

ANNUAL  
**Burns Chronicle**  
AND  
**Club Directory.**

(INSTITUTED 4TH SEPTEMBER, 1891.)

Edited by **D. M'NAUGHT, Kilmaurs.**



**CENTENARY**

No. VI.  
January, 1897.

**ISSUE.**

Price :  
One Shilling & Sixpence

PUBLISHED BY THE BURNS FEDERATION, KILMARNOCK.  
PRINTED BY JOHN HORN, 34 HOWARD STREET, GLASGOW.

# CONTENTS.

---

	PAGE
Preface, - - - - -	4
The Three Centenaries of Burns, - - - - -	8
The Centenary of Life—not Death, - - - - -	10
Opening of the Burns Exhibition, - - - - -	13
The Poet Laureate on Burns, - - - - -	21
Visit of Burns's Descendants to Kilmarnock, - - - - -	34
Robert Burns—1796-1896, - - - - -	36
Centenary Demonstrations—	
Dumfries, - - - - -	37
Glasgow, - - - - -	51
Dundee, - - - - -	64
Do. Burns Society, - - - - -	71
Ayr, - - - - -	82
Burns Memorial and Cottage Homes at Mauchline, - - - - -	86
Statue to Highland Mary at Dunoon, - - - - -	109
Unveiling of the Paisley Statue - - - - -	115
Centenary Demonstrations at Sydney, N.S.W., - - - - -	124
Do. do. Dunedin, N.Z., - - - - -	127
The Burns Exhibition, - - - - -	131
Reviews, - - - - -	140
Alphabetical List of Federated Clubs, - - - - -	143
Burns Federation, - - - - -	144
Club Directory, - - - - -	148

## P R E F A C E.

---

IN preparing the present issue of the *Chronicle*, the Editor was chiefly influenced by the consideration that the serial would be unfaithful to its mission if such an important event as the Centenary of the Poet's Death were allowed to pass without some attempt being made to preserve the main feature of the commemoration ceremonies, and the principal speeches the occasion called forth. The material collected for this purpose proved so bulky that the difficulty was to compress it within the limits of the *Chronicle*, and still preserve a due sense of proportion. The Editor hopes that what he has been able to accomplish may form, in some measure, the complement of "The Chronicle of the Hundredth Birthday" issued in the Centenary year of the Poet's Birth.

To his contributors he tenders his best thanks, and sincere regret that so much of the valuable material kindly placed at his disposal is necessarily held over till next year.

D. M'NAUGHT.

BENRIG,  
KILMAURS, 1st January, 1897.

AIRDRIE. — A centenary celebration dinner was given in the County Buildings, Airdrie, on the evening of the 21st, under the auspices of the Airdrie Burns Club. Mr. William Thomson, B.L., president, occupied the chair, and was supported by Sheriff Mair, Provost Arthur, and members of the Town Council. The gathering was a large and highly representative one. Mr. Thomson delivered an appreciative address on Burns, and, in name of the local Burns Club, presented to the Airdrie Free Public Library a copy of the Nasmyth portrait of the Poet, which is hung in the National Gallery, Edinburgh. The copy was by Ramsay Russell, Edinburgh.

---

## BURNS MEMORIAL AND COTTAGE HOMES AT MAUCHLINE.

---

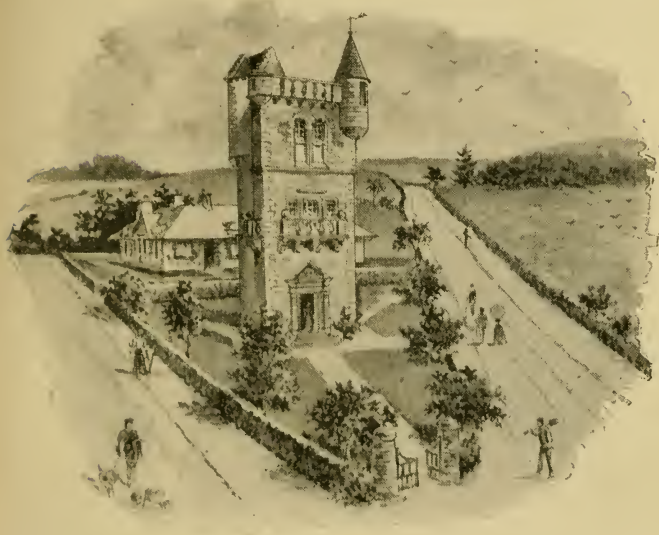
### LAYING OF FOUNDATION-STONE.

---

THE ceremony of laying the foundation-stone of the Burns Memorial was made the occasion of a great demonstration at Mauchline, on Thursday, 23rd July, which was observed as a "high day and holiday," and the town was gaily decorated. Visitors were first struck with the display at the railway station. Woodside, the residence of Mr. Marcus Bain, and the Ballochmyle Quarries, were tastefully set off with hunting. In Loudoun Street there was an immense amount of fluttering colour. The entrance to Mauchline Castle, where Gavin Hamilton lived, was very tastefully decorated with dark holly and crimson cloth. From the Parish Church to the Co-operative Store there was a long line of streamers. At the entrance to the Cowgate, where Jean Armour lived, a neat floral arch spanned the street, and in Earl Grey Street, New Road, and other places the form of decoration was somewhat similar. The houses where Mary

Morison and Jean Armour lived had their doors prettily decked with flowers. Altogether, the display was highly creditable to the enthusiasm and artistic taste of the townspeople.

The mustering ground of the procession was the football field, and here Sergeant Giles, of the Ayrshire Yeomanry,



rendered excellent service as marshal. The procession was formed in the following order :—

Marshal.

Newmilns Brass Band.

Mounted Ploughmen, preceded by Plough of Burns Period, with  
Ploughman in Dress of Period.

Architect and Contractors.

Lady Alexander and Party.

President and Distinguished Guests.

Patrons.

Committee.

Members of Glasgow Mauchline Society.

Subscribers.

Burns Clubs.

2nd V.B.R.S.F., preceded by Band.

Provincial Grand Master.

Masonic Lodges in following order,

Lodges represented outwith the Province of Ayrshire :—

Metropolitan District, Lanarkshire Middle Ward, Renfrewshire West), Stirlingshire, Renfrewshire (East), Canterbury (New Zealand), Dumbartonshire, Oxfordshire.

