker of their faith, he told the people wherein their great strength, like his own, lay, namely, in themselves. He sang "A man 's a man for a' that." (Cheers.) He darted his withering scorn upon those who had pelf, power, and rank, without brain, heart, or worth. He slept during his brilliant course in Edinburgh with a writer's apprentice, an old Mauchline friend. He married a wife, not from the proud dames who fawned upon him, but one of his own order, a mason's daughter, Jean Armour. When living in the country, he busied himself in erecting libraries for his fellow-workmen, and in founding debating societies, where he himself figured measuring his stalwart strength of genius against the powerful intellect of the weavers, the grieves, and the shoemakers around him. Above all he hailed the advent of advancing liberty among his countrymen, and saw their ripening fitness for it. He saw and sung

"A man o' independent mind
Is king o' men for a' that!"

And in these lines I cannot but see a prophecy of our present

time, when, if the people be but true to themselves, industrious, sober, disposed to learn, to labour, and to work, they may soon rise, I cannot tell how far, in the scale of social progress and of social power, and realise the old adage, "Vox populi vox Dei"—The voice of the people is the voice of God." (Cheers.)

In the course of the evening the three additional verses to "Auld Langsyne," for which a prize was awarded to Mr James Taylor, of Glasgow, were sung by the vocalists and People's Chorus.

PERTH.

CITY HALL.

THE Burns' Centenary was commemorated here in no fewer than six different places, the two most notable being the City Hall and the British Hotel. No holiday was observed in town, but at night some three or four instrumental bands paraded the streets, playing some of the poet's favourite airs. The City Hall was finely decorated for the occasion. Upon the platform was a bust of the poet set on a pedestal, on which was inscribed the date of his birth and death. On each side was a fir-tree, and beautiful festoons, with banners, on which were lines and verses from his poems. Mr James Kettles took the chair, at half-past six o'clock, amid great applause. On the platform were the Rev. Mr M'Gilchrist, Mr Sprunt, of the *Perthshire Advertiser*, and some others of the committee. After the stewards had supplied each table with a quantity of oaten cakes, cheese, and malt liquors, the chairman addressed the audience at great length and eloquence, adverting to Burns as a poet, shewing particularly that he was not so void of religion as some suppose. He referred to his "Cottar's Saturday Night;" and as for his "Holy Willie's Prayer," the chairman said that shewed his scorn towards hypocrisy and its supporters. He finished his speech amid long, loud, and repeated applause. Spirited addresses were also delivered by Messrs Sprunt and Hunt. Mr Dewar recited "Tam o' Shanter" in a very comic style, which drew down merited applause. The enjoyment of the evening was much enhanced by a vocal party, who sang some productions of the bard's; and the Perthshire Rifles' brass band also discoursed sweet music. The whole proceedings were closed with "Auld Langsyne" by the company.

BRITISH HOTEL.

About fifty gentlemen sat down in the British Hotel to a sumptuous dinner, in honour of the bard. Mr Morrison, painter, was in the chair, and Mr Anderson, sculptor, performed the duties of croupier. The Chairman proposed the toast of the evening, "The Memory of Robert Burns." He said—Friends and admirers of the poet Burns, we are met this evening, as you

are aware, to respect the memory of that great man; and before I say more, I am well aware I cannot perform the duties of chairman so well as others in this company might and would have done; I therefore trust you will overlook any mistake that I may commit. You know that, this day one hundred years, one was born in our own land who did honour to his country. Burns, as you are well aware, was born near Ayr, bred up under pious and earnest parents, and no doubt but the poet had deviated a little from that path laid down by them—but who lived, and did not do so too? The Chairman, in a few words, replied to the many faults that had been put forward by some, and shewed, from pieces of his composition which he recited, that the poet, with all these faults, was an honest and patriotic man. He then alluded to the times in which he lived, and the humble circumstances in which he was reared, and finished by requesting the company to give a toast to his memory, which was duly responded to in solemn silence. Mr Wylie then sang "Highland Mary" in a very pathetic manner. The next toast of the evening was "The Poets and Poetry of Scotland," by Mr Millar of the *Perthshire Advertiser*, who graphically sketched the lives of the various poets preceding Burns, and concluded by passing an eulogium on some of the poets belonging to the "Fair City." Mr Thomson, photographer, then sang "The Birks of Aberfeldy." The rest of the toasts were—"The Relations of Burns," by Mr Anderson, followed by a song, "My Nannie's Awa," by Mr Peacock; "The Peasants of Scotland," by Mr Fleming, followed by the song, "A man's a man for a' that;" Mr Anderson recited Nicoll's (the Perthshire poet) Stanzas on the Birth of Burns. He also recited "Poor Mailie's Elegy." The Chairman gave "The Centenary Celebrations all over the world;" "The Land of Burns," by Mr Anderson, when the company sang "Ye Banks and Braes." Mr Gray recited "Tam o' Shanter" well, and was loudly applauded by the company. "The Clergy of Scotland;" "The Lord Provost and Magistrates of Perth," followed by the song, "O' a' the airts the wind can blaw;" "The Press;" and "The Lasses," by Mr Gray; "The Chairman;" and "The Croupier." The whole proceedings terminated by "Auld Langsyne."

ABERDEEN.

A DINNER took place under the auspices of the St Andrew's Society, in the saloon of the Royal Hotel, to honour the memory of our national bard. The elegant room was finely decorated with the flags of different nations; and the dinner was served, under Mr Robertson's superintendence, with much splendour and taste; the meeting, indeed, combined the advantages of a private party with that of a considerable number of guests. Covers were laid for eighty; and the places were filled. The

chair was occupied by Lauchlan M'Kinnon, Sen., Esq., Advocate, President of the above Society; Wm. Jopp, Esq., and George Thomson, Esq., Dean of Guild, being the croupiers.

Among the gentlemen present were—The Lord Provost, Professor Geddes, Councillors Nicol, G. Jamieson, and J. Jamieson; Mr A. Davidson of Desswood; Major Forbes, C.B., of Inverernan; Mr Westland, banker; Captain Duff, Paymaster; Mr Adamson, sharebroker; Mr Carnegie of Redhall; Messrs Chivas, Milne, and Manson, bankers; Messrs R. Catto and W. Reid, shipowners; Mr B. Moir, merchant; Messrs L. M'Kinnon, jun., P. Cooper, Ruxton, Kennedy, Barron, Jopp, C. Duncan, Cattanach, Leask, Rutherford, R. Ligertwood, and Duguid, advocates; Mr M'Aulay, Iuland Revenue; Mr Ross, shipbuilder, from Shanghae; Mr J. F. White, grain merchant; Mr Griffith, Scottish Provincial Assurance Co.; Mr Willet, C.E.; Mr Matthews, architect; Mr W. B. Ferguson, Deeside Railway; Mr J. Keith, merchant; Mr Fletcher, accountant; Mr W. L. Thomson, merchant; Mr J. Aiken, jun., shipowner; Dr Sutherland; Mr Adam; Mr M'Combie; Mr W. S. Fisher and Mr W. Anderson, local poets, &c. &c.

After partaking of a sumptuous repast, including a number of the favourite Scottish dishes, the loyal and national toasts were given in succession from the chair, and warmly responded to.

After the usual loyal, patriotic, and civic toasts,

The CHAIRMAN rose to propose the toast of the evening, and said—Wherever Scotsmen may congregate this day—and in what part of the world are not Scotsmen to be found?—their talk will be of Robert Burns; and in Scotland itself, ay, and England too, and in all our towns and villages, are our countrymen assembled this evening, much in the same way as we are assembled just now, to do loud homage to his fame, to protest, as it were, against our fathers' ungenerous treatment of him, and to proclaim with one accord that we have faith in the genius, admiration of the poetry, and respect for the character of the great peasant. (Loud cheers.) The genius of Burns is well seen in this, that he was able to overcome the want of education, or at any rate great defects of education, and the rude habits of the peasant's life. He was able to rise superior to the depressing influences of unceasing bodily toil and sordid poverty which beset him all his days, and to write and speak on all subjects which he touched upon with a natural ease and humour, a spirit and independence, a power and pathos, which have never been surpassed, and in a way to excite the admiration of the highest and lowest of his countrymen—nay, further, to challenge the admiration of the whole world; and a true test of his excellence is found in this, that his fame is increasing day by day, and year by year, continually. (Loud applause.) Burns, so to speak, emerged from deep obscurity by natural intuition into the broad light of day, and played his part, up to a certain time at any

rate, equally well with the lads of Tarbolton, the belles of Mauchline, the peasantry, the dominies, the writers of Ayr, the literati and the ladies of Edinburgh, the lairds, the farmers, and the Excise authorities of Dumfries, and all the eminent men, ay, and women too, with whom he came in contact in course of his life. (Applause.) But it is principally since Burns' death that a right appreciation of his talents has been entertained; and most of the eminent men of our day seem fond of analysing the genius, and descanting upon the writings, the poetical writings, of this young and unlearned man. (Applause.) And some of them conclude that he got little beyond the threshold of his powers; that he rather misspent his time and his powers in writing his numerous lyrics, however sweet and beautiful they are; and that, if he had been properly cared for and his life preserved, his muse was capable of winging a higher and nobler flight than ever she attempted or attained. It is as a lyric poet that Burns possesses such distinguished merit. In that field he never had a superior nor a rival. Ferguson before him, and Tannahill and Hogg, and some others since his time, have written some beautiful songs; but it is universally allowed that none of them have approached to Burns in the number and variety of his songs. It is, certainly, as a lyric poet that he is most popular with Scotsmen. (Applause.) The Chairman, after apologising for the imperfect manner in which he had proposed the toast, concluded by reciting, amid applause, the "Bard's Epitaph." (The toast was drunk with great enthusiasm.)

Professor GEDDES then proposed the next toast, "The Poets of Scotland." He said—I have every confidence, on such a night, and in such a meeting, that the toast I have the honour to propose will not fail to be received with the due enthusiasm. That toast is to the Poets of Scotland—to the memory of those who, whether among Highland glens or Lowland vales, in the far-away days of Border chivalry, or more peaceful and less stirring modern times, have sung songs that their country will not willingly let die. With such a history as Scotland has—one too often of blood and tears—yet with glorious passages, as Bannockburn and the martyrdoms of the Covenant, and with such romantic scenery to inspire her nobler sons, it would have been strange if Scotland had failed of being the mother of many, and those noble poets; and hence we can point to a long and illustrious array. It is in her songs that the Scottish muse is strong—in the lyrical, especially the lighter and humorous; and, on the other hand, in the plaintive and tender she is unsurpassed by any nation, either ancient or modern—(renewed applause)—thanks to Burns and the Ettrick Shepherd, and Cunningham and Tannahill, and Delta and Motherwell, and our own Tullochgorum, and the singer of the "Mitherless Bairn,"

and the nameless unknowns who sang the tender lyrics of the Jacobite Minstrelsy;—through these and such as these, we say, the Book of Scottish Songs is the richest in the world. (Warm applause.) But I must not detain you longer. I give you the "Poets of Scotland,"—from the ghost of old Ossian and Thomas of Ercildoune, downwards to Aytoun and Blackie, and our youngest Huntly poet, the author of "Within and Without," George M'Donald; not forgetting our own three of Aberdeen—Barbour, Beattie, and Byron. (Loud and prolonged cheers.)

The DEAN OF GUILD gave the next toast, "The Poets of England and Ireland."

Mr COOPER, in eloquent terms, proposed the "Memory of Sir Walter Scott"—alluding to the universality of Scott's genius, and claiming for him the next place to Shakspeare.

The CHAIRMAN briefly but appropriately gave "The Sons of Burns." (Warm applause.)

Mr ADAM gave "The Peasantry of Scotland," pointing out, after some humorous remarks, the connexion of Burns with the peasantry, to whom he did not strictly belong, being from his parentage of a somewhat higher rank than the mere peasant. Between the west of Scotland farmer and peasant there did not exist in former days so wide a chasm as in the northern and some other parts—the farmer taking his meals with his peasant servants, joining in family worship with them, and going to church with them. If the former thus in any degree lowered himself, he unquestionably elevated the peasantry; and, in seeking to remedy our bothy system, &c., while we cannot expect or ask the farmer of £2000 or £3000 capital to put his children along with the rough peasant's, political economy must seek to meet the difficulty by getting good headmen or foremen to take charge of the peasant servants.

Mr JOPP proposed "Our Local Poets."

Mr W. S. FISHER replied in an eloquent speech.

Councillor J. JAMIESON proposed the next toast—"The Press."

