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CONTINUATION OF BURNS' CENTENARY MEETINGS.

LITERARY AND ARTISTIC FESTIVAL IN THE KING'S ARMS HOTEL.

This Literary and Artistic Club celebrated the centenary of the bard on Tuesday, in the large hall of the Royal Arms Hotel, Irongate, which was tastefully decorated for the occasion by the addition to its furniture of the actual chair on which the poet sat when he wrote 'My Nannie's Awe.' There were also a lock of Highland Mary's hair, an original subscription-sheet for the first edition of the poet's works, and a number of other articles, which had either belonged to or had been handled by the poet. Hugh M'Donald, Esq., author of "Rambles Round Glasgow," "Days at the Chase," &c., occupied the chair, and Dr. Scott, Ex-, sub-editor of the *Bulletin*, officiated as croupier. Two of the grandsons of the poet, Polkshaws, were present and added to the hilarity of the evening by the manner in which they handled the fiddle (Cheers). The company, numbering upwards of two hundred, sat down to dinner, which was certainly most substantial, and very delicious, and when the dishes had been full justice to the inspiring "Auld Lang Syne" was sung.

The Chairman, in brief and felicitous terms, disposed of the loyal and patriotic toasts, and the Croupier having proposed "The Magistracy and Town Council," which was drunk with enthusiasm.

The Chairman then said—Mr Croupier and Gentlemen—I must now crave a special bounger to the toast of the evening—the immortal memory of Robert Burnes, on this the hundredth return of his natal day. The celebration in which we are privileged this night to share is one of the most remarkable which the world has ever witnessed. Literary history has no parallel to our ovation. Never before was departed genius so enthusiastically, so universally honoured. There is something impressive, almost supernatural, in the coming together of the wide-spread and far-extending series of social groups which are at this moment doing homage to the memory of our poet. Thousands of miles intervene, and lapse, or, and in the most military farms and dwellings, is even now speaking with keen and glad emotion of those who is gone; while ten thousand roofs are ringing with the music of his immortal strains. (Cheers). Not in the language confined to "our auld respectuk mither," England sends back a warm response, and from the sister isle there is an echo of kindred feeling. The Atlantic, indeed, cable is mute; but this night the eastern and the western worlds are united by the ties of fellow-feeling. Burns, and "though sun between us braid may roar," we can almost fancy we hear the voice of our countrymen beyond the great deep re-echoing to our call the name of Robert Burns. (Cheers). In the far-off land of gold, also, our countrymen will be gathered, and amidst the wilds of India the tartan's lesson of old Scotia will this night be singing with tuneful eyes the much-loved lays of Caledonia, and in dreaming with weary hearts of their far-away friends and the home they may never see again. (Loud cheers). In no land will the sun never sets upon the dominions of our Queen, and if such be the case, then the name and fame of Robert Burns will this night be in every continent well all round this vast globe which we inhabit. (Loud cheers). Why, it has been asked, is Robert Burns so popular—than widely honoured above all our country's other poets? Why, for instance, is he more popular than Shakspere, the greatest of all earthly poets, never received such popular demonstrations of homage as this which is now being enacted in his honour? Why, too, is he so infinitely higher, honours been paid to Milton, that old man eloquent, who has so gloriously locked forth the theme of any nothings, and given to things unseen a local habitation and a name? (Cheers). The reason, I think, is to be sought in our highest admiration—an admiration not unmixed with awe—Burns commands our sympathy and love. (Cheers). Shakspere and Milton were, in a sense, standing upon an eminence apart from ordinary mortals: Burns comes among us almost as a friend and companion—no matter how humble or how poor we may be, he would meet us on the table, or take our arm in a country walk, and open his heart to us and tell of his joys and sorrows, his hopes and his fears. He would let us into secrets of his inner life, and his very sins in his hours of remorse would not be concealed from us. He said he "would not wear his heart upon his sleeve for daws to peck at." Robert Burns was not an Iago. He dared to show his heart, and, despite his failings, it was a noble, manly, and loving heart it was—we can see it swelling at times with passions wild and strong, again mellowing with hallowed affections, and soon, at sight of woe to man or beast, melting as with the tenderness of woman. (Cheers). Yes, Burns is the most loving of all poets, and therefore the most lovedone. "Why is it," asked a father of his little daughter, "Why is it, Mary, that everybody loves you?" "Well, I do not know, father," was the reply, "unless it is because I love everybody." The philosophy of the answer contains the matter. Love and sympathy pervades the writings of Burns to a larger measure than those of any other poet that ever lived—and hence, in my opinion, one main cause of his extreme popularity. (Cheers). We cannot or others we yield to sport and admiration—to him our kindliest affections are surrendered. Nor are these feelings confined to his fellow-men. They overflow upon the lower orders of the field and the wild denizens of nature. (Applause). He has a tear for the dairy which falls before the plough—a sigh for the poor little mouse whose wee bit house he has unwittingly encamped to ruin. The mountain daisy and lone pansies are some of the passages in the poems which he composed while toiling upon the furrowed field.

"—wee, modest, crimson-tipped flower,
I've met thee in an evil hour,
For I mean crushed beneath my stour
Thy slender stem.
To mare thee now, bonie bloom,
Thou bonie gem.