#### AYRSHIRE LODGES:—

Mother Kilwinning, No. 0; St. John, Maybole, No. 11; Kilwinning Greenock, No. 12; St. John Kilwinning, Kilwinning, Kilmarnock, No. 22; Loudoun Kilwinning, Newmilns, No. 51; St. James, Newton, Ayr, No. 125; St. David, Mauchline, No. 133; St. James, Tarbolton, No. 135; St. Andrew, Irvine, No. 149; Thistle and Rose, Stevenston, No. 169; St. John Kilwinning, Largs, No. 163; Royal Arch, Maybole, No. 198; St. Thomas, Muirkirk, No. 281; St. Paul, Ayr, No. 204; St. Barnabas, Old Cumnock, No. 230; St. Andrew, Glenbuck, No. 245; Blair, Dalry, No. 200; St. Peter, Galston, No. 331; St. John, New Cumnock, No. 334; St. John, Catrine, No. 497; St. Matthew Kilwinning, Dreghorn, No. 594; Bonnie Doon, Patna, No. 565; Ferguson St. James, Dailly, No. 566.

Masonic Office-Bearers, with Emblems.

British Order of Ancient Free Gardeners in the following order:—Worthy Master, West of Scotland District; Kilmarnock District; Rose of Ballochmyle, Mauchline; Ayr Daisy; Olive Branch, Beith; British Fern, Kilmarnock; Vine, Galston; Glaisnock Lily, Old Cumnock; Catrine Thistle; Rose of Wellwood, Muirkirk; Dailly Olive; Maybole Olive; Lowly Hyssop, Crosshill; Craigston Lily, Lugar.

Carriage with Weavers and Flag.

Good Templars.

Boys' Brigade.

Smiths.

Coachbuilders.

Boxmakers.

Quarrymen, etc.

It was more than a mile in length, and took nearly half-an-hour to pass a given point. With due appropriateness the ploughmen occupied the place of honour. They were headed by a lorry on which was a ploughman dressed in the costume of the Burns period, and guiding an old-fashioned plough. The bottom of the lorry was laid with daisy-bespangled turf, part of which was turned over in furrow. The employees of

Messrs. W. & A. Smith, fancy box manufacturers, were well represented. They were headed by the clever boy pipers from Dumfries Industrial School, who contributed some stirring music. The female workers were all prettily attired, and each wore a beautiful tartan sash gifted by the firm. The workers of Ballochmyle Quarries were preceded by a stout yeoman on horseback and the Glenbuck brass band. The Boys' Brigade, under the Rev. Joseph Mitchell, B.D., attracted a good deal of attention, their smart appearance and military bearing being favourably commented upon. The Volunteers, with their scarlet uniforms, and fixed bayonets, added picturesqueness to the turnout. The members of the various societies and lodges wore their regalias, and some carried attractive banners, all of which helped to heighten the general effect. It is worthy of note that, in one of the carriages, there were four of the oldest inhabitants—Joseph Davidson (72), John Killin (78), John Train (88), and "Sandy" Marshall (82), the local Burns enthusiast. The route taken by the procession was *via* Loudoun Street, High Street, Cowgate, Earl Grey Street, New Road, and Kilmarnock Road, to the site of the Memorial, by way of Mossgiel. It was intended that the procession would halt at Mossgiel, and that an address would be delivered there, but owing to the death of Mrs. Wyllie, mother of the present tenant, this was departed from, and the processionists marched past the house with becoming decorum. The weather up till this time had been dull and threatening, and unfortunately a heavy drizzling rain began to fall just when the proceedings at the site of the Memorial were commencing. It was estimated that there would be nearly ten thousand people present.

The platform party ascended to their places to the strains of "The Merry Masons," played by the Newmilns Band. Miss Annie B. Burns and Miss Constance Burns Hutchinson, the daughter and grand-daughter of Colonel James Glencairn Burns, were given positions of honour. Mrs. Burns Thomas, the Poet's great-grand-daughter, and the only surviving representative of his eldest son, Robert, was expected to be present, but was unfortunately prevented by indisposition. Lady Alexander, in a few graceful and appropriate sentences, asked Mr. H. R. Wallace, of Busbie and Cloncaird, Provincial Grand Master of Ayrshire, to lay the memorial-stone.

The ceremony of laying the stone having been concluded,  
Mr. WALLACE, who was received with loud applause, said—

I have great pleasure in informing you that we have laid, according to the rites and usages of Ancient Freemasonry, the foundation-stone of this national memorial to our beloved Bard. It is a high privilege and pleasant



*Hugh R. Wallace, Esq., of Cloncaird and Busby.*

duty to the Freemasons to lay, from time to time, the foundation-stones of stately edifices erected to the honour and glory of the great Architect of the Universe, for the improvement of the condition of mankind, and in honour of the departed great. It is a privilege which we highly prize, and which we have enjoyed from time immemorial, and it is not because of the mere pageantry and display which we see on these occasions that Freemasons throng together. A good and earnest Mason sees in every project for the advancement and amelioration of the condition of his fellow-man a practical exposition of those principles which are inculcated in every Masonic Lodge, and which are the foundation of our brotherhood. (Applause.) There is a deep act of symbolism in laying a foundation-stone. The mortar which we have laid to the bed of this stone to cement it and keep it in its place is symbolical of the virtues of charity and brotherly love, which, we



trust, may so spread throughout our native land and throughout the nations of the world that men may be joined together in the bonds of peace, and that the time for which the Poet yearned so much may come—

“ When man to man the world o’er  
Shall brithers be and a’ that.”

(Applause.) The application of the various implements in architecture remind us to apply the principles which they represent to our daily lives, in order that we may

“ Keep the unerring line  
Still rising by the plummet’s law.”