Mr VALENTINE replied, and announced to the meeting the name of the author of the successful prize poem, whose health was immediately drunk amid loud plaudits. Mr Carnie then, by request, read the poem.

Dr JAMIESON, in appropriate terms, gave "The Biographers of Burns." (Applause.)

After some local toasts and songs, the proceedings were adjourned.

STIRLING.

AT Stirling, the extensive Corn Exchange was hung in all its parts with a profusion of evergreens. At the one end of the spacious hall, on the wall behind the platform, were three mag-

nificent arches of evergreens. Ploughs, and a varied assortment of agricultural implements were also shewn, whilst the Burns coat of arms, with the words "Woodnotes wild," and "Better a wee bush than nae bield," was shewn in letters of gas; and upwards of 800 persons assembled there in the eveuing to hear addresses delivered and songs of Burns sung. The Provost intended to be present, but the tempestuous weather aud his state of health prevented him from attending. Bailie Rankin, however, occupied the chair. The Stirling Choral Society, led by Mr Graham, attended, and sung in full choir a number of Burns' songs. Miss Ferguson of Glasgow, Mr Sutherland, and Mr Dowell of Stirling, sung a number of the songs of Burns. Mr Sutherland introduced an original song from the pen of Mr Wm. Sinclair, composed for the occasion, which he sung so effectively that it was immediately encored; and the author being called for, had to appear, and in a few words thanked the audience for their kind approval, which he attributed to the very excellent manner in which the verses had been sung by Mr Sutherland. The Rev. William Blair, Dunblane, addressed those present, and gave an interesting description of the cottage of Burns, and mauy of the interesting scenes in Ayrshire, which he had visited. Mr Theodore Roeding, teacher of German in the Stirling High School, delivered a very animated address, in the course of which he said that the writings of Burns were much admired in Germany, where they had been translated by his uncle. The proceeds, if any, are to go to the funds of the Stirling Ragged School.

BRIDGE OF ALLAN.

On the evening of Tuesday last a number of gentlemen sat down in Watts' Westerton Arms Hotel, Bridge of Allan, to commemorate the birth of our national poet, Robert Burns. James Hogg, Esq., of the *Stirling Journal*, presided. After the usual loyal and patriotic toasts, "The Immortal Memory of Robert Burns," was given from the chair in an eloquent speech, and drank with great enthusiasm. Song—"There was a lad was born in Kyle." Numerous toasts followed, including "The Mission and Influence of Burns," "The Poets of Scotland," "The Excisemen of Scotland," "Scottish Literature" (from the chair), "The Royal Caledonian Curling Club," &c.

ALLOA.

Eighty gentlemen sat down to dinner in the Royal Oak Hotel here, on Tuesday evening, to celebrato the occasion. Sheriff Tait presided, supported by Mr W. B. Clark, Sheriff-substitute, the Rev. Thomas Murray, Mr Blair, Glenfoot, and Mr Andrew Mitchell. The croupiers were Mr Moir, Senior Magistrate of the

burgh, Mr M'Nellan of Solsgirth, and Mr Spence, Procurator-fiscal. "The Immortal Memory of Robert Burns" came from the chair. Mr Spence proposed "The Sons of Burns," and Mr M'Watt, writer, "The Memory of Sir Walter Scott." Dr Syme, in proposing "The Clergy," remarked that he considered rev. gentlemen had not rightly interpreted the motive of the people of Scotland in the present celebration; but if the clergy had not done justice to the people, that was no reason why the people should not do justice to them. The Rev. Mr Murray replied. On the score of duty he had no hesitation in coming to the Centenary gathering; but, after giving his consent to come, he wavered on the ground of expediency; but, on further reflection, he resolved to cast expediency aside, and do what he considered his duty.

An entertainment also took place in the Assembly Room, under the presidency of Mr W. Downing Bruce, Worshipful Master of the Alloa Lodge of St John's Lodge. Mr Fairlie, Mr M'Queen, Mr Arnot, and Mr Morison acted as croupiers. There were 130 present. The vocalists were unusually numerous, and the songs of Burns were sung to perfection.

In Alva, Tillicoultry, Dollar, Sauchie, and Kincardine, dinners and concerts took place.

GREENOCK.

At Greenock the day was pretty generally observed as a holiday. Crowds of people visited the New Town Hall, where the centenary was to be observed by the Burns' Club and their friends—Provost Duff in the chair. The hall was tastefully decorated, and the spaces between the pillars filled with shrubs and evergreens. There was exhibited by the Club a strong oak chest, of the kind formerly furnished to officers of the Excise for keeping their official papers and books, which was in the Thornhill office while Burns was a gauger there, and was used by him for that purpose. This had been lent to the Club by Mr R. W. Train of H. M. Inland Revenue, by whose father, Mr Joseph Train, Castle Douglas, the eminent antiquary and friend of Sir Walter Scott, it was purchased at the sale of Burns' effects. Mr Train also contributed two leaves from "Fraud Register" (a register kept by Excise officers of all offences against the Revenue within their Divisions), copy of Board's General Order, and three Trades' Entries, all in Burns' handwriting; a letter of Burns' brother Gilbert; and a snuff-box made from the rafters of "Burns' Cottage." Mr John Hastie, engineer, entrusted the Greenock Club with a portrait of the poet, encircled with a portion of Highland Mary's hair, presented to Mr Hastie by her nephews, William and Robert Anderson, in 1826, and this interesting memorial was exhibited along with

the letter from Burns to the Hon. Henry Erskine, Dean of the Faculty of Advocates, presented to the Club some time ago. The Lodge Greenock St John's dined in their Hall, Assembly Rooms—the R.W.M. presiding—and about 120 gentlemen sat down. As a memorial of the poet, the Lodge secured an antique chair with the back covered with Masonic emblems, made in 1681, and formerly in the possession of Miller Goudie, who resided in the cottage at Alloway where Burns first saw the light. It is the property of Mrs Small, who resides in East Quay Lane, and to whom it has descended. Mr Train has presented to the Lodge for exhibition an etching of the figures of "Tam o' Shanter, and Souter Johnnie," a present from Thom, the celebrated Ayrshire sculptor, to Mrs Burns, by whom it was presented to Mr Joseph Train, Castle Douglas. The frame is made of the wood of Alloway Kirk. The curlers dined in the Royal Hotel.

PAISLEY.

No fewer than thirteen or fourteen meetings of a public kind were held in Paisley, besides an almost innumerable host of private celebrations, at which all due honour was paid to the memory of our national bard. The most important meeting was the banquet in the Exchange Rooms, Moses Street, at which Provost Brown presided. About two hundred and fifty gentlemen sat down at five o'clock to a substantial dinner. After partaking of dinner, and the cloth having been removed, the Chairman rose, and after the usual toasts, proceeded to give the principal one of the evening. After a rapid sketch of the birth, education, and early struggles of the poet, he said—In this town the memory of Burns had always been revered, and in no place had his recurring birthdays been more regularly commemorated; and he had now to ask them to unite their cheers and their applause with that mighty multitude who were at that moment similarly engaged in all parts of the world, and to join him in drinking with all the honours to the memory of Robert Burns, their great national poet. The toast was received and acknowledged with the most enthusiastic applause. In the Abercorn Rooms a numerous company, under the presidency of Mr Cochrane, met also to commemorate the centenary. The centenary was also publicly commemorated in the following places, in addition to many private parties:—The Paisley Literary and Convivial Association met in the hall, Abbey Buildings; another meeting was held in the Wilson Hall, High Street; in the Sun Inn, Bludda; in the Tea Gardens, Causeyside; in Mr P. Robertson's, Orchard Street; Mr John Mack's, Causeyside; the King Street Reading Rooms, Mr M'Nicol's Hall, &c., &c.

BRECHIN.

GREAT preparations were made by the inhabitants of this ancient city for the celebration of the centenary of Robert Burns. In the evening, a large procession, bearing numerous flags, banners, &c., paraded the principal streets of the town, accompanied by bands of music. Balls, supper-parties, or convivial meetings were held in every hall, inn, and hotel of Brechin.

The centenary dinner took place in Mr Keddie's Commercial Hotel at four o'clock, and was attended by from sixty to seventy gentlemen of the town and neighbourhood. Dr J. Guthrie of Brechin discharged the duties of the chair, and was supported on the right by the Right Hon. Lord Panmure, Lord-Lieutenant of the county; Provost Guthrie, of Brechin; and Mr T. Ogilvy, corn merchant; and on the left by Bailie Duncan, Mr George Newall of Bearehill, Bailie Anderson, &c. The croupiers were Mr W. Smith, West Drums, and Mr D. D. Black of Kergord, town-clerk of Brechin.

The CHAIRMAN, in proposing the toast of the evening, "The Immortal Memory of Burns," after a few preliminary remarks, said—Robert Burns is an example of one who, by the power of innate genius, overcame, in attaining his favourite end, difficulties before which almost any other man would have succumbed; and he at last succeeded in arriving at that height of poetic perfection which fairly entitles him to be styled the immortal bard of Scotland. (Cheers.)

The toast was drunk with loud and prolonged cheering.

LORD PANMURE, in replying to the toast of his health as Lord-Lieutenant of the county, expressed the great pleasure it afforded him to be present on the occasion, and to witness such an excellent demonstration in honour of the centenary of Robert Burns. He (Lord Panmure) was not one of those who think that there is any discredit in doing honour to the memory of the noble poet. (Cheers.) His Lordship, after expressing his admiration of the works of Burns, said he was glad to have it in his power to state that there had come into his possession a vast number of the original songs of Burns in his own handwriting, communicated, with his own corrections, to his publisher, Mr Thomson, along with letters in refcrence to them. (Loud cheers.) This collection, which he (Lord Panmure) looked upon as a most valuable addition to his library, he acquired at Mr Tait's sale. It was not known at the time where they had gone, but it was said, and generally supposed, that they had travelled to England and been lost to this country. This, however, he was glad to state was not the case, the interesting collection being at present in his Lordship's own library, and in the neighbourhood of Brechin. (Hear, and cheers.) Lord Panmure concluded by con-

gratulating the company on their meeting that day, and again stating that he rejoiced in forming one of the party. (Applause.)

Numerous other toasts followed. A number of the poet's best songs were sung, and the proceedings terminated with "Auld Lang Syne," the company rising to their feet and joining enthusiastically in a full chorus.

MONTROSE.

THE centenary celebration passed off very successfully. The bells rung a merry peal during the forenoon, the vessels in the harbour hoisted their flags, and numerous other decorations were observable throughout the town. By about mid-day, the streets assumed a holiday aspect, the public works and places of business being closed.

A monster procession was formed in the Links about two o'clock. Two beautiful black horses, drawing a plough, held by a ploughman dressed in resemblance of Burns, led the way. The braid-bonnet, knee-breeks, blue hose and leggings, certainly had a tendency to create in the minds of the spectators an idea of the greatness of the man who, while he worked at such labour, has made his name famous. Following the plough were several other horsemen mounted, and the Masonic Lodges, with banners, &c. The Caledonian Lodge of Gardeners, and the different trades, including bakers, carpenters, blacksmiths, joiners, and others, followed, bearing numerous flags, banners, models, &c. The procession was accompanied by three bands of music. On arriving at the Town Hall they were addressed by Mr Adam Burnes, a near relative of the poet, in a few humorous remarks, after which three cheers were given to the memory of the immortal bard.

At four o'clock about 150 gentlemen sat down to a sumptuous dinner in the Guildhall, which had been suitably fitted up and decorated for the occasion—Mr Adam Burnes in the chair.

Due honour having been done to the memory of the poet, proposed by the Chairman, a poem written for the occasion by Mr Alexander Smart, the author of "Rambling Rhymes," was recited by himself, and met with great approval. Toasts and songs, the latter chiefly from the works of Burns, followed in profusion.

KILMARNOCK.

THE 25th of January opened windy and wet, though by no means cold. About one o'clock several of the trades, with pennons flying, and accompanied by three excellent brass bands, marched through the principal streets. Most of the shops were closed; and at five o'clock, the large dinner party, at which the

Provost presided, and R. P. Adam, Esq. of Tour, officiated as croupier, assembled in the George Inn Hall. This was the gathering of the evening, as it was composed of the most respectable of our townsmen, and of numerous gentlemen from the country. The principal speakers at this meeting were the Croupier, Mr Alex. Smith, A.M., Rector of the Academy; Mr Wm. Gunnyon, and Mr Archd. M'Kay, author of a "History of Kilmarnock." Besides the principal dinner party, there were various others in the inns in town, but that of the Young Men's United Literary Societies was next in importance. These union societies also gave a handsome prize for the best poem on Burns, and the prize was awarded to a young lad of the name of Hyslop. The total abstainers, with a liberality highly creditable to them, did not stand aloof from the centenary rejoicings. As the night wore on the weather became rough, so that the natal day of the Ayrshire bard was as stormy in 1859 as it was on the ever-memorable 1759.

DUMBARTON.

A dinner was held here in the Elephant Hotel. The chair was filled by R. G. Mitchell, Esq., Procurator-Fiscal, supported on the right by Provost Risk, and on the left by Mr T. M'Intosh. The duties of croupier were discharged by Dr B. M. Richard, Mr James Ure, and Mr Henry Adams. Besides this, there were several other festive gatherings in the burgh, in celebration of the centenary.

CARSTAIRS.

The demonstration in honour of the centenary of Burns came off at Carstairs with great *éclat*, notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather, which blew a perfect hurricane of wind and sleet. The granary at the end of the village was tastefully decorated with evergreens for the occasion, and was filled to overflowing. The programme was a selection of Burns' principal songs, relieved by a few select ones of a comic character. A song composed in honour of Burns for the occasion was received with rapturous applause. Mr Monteith of Carstairs House very generously gave a holiday to all those employed on the estate, so that they might have an opportunity of celebrating the centenary.

DENNY.

The inhabitants of this town celebrated the centenary by a "Grand Social Festival," in the Odd Fellows' Hall, on Tuesday evening. About 280 people were present. The hall was artistically decorated, and festooned with flowers and evergreens of

the most beautiful description. During the assembling of the company, an efficient Quadrille Band was in attendance, and discoursed several appropriate airs. The chair was occupied by the Rev. Alexander Falconer, minister of the parish; and among others present were the Rev. James Stevenson, Dennyloanhead; Dr Cuthill, Denny; James Cousland, Esq., banker, Denny; Dr Craig; Thos. Gray, Esq., of Stoneywood; Robert Benney, Esq., of Underwood; John Gray, Esq., of Hall, &c. The Chairman delivered an admirable address on Burns.

FALKIRK.

THE centenary was celebrated by a dinner in the Red Lion Hotel, and a popular entertainment, got up under the auspices of the working classes, in the Independent Chapel, Bank Street. At the former Provost Kier presided, the vice-chairs being filled by Bailie Adam and ex-Bailie Wyse. The Provost, in a telling speech, proposed the "Immortal Memory of Burns," which was enthusiastically received. "The Surviving Relations of Burns" was proposed by the Chairman, coupled with the health of Mr Begg, of Kinneil Ironworks, who acknowledged the toast. By order of the Provost and Magistrates, the town's bells rung a merry peal during dinner, and the band of Falkirk Ironworks, placed in an apartment adjoining the dining-room, gave an appropriate selection of airs during the evening. The working men's festival was presided over by Mr W. C. Hepburn of the *Falkirk Herald*. Miss Aitken, of the Theatre Royal, Glasgow; Miss Marian Smith, from the Glasgow Concerts; Mr Julian Adams, the celebrated pianist; and Messrs Rennie and Weir, local vocalists, were engaged. Miss Aitken's reading of "The Cottar's Saturday Night," "To Mary in Heaven," "Scots wha hae," and the "Mountain Daisie," was greatly admired. The Cairndow band was present, and performed a number of pieces during the night. In the course of the evening the Chairman delivered a short lecture on Burns, which was well received. The prizes offered by Provost Kier and the committee of the festival for the best two poems on Burns were gained by Mr James Law, mason, Grahamstown. The day was observed as a holiday in the town, and in addition to the demonstrations noticed above, other dinners, balls, &c., were held in various places throughout the town.

LINLITHGOW.

THE people of Linlithgow fully participated in the general enthusiasm in the celebration of the centenary. Dinner was prepared in the Star and Garter for upwards of one hundred—as many as the public room would contain. Provost DAWSON took the chair. Tho Rev. Dr Bell gave the toast of the evening

—"The Memory of Robert Burns." The Rev. Doctor made an eloquent address, which was repeatedly interrupted with deafening cheers, and was most enthusiastically received. Afterwards the following gentlemen addressed the meeting on the various appropriate toasts:—Messrs John Hardy, banker; J. Oat, teacher; John M'Elfrish, merchant; Adam Dawson, jun., younger of Bonnyton; W. H. Henderson, writer; Peter Dow; George Wilson, farmer; Bailie Henderson; R. R. Glen, banker; Robert Aitken, writer; Bailie Speeden. In the County Hall upwards of fifty brethren of the Linlithgow "Ancient Brazen Lodge" had a social meeting—Brother Robert Spence, merchant, in the chair, which he filled most appropriately. A soiree and ball was likewise held, in honour of our immortal bard, in the Town Hall, where upwards of three hundred ladies and gentlemen of all classes assembled to unite in the universal rejoicing. The day was held as a half-holiday, and the bells, by order of the Magistrates, rang merry peals during the day.

GRANGEMOUTH.

A LARGE party of gentlemen, presided over by Henry Baird, Esq., Grange, sat down to dinner in the Zetland Arms (Mr Wallace's) in honour of the hundredth birthday of Robert Burns. After the disposal of the loyal and patriotic toasts,

The CHAIRMAN proposed the toast of the evening in an effective speech. The toast was drunk amidst long and frequently renewed cheering. Other toasts, songs, and recitations followed.

BATHGATE.

NEARLY 100 gentlemen sat down to dinner in Robertson's Hotel on the evening of the centenary. The meeting was presided over by Thomas Durham Weir, Esq. of Boghead, and Bailie Young acted as croupier. After "The Queen," and the other loyal toasts had been drunk, Mr Alexander Inglis, Rector of the Bathgate Academy, in an eloquent and pathetic speech, proposed the great toast of the evening, "The Immortal Robert Burns," which was drunk with all the honours. A number of other toasts, recitations, and songs (chiefly those of Burns), enlivened the evening.

WHITBURN.

A MEETING was held in the Parish School, Whitburn, to do honour to the memory of Scotia's immortal bard, Robert Burns. An excellent supper, prepared for the occasion, was tastefully served up. After that a paper on the life and genius of Burns was read by the chairman, Mr Little.

AIRDRIE.

A GRAND dinner was given in the Town Hall, which was decorated with evergreens for the occasion. About seventy gentlemen were present, among whom were many of the most influential gentlemen of the district. A number of ladies were also admitted. Sheriff Strathearn occupied the chair; and Mr James Kidd acted as croupier. In addition to this demonstration, there were a number of masonic and other festivals held in the town.

TILLICOULTRY.

THE centenary of the birth of Burns was cordially celebrated in this village. Upwards of forty persons sat down to dinner in Cargill's Inn, which was decorated for the occasion—Mr J. M'Turk presiding, and Mr K. Walker acting as croupier. A grand torchlight procession was also formed, accompanied by all the instrumental bands in the village; and notwithstanding the wetness of the night, hundreds turned out and joined the procession. Afterwards, a large number retired to the hall, which was crowded in every part, songs and recitations from Burns were given, and everything passed off satisfactorily.

PARTICK.

THE centenary of Robert Burns was celebrated in this burgh with the utmost enthusiasm. By midday all the shops were closed, and in the evening upwards of one hundred gentlemen sat down to dinner in one of the rooms of the Academy. Provost White occupied the chair, and James Napier, Esq., F.C.S., &c., officiated as croupier.

BLAIRGOWRIE.

THE centenary of Burns was celebrated here in various ways, and all successfully. The large dinner-party assembled in M'Laren's Hotel at four o'clock, where a sumptuous banquet was prepared for them. The chairman delivered an address on the life and works of the poet; and various toasts, sentiments, and songs, were given by the company.

The soiree was held in the Malt-Barn, Hill of Blair, at seven o'clock, and was attended by nearly 500 persons. Mr Allan Macpherson of Blairgowrie House occupied the chair. The Chairman shortly addressed the meeting, and introduced Messrs Mitchell, Bridie, Steven, and Davie, who also addressed the audience on "the Genius and Character," "the Poetry," and

"the Songs" of Burns. "The Cottar's Saturday Night" was also given as a distinct reading.

Several other parties were held in the neighbourhood, at all of which the entertainment was conducted with order and respectability.

ROTHESAY.

THE Burns' Centenary was here celebrated by a grand concert and ball in the Victoria Hall, which was very largely attended. The brethren of the St John's Lodge of Freemasons commemorated the day by a supper in Mr Grieve's Hotel—Mr Robert Crawford, R.W.M., in the chair.

GOUROCK.

THE centenary was celebrated by a dinner in Mr Paton's Hotel—Mr John Kilpatrick in the chair. "The Memory of Robert Burns" and other toasts were given. The evening was a very happy one.

HELENSBURGH.

ABOUT six o'clock, on Tuesday evening, upwards of 100 gentlemen of the burgh met in the Queen's Hotel (Mr Williamson's) to dinner. Provost Drysdale occupied the chair; and the duties of croupier were ably discharged by J. Martin, Esq., factor to Sir James Colquhoun, of Luss. Numerous toasts, appropriate to the memorable occasion, accompanied by some able speeches, were given throughout the course of the evening, and were heartily responded to.

TROON.

AT Troon the railway shed was splendidly decorated with flags, evergreens, flowers, landscapes, and portraits; amongst the last were those of Burns and the late Duke of Portland. At seven o'clock, above eighty ladies and gentlemen sat down to supper. A vocal band was in attendance, who sung, in a masterly style, a variety of the Ayrshire Poet's sweetest lyrics and patriotic songs. John Gairdner, Esq., Comptroller of Customs, ably presided; and Andrew Cowan, Esq., ship-agent, acted as croupier. The proceedings concluded with a ball.

CUPAR-FIFE.

THE masonic brethren of St John's Lodge supped together at a late hour on the evening of the 24th, with the view of sitting until the advent of the great anniversary, and welcoming it with the earliest honours. When twelve o'clock struck, the R.W.M.,

Brother Nicholson, proposed "The Memory of Robert Burns," remarking that, if not the first, they were certainly among the foremost, in celebrating the centenary of the poet's birth. On Tuesday evening, a public dinner was given in the County Hall, attended by about one hundred and forty gentlemen—Mr Wm. Mitchell in the chair. The croupiers were Bailies Douglas and Duffus, and Mr John Mitchell. The toasts on the occasion were judiciously chosen, and there were several clever speeches given in the course of the evening. Some of Burns' songs were sweetly sung, and "Tam o' Shanter" and "Man was Made to Mourn" recited. The proceedings, characterised throughout by much enthusiasm, were brought to a close before eleven o'clock. Another demonstration took place in Cupar in the Guildhall—a dinner got up by the working men. Mr Christie, bookbinder, occupied the chair, and the attendance was large. Tuesday being market-day, the town wore its usual aspect until late in the afternoon, when shopkeepers began to shut their shops.

DUNFERMLINE.

At Dunfermline, the bells of the Abbey and Town-house rang merrily all day, and at three o'clock a numerous procession, consisting of the United Burns Club and the Trades, accompanied by two bands of music, promenaded the principal streets. In the evening the St John's and Union Lodges walked by torch-light, though, from the high wind and heavy rain falling, the sight was less effective than such processions generally are. In the Music Hall upwards of eight hundred sat down to tea—Bailie Whitelaw in the chair. At eight o'clock, upwards of seventy gentlemen sat down to dinner in Queen Ann Place Hall, being the United Burns Club and their friends; the hall was elegantly decorated. Mr Sharp filled the chair, and Dr White and Mr Thomas Blair acted as croupiers. Speeches were made by Treasurer Morrison on "Walter Scott," and Mr Menzies, civil engineer, on "Professor Aytoun and the living Poets of Scotland." The Senior Burns Club, the oldest in Scotland, met and dined in Milne's Hotel, thirty strong—Mr Walter Brown of Coalton, chairman; Mr Matthew of Gallowridge Hill, croupier. The masonic bodies dined in St John's Hall—Mr A. Beveridge, Deputy Grand Master, in the chair, supported by Mr Thomas Stevenson, sen., Grand Master of the Union Lodge, and Sir Arthur Halket. About fifty dined together.

KIRKALDY.

THE working men of Kirkaldy had a concert and soiree in the Theatre on the evening of the 25th. Mr Hepburn occupied the chair, and delivered an address. The evening's entertainments, which consisted chiefly of songs and recitations from the works of the poet, were rendered in a manner worthy of the occasion.

SOUTH QUEENSFERRY.