And the corn, wine, and oil represent the abundant products of the earth—the gifts and blessings vouchsafed to us by the “glorious Architect Divine,” at whose feet in gratitude we lay them, with the prayer that these blessings may be ever continued in our land, and to the poor, for whose benefit this building is to be erected. (Applause.) Within the mystic bond of Freemasonry, we are happy in knowing none of those differences—social, political, or religious—which are inseparable from the life of a great people. We are consequently glad at all times to assist at the inauguration of any good and worthy undertaking. But on the present occasion we have peculiar reasons for being in sympathy with what is transpiring to-day. During the last fifty years the Freemasons of Ayrshire have taken part on many occasions at the inauguration of memorials to the honour of our immortal Bard. All have been worthy; many have exhibited—as was the case at Irvine last Saturday—the highest excellence of the sculptor’s art; many have shown the high skill of the architect; but this memorial differs from all its predecessors, inasmuch as it is designed not only as a worthy and lasting memorial of Robert Burns, but to do that which he himself would have valued far more—to give effect to the principles he so strongly advocated—charity and kindness between man and man. (Applause.) In the words of the circular of the Glasgow Mauchline Society, “it is proposed to erect not a mere monument of stone and lime but a memorial which will aid in a practical and permanent way those whose lot touched so keenly the sympathies of the Poet.” (Applause.) For that reason this memorial has the cordial sympathy and approval not only of you all, but of the Freemasons of Ayrshire; and for that reason it will stand out, I venture to say, in this centenary year as an example to be copied in the future, let us hope, by the ever-increasing thousands who love the memory, the writings, and the humanity of Robin. (Loud applause.) As Scotsmen and Ayrshiremen we are a’ proud o’ Robin. As Freemasons we are doing honour to-day to the memory of an illustrious brother who has crystallised in immortal verse some of the noblest and finest tenets of Freemasonry, and we are in sympathy because we are assisting at the inauguration of an institution designed to carry out the great Masonic principle of charity. And what site more happy could have been chosen for the National Burns Memorial! It was within hail of this platform that Robert Burns spent some of the most interesting years of his life—years which, I believe, made more impression on his poetry

than any other period of his life. Essentially the poet of Nature, Burns here living in the centre of the most characteristic pastoral district in Ayrshire—perhaps the most pastoral district in the whole of Scotland—was surrounded by scenes and incidents sacred to the Muse of Pastoral Poetry. It was here that the poetic genius of his country found him at the plough, and threw her inspiring mantle over him, and bade him write the loves, the joys, the rural scenes and rural pleasures of his native soil in his native tongue. It was here that, in obedience to that call, he wrote some of the most beautiful and most famous of his poems. It was at the farm yonder that he wrote that immortal poem, “The Cottar’s Saturday Night.” (Applause.) It was while attending to his daily toil that the incidents took place which gave us the Odes to the Mouse and to the Mountain Daisy. There is no district in Ayrshire, or in the whole of Scotland, of which it could be more truly said in the words of Longfellow—

“For now he haunts his native land,  
As an immortal youth, his hand  
Guides every plough.  
He sits by every ingle nook,  
His voice is in each running brook,  
Each rustling bough.”

It is also to us, as Freemasons, a matter of great interest that it was while he was living in this neighbourhood Burns first saw the light of Freemasonry. There were at that time two lodges in Tarbolton—St. James’s and St. David’s—both of which, I am glad to say, are largely and strongly represented here to-day. The amalgamation of these lodges took place shortly before the initiation of the Poet, and it was in the amalgamated lodges of St. James’s and St. David’s, and under the charter of the latter, that he received the light of Freemasonry on 4th July, 1781. The Order of Freemasonry at once fascinated the Bard. To us, who read him in the light of Freemasonry, it is natural that this should be so. One of the strongest features of his character was that he was devoted to everything in the grand design of the Great Architect. The humblest item in the creative plan was dear to Robert Burns. The Mouse disturbed by his ploughshare, the “wee crimson-tipped flower,” the companions of his daily toil—his dog and his old grey mare, all aroused in him that feeling and love for everything in Nature, which made him yearn for and advocate the brotherhood of man. (Applause.) With a feeling such as this, it is not surprising to us Freemasons that Burns should have turned with sympathy to an institution whose tenets and principles were so much in accordance with his thoughts and his ideas. If there was any doubt that Burns was a keen and enthusiastic Freemason, we have only to turn to the minute books of the lodges connected with this place, in which Burns received the light. In 1784, after his removal to Mossgiel, Burns was elected Depute-Master, and it was in that capacity, he tells us, that he

“Oft honoured with supreme command  
Presided o’er the sons of light.”

(Applause.) We find him in the following year attending the meetings of

his lodge regularly, and officiating as Master, initiating candidates ; and it is recorded that in 1785 he visited Lodge St. James no less than nine times in six months. In addition to that he held private meetings of the lodge in the farm of Mossiel in order to instruct the brethren in Freemasonry. Within a week of his arrival in Edinburgh we find him attending the Masons' Lodge, Canongate, Kilwinning. It was through his connection with Freemasonry, and particularly with the lodge I have just named, that Burns made the acquaintance of many of those who in after years befriended him, and who are, and ever will be, associated with his writings and with his life. It was there that he met James, Earl of Glencairn, for whom he always had such a devoted regard. It was there that he met, in the capacity of Master, "Craigdarroch, so famous for worth, wit, and law." It was there that he met John Ballantyne, also a brother Mason ; Professor Dugald Stewart, and many others whose names will ever be associated with his works. It has been said, I know, that Freemasonry was not to his advantage. There is absolutely not one tittle of foundation for any such suggestion. Freemasonry is an institution designed to do good between one man and another, and I care not how religious or how good a man may be, if he becomes a Mason and acts up to the tenets, it is calculated to make him a better man. (Applause.) But Robert Burns himself effectually disposes of any such suggestion. You remember the solemn incident of his parting with Highland Mary. On that occasion Robin exchanged Bibles with her. In his own Bible of two volumes he inscribed his name and several texts from Scripture bearing upon the solemn undertaking, the solemn vows which they were making one to the other ; and as if to make that promise additionally binding, as if to give an additional pledge of his fidelity, he inscribed these inscriptions with his Mason's mark. (Applause.) On another occasion, at the time he thought he was to depart from his native land for ever, he wrote—and he was incapable of writing that which he thought was untrue—

"Adieu, a heart-warm, fond adieu,  
Dear brothers of the mystic tie,  
Ye favoured, enlighten'd few  
Companions of my social joy ;  
Though I to foreign lands must hie,  
Pursuing fortune's slidd'ry ba',  
With melting heart and brimful eye,  
I'll mind ye still, though far awa'."

We Freemasons are proud that Burns was a Mason. But as far as the high estimation in which he is held in our hearts is concerned it would not have mattered ; for though he had never been honoured with "supreme command," though he had never presided o'er the sons of light or been a Freemason, we should have held him dear as the friend of truth, as the enemy of hypocrisy and cant, as the Scotsman who above all others in his time had sent from east to west, and from north to south, a message of sympathy between man and man ; as the National Bard of Caledonia, and as a man who, as long as our language exists, will be spoken of with respect, and love, and admiration, as the Poet of Humanity. (Loud applause.) I

desire on behalf of my brethren of the Provincial Grand Lodge of Ayrshire to thank you for giving us the opportunity of paying our devoted homage here to the memory of Robert Burns. We wish you all success in this noble undertaking. We trust that it may be far more successful than you at present anticipate. We hope that when completed the blessing of the Great Architect may remain upon it, and that

“Within this dear mansion may wayward contention,  
Or witherèd envy ne’er enter;  
May *harmony* round be the mystical bound,  
And brotherly love be the centre.” (Loud Applause.)