THE centenary was celebrated in the Town Hall at South Queensferry by a dinner, attended by about forty gentlemen of the burgh and neighbourhood, and presided over by Provost Wyld; Messrs Glendinning of Leuchold, and Burton, Dalmeny, croupiers. "The Memory of Burns" was given by the Chairman, and most enthusiastically responded to. Mr Burton next proposed "The Memory of Bonnie Jean," Burns' wife, which was drunk in silence. Other toasts followed, as—"The Sons of Burns," "The Poetry of Scotland," coupled with the names of Professor Aytoun and Professor Blackie, by Mr Geikie, H.M. Geological Survey, &c. During the evening, many of Burns' songs were sung, and the meeting terminated about nine o'clock with "Auld Langsyne," and a hearty cheer for the poet.

A large party of the young people of the district met at ten in Bailie Wood's workshop, where the arrangements were presided over by Mrs Wood. Dancing, songs, and recitations from Burns kept up a merry meeting to a late hour.

ANSTRUTHER.

THERE were at least three separate banquets here—one in the Town Hall, another in the Burgh School, and a third in the Free School. That in the Town Hall may be considered the meeting of the day, inasmuch as it was first decided upon, and gave rise to the other two. The second at a humbler rate of entertainment; and the third on total abstinence principles; and all of them held with an enthusiasm unequalled. The one in the Town Hall was conducted in grand style. The Hall was tastefully decorated with evergreens, and a sumptuous entertainment on the table by eight o'clock. Provost Greig in the chair, supported on the right by J. Smith, banker; while P. Oliphant, Esq., and Mr Jameson acted as croupiers.

ST ANDREWS.

A SUPPER was held in the Town Hall on the 25th at eight o'clock, when a large party assembled—Professor Macdonald in the chair; and Mr Thomson, printer; Mr Duncan, farmer; and

Mr Rae, architect, as croupiers. Several excellent speeches were made; and the proceedings were enlivened by capital singing by some of our townsmen. About half-past eleven o'clock, the Chairman called for "Auld Langsyne"—the solo part of which was feelingly sung by Mr P. Sturrock, the whole company joining in the chorus, hands crossed all the way round the room, shortly after which Dr Macdonald left the chair, and the bulk of the company with him.

BURNTISLAND.

THE celebration of the centenary of our national bard was observed with all the honours due to his genius. The shopkeepers closed their places of business by four o'clock P.M. In addition to the supper in the Music Hall—J. Young, Esq., in the chair—there was a meeting in the Burgh School-room—Mr Thomson, Railway Works, in the chair—and with great good taste the ladies were included in these arrangements. Both meetings passed off satisfactorily.

PATHHEAD—FORD.

THE Burns' Centenary was celebrated by a well-attended soiree, in the Parish School, Pathhead, under the auspices of the Ford Tonic Sol-Fa Association. The chair was occupied by Mr George Noble, who delivered an appropriate address, which was enthusiastically received. During the evening a number of Burns' most popular songs were sung.

CRAIL.

THE 25th was celebrated by a dinner here in the Town Hall, to which about fifty gentlemen sat down—Provost Brown in the chair; Bailie Fowler and Alex. Bell, Esq., croupiers. "The Immortal Memory of Burns" was drunk in solemn silence. Then followed speech, toast, recitation, song, and sentiment, which were all enthusiastically applauded.

ABERDOUR.

BURNS' CENTENARY was celebrated in the Aberdour Hotel by a goodly company of the young and middle-aged, male and female, with abundance of tea, cake, wine, and toddy. Singing and speeches constituted the amusements of the evening. The chair was filled by Mr Goodsir, merchant; Mr Rattray, croupier.

CRIEFF.

THE 25th was a complete holiday here, all the shops and public offices being closed at one o'clock P.M. The St Michael Lodge

of Freemasons, accompanied by a band, marched in procession to Auchtertyre; and, after visiting the mansion-house, returned and dined in their own hall. The Literary Society gave a supper in the Drummond Arms Hotel; but the centre of attraction was the Temperance and Debating Societies' soiree. After partaking of tea, with abundance of buns, cookies, and oatcakes, Mr Peter Gow was called to the chair. Mr William M'Ewen then delivered a most excellent speech on the poetry of Burns; Mr Thomson on Burns' life and character; Mr D. Scrimgeour on Burns as a patriot; and Mr Dunbar, Madderty, on Burn's delineation of rustic manners. Several songs were also sung.

LARGO.

A PUBLIC DINNER, provided by Mrs Duff, of the Hotel, took place in the afternoon in the large Parish School-house, which about one hundred and thirty farmers, merchants, and others attended. It was presided over in a very able manner by Mr Bernard, farmer, Chesterstone, who proposed, in very felicitous terms, "The Memory of Burns" with all the honours. A number of Burns' songs were sung with great effect.

KINGHORN.

IN this ancient royal burgh two great public demonstrations were held,—one in the Town Hall, by the operatives; the other in the Museum, under the patronage of the Scientific and Literary Association. The president of the literary assembly was Mr Edward Taylor; at the other meeting, Mr James Dewar, gardener. Both meetings were characterised by great humour and good feeling.

DYSART.

THE Centenary was celebrated here by a dinner in the Town Hall and a soiree in the School, both of which were filled to overflowing.

MARKINCH.

THREE banquets were held—one presided over by Mr Wm. Ballingal, another by Mr David Wallace, and a third by Mr David Arnot, Auchmuty Mill.

LEVEN.

THERE was a ball on Monday night, and juvenile and masonic processions next day.

KINROSS.

THE Town Hall was filled to overflowing. At five P.M., Mr David Syme, of Warroch, Sheriff-Substitute, took the chair; the croupiers being Mr N. B. Williamson, Dr Annan, and Mr George Bogie. The company numbered nearly 300 persons.

STRATHMIGLO.

120 persons dined in a large hall in Messrs Troup and Son's works. The duties of the chair were discharged by Mr W. R. Skene, Pitlour, supported by Mr William Thom, Demperston; Dr. W. M. Robertson, Mr William Roger, Pitlour, Mr W. C. Robertson, surgeon, &c.; Mr James Tod, Easter Cash; Mr George Walker, bleacher; Mr Robert Matthew, and Mr Alexander Troup.

FALKLAND.

THERE was a supper in the Town Hall, when about eighty sat down. Provost Ogilvie occupied the chair; while Messrs Gulland, Cruickshank, and Barclay acted as croupiers.

KETTLE.

THE centenary was celebrated by a grand musical entertainment and ball in the Parish School, both of which were admirably conducted.

NEWBURGH.

THERE was a procession in the forenoon, and an entertainment took place in the Town Hall at six o'clock; the hall was beautifully decorated. The chair was taken by Bailie Fenton, Chief Magistrate, supported by Mr A. Laing.

AIRTH.

THE admirers of Burns, from the stripling of sixteen to the aged of seventy-six, sat down to dinner in the Crown Inn to celebrate the hundreth birthday of our immortal bard. Mr Francis Tosh of Newok occupied the chair.

LEITH.

THE inhabitants of Leith shewed, by their various demonstrations on Tuesday, the high estimation in which they hold the memory of the immortal bard. Early indications of a holiday were given by a display of flags, and the cessation of labour in a few large establishments. Throughout the day a more than

usual number of well-dressed people were going about, and a band of music perambulated the streets. A few of the schools did not open, and others of them closed at mid-day. Little business was done, and a few of the shops and places of business were shut at an early hour; more were closed at two o'clock, and by five nearly every shop of importance was shut. Between five and seven o'clock the omnibuses and cabs were unable to carry a tithe of the people requiring conveyance to the city. The more aristocratic were going to the Music Hall, others were going to entertainments of a more private nature; but the great mass of those proceeding to the city were on their way to the banquets in the Corn Exchange and Dunedin Hall. Many clubs and trades' associations dined together in Leith; indeed, so numerous were they that nearly all hotels and public-houses with ample accommodation were occupied by such social parties. The members of the Leith and Canongate Masonic Lodge had a ball in their hall, Constitution Street, which was beautifully decorated for the occasion. The meters and company porters had a dinner, after which they spent the evening in singing and reciting. A select supper party assembled in a hall, Bernard Street, which was lined with flags of various nations. The employés in Messrs Fullerton's establishment, with some of their friends, celebrated the occasion by an entertainment and a ball in Mr Kay's class-rooms. A soiree was held in the Assembly Rooms, which were tastefully ornamented. A bust of Burns, encircled in a wreath of evergreens and roses, was set up behind the platform; and each member of the committee wore a rosette, in the centre of which was a small photographic likeness of the poet. Appropriate speeches were delivered by Mr M'Fadyen (the chairman) and the Rev. Mr Boyle. Members of the Leith Harmonic Solfeggio Association and other gentlemen sung and recited many of Burns' songs and poems. The Leith Trades Flute Band was present, and performed several national pieces.

DALKEITH.

THE centenary was celebrated here by an admirable procession of the trades, and by two large public gatherings, a dinner in the Cross-Keys, and a soiree in the Corn Exchange, besides a number of minor meetings in connexion with some of the trades.

The soiree was presided over by Mr Alexander Mitchell, and the dinner at the Cross-keys by Dr Thomson. Admirable addresses were delivered at both places.

MUSSELBURGH.

THE poet's birthday was celebrated in this town with due honour. The shops and places of business were closed after mid-day, and the bells rung.

In the afternoon, a meeting, presided over by the Provost, was held. All the members of Council were present, with the exception of one, who was prevented by indisposition. About seventy other inhabitants of the town and vicinity also attended. Provost Kemp gave, in a few appropriate words, "The Memory of Robert Burns." Bailie Brown officiated as croupier, and proposed "The Memory of Robert Ferguson," to whose poetry Burns was wont to attribute his predilection for Scottish verse. Bailie Riddock gave "The Memory of Sir Walter Scott;" Dr Laurie that of "Delta" (the late Dr Moir); Dr Scott of "Allan Ramsay;" Mr Lees that of "The Author of the 'Pleasures of Hope'"—all accompanied with appropriate remarks, and in some of the instances with specimens of the poetry. Two of the sons of "Delta" were present, and one of them, at request of the meeting, read, with much taste, his father's stanzas for the Burns festival in Ayrshire about fifteen years ago.

PORTOBELLO.

On Tuesday night, a party of gentlemen, numbering about seventy, sat down to dinner, in honour of the Centenary of Robert Burns, in the large hall of the Commercial Hotel, Portobello, under the Presidency of the Provost, Colonel Johnston. Mr Douglas and Mr Kemp acted as croupiers.

After the usual loyal toasts had been drunk, Mr Douglas, who, in consequence of the infirm health of the Provost, which rendered it somewhat uncertain whether he would be present on the occasion, had kindly undertaken to propose "The Immortal Memory of the Bard of Scotland" in an excellent speech.

The programme among other things included the following toasts and songs:—Song, "Rantin' Robin," Bailie Craig; "The Poetry of Scotland," Mr Kemp; Song, Mr Thomas Scott; "The Peasantry of Scotland," Mr Calder; Reply, Mr Robert Inglis; Song, Mr Mandlon; "The Sons and Surviving Relations of Burns," Mr Wood; Song, "The Friends and Patrons of Burns, coupled with the name of James, Earl of Glencairn," Mr Livingston.

BINNEY QUARRY.

Mr David Lind, of Binney Quarry, entertained the workmen in his employment to supper at Uphall Inn. After the usual toasts, with a sprinkling of our immortal bard's songs, the company separated, after having spent a very happy and convivial evening. Upwards of sixty sat down to supper.

LASSWADE.

The festival was celebrated here by a dinner in the Gardeners' Hall, to which about eighty-five sat down—Dr Smith in the

chair; W. Young and H. Henderson, Esqs., acting as croupiers. After dinner, and the usual loyal toasts having been drunk, the Chairman, in a very appropriate speech, gave the toast of the evening, giving a short account of the life, and dwelling at considerable length on the talent and genius, of this the greatest of Scottish poets. The toast was drunk with all the honours.

CRAMOND.

TUESDAY the 25th was celebrated here in honour of the national poet. Games were held in the park in front of Fair-a-Far, and were well attended, and keenly contested. In the evening a large company assembled in the Royal Oak Inn, and partook of an excellent supper. William Cadell, Esq. of Almond Bank, chairman; and Mr Watson, schoolmaster, croupier.

CORSTORPHINE.

UPWARDS of forty gentlemen sat down to dinner—Mr Lawrie occupying the chair, and Messrs Wright and Whitwright acting as croupiers. The evening's enjoyments were very much enhanced by numerous appropriate songs and toasts.

PRESTONPANS.

THE centenary of Burns was celebrated by a public dinner in the Queen's Arms Inn, where above forty gentlemen were present. The room was handsomely decorated.

The chair was ably filled by Dr Ritchie—Mr Davie, merchant, acting as croupier. The Chairman gave "The Memory of Burns" in a short and elegant speech, touching upon the character of Burns as a man and his place as a poet. He also read a letter in Burns' handwriting, addressed to his brother Gilbert, now in the possession of a lady in the town, who kindly lent it for the occasion.

TRANENT.

ALL classes of the community joined heart and hand in the celebration of the centenary. In Messrs Black and Nimmo's inns large and respectable companies sat down to excellent dinners, and the evening was enlivened by speeches, songs, and toasts most appropriate to the occasion. The Mechanics' Society also had a dinner in their own hall; and the tradesmen of the town held a ball in the evening in honour of the great occasion.

NORTH BERWICK.

THE Freemasons, joined by most of the Bluejackets, with innumerable flags, headed by a band of music, proceeded from their Lodge-room to the parish school, which was tastefully decorated with evergreens, and accompanied by a crowd of the inhabitants enthusiastically cheering. The "Memory of Burns" and numerous other toasts and songs were given.

PEEBLES.

TWO meetings commemorated the centenary of Robert Burns in a most enthusiastic manner; the bells were rung, and a holiday very generally observed after three o'clock. At three o'clock upwards of eighty gentlemen sat down to dinner in the Tontine Hotel—Provost Stirling presiding, Bailie Dickson and Mr Alexander Girdwood acting as croupiers. After the usual loyal toasts had been drunk, the toast of the evening was proposed in an admirable speech by the Chairman, which was received with rapturous applause. At half-past six o'clock the Provost vacated the chair in order to preside at a soiree held in the Tontine Ballroom, where nearly three hundred had assembled to do honour to the memory of Burns. After tea and cake the chairman, in an eloquent address, referred to the cause of their assembling. Excellent addresses and recitations were given by Mr Sheriff Burnett, Mr Robert Stirling, and Mr John Bathgate, and the meeting was one of great cordiality and happiness.

JEDBURGH.

THE Burns' centenary was observed here with every demonstration of enthusiasm. A dinner party, numbering 250, assembled in the Spread Eagle Hotel, presided over by Mr Alexander Jeffrey, the historian of Roxburghshire. There were also balls in the Black Bull Inn, the Harrow, and the Nag's Head Inn, and a large bonfire blazed at the Cross in the evening.

At the public dinner, after the usual loyal toasts had been disposed of, Mr Jeffrey, the chairman, proposed the toast of the evening. In the course of his eloquent address he said:—It is especially fitting that we in this locality should have met to celebrate the birthday of Burns. According to a statement in his diary he was a member of the Corporation of Jedburgh. In it he lived for some time, and enjoyed the hospitality of his brother burgesses, and left it in sadness. To the honour of the minister of the parish (Mr Somerville), he received a warm welcome at the manse. One of his beauties, whom he celebrated in song, lived and died in the burgh; and at least one fair lady of this district was a talented correspondent. He wandered among the

lovely scenes of this locality, and noted their beauties with a poet's eye—

> "Up wimpling, stately Tweed I 've sped,
> And Eden scenes on crystal Jed."

The Lover's Lane and Blackburn he has described as fairy scenes. Blackburn is lovelier now by far than when the poet's eye rested upon it; but the Lovers' Lane has disappeared for ever. It would have been a blot on the annals of Jedburgh had its inhabitants not assembled to celebrate the birthday of the bard, whose fame is still rising, though an age has passed away since he died. Mr Jeffrey's speech was much cheered.

"The land of Burns," "The Peasantry of Scotland," and a number of local and personal toasts followed, and the evening was spent in the utmost harmony.

COLDSTREAM.

THE centenary of Burns was celebrated here by a dinner party, presided over by Bailie Cunningham; and a soiree held in the Town Hall presided over by a committee of ladies. At tho dinner which was numerously attended, "The Immortal Memory of Burns" was appropriately given by the Chairman.

HAWICK.

HERE the Burns' Centenary was celebrated with great public spirit. The works and shops were shut in the afternoon, and old and young enjoyed themselves. Several flags with suitable mottoes were displayed throughout the town, music paraded the streets, and even the town's bells were rung in memory of the independence-inspiring bard. There were several public dinner parties formed in the different hotels. The principal one was at the Tower Hotel, where the magistrates presided, and the chief burgesses and gentlemen of the district attended. Henry Scott Riddell, himself an eminent song writer, was there, and gave a speech on the character and genius of Burns. There were several other able and interesting speeches delivered on the occasion, amongst which may be mentioned the Chairman's (Bailie Paterson), Dr Bryden's, Dr Douglas's, Mr Webster's (teacher), Mr John Wilson's (manufacturer,) Mr Thomas Cathrae's, and Mr Thorburn's (farmer). Music, songs, and recitations were also introduced occasionally, which enlivened the party, and kept up the enjoyment until the hour of nine came, when the dinner party had to retire and give place to a grand ball which took place afterwards. At the Crown Hotel there were two dinner parties, which also came off well. Besides these, there was a grand soiree in the Subscription Rooms, which was crowded, and the entertainment there was of the highest order,

"which cheers but not inebriates"—David Dundas Scott, Esq., being chairman; and several excellent speeches suitable to the occasion were delivered by Mr Munro, Mr John Guthrie, Mr Hogg, Rev. Mr J. Thompson, and others, together with an abundance of Burns' songs and music. There was also a ball at the conclusion of this soiree; and so the centenary of Burns was publicly as well as privately kept in a lively manner in Hawick.

INNERLEITHEN.

HERE the proceedings commenced by those intending to take part assembling at the Parish School, where they formed themselves into a procession, and promenaded the principal streets of the town by torchlight, preceded by the Innerleithen and Traquair Instrumental Band. At eight o'clock a large company sat down to an elegant and substantial supper, provided by the landlord of St Ronan's Hotel. Mr Bathgate, banker, Innerleithen, ably filled the chair, supported right and left by the Rev. Messrs Mackie and Dobson, Messrs Brown, Inglis, Bonar, &c., &c.; and Mr Lyle, parish schoolmaster, discharged with great tact the duties of croupier. After the cloth had been removed, and the usual loyal toasts given and heartily responded to, the Chairman, in a most able and eloquent speech, proposed "The Immortal Memory of Robert Burns." During the delivery of his speech, the Chairman was frequently interrupted with bursts of applause, and the toast was received and drunk with the greatest enthusiasm. The other principal toasts of the evening were, "The Memory of Robert Nicol," by the Rev. Mr Mackie; "The Memory of Sir W. Scott," by the croupier; "The Health of the Poet's Sons," by the Chairman; "The Memory of the Ettrick Shepherd," by the croupier; "The Health of the Chairman," by the croupier, &c. Eloquent addresses on the genius and writings of Burns were delivered by the Rev. Mr Dobson and Mr Procter. Mr John Scott, a native poet, gave an original poetical address composed for the occasion.

HADDINGTON.

THE 25th was held as a holiday almost universally. In East Lothian on many farms no work was done; on others, half the day was kept; and dinners, suppers, and dances in the evening were the means taken to celebrate the centenary of the poet in every hamlet and village. The shops were shut in Haddington at two o'clock. There was a dinner in the George Inn, at which Provost Roughead presided, and Mr Robert Richardson, Master of the Mason Lodge, and Mr Hope, Fentonbarns, acted as croupiers. A considerable number of the company wore the insignia of the masonic body, and nearly eighty gentlemen were present.

Provost Roughead passed some high encomiums on our national bard, and stated how glad he was that Haddington was not behind the other towns in the kingdom in doing homage to his genius, particularly as the poet's brother Gilbert resided long in the immediate neighbourhood, and his mother's last resting-place was at Bolton.

Mr HOPE, Fentonbarns, in proposing "The Immortal Memory of Robert Burns," said—Burns is truly the poet of humanity, he teaches reverence for our common nature. As long as the hearts of our race continue to wake to the throbbings of love, so long will the words of Burns give a true picture of the individual feelings that may animate us, whether in doubt, despair, joyful auticipations, or in assured success. His poems and songs are to be found alike in the cottages of the humble and the drawing-rooms of the great. It is not easy to over-estimate the influence he has had in stimulating the growth and aiding the expansion of the national mind. He has made our Scottish tongue a classical language. It is on his songs, as we believe, that Burns' chief influence as an author will ultimately be found to depend; nor, if our Fletcher's aphorism be true, shall we account this a small influence. "Let me make the songs of a people," said he, "and you shall make its laws." Surely, if ever any poet might have equalled himself with legislators on this ground, it was Burns. His songs are already part of the mother-tongue, not of Scotland only, but of Britain, as well as of millions in all ends of the earth. Strictly speaking, perhaps no British man has so deeply affected the thoughts and feelings of so many men as this solitary and altogether private person, with means apparently the humblest. He has influenced our whole literature, rendering it more national and patriotic. Travellers, too, from all quarters of the globe visit Scotland, not to see the birthplace of our kings and statesmen, but to visit Ayr, the banks of the Doon, Alloway's auld haunted kirk, and every shrine hallowed by the ploughman's muse. Mr Hope concluded an able speech by repeating the toast, which was responded to with repeated cheers.

Mr SCOT SKIRVING, Campton, entered at some length into the history of our early poets.

Mr DURIE, Standingstane, gave "The Peasantry," characterising them as the basis on which the structure of society rested, and from which sprung many of our poets and eminent men. He bore strong testimony to the morality and worth of tho native population of the county.

Mr Taylor, Carfrae; Mr Davidson, Haddington; Mr Samuel Shirriff, Saltcoats, and other gentlemen, also proposed toasts. The songs during the evening were warmly received, and altogether the meeting was one of the most enthusiastic ever held in Haddington.

DUNBAR.

THERE were two meetings held here in honour of the Burns' Centenary; one in the Corn Exchange, got up by the Dunbar Castle Lodge, and attended by upwards of two hundred persons. The hall was tastefully decorated with evergreens. Some of the designs upon the walls where of the highest merit. Mr Alexander Wood, senior bailie, and R.W.M. of the Lodge, occupied the chair, supported by Mr John Anderson of Ashfield, Mr W. H. Ritchie, Mr Alexander Lindsay of Westbarns, Mr Robert Cossar, Drs Turnbull, Dunlop, &c. The croupiers were Bailies Purves and Barclay, Mr John Turner, and Mr James Knox. The programme of toasts and music was large; and the toast of the evening was proposed by the Chairman in an excellent speech. The other gentlemen intrusted with toasts acquitted themselves in a most creditable manner. The band of the Haddington, &c., Militia, under the leadership of Mr Vallance, struck up appropriate airs to the different toasts. There were also a violin band present under Mr Begarnie, and a glee party under Mr John Milne, whose musical services added much to the success of the entertainment. The solo singers were Mr Robert Wilcox, a veteran musician of great local celebrity, whose pieces were all encored, Mr D. Vallance, Mr John Milne, and others, whose performances were also received with great rapture. The whole proceedings terminated at twelve o'clock by the whole company joining in "Auld Lang Syne." No similar meeting, in respect of numbers or enthusiasm, has taken place in Dunbar for many years, and none has given greater satisfaction to all concerned. The second meeting was held in the Assembly Rooms, and was attended by nearly seventy persons. This room was also well decorated for the occasion. Mr Hugh Brown, shoemaker, was in the chair, and the whole proceedings were most satisfactory. The evening concluded with a ball.

GALASHIELS.