Mr. J. LEIPER GEMMILL said—

At the great demonstration at Dumfries on Tuesday there was a little garland laid beside the Poet’s tomb, which, I think, will come closer to his heart than any of the others that was placed there. It was a wreath of holly boughs gathered from Mossgiel, intermingled with daisies from the field where he ploughed up the “wee crimson-tipped flower.” (Applause.) It was arranged by the hands of his descendant, Miss Annie B. Burns, in my house in Glasgow, the evening before. (Applause.) I can hardly trust myself in saying how much I feel the honour of representing the Glasgow Mauchline Society on such an occasion as this. In our great cities there are infirmaries, convalescent homes, and other institutions of a similar kind—a great movement of charity at work—but in the country there are very few of them; and it is to do something for the class among whom Burns’s lot was cast that we are here to-day. In the name of the Glasgow Mauchline Society I ask you to give a hearty vote of thanks to all who have helped in this work. (Loud applause.)

Bro. WALLACE acknowledged the vote of thanks.

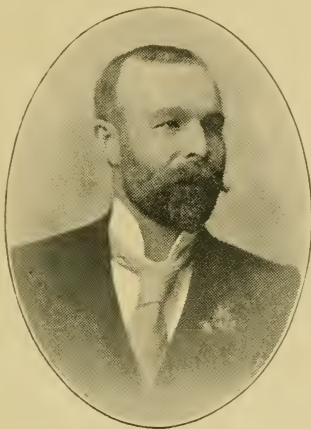
This closed the proceedings at the site of the Memorial Homes. The processionists then returned to the town.

---

### THE BANQUET.

At three o’clock a grand banquet took place in a large marquee within the grounds of Netherplace. Mr. J. Leiper Gemmill presided, and the croupiers’ chairs were filled by Sir Wm. Arroll, M.P.; Sir John Muir, Bart., of Deanston; and Sheriff Brand. About 200 ladies and gentlemen were present, among them being Lady Alexander of Ballochmyle, Miss Annie B. Burns, Miss Margaret Constance Burns Hutchinson, Mr. H. R. Wallace and Mrs. Wallace, Cloncaird; General George Warren Walker, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Dunlop of Doonside, Mr. and Mrs. J. Baird Thorneycroft, Netherplace; Mr. Eugene Wason of Blair, Mrs. and Master Gemmill, Rev. Wilson Baird, Mr. Marcus Bain, Woodside; Mr. and Mrs. Wm. M’Millan, Commercial Bank; Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Killin,

Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Alexander, Mr. W. S. M'Millan, Dr. James F. Gemmill, Mr. and Mrs. Cuthbert Gemmill, Mr. A. J. Kilpatrick, Mr. W. Craibe Angus, Glasgow; Mr. J. Lawrie Coulson, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Neilson, Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton Marr, Bailie and Mrs. John Marr, Mr. J. Orr-Sinclair, Captain Gilmour, Mr. Matthew Arthur, Mr. Mure of Caldwell, Mr. Robert Walker, Art Institute, Glasgow; Dr. Sloan, Mr. Walter M'Ilvean, Mr. James Killin, Mr. A. G. Alexander, Mr. John Wallace, Mr. and Mrs. S. Young, Mrs. Strathearn, Miss Jessie Hislop, Mr. Alexander



*Mr. J. Leiper Gemmill.*

Loudon, Mr. J. B. Loudon, Mayor of Coventry; Mr. Robert Muir, of Craignaught; Provost Mackay, Captain David Sneddon, Mr. D. M'Naught, Bailie Paterson, ex-Bailie Muir, ex-Bailie John Baird, ex-Bailie James Arbuckle, Mr. John Kerr, Mr. Thomas Lyon, Mr. George Dunlop, Mr. J. Wilson Wallace, Mr. R. D. Tannahill, Mr. David Aird, Mr. Richard Armstrong, Kilmarnock; Rev. J. S. Nisbet, Mr. and Mrs. T. S. Brown, ex-Provost Longmuir, Irvine; Misses Douglas, Mr. Robert Morton, Mr. John Mair, etc., etc. Apologies for absence were intimated from Major-General Sir Claud Alexander of Ballochmyle, Sir Archibald Alison,

Lord Balfour of Burleigh, Sir Donald Mathieson, Sir Wm. Dunn, the Lord Provost of Edinburgh, Sir Wm. Geddes, Sir James Fergusson, Mr. W. K. Hamilton Campbell, Mr. James Somervell of Sorn, Mr. Charles Howatson, Glenbuck; Mr. C. G. Shaw, Bailie Ramsay, and others. The tables were beautifully decorated with flowers.

The CHAIRMAN proposed "The Queen."

Provost MACKAY proposed "The Navy, Army, and Reserve Forces."

General WARREN WALKER, in an interesting reply, said it might be necessary for him, an Englishman, to apologise for his presence. (Laughter.) If so, they would permit him to say that he had a Scottish mother, that he spent his early days in Edinburgh and Musselburgh, and that he married a Scottish wife, who declared he was "daft about Burns." (Laughter.) He thought after what he had seen and heard at Dumfries, Glasgow, and elsewhere he would be dafter still. (Renewed laughter.) He had been acquainted with both the Poet's soldier-sons, Colonel William Nicol Burns and Colonel James Glencairn Burns, the latter of whom married his (the speaker's) cousin, Sarah Robinson, a Yorkshire lady, out of his father's house, in 1818. He made the acquaintance of both soldiers in 1843, before he went out to India. They had settled in Cheltenham, and there he had the honour and pleasure of great intimacy with them. When the Colonels were at Gravesend, and he a youngster doing duty with the Royal Engineers establishment at Chatham, they did him the honour of occasionally coming over and dining with him at mess. On one memorable occasion, 18th June, 1843, they had a very pleasant evening, in the course of which Colonel James Burns, who had a very sweet voice, and had all his father's verses at his fingers' end, gave two or three delightful songs, which were heartily enjoyed. He (the speaker) wanted something more, and said, "Could you not favour us with 'Scots Wha Hae?'" He said, "I'm not up to that song on every occasion. I require to be wound up to a certain pitch before I dare attempt it." "Well, you're forgetting that this is Waterloo day; is that not enough for you?" Up Colonel Burns thereupon jumped, and sang it in glorious style. (Applause.) Alluding to the Reserve Forces, General Warren Wallace made sympathetic reference to the death of Lady Wemyss, whose husband was one of the earliest supporters of the Volunteer movement.

The CHAIRMAN then said—While feeling very highly honoured in occupying the position in which I now stand, I cannot refrain from expressing my regret at the fact that our honorary president is not filling the chair to-day. In addition to being a warm admirer of our great Poet, he is the possessor of the Braes of Ballochmyle, and, above all, of the classic ground of Mossiel. But it is one consolation to us that Lady Alexander, as his representative, has come to grace our meeting. It is my privilege also to read to you to-day a letter from Mrs. Hutchinson, now an aged lady, but familiar to all of you as being the young girl in the portrait



of Bonie Jean and her grand-daughter. She has always felt a very great interest in our movement, and she writes :—

Woodlands, July 18th, 1896.

Dear Mr. Gemmill,

I regret very much that my health does not allow of my being present at the Burns Centenary celebration at Mauchline, but I shall be with you in spirit. I have from the first taken a deep interest in the proposed Cottage Homes, which I consider a most fitting memorial to one who has been well named the "Poet of Humanity." I heartily wish success and prosperity to the Burns Memorial Cottage Homes.—I am, dear Mr. Gemmill, yours sincerely,

SARAH BURNS HUTCHINSON.

(Loud applause).

I do not wish to anticipate in any way the literary treat that we will have in the next toast by Sheriff Brand, and accordingly I shall speak very hurriedly of the history of the movement that has brought us all together. It is one of the characteristics of our Scottish race that we are clannish, and in every great city those coming from some little village—be it ever so small—wish to have some common rallying ground. It was that feeling that caused a number of us connected with Mauchline, some eight or nine years ago, to meet together at a conversazione. We had a delightful meeting, and at the close our good friend, Mr. Hamilton Marr, proposed that there should be an association formed to go on in perpetuity. Then there came the time when the centenary celebrations began to simmer, and at our meeting Bailie Marr, in his address, said, "Why cannot we Mauchline boys do something to place in Mauchline a memorial of the Poet?" At the first meeting of the committee the matter was gone into and most anxiously discussed, and the result was that we thought, before we could do anything, we must consult our honorary president, Sir Claud Alexander. We put our views before him, and he—as he has always done in every public movement—at once heartily agreed. And not only so, but he headed the list of subscriptions with a very handsome sum. (Applause.) Speaking of this movement, I cannot help saying how much has been done—in addition to the work of Mr. Killin—by my friend the secretary, Mr. W. S. M'Millan. (Applause.) We have, I am glad to say, got the length of close upon £3000—(applause)—a sum that at the beginning we hardly hoped to reach. But as time has gone on and the scheme progressed we feel that a larger sum than that will be required. We have taken contracts, by which something like £2500 will be spent upon the building and the fitting of them up. But we wish, in addition to building the tower and the cottages, to form a fund to endow these. I feel convinced that the generosity which has helped to build up these homes will also ensure their maintenance, and that in future years the memory of Burns will be no less strong, in stimulating to acts of charity and kindness, than it has proved in this the centenary of his death. (Loud applause.)

Sheriff BRAND, on rising to give the toast of the day, "The Memory of Burns," was received with loud and prolonged applause. He said—

The memory and the works of those great men who have passed from earth is one of the most valued heritages we possess. In the number and achievements of such men Scotland is rich. She can recall from very early times the names of poets, philosophers, warriors, statesmen, and men



*Sheriff Brand.*

of science, who have attained results that were destined to endure. Among poets, Burns takes a place in our hearts peculiarly his own. (Applause.) Round his life has gathered a literature profuse and divergent, and while opinions have sometimes varied, and criticism has at times ventured to be hostile, his rare lyric and epic genius, freed from the entanglements of this world, has ever fascinated our upward gaze, and has swayed the minds of the generations of men who have succeeded him with



a force which derives increase from the flight of the years. So, therefore, we meet to-day, as the 19th century almost closes on its hinges, to pause and reflect together on the historical fact that one hundred years have elapsed since Burns left this planet for the regions of the Immortals. He lived and struggled here for thirty-seven years, and died too soon for himself and for Scotland. He lives now, though one hundred years have flown since then, securely enshrined in our midst, his words on our lips and his influence on our lives. (Loud applause.) Instead of the 19th century having poured over his memory the waters of oblivion, it has ministered to the brightness of his fame. On 25th January, 1859, we celebrated right joyously the centenary of his birth. In 1896 we commemorate with all our ardour the centenary of his death, and have we not filled up every year between with a birth-day festival in his honour? It has been truly said by an able and appreciative writer that Burns when he died on 21st July, 1796, passed from the judgment of Dumfries and appealed to time. We are assembled here to-day in response to that appeal, for it is one we delight to honour, even if we thereby do no more than acknowledge the mighty debt we owe. Nor do we care to dwell, were it only for a moment, on the prosaic or painful facts of his life. These we are prone to lay aside and forget, at least for the present, for here on this centenary occasion Burns stands forth to our view, and will stand forth for centuries to come, as the greatest Master of the Lyre Scotland has ever produced; as one who, through the deep tragedy of his life shone with lonely brilliance as a marvellous example of manhood, as a powerful exponent of the brotherhood of humanity, and as the relentless foe of oppression and wrong, of hypocrisy and imposture. (Loud applause.) In his case sympathy was not the theory of a moral sentiment, but the inexhaustible and profound expression of interest in, and kinship with, his fellow-men in all time. Nor did that intensity of the altruistic feeling cease even there. For

“Auld Hornie, Satan, Nick, or Cloutie”

he has a good word to say and a kindly advice to offer. With the lower scale of animal nature he is on the most friendly terms. The Hare and the Mouse, the Dog and the Pet Ewe, the Auld Mare, the Fox and the Louse, could each count on receiving from him a considerate regard. This regard took sometimes even a peculiar form, as in lamenting the death of a sportsman whom he esteemed, he could not help imagining that—

“On his mould’ring breast,  
Some spitefu’ moorfowl bigs her nest.”