THE Centenary of the National Bard was celebrated very heartily by the people of Galashiels. The places of business were generally closed at about 2 o'clock, and the afternoon was observed as a general holiday. The number of demonstrations were only limited to the number of places of accommodation. The principal entertainment was a public dinner in the Abbotsford Hotel (ticket 5s.), at which between fifty and sixty of the leading men of the town met together under the presidency of Dr M'Dougall. The room was effectively decorated. At the upper extremity of the room a bust of the poet (life-size), fresh from the studio of Mr Currie of Darnick, was placed upon a pedestal underneath a canopy of evergreens. Above the bust of

the bard, which was wreathed with the "holly" and the "polished berries red," was placed a statue representing the Muse of Coila in the act of encircling the poet's brow with a garland. This figure, admirably cut in wood, was also by Mr Currie. The room was in other places decorated with laurelled busts of Scott, Professor Wilson, Byron, engravings of Burns, Tam o' Shanter, &c. The dinner was in all respects worthy of the event, and included, among more costly viands, the good Scotch dishes of haggis, sheep's head, and sheephead broth. The croupier's duties were efficiently discharged by Mr A. Rutherfurd, writer. The toast of the evening was given by the Chairman in a strain of eloquent eulogy, which called forth repeated applause. The "Memory of Sir Walter Scott," "Professor Wilson," "The Ettrick Shepherd," "Thomas Aird," "Henry Scott Riddell," and other local literary toasts were given in the course of the proceedings, which were diversified by a variety of songs and recitations, many of which were original. The working classes also celebrated the day in their own hearty manner, in the Old Bridge Inn, by a dinner and a ball, at the first of which 170 persons were present. Mr James Wilson was chairman, and Mr Robert Walker acted as croupier. The ball was well attended. A soiree and musical festival took place in the Union Street Chapel, which was also crowded, and appropriate songs, speeches, and recitations were delivered in the course of the evening. The farmers of the district of Cadden Water also celebrated the occasion by a dinner at Clovenfords, at which about a score of Tweed and Cadden men appeared, and did honour to the memory of Burns in a worthy style. The proceedings wound up with a soiree and ball at Caddenfoot, which were attended by nearly 130 persons.

KELSO.

In Kelso there were three dinner parties, and a ball in the Corn Exchange, which was more numerously attended than any meeting of a similar character in the annals of the town. The Tweedside Lodge of Oddfellows mustered in strong force in the Cross-Keys Assembly Room; the Kelso Billiard and Reading-Room Club met in tho White Swan Inn; and the Kelso Bowling Club, and a number of their friends, met in the Red Lion Inn.

In the Cross-Keys Hotel, the chair was occupied by Dr W. M. Mackenzie, Kelso; and the croupier's chair was filled by Mr Murray of the *Kelso Chronicle*. In the evening, a ball, in connexion with this festive meeting, took place in the large hall of the Corn Exchange, which was decorated for the purpose. Nearly 300 were present, and dancing was kept up with great spirit. The Billiard and Reading-Room Club held their meeting in the White Swan Inn; and the dinner and subsequent proceedings

were conducted with the greatest good feeling and enthusiasm. The chair was occupied by Mr James S. Darling of Lednathy, Chief Magistrate of Kelso; and the croupier's chair was filled by Mr Thomas F. Robertson of St Foin. The CHAIRMAN proposed "The Memory of Burns" in a very appropriate speech.

The CROUPIER next proposed "The Sons of Burns," and said that no greater honour could be heaped on them than that of being the sons of our immortal poet. (Loud cheers.)

Mr THOMAS TOD STODDART proposed "The Peasantry of Scotland;" and Mr CURRY, solicitor, "The Poets of Scotland."

"Success to the other Centenary Meetings" was proposed from the chair, and cordially responded to; and the usual local toasts followed. Several excellent songs were sung, and the evening was spent with great hilarity.

The members of the Kelso Bowling Club and their friends met in the Red Lion Inn—Mr George Craig, junior magistrate, presiding. The croupier's chair was filled by Mr Thomas Mitchell, Commissioner of Police.

The CHAIRMAN proposed the toast of the evening, "The Immortal Memory of Burns," which was drunk with enthusiasm.

The CROUPIER proposed "The Sons of Burns," which was enthusiastically received.

"The Memory of Bonny Jean," "The Poets of Scotland," "The Misses Begg," and other toasts of a local and personal nature followed; and with song and sentiment the evening passed away most cheerfully.

ENGLAND.

LONDON.

THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

BY far the greatest commemoration held on the south of the Tweed took place at the Crystal Palace, which, as the palace of the people, could not have been better employed than in rendering honour to one of the most gifted of their number. Trains were run from a very early hour, and long before the time arrived for the commencement of the ceremonies of the day, an immense multitude had assembled in the Central Transept.

The proceedings of the day commenced at twelve o'clock, when Mr Calder Marshall's colossal bust of the poet was slowly unveiled amid enthusiastic plaudits. The bust presents an imposing appearance in the open space immediately in front of the Handel orchestra. The features of the bust are bold and lifelike, and the work reflects great credit upon the sculptor. At the same time that the bust was uncovered, various relics of the

departed poet were also exposed to view. Before two o'clock the multitude, which had been steadily growing in numbers as each half-hour brought fresh trains laden with their living freight to the scene of action, had collected in a compact and dense mass in the centre of the palace. It was emphatically an assemblage of the people. There was no guinea charged for admission, and one had only to glance at the faces and costumes of the majority of those present to perceive how well-appreciated had been the generous resolution which enabled almost the poorest admirers of the Ayrshire Bard to pay their tribute of respect to his memory. The interval between the ceremony of unveiling and the time for the concert to begin—during which the crowd, continually reinforced by fresh arrivals, rendered passage to and fro no easy matter—was busily employed in examining the various objects of interest which had been industriously brought together for the occasion. Among these were the Nasmyth, Taylor, David Allan, and Stewart Watson portraits; the desk at which "Tam o' Shanter" was written; a variety of manuscripts, including, among the rest, that of the famous war-song, "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled;" a lock of the poet's hair; a lock of his wife's hair ("Bonny Jean"); a silver snuff-box made out of a Charles I. ten-shilling piece, &c. The most unremitting attention, however, seemed to be attracted by the autographs; and the glass cases in which they were deposited were at all times difficult to approach. In another part of the building (the lecture-room) the poem of "Tam o' Shanter" was recited at appointed intervals to overflowing, but attentive audiences, the principal "situations" being illustrated by dissolving views photographed from the subjects by Mr John Faed, F.S.A. This was decidedly one of the most popular incidents of the day, so much so, indeed, that scarcely more than a third of those who were desirous of attending the recitals could at any period obtain admission.

There was also a concert, in two parts, at which Miss Dolby, Miss Ransford, &c., were amongst the vocalists; and between the parts of which the great event of the day, the announcement of the author of the prize-poem and the recital of the verses, took place. There were no fewer than six hundred and twenty-one competitors for the prize of fifty guineas offered by the Directors of the Crystal Palace Company. Several of the poems made their appearance as early as a week after the announcement was first made, and on the 31st December ninety-eight were delivered by one post, the Christmas holidays having probably given an impetus to amateur authorship. The names of the various writers were inserted in sealed envelopes, and to Mr Phelps was intrusted the duty of opening the envelope of the successful competitor, and proclaiming the name before reading the poem. Mr Phelps accordingly opened the envelope, and

pronounced the name of the writer to be "Isa Craig, of Ranelagh Street, Pimlico;" but as it was a somewhat difficult task to make the name understood to the whole of the vast assembly, he had to repeat it again and again. Isa, or rather Isabella Craig is a native of Scotland, and a very sweet volume of poems by her was some time ago published by the Messrs Blackwood of Edinburgh. Mr Phelps then read the poem with all the elocutionary grace of which he is so subtle a master. The following verses will give some idea of the quality of the Ode:—

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

* * * * * * *

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

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

The land he trod
Hath now become a place of pilgrimage;
Where dearer are the daisies of the sod
That could his song engage.
The hoary hawthorn, wreath'd
Above the bank on which his limbs he flung
While some sweet plaint he breathed;
The streams he wander'd near;
The maidens whom he loved; the songs he sung;—
All, all are dear!

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

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

Many passages were interrupted by applause, and among others the sixth strophe, alluding to the poet's intimate familiarity with all the phenomena of nature; the eighth, which insinuates the folly of regretting that he possessed the weaknesses of a man; the tenth, which implies that only the Almighty could have made him other than he was; the eleventh, alluding most eloquently to the veneration that now attaches to every scene and object with which the poet was familiar during his lifetime; and the twelfth, setting forth how his songs have been endeared to distant lands through emigrants whose toil they have helped to lighten. The termination was followed by deafening shouts of applause, and repeated calls for the author, which last were so obstinately persisted in that Mr Bowley, general manager, was compelled to come forward and protest. "It is," said the zealous and able functionary, "the wish of the Directors as well as yourselves to have the lady here." (A voice—"Lady?" Answer —"Yes, *Lady*") "but you must be aware that we cannot bring her here. I hope, therefore, you will allow the concert to proceed." The logic of this appeal proved irresistible; and the second part of the concert began.

BANQUET AT THE GUILDHALL HOTEL.

A considerable number of gentlemen dined together on Tuesday at the Guildhall Hotel, to celebrate the birthday of Robert Burns.

Mr James Hannay, who occupied the chair, proposed "The Memory of Burns." He said he did not rise without some hesitation and apprehension to bring before them the toast of the evening. He could not but feel the great difficulty of doing justice to the memory of that poet who, perhaps alone, of all the poets in the world, was honoured by such a celebration. (Cheers.) He would speak of him not only as a poet, but as one of the greatest men that the race of which they were all proud had ever produced. He would not simply look upon him as a man of letters, but as a great Scotsman, and as part of the history of that great Scottish land which was the mother of them all. (Cheers.) They would do Burns a great injustice if they set him up against great poets, and compared his casual writings and poems with the writings of literary celebrities. By doing that they would not only do an injustice to Burns, but also do an injustice to the country from which he came. He preferred to look at him as the product of the nation to which he belonged, and as part of it—a man whose writings and life became as much a part of Scottish nationality as the Castle of Edinburgh or the Palace of Holyrood. (Cheers.) They were not merely met to celebrate the memory of a great man. They might have centenaries in honour of many great men amongst their countrymen. (Cheers.)

If they held a centenary for every Scotsman of importance in Europe they would never be sober. (Cheers and laughter.) There was some reason why one particular man should be selected for honour all over the world. It was not merely in consequence of the force of his understanding and intellect. No man would doubt that David Hume was a man as remarkable in natural gifts, and they might just as well expect another Hume as another Burns; but they did not attend there to drink old David's health. He was a much greater man than Burns in some respects, and yet they met to celebrate the memory of Burns, and not of David, because there was about Burns a humanity and manhood beyond all intellectual traits. (Cheers.) They could not but see that Scotland was the only nation in the world that had produced a modern popular poet, for although England had produced great writers it was absurd to say that those men were popular poets in the sense in which Robert Burns was popular. (Cheers.) He proposed to look upon Burns as a creation of the history of Scotland, and as himself a part of it. He might also look upon him as a kiud of martyr sent out by Providence for the benefit of modern Scotland. That was the historical view to take of the man, and that was the way to get over all the phenomena of his life and memory. What Nature did, when she furnished them with Burns, was to send forth a man at the time of the eighteenth century who embodied in himself knowledge of the late times of Scotland with all the intellect that was necessary for a new period. He began by being a Jacobite, and ended by being a Jacobin—a totally different animal. It had been suggested by some writers on the subject of the centenary meeting that nothing should be said about Burns' life and character, but he (the Chairman) contended that there was nothing in the whole course of Burns' biography of which they should be ashamed. Burns' heart was good; his head was good; his principles were good; he displayed fidelity to his friends, and both kindness and affection towards his equals. Very few men that ever had been known could be compared with him. (Cheers.) Whose friendship did he betray? Whose wife did he seduce? Whose honour did he calumniate? Whose generosity did he neglect? The worst that could be said of him was that he was too iudulgent of his animal capacity. He was not the man to say that these things were defensible; and if they thought him a very bad man, the mere fact that he had written clever poems would not justify them in honouring his memory. He felt convinced, however, that, taking into consideration the notions that prevailed in the days when Burns lived, and all the circumstances that surrounded him, an expression of kindness and affection was due to his memory on personal as well as on literary grounds. (Cheers.)

"The Memory of Burns" was appropriately honoured by the

company. Amongst the other toasts were "The Literature of Scotland," proposed by Mr Edgar; "Both sides of the Tweed," proposed by Mr Neilson; "The Press," proposed by Mr Austin, &c.

THE CALEDONIAN SOCIETY OF LONDON.

THE Caledonian Society of London met on Tuesday evening. The London Tavern was fixed upon as the place of meeting, where a very numerous and respectable company of ladies and gentlemen sat down to dinner, a considerable number of persons anxious to be present having been disappointed from want of accommodation. Behind the chair was a framed likeness of Burns by Nasmyth, and several very interesting relics of the poet were exhibited by Mr W. Chambers of Edinburgh, who appeared as one of a deputation from the body of gentlemen by whom the centenary festival has been got up in Edinburgh. The chair was occupied by Mr R. Marshall, the President of the Caledonian Society; and among the gentlemen present were Mr Charles Knight, Mr William Chambers, Professor Masson, Dr W. B. Hodgson, Mr D. Roberts, R.A., Mr Calder Marshall, R.A., Mr Hepworth Dixon, Mr R. Hepburn, Rev. W. H. Gray, &c. Grace was said by the Rev. Mr Gray. During dinner the company were solaced with the sounds of the bagpipe, and not fewer than five pipers, blowing might and main, marched at one time round the tables.