To his love likewise for inanimate nature we are indebted for his Ode to a Mountain Daisy. In him also do we find, in an unusual degree, that duality and those antagonisms of mind and character which have sometimes engaged the attention of philosophical thinkers. Combined with an extraordinary knowledge of the good, the beautiful, and the true, do we not find an equal knowledge and appreciation of the forces and effects of evil? “The Cottar’s Saturday Night” is an immortal illustration of the one; the fragment on “Remorse” found in the Poet’s Common-place Book under date September, 1783, when only 24 years of age, a startling

example of the other. When we remember that productions so opposite in conception and expression as the "Cottar's Saturday Night" and "The Holy Fair" emanated from the same far-reaching mind; that the man who wrote the little gem, "To a Mouse," had only to turn the leaf and write "Scots Wha Hae," we begin to feel into what an august presence of poetic power this celebration has brought us. (Applause.) As humorist and satirist, Burns, among writers north of the Tweed, stands unrivalled. Nay, I will go further. You may master, if you choose, the satires of Horace and of Juvenal; you may dwell upon the quaint verses of Hudibras, or dip into the pages of Cervantes; or muse over the acrid sentiments of Dean Swift, or study almost with bewilderment the terrific diatribes of Victor Hugo; but, after these excursions into satiric literature, you will always come back to Burns, for in his writings you find the work of a master hand, of one who, poising a lance-shaft with unerring aim, transfixes the objects of his attacks, and holds them up in imperishable words to the scorn of Scotland and of the world. (Loud applause.) To indulge in quotations to you of passages from Burns would, I feel, be like trying to quote "Hamlet" to Sir Henry Irving, or "Much Ado About Nothing" to Ellen Terry, and yet, as an illustration of his matchless genius for depicting uncanny scenes, I am tempted to recall one picture from "Tam o' Shanter," the most perfect of hobgoblin epics—

"Coffins stood round like open presses,  
That show'd the dead in their last dresses;  
And by some devilish cantrip slight—  
Each in his cauld hand held a light—  
By which heroic Tam was able  
To note upon the haly table.  
A murderer's bane in gibbet airns;  
Twa span-lang, wee, unchristen'd bairns;  
A thief, new-cutt'd frae a rape;  
Wi' his last gasp his gab did gape;  
Five tomahawks, wi' blu'e red-rusted;  
Five scymitars wi' murder crusted;  
A garter, which a babe had strangled;  
A knife, a father's throat had mangled,  
Whom his ain son o' life bereft,  
The grey hairs yet stack to the heft;  
Wi' mair o' horrible and awfu',  
Which even to name wad be unlawfu'."

(Applause.) To attempt to paraphrase these words would only be to dilute the intensity of their force. Our minds are distracted by the thought that what is described was seen on the Holy Communion Table of an old witch-haunted church, and in this distraction we are met by the closing lines, surely unique in literature, conjuring up as they do a ghastly vista to the awe-stricken imagination of the reader. It would be difficult fairly to compare this portrayal with any other passage in English or Scots authors, but in horror-producing force there is nothing to beat it—not Clarence's

dream in Shakespeare, not the "Vision of Sin" in Tennyson, not the "Curse of Kehama" in Southey, not the description of the Furies in Dante, not the Prayer to the Nether Gods in the *Medæa* of Euripides. It outstrips all other efforts; much of its very greatness it derives from its simplicity, and we contemplate with unstinted admiration, not unmingled with awe, the genius which could conceive such a vision. (Applause.) What, then, is Burns's place in the literature, not merely of Scotland, but of the whole English-speaking world? The literary unity of the Anglo-Saxon race is beyond question. Shakespeare and Milton belong as much to the United States of America or the Commonwealth of Australia as to this country. The literary heritage of which they form part is a common possession of those who speak our language under whatever sky they live. The literature of the Elizabethan era was the outcome of a period of national expansion. The songs and poems of Burns mark a period of two-fold character. They formed the first awakening of the spirit of true poetry after a protracted slumber; and they composed the requiem of Lowland Scotland as a distinct nationality. That nationality began with Wallace and Bruce, and ended with Burns and Scott. The two first made the history, and the two last told the story and sang the song. But the cardinal difference between Scott and Burns was this, that Knighthood was the theme of Scott, Manhood the theme of Burns. (Loud applause.) In one line he sums up the highest and most universal form of all democracy—

"A man's a man for a' that."

(Applause.) In a single verse he predicts the reign of merit and the advent of human brotherhood—

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

(Applause.) Burns and Scott, Byron and Shelley, Chatterton and Keats, form a poetic constellation, from whose radiance we derive intense light. All except Scott died young. What they would have been or done had the earth held them longer, we need not speculate, for, as Carlyle says, "These would-have-beens are mostly a vanity." But the dramatic and literary glory of the Elizabethan era, the polished elegance, the refined taste, and the delicate subtlety in the poetic efforts of the Victorian age, do not possess the immortal vitality of the poems and songs of Burns. And why? Because they do not nearly in the same degree appeal to the universal heart of humanity. His intellect has the flash of electric light. His feelings he distils off in a language so perfect, so compact, and so inimitable that it penetrates to the innermost existence of all who come under its power; and who does not? What level, then, does Burns occupy among poets, not only over the length and breadth of that mighty Empire swayed

by the sceptre of our Queen, but also in the far prairie lands, pathless wilds, and mighty cities which own allegiance to the stars and stripes? What position does he hold at the lowly hearths of the poor, in the halls of the rich, midst the trenches of the battlefield, and with the mariner who risks his life on the waves of the restless deep? He stands supreme. (Applause.) Colonel Rouget de Lille deserved the fame he attained for composing the "Marseillaise," and many thousands of the chivalry of France have dashed forward to victory or to death under its rousing strains. But how many tens of thousands have sung, and will sing, and shall we not also sing to-night, "Auld Lang Syne!" And why should we, and all who speak our language, sing that, rather than any other song, and dwell upon its words, and appreciate its wealth of meaning? Simply because in every line of every verse is contained that touch of nature which makes the whole world kin. It summons up our early past. It recalls the happy hours and simple pleasures, and beloved companionships of our opening years, followed as these too often are, by long periods of separation across the gulfs of time; and it knits again together these friendships, and renews, on the pledge of

"A cup o' kindness yet,"

some of the earliest, sweetest, and most cherished feelings of the human breast. (Loud applause.) The quick spirit could gauge and measure the situations of human life in a moment, and set them forth in undying song. Such a poet Scotland had never seen before and may never see again. Mighty changes have passed over the world since 1796, and what may transpire in the century to come we need not now stay to conjecture; but 'mid all the mutations and developments of our era it is the glory of the spirit of Burns—and perchance that spirit is present with us here and now—to have seen the fruit of his poetic genius harvested by the rolling of the spheres, and we do the greatest honour to ourselves by honouring his memory. I propose the memory of Burns. (Loud and prolonged applause.)

SIR JOHN MUIR, Bart., proposed "The Honorary President—Sir Claud Alexander, Bart," amid loud applause.

Lady ALEXANDER, who, on rising to reply, received quite an ovation, said—

I know that when you asked me to return thanks for the toast you have just drunk it was with the desire to enhance, if possible, the cordiality with which you received it, and the kindness with which it was proposed by Sir John Muir. I confess that, when I first read your letter, sir, I thought you had been partaking of that, to me, mysterious thing—a willy-waught—(laughter)—and that that had something to do with it, but I have now come to the conclusion that it is a new reading of the Poet's prayer—

"O, wad some Power the giftie gie us  
To see oursels as ithers see us."

(Laughter.) At the same time, perhaps you thought that, having lived for many years near one whose powerful voice and glowing words you will remember, I had caught some of his power. I know that to him it is a solace, in the great deprivation his health entails upon him, in not being

able to come among you, to find that he is still remembered. In his name, and in my own, I thank you heartily for the very kind manner in which you have received this toast. (Applause.)

Mr. J. B. THORNEYCROFT, in an eloquent speech, proposed "The Houses of Parliament."

Sir WM. ARROL suitably replied.

The CHAIRMAN here read a telegram from the Demonstration Committee of Dumfries. It ran as follows:—

"Burns and charity, a noble conjunction. Dumfries wish and hope that your undertaking may flourish and prosper for ever."

Mr. H. ALEXANDER, in the absence of Mr. William Wallace, Glasgow (editor of the current edition of Chambers's "Life and Works of the Poet"), proposed "The Descendants of Burns."

Miss Burns and Miss Hutchinson, who were heartily applauded, gracefully bowed their acknowledgments.

Mr. W. H. DUNLOP, of Doonside, proposed "The Provincial Grand Master and His Craft," to which Mr. Wallace responded.

Mr. A. J. KIRKPATRICK, president of the Glasgow Burns Exhibition, proposed "The Glasgow Mauchline Society."

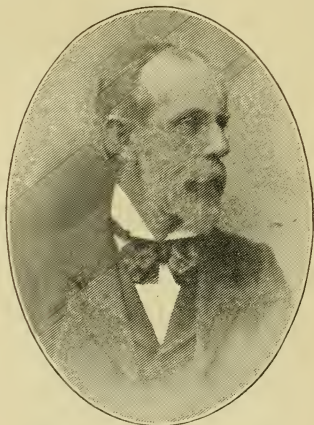


*Mr. W. S. M'Millan.*

Mr. W. S. M'MILLAN, in reply, said—

The chairman has already given you a sketch of the work of the Society, and the documents which have to-day been deposited in the tower

will bear down to posterity a record of the Society's connection with the Mauchline Burns Memorial. In all probability these documents will never again see the light, but should the day ever come to pass when Macaulay's traveller from New Zealand shall "take his stand on a broken arch of London Bridge to sketch the ruins of St. Paul's," then it is quite within the bounds of possibility that, in the remote future, some Antipodean archæologist may, in the course of his explorations, unearth the treasure from the ruined tower. (Applause.) Mr. Kirkpatrick has spoken in very kindly terms of the Society's work in connection with the Memorial, and I can assure you that we value his opinion all the more coming, as it does, from one who, as chairman of the Burns Exhibition in Glasgow, knows the amount of work such a scheme entails. (Applause.) The response to our appeal has exceeded our most sanguine expectations. We have found that the words "Burns" and "Mauchline" are names to conjure with. On behalf of the Society I have to thank you for your kind response to the toast, and I think I speak for all the members when I say that we rejoice that we have been able to assist in a small way in the endeavour to discharge the debt which Mauchline owes to the genius of the Poet. (Loud applause.)



*Mr. Thomas Killin.*

MR. THOMAS KILLIN, in proposing the toast of "Mauchline and Bonie Jean," said—

I rise as a Mauchline man to propose the memory of a Mauchline lady. That she was a lady is perhaps not far off the mark. Her father, James Armour, was a master mason and large contractor in Mauchline, employing many men, and fulfilling such contracts as the erection of Loch Norris, the Marquis of Bute's mansion-house at Cumnock, the Howford Bridge, etc.



He was also possessed of considerable property in Mauchline, and was quite fitted to give his daughter the best education of the day, and from the *fac-similes* of her handwriting, which recently appeared in one of the Glasgow evening papers, such seems to have been the case. At the time of Burns's first acquaintance with her, at the end of April, 1784, she was nineteen years of age, was a bright, sprightly, affectionate girl, rather above the medium height, her person well formed and firmly knit, her movements at all times graceful and easy. Her features were, perhaps, rather plain than aristocratic, but, being a brunette, her freshness of complexion, ruddy cheeks, and healthful appearance combined to make an attractive, smiling face, which was lighted up by a pair of bewitching black eyes. Add to this personal appearance, a manner frank and unaffected, combined with a kindly and winning disposition, and we need not wonder that she was said to be her father's "tae e'e," and was altogether a person who would have captivated Saint Anthony himself, let alone a man of Burns's poetic nature and temperament. Her first meeting with Burns was in Hugh Morton's ballroom (next door to Mauchline Castle) at the penny reels. While dancing, Burns's dog persisted in following him through the figures of the dance, much, no doubt, to his chagrin, and led him to exclaim, in the hearing of all, "I wish I could get a lass to lo'e me as weel as my dog." A few days afterwards he was passing through the Mauchline Bleaching Green, between the Castle and Netherplace, again accompanied by his dog, when it ran across some clothes Jean Armour had out bleaching. She asked him to call off his dog, which he did. Jean smilingly put the question, "Hae ye got ony lassie to lo'e ye as weel as your dought yet?" Such a question was sufficient to set aglow the latent fire of love that always lay in Burns's bosom for the fair sex. It was, perhaps, meet that a ploughman poet who sang so much of the homely ways, the joys and sorrows of the sons and daughters of the soil, should have for his "blackfit" to his future wife his constant companion and faithful friend, his dog. (Applause.) It is said, no doubt with truth, that "the course of true love never runs smooth." Sometimes it is the fault of the parents, sometimes of the lovers themselves. At any rate, Jean and Burns passed through an unusual amount of "unsmoothness" for a time, but in the end he was united to his "Bonnie Jean," and took up house with her in Mauchline. That she loved Burns passionately from the beginning goes without saying. She made an honest and industrious housewife, a devoted mother as well as wife. She worshipped the very ground on which he trod, and would hear no ill of him. While acknowledging that it was "nae joke being a poet's wife," she knew the value of the man, his genius, his large mindedness, his nobility of sentiment. She could sympathise with all his poetic wayward fancies, whether in his rollicking moods when composing "Tam o' Shanter," or his more thoughtful, sublime, and serious, when inspired with "To Mary in Heaven." When composed, he read over most of his pieces to her, and made her his critic. A tendency has risen in the present day to raise to the seventh heaven the objects of some of his poetic fancies at the expense of belittling the wife of his bosom. We entirely object to this. We think a better wife for Burns could not have been chosen.