Mr HEPBURN, one of the vice-presidents, proposed "The Memory of Burns," which was drunk with every demonstration of respect.

A variety of other toasts followed—such as "British Literature," coupled with the name of Professor Masson; "The Fine Arts;" "The Edinburgh Deputation," coupled with the name of Mr W. Chambers, who replied, and described the nature of some of the relics of Burns which he had brought for the inspection of the company; "Our Guests," replied to by Mr Charles Knight; "The Land o' Cakes," &c.

Mr Templeton, the celebrated vocalist, who has now retired into private life, favoured the company with several of the songs of Burns, and Miss Lizzie Stuart gave her professional assistance—all the songs of the evening being taken from the works of the Ayrshire poet.

MANCHESTER.

SEVERAL celebrations of the centenary took place in Manchester, the principal one being held at the Queen's Hotel. The MAYOR OF MANCHESTER (Ivie Mackie, Esq.) occupied the chair; Mr Malcolm Ross, the vice-chair, and among those present were Mr T. Bazley, M.P., Professor Scott, Mr Chas. Swain, the Rev. W. Gaskell, Mr H. M. Acton, and Mr Joseph Heron, town-clerk.

Professor SCOTT, of Owen's College, proposed the toast of the evening, amidst loud applause. He said—Mr Mayor and Gentlemen,—It is now seventy or eighty years ago since first the mind of Scotland was stirred, and then the hearts of all Scotsmen, by an incident that seemed, in its commencement, exceedingly small. It was the publication of a volume—a little volume—that somehow went home to men's business and bosoms as volume had hardly ever done before. Ploughmen and servingmaids, who had been looking forward to the time when their wages should come in that they might supply themselves with some needful articles of dress, preferred rather to buy a copy of Burns' poems with the money. (Hear, hear.) That which was so valued by those of his own class was not confined to them. This young peasant of seven-and-twenty visited Edinburgh about that time, and Dugald Stewart admired the force and directness of his intellect; Erskine was charmed with his wit and humour; the Duchess of Queensberry admired the tact and delicacy of his conversation with women, the mingling of humour and tenderness with which he always found his way to their hearts; and, above all, every one felt that this man, so praised, so courted, so raised out of his original station, took the place in which he found himself—the place that Nature had prepared for himself. (Applause.) Petty affectations, petty vaunts, caprices, and awkwardnesses, were far from him. He had been called to this place because of gifts which reached the heart of high and low, rich and poor, and he accepted the call with the firmness which belonged to those endowments. There is no rank or condition, no measure of education of Scotsmen that distinguishes those who know Burns and love him, from those who know him not and do not care for him. He belongs alike to all. Compared with other so-called self-taught poets, this difference will strike you. There have been men of remarkable endowments, like Clare and Bloomfield, or like John Bethune, a noble and heroic specimen of a Scotsman, but different in many respects from Burns; compare Burns with any one of these, and you will find that they are men whose endowments have lifted them out of their original class, and have given them something in common with another than that in which they were born. It is rather a remarkable circumstance that a certain refinement, and grace, and delicacy, seem to distinguish them and constitute their greatest claim to the possession of specific genius. Burns is altogether and utterly a man of his class as a man. He had the powers and thews and the delights of a Scottish peasant, and it is from the heart and head of a Scottish peasant that those utterances have come as the voice of a whole country, of that portion especially in which we may most justly have pride. Burns was a man who boasted—and he was not apt to boast—that he feared few men in being challenged to a day's plough-

ing, or reaping, or shearing, or any of the work that became his original position, and we feel it as he writes; he has the arm of a ploughman in his lines; he is not ashamed of it, and we are not ashamed that he makes us feel it. (Loud applause.) Surely something in this most peculiar relation belongs to the character of the people from which he sprang. Other nations have boasts, perhaps, in which we do not share. We are willing to allow that no other land has produced a Shakspeare; we are willing to allow that that width and depth, that universal human culture, is unparalleled in the whole history of human intellect, and let England glory in it; but let it be allowed, also, that a general diffusion of the sense of poetry and of song has belonged, at least at one period, and in a large measure does still belong to the peasantry of our native land, and is so peculiar to it that it is implied in the power which Burns was found to possess over all their hearts. (Applause.) Burns is intensely national; and then again this influence being admitted to be so powerful and widely felt, is it an influence for good, as some would ask, or, as some have recently asked, is it an influence for evil? If they knew what makes Scotsmen love Burns they would not ask. (Applause.) We who have come forth from the heart of it can have no question about the matter. (Applause.) To be made to feel the power of genius is good for all, whoever makes us feel it. Any of you who are susceptible of the full influence of Beethoven or Mozart in song or symphony, feel not only stirred, but for the moment lifted up, and desire to keep some measure of that influence with you in your future life, that you may be higher and better than you were before. (Hear.) If it is good for a people to feel what genius is, then surely a special glory belongs to the remembrance of that man who was capable of making it felt by a whole people—(hear)—penetrating with a sense of it all its ranks. But can we say nothing more specific in regard to the influence of Burns, and with regard to the question whether that influence is beneficial or hurtful? I have said we know what it is that makes us love him. In the "Cottar's Saturday Night"—(applause)—how many thousands of Scotsmen have honoured the memory of their own fathers, and the purity of their own mothers? (Applause.) Burns seized upon the music of Scotland, which was intensely national, and as diffused as its breezes, seeming to be no more created by any man than the sounds of those breezes as they were heard on the rushes of the heath—he seized on the music of Scotland, and wedded it to verses which bring home to the hearts of Scotsmen all over the world such feelings as those of early companionship with worthy friends, of long parting, of joyful, tender meetings that are sung in "Auld Lang Syne." Such feelings as those elevating endearments of domestic life that are sung in "John Anderson"—(applause)—such feelings as the Scotsman finds quite as

appropriate now that he has to cultivate his patriotism as a Briton, and not as a Scotsman exclusively, as those that are uttered in "Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled." (Loud applause.)

The Rev. Mr GASKELL, in a few appropriate observations, introduced the toast, "Mr Charles Swain, and the English friends who have honoured us with their company." He quoted Mr Southey's opinion of Mr Swain, "that he was a poet of whom Manchester would yet be proud," and expressed his regret that his health had not permitted him to devote himself to literary labours of late years.

Mr SWAIN returned thanks. He said that he had devoted a few hours of his leisure time, after completing the ordinary duties of the day, to literary labours and literary accomplishments; and he was heartily glad if he had done anything which his fellow-townsmen considered worthy of approbation and remembrance.

Another company of Burns' admirers, numbering between seventy and eighty, dined together at the Stretford-road Inn, Stretford-road, Hulme. Mr John Bolton Rogerson presided, and, after the customary loyal toasts had been duly honoured, he reminded the assembly that the centenary of the bard of Scotland was being celebrated, not only in our own country, but in Spain, France, Italy, Germany, America, and in our various colonies. Burns was a man who embodied the nationality of his country, and drew his inspiration from the hills and valleys of his native Scotland. He concluded his remarks by stating that he had been requested to write a few lines upon the subject. Mr Rogerson then read "A Hundred lines on the Centenary of Burns." Mr Angus Ross, the vice-chairman, proposed in a pertinent speech, "The Memory of Robert Burns."

LIVERPOOL.

THE Liverpool celebrations included a dinner at the Adelphi Hotel, and another at the Brunswick Hotel, Hanover Street; a musical soiree and ball at St George's Hall; and another soiree at the Concert Hall, Lord Nelson Street.

At the Adelphi Hotel, about 100 gentlemen (exclusively sons of Scotland) sat down to dinner. Mr J. C. Ewart, M.P., presided.

At the dinner in the Brunswick Hotel, Mr David Ross, editor of the *Liverpool Chronicle*, presided. Amongst the company were Messrs J. Robinson, A. T. H. Dalziel, J. Dixon, D. M'George, A. Cooper, D. Couston, T. Turner, J. Whitehead, T. Carter, J. Lloyd, R. Buttle, Smart, Coldwell, Bewley, Allan, J. Forrester, Campbell, M'Michael, Hunt, Coulson, Gerrard, W. Robinson, J. Munroe, W. M'Lennan, J. Brown, P. Preston, Williams, Sharp Mackay, Harris, Hammond, Creerie, &c.

Mr Ross, in proposing the toast of the evening, gave a very judicious estimate of the character of the poet. In his domestic relations, said he, he was a dutiful son, an affectionate husband, and a tender parent; and his dying hours were soothed with the consolations of that religion he is said to have blasphemed. On the whole, I regard the character of Burns with mingled admiration and love. He was far, indeed, from being a pure and perfect model of humanity, but his many noble and manly virtues far outbalanced his defects.

For the musical soiree and ball, every part of St George's Hall was brought into requisition, and suitably decorated. Up to midnight there were simultaneous attractions in the concert-room, the great hall, and the library (apart from supper and refreshments). Scottish music was performed in the small concert-hall from eight to twelve o'clock—during the first two hours with orchestral accompaniment, and afterwards without it, the band being withdrawn at ten o'clock, when the ball commenced in the large hall. The scene which the ball-room presented was brilliant beyond description, whilst the rushing and crushing were almost unparalleled. It was estimated that about 3000 persons were present. The Highland costume was not such a striking feature as we might have expected, there being more Freemasons' aprons than Highland bonnets and jackets, whilst the ladies displayed the most tartan in ribbons, scarfs, cloaks, and dresses. Soon after midnight, according to programme, the company was concentrated in the large hall, and "Auld Lang Syne" was sung, under the leadership of Mr Kennedy. The whole audience joined enthusiastically in the chorus. Mr R. B. Stewart's Edinburgh band was in attendance.

A demonstration of the working classes took place in the Concert Hall, Lord Nelson Street. After tea, the tables in the body of the hall were removed, and room being thus obtained, a considerable addition was made to the company, which on the whole numbered about 2000. The chair was occupied by Nathaniel Caine, Esq. Mr James M'Diarmid delivered an excellent address on Burns as a poet, and was succeeded by Mr R. Wands, who gave an able estimate of Burns as a man. The Chairman announced that there was an old lady present on the platform who knew Burns personally. (Cheers.) She was upwards of eighty years of age, but hearty and well, and had come to take part in the proceedings. He introduced her to the audience as Mrs Ellen Grayson, and she was enthusiastically cheered—a compliment she modestly acknowledged. Songs and duets were sung until after eleven o'clock, when the proceedings were brought to a close by the singing of "Auld Lang Syne," all the company joining in the chorus, and the gentlemen on the platform joining hands in true Scottish style.

SOUTHAMPTON.

About 150 persons dined together at the Victoria Assembly Rooms, in commemoration of the centenary of the Ayrshire poet's birth. Mr Stewart M'Naghten of Bitterne Manor House presided; and the vice-chair was occupied by Mr James Duncan, M.A., Principal of the Southampton College. The company consisted mainly of Scotsmen. After the usual loyal toasts had been disposed of, the Chairman proposed the toast of the evening in the following terms—"The glorious and imperishable memory of Robert Burns! May the splendour of his genius, the independence of his character, and the boundless love of his native land, which pervades all his writings, ever animate the hearts of his countrymen, and stimulate them to the practice of those deeds of virtue and patriotism which are so beautifully illustrated in the undying verse of their favourite bard, and which have made the name and character of Scotland respected wherever the English language is spoken." The toast was drunk in silence. The festivities were prolonged to a late hour. Several of Burns' choicest songs were admirably sung during the evening.

OXFORD.

The Burns' Centenary was celebrated in Oxford, on Tuesday, by a meeting of the Scotsmen resident in this city and neighbourhood. The gathering took place in the Masonic Hall—Mr M'Laren in the chair. The Chairman's speech in honour of Burns was received with every mark of deep feeling; and he then read the Crystal Palace Prize Poem, which was much applauded. The meeting was remarkable for the evidence of deep and sincere feeling in every one present.

WOOLWICH.

The Burns' Commemoration, celebrated at the Ship Hotel, Woolwich, consisted of a banquet given by a number of the Scottish residents, military and civilian, to the amount of 120. Mr Dingwell occupied the chair, and proposed the various toasts, namely, the "Land o' Cakes," "Bobbie Burns," &c. During the dinner the party were enlivened with the performance of Serjeant Wright, R.A., on the national pipes, and the band of the Royal Artillery played appropriate airs.