(Applause.) I do not wish to canonise, but one action alone makes her almost worthy of such. I refer to the time when she took to her own home the "wee helpless lammie," placed her beside her own child, and brought her up as her own daughter. The daughter of that adopted daughter told me not many days ago that Mrs. Burns was the best woman that ever lived, and since then Mrs. Sarah Burns Hutchinson has corroborated the statement. Her love for her husband was so great that, though receiving several good offers of marriage after his death, she remained a widow to the end. She survived her husband for thirty-eight years, died full of years, and lies beside the Poet in the Mausoleum at Dumfries. Wherever she was known her memory is still preserved as a sweet smelling savour. (Applause.) I propose for your acceptance the memory of Mrs. Burns, or, as we dearly love to call her, "Bonie Jean." (Loud applause.)

Mr. HUGH ALEXANDER, in proposing the health of the "Chairman," said that the committee wished him to accept from them, as a memento of the ceremony, a miniature spade of solid silver, with ebony handle, and bearing the following inscription:—"Presented by the members of the Glasgow Mauchline Society to the President, John Leiper Gemmill, Esq., on the occasion of his cutting the first sod for the National Burns Memorial and Cottage Homes, at Mauchline, 4th July, 1896."

The CHAIRMAN briefly returned thanks for the gift.

The Rev. WILSON BAIRD, in felicitous terms, proposed "The Croupiers." Sheriff BRAND having replied, the proceedings terminated with the singing of "Auld Lang Syne."

#### COMMEMORATION CONCERT.

The proceedings at Mauchline included, as a sort of after-piece, a popular concert in the evening in the Temperance Hall. There was a crowded attendance. Mr. Marcus Bain, C.C., J.P., presided, and along with him on the platform were Miss Annie B. Burns, grand-daughter, and Miss Margaret Constance Burns Hutchinson, great-grand-daughter of the Poet; General Warren Walker, Sheriff Brand, Mr. Eugene Wason, ex-M.P., Rev. Messrs. Mitchell and Wilson Baird, Mr. and Mrs. J. Leiper Gemmill, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Killin, Mr. Hugh Alexander, Mr. W. S. M'Millan, and Dr. Smith.

Mr. BAIN, who was cordially received, said—

After to-day's most interesting ceremonies and flood of oratory, we are met to-night, less to listen to further speeches, than to hear some of Burns's immortal songs sung. It is, I am sure, to all of us particularly



gratifying that one of our singers to-night, Mr. M'Ilveen, is a grand-nephew of Bonie Jean. (Applause.) I very well remember reading Lord Young's speech in the early eighties at the banquet held at Dumfries on the occasion of the unveiling of the statue of the Poet by Lord Rosebery. Lord Young told that in his childhood he had often visited Jean Armour and had tea from her. So vividly had her image been imprinted on his memory that he felt, he said, if he were an artist, and his hand were cunning enough, he could draw her. Lord Young further said that he knew well the grand-daughter who lived with Jean Armour, and he also knew and was personally acquainted with all Burns's sons, except the eldest, Robert. Hence we have, what is unique, and, I consider, very



*Mr. Marcus Bain.*

remarkable—one of our Scottish Lords of Justiciary, and not the least eminent, connecting us at once with Jean Armour on the one hand, and on the other hand with the father and grandfather respectively of two of the ladies who have honoured us with their presence to-day, viz., Miss Burns and Miss Hutchinson. (Applause.) We are also honoured with the presence of Mrs. Burns Thomas. (Applause.) Of Burns himself I only wish to say a single word. Our sentiments towards him are too subtle and too real for words, and I'm not sure but the only true explanation is simply that "we like him," without being able to explain how and why. His letters are, I consider, entirely worthy of his poetry, and reveal a man of extensive reading, sterling integrity, and critical acumen. (Applause.) Compared with most of our modern productions and the drawing-room songs of the present day, the songs of Burns are high as heaven is above the earth. (Applause.) When these songs of a day are sung and have

passed into oblivion, Burns's songs will remain enshrined in the hearts of all true Scots, so long as Scotsmen love and Scottish lassies are worth wooing. (Applause.) If there is in Scotland now a broader and kindlier spirit, this step in true progress has, I think, partly at least, been made through the shock of that saddest day when God's choicest gift to Scotland drifted so mournfully into the quiet haven of death. On the occasion of the centenary of the death of the Poet we seek to bury the frailties of the man with the poor clay from whence they sprang, and to admire more and love better the good and noble, of which there was so much in his nature, holding dearer to our hearts and appreciating more and more the noble legacy of poetry and of song which has been bequeathed to us and to the world by the genius of Robert Burns. (Loud applause.)

At a later stage in the proceedings,

Mr. WASON, who was cordially received, delivered a short address.

He said this would always remain a red-letter day in the history of Mauchline, and the demonstration of this day brought to a fitting and successful close the remarkable series of centenary celebrations, begun on the previous Saturday at Irvine and continued during the week at Dumfries, Ayr, and Glasgow. With regard to the inauguration of the Irvine statue, he did not agree with some of the criticism which had been passed on the speeches of the Poet Laureate. He had not seen anything in Mr. Austin's speeches which was not eulogistic of Burns. But our National Poet had not always been admired by English critics. He commended to his hearers the study of the poems of Burns, from which they would always get some inspiration to help them amid the varied experiences of life. The leading ideas running through the poems of Burns were those of independence, honesty, and liberty; and no poet had ever sung so sweetly of the joys and affections of the human heart. (Applause.)

Songs were very tastefully and effectively rendered by Miss Gebbie, Miss M. Breckenridge, Mr. Walter M'Ilveen (grand-nephew of "Bonie Jean"), Mr. James Lambie, and Mr. James Allan—Mrs. Andrew Walker ably presiding at the piano.

At the close, votes of thanks were heartily accorded to speakers, singers, etc., on the motion of Mr. Killin, and to the chairman, on the motion of the Rev. Mr. Mitchell.