CHELTENHAM.

The anniversary of the hundredth birthday of Robert Burns was celebrated at Cheltenham with great *éclat* (where the two sons of the bard reside) on Tuesday last by a public dinner, got up by a committee of Scottish gentlemen resident in the town,

and which took place at the Queen's Hotel. Sir Alexander Ramsay, M.P., presided.

BRISTOL.

THE centenary of Scotland's great national poet was celebrated at Bristol with great *éclat*, and the occasion derived peculiar interest from the fact that the principal dinner was presided over by P. F. Aiken, Esq., grandson of the bard's earliest friend, Robert Aiken, to whom the world is indebted for the first publication of his poetry, and to whom Burns himself shewed his gratitude by dedicating to him the most beautiful of his poems, "The Cottar's Saturday Night." The principal banquet was held in the large lecture-hall of the Athenæum, and was attended by upwards of 120 gentlemen. The gallery was also filled by a bright galaxy of ladies. The Chairman was supported by many citizens of note, amongst whom were Dr Symonds and the Governor of the Corporation of the Poor, Mr E. S. Robinson.

A second dinner—to which between sixty and seventy gentlemen sat down—was held in the large room of the Angel Inn. Mr Jno. Chisholm presided. The room was elegantly decorated, and the dinner—which comprised some cock-a'-leekie and a profuse supply of game—was of an elegant description.

BRADFORD.

THE Burns' Centenary was celebrated by a public dinner in St George's Hall, Bradford. No fewer than 340 gentlemen, principally Scotsmen, and gathered from all parts of the West Riding, sat down to a sumptuous dinner. The chair was occupied by Sir Peter Fairbairn, Mayor of Leeds, and the vice-chair was filled by Dr Macturk, of Bradford. "The Memory of Burns" was proposed in an able and eloquent address, by the Rev. David Sims.

ROCHDALE.

TWO parties celebrated the centenary of the poet Burns at Rochdale; one party consisted of Scotsmen and was held at the Bricklayers' Arms, Cheetham Street, where the Mayor, Andrew Stewart, Esq., presided. The evening was spent in recitations of poems by Burns, and one or two short speeches were made. At the Reed Hotel, there was an assemblage of English gentlemen who esteem the writings of Burns.

HUDDERSFIELD.

A HUNDRED and twenty gentlemen, comprising the *élite* of the town, sat down to a substantial dinner in the Zetland Hotel, Huddersfield, in honour of the hundredth birthday of the im-

mortal Scottish bard; Alexander Hathorn, Esq., presided. On the removal of the cloth, the usual loyal toasts were drunk with enthusiasm, after which the Chairman proposed "The Memory of Burns."

NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.

THE Centenary of Burns was celebrated with great spirit in this town. At five o'clock 400 of the principal inhabitants of the town sat down to a banquet in the Town Hall, and after dinner the side galleries were graced by a large company of ladies. Sir John Fife occupied the chair; Mr J. Cowan, sen., the chairman of the River Commissioners, the vice-chair. Some of Burns' best songs were sung, and among the speakers were Mr Ridley, M.P., and other gentlemen. Another large banquet was held in the Music Hall. It was composed of the better order of working men, and the room was densely crowded. Mr William Newton occupied the chair, and Mr Larkin the vice-chair, and a merry night was spent. There was a third gathering in the Lecture Room in Nelson Street; 1500 persons were present, and the chair was filled by Mr John Benson, a teetotaller and Wesleyan local preacher. The evening was spent in singing Burns' songs, and in reciting the "Cottar's Saturday Night," and other pieces.

SUNDERLAND.

AT Sunderland, among other gatherings to celebrate the Centenary of Burns, a soiree was held in the Athenæum, which was attended by some hundreds of the leading inhabitants. The chairman was the Rev. Richard Skipsey, incumbent of St Thomas' Church, and who by marriage is related to the family of the bard. The programme of the proceedings consisted of selections from the works of Burns. A family bust, portraits, and the chairs of Mrs Burns were also exhibited.

CARLISLE.

IN Carlisle a meeting was held in the Coffeehouse, and comprised the Mayor (R. Ferguson, Esq.) and his brother (J. C. Ferguson), Mr W. H. Hodgson, M.P., several members of the Corporation, and about 250 tradesmen and working men. The proceedings were highly enthusiastic. Another entertainment was provided at the Lion and Lamb, by the members of the Albert Club, and was attended by several of the leading members of the Town Council and influential gentlemen of the city and neighbourhood.

IRELAND.

DUBLIN.

THE centenary birthday of the illustrious Scottish poet was celebrated in the Irish metropolis by two public festivals. The larger and more important of the two was held at the Ancient Concert Rooms, the chair being occupied by the Right Hon. the Lord Mayor.

Mr SAMUEL FERGUSON gave the toast of the evening. He said—It is not in the extent merely of these demonstrations—although they embrace the whole circle of the globe, wherever Scotchmen have penetrated in the pursuit of duty, of fame, or of fortune—that we find the magnitude and the marvel of the praise that you bestow upon him. It is in the character of the nation that bestows it, and that of the man to whose memory the tribute is offered, that we discern the greatness and the worthiness of your praise. A nation, eager and eminently successful in the pursuit of practical objects, proverbially prudent habituated to a rigorous self-control, selects for the object of its reverence—not a man like Bentham or like Franklin—not a divine, a philosopher, or an economist—but a child of impulse and of passion—a proud, an improvident, an unworldly man. (Applause.) How comes this? By what spell, by what conjuration, or what mighty magic is it that you are thus drawn together in hundreds and in thousands, from the rising to the setting of the sun, to swell the tribute of honour to the memory of this man, with a contagious fervour which draws into the vortex of your own enthusiasm the sister capitals and all the provincial towns of the United Kingdom? Whence comes it, asks the unobservant and the thoughtless mind, that you should select for your highest honours a man apparently so dissimilar to yourselves? The answer to the inquiry—the spell that brings you together—lies in the depth of your own character. It is the old poetic fervour of your race—that faculty which lies at the basis of all enterprise and of all fortune, although not discerned by those who merely view the surface of the Scotch character, which recognises in the poet—in the man of fervid soul—the true representative of the character of the Scot in its highest and best aspect. (Applause.) Therefore it is that you have well and wisely chosen a poet as the representative of your race and of your nation—a poet who commands the admiration of mankind, because he has given utterance to the noblest sentiments of love, of tenderness, of generosity, of patriotism, and of piety—to the most charming humour and the lightest wit, in numbers perfectly melodious, and in language which, notwithstanding its dialectic peculiarities, is pre-eminently manly, modest, direct, and

intelligible. (Hear.) The sentiments belong to the world. But, gentlemen, these meetings have a wider and deeper significance. Men will not forget their nationalities—men will not lay down the ties of birth and of kindred at the chair of any science or of any *quasi* science. We must be Scotchmen—we must be Irishmen—(cheers)—and we will honour the memories of the men whose genius has asserted and won for us our own places for ourselves in the temple of British fame. (Applause.) Honeur, then, in full measure, heaped and overflowing, to the heaven-born peasant who has borne the harp of his country so high in that temple, that, if it be placed a little below the lyre of Shakspeare, it is still so near it that, if you "make the chords of the one vibrate, those of the other will thrill in harmony"—(loud applause)—and who, having achieved that position for the lyrical genius of his country, could say with the modest nobility of a truly manly nature, "I have been bred to the plough, and I am independent." (Loud applause.) Let no regrets mingle with your festive offerings to his memory; neither let the libation you pour to his memory be dashed by any bitter thought of supposed neglect or ingratitude in his country. Gentlemen, that is not so. Much as Burns has done for Scotland, Scotland, before Burns was born, had done more for him. He was born the child of a proud, of a renowned, and glorious country. For him, as for all the genius of future time, Wallace had made the banks of Irvine holy ground—for him Bruce shook his Carrick spear—(applause)—for him, as for every child of genius that the soil of Scotland should produce to the end of time, the genius of Scottish music had made the hills and valleys of his country vocal with melodies soliciting to song—for him courageous-hearted ancestors, brave and pious men, had fought and bled—had watched and prayed on mountain and on moor—had offered up the sacrifice of their blood for Scotland's religious freedom; that the cottar on his Saturday at e'en might be free to open his big ha' Bible by his own hearthstone, and that amid scenes of patriarchal simplicity, piety, and virtue, of manly self-reliance and bold self-assertion, the young germ of genius might unfold itself in safety. With full hearts, then, and with consciences discharged of all feeling of breach of duty towards the man whose memory we are met to celebrate, let us drain this bumper toast to the memory of Robert Burns. (Loud and enthusiastic applause.)

The toast was duly honoured.

The Lord Mayor proposed "The Relatives of Burns," coupling with the toast the name of Mr Gilbert Burns, the nephew of the poet.

About 120 gentlemen also celebrated the day by dining together at Jude's Royal Hotel, Grafton Street, the chair being filled by Walter Irvine, Esq. of Hawick, Roxburghshire.

BELFAST.

THE centenary of the birthday of Robert Burns was celebrated in the Music Hall, Belfast, by a festival, attended by a number of the principal inhabitants—the ex-Mayor, S. G. Getty, Esq., in the chair.

The CHAIRMAN proposed the toast of the evening, to which Professor CRAIK spoke. In the course of his address, the learned Professor said:—There is no death for a great popular poet. His death is rather a crowning or consecration of him, and the commencement for him of a brighter life than ever in the minds and the hearts of men. It is true that Burns belongs to Scotland, and not to Ireland; but, besides that, many of us now present are also Scotsmen by birth, and can only claim the honour of being Irish by adoption, or by sufferance; it might almost be made matter of question whether this Ulster of ours be not really more a part of Scotland than a part of Ireland. My Scotch fellow-countrymen, indeed, have, all along, been in the habit of acting in reference to Ireland almost as if they held the whole island to be, in some sort, their own. Have they not, in the first place, appropriated the very name of the country? (Hear, hear.) For Ireland was the original Scotlaud, or Scotia (unless, indeed, we prefer the opposite theory of a certain school of Scotch antiquaries of the last age, and choose to contend that Scotland was the original Hibernia). Then, we have come over and set up another Scotland here—a Little Scotland, as it may be called. We have made this province of Ulster—this Black North—half Scotch, or more than half Scotch, in almost everything—(laughter)—in blood, in language, in religion; even in mind and character. We have covered it all over with Scotch proprietorship and Scotch family names, with Scotch Presbyterianism and Scotch agriculture, and kindled everywhere throughout it, in country and in town, the somewhat rugged it may be, but resolute and indomitable, spirit of Scotch enterprise, Scotch energy, and Scotch industry. (Cheers.) We are met now, Scotsmen and Irishmen together, with united hearts and united voices, to do such honour as we may to the great peasant poet, on this night, which completes the cycle of a hundred years from his birth in that humble clay-built cottage on the banks of the Doon, the work of his admirable father's own hands, still to be seen standing by the wayside, not far from the ruins of his own "Kirk Alloway"—a hundred years from the date of his birth, and nearly sixty-three even from that of his death. (Applause.) It was a fame—that of this great poet of the people—which struck firm root at once. His poetry took the heart of his country by storm. Even within some eight or ten years after his death, his name was, I believe, already familiar to every man, woman, and child, in every dwelling, alike of

rich or poor, throughout the lowlands of Scotland. And not his name only, but more or less of what he had written also. I doubt if the history of the world's literature affords such another instance of the summit of true popularity gained at a bound; a popularity I mean—rapid, almost instantaneous, as may have been its growth—evidently destined never to pass away, never to fade. And every poor man—every son of labour all the world over—has something of honour reflected upon his humble lot from the splendour that has gathered around the name of this humbly-born lord of song. (The learned Professor concluded his address amidst prolonged applause.)

In conclusion, after having given the reader the foregoing account of the enthusiastic demonstrations on the memorable 25th January 1859, it would be superfluous to add one word to the well-merited eulogiums expressed by so many of our most eminent living men upon the life and character of the immortal Bard of Scotland. In the glowing words of another illustrious Scottish poet, Thomas Campbell, we would only add—

"Farewell, high chief of Scottish song!
Thou couldst alternately impart
Wisdom and rapture in thy page,
And brand each vice with satire strong;
Whose lines are mottoes of the heart,
Whose truths electrify the sage.

"Farewell! and ne'er may envy dare
To wring one baleful poison drop
From the crush'd laurels of thy bust:
But while the lark sings sweet in air,
Still may the grateful pilgrim stop,
To bless the spot that holds thy dust!"

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