But Burns was more than a man of sentiment. His love, it is true, began at home; but, it embraced in its mighty sweep the world was his mate, and to the world it distributed the world was his mate, and to the world it distributed. When a poor dotage he feared not to give it expression. When a poor dependant gangster at Dumfries, he was even emboldened to plead for daring to give voice to the language of his sentiments. During the American war of independence, Burns was at a party where the health of the "brave Washington" was proposed. William Pitt, was proposed. Not satisfied to see the health of a noble and a better man, that of George Washington, one of the ablest and best of Britain's statesmen, "for the breaking out of the first French revolution, and when the friends of liberty of all ranks were sanguine, their eyes to the French capital, as towards the dawn of a better day, Burns, in his capacity of excisemen, was engaged in the capture of a smuggling vessel. His portion of the prize were four barrels of gunpowder, and these he sent to sympathy he transmitted to the patriots of France. That refusalon, as we are all aware, was not in vain, but it is in origin it was regarded as the herald of liberty to the Celtic people, and the poet of liberty lent it his aid accordingly. Afterwards, when war broke out between this country and France, Burns had the boldness to utter, even amid the rudeness, to propose as a toast at a public dinner—"May our success in the war be equal to the justice of our cause." For these and other noble indiscretions Burns was called to account by his superiors in the Excise, and his name of patriotism was for ever destroyed. I mention these of purpose, that although a warm friend to the country and his country's people, Robert Burns had a heart of sympathy for the patriots of every land—and, that it was in satisfaction, even in his hopeless grief that—

"Man to man the world o'er
Might brothers be and kin."

We have heard much of the errors of Burns, and even in our own day we have seen discussions from the pulpit as a curse rather than a blessing to his country. Now, I am prepared to maintain, that in his worst days of error he has done more to refine and ennoble the Scottish people than any other poet, or clergyman, or elder, that ever existed. In the very year that Robert Burns was born, a collection of Scottish songs was published by an anonymous collector, called David Herd. Honest David gathered his songs among the streets and the peat of Edinburgh, and I trust, and, indeed, wherever they were to be obtained. His book was, therefore, be regarded as a v e r y d i r t y one. In the period when our poet entered upon the stage. One half of the contents are of the most filthy and worthless, and, in many instances, of the most low and grovelling description; while the other half is, in a great measure, composed of the most degraded and trivial. What a chance has been wrought by the live of Burns! Now, we have the gold at least of song which the old man can boast. Every shade of feeling and sentiment—from the deepest pathos to the broadest humour—finds its fitting and musical expression upon its glowing pages. The gross and unwholesome ravings of other days have been purged of their pollution, and the truest genius—lays that are calculat d to refine and to elevate, and which have refined and elevated the hearts and the souls of the Scottish people to such an extent which it is difficult to estimate. For Burns, I am in a great measure indebted to the poor ploughman of Coila—the degraded and broken gangster of Dumfries. In his hut the mother finds a lullaby for her child, the lover a winning lilt for the lassie of his heart; in the cottage he finds a consolation and strength, the soldier fresh courage on the red field of death. Where is a country and where is the heart and humour of Burns, when we are sad, his words of cheer and of pathos are ever at our command, in every mood of mind, in every change of circumstance, the mighty master is ready to offer us either a solace or an enjoyment. Of the life of Burns—that brief but glorious span of sorrow and cares—it needs not that I should speak. Every one knows of his early toils and struggles—of his cark, care, and of his unremitting poverty. We see him, in our hours of his first bold venture into print—of his lionizing visit to Edinburgh—of his return to his native Ayrshire and his subsequent disappointment and neglect. The last grief is one of the tragedies of our life. It is a tragedy—and that of Burns was emphatically so—one of the most melancholy tragedies that ever fell to the lot of Deplorable poet, that the fame of his early fame should be denied by the rich and great, the genius was darkened; are very soon of life, the sun of his genius was clouded, and half his harvest was gathered, ere it was entirely entertained—was not appreciated until he had for ever gone. The fame of spawners of threescore years and ten, which he lived, Robert Burns was consigned to the dark, dreary tomb. His fame has since arisen, and is continuing to rise. With the gathering years his honours continue to increase—and the good not the true his name and his memory are now more clearly cherished than at any former period. The world now, and in 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 with the inexpressive deaper make,
Has made some change deeper make.

The toast was drunk amid the greatest enthusiasm. Band, in masterly style, Burns's "Song of Death." Stirlo then sang, "There was a lad was born in Kyle," which was followed by "A man's a man for a' that," from Mr James Thomson, and "Tannahill's Lament for Burns," by Mr Brodie.

R. Buchanan, Esq., son of the *Sentinel*, then read the following poem, composed by himself for the occasion:—

Days ago a hundred years and ten
Have passed, since, by the banks of Doon,
The Genius of Scotia, in a cottage
Conferred on earth a mighty child.
Of genius and of humanity, the prince,
Or chief, of the human race in love
Sir Bow, nor tarried by the same.
But hastened to our northern shore.
The Guardian Genius of the land
Who quickly commanded to her aid,
Of the opening to her purpose proud,
Sike thus addressed the queenly maid:—

"Of all the mortals born this day,
Thou art as one who wert and brain
Fit to give utterance to a lay
Whose equal are or may sound again.

"A frame by which all varied thought
Of wit and fancy may be given,
Throughout whose mazings may be wrought
One of the highest arts of heaven.

"To raise a nation to the zenne
Of manly worth and patriotism,
And wage a war against mean prudence,
And cant, and hypocrisy.

"And while with wit and humour love
Shall forth in a measure pour.
A flood of rich and loving verse,
Shall forth in a measure pour."

Mid January blasts of winter wild,
Amid snows and the pelting rain
Went forth to seek the wondrous child
To be nursed with gifts and care.

She passed the rich man's palace dome,
She left the humble peasant's cot,
And in a humble peasant's home,
Upon a humble peasant lot,

She found the prize—an infant weak,
Unknowing of her presence near,
Yet fraught with all the genius that speak
Of future greatness in the earth.

She breathed within him on that night
"Thy mission of song and love
Sent from Parnassus' loftier height,
The lonely and the lowly prove."

And from that hour, with anxious care,
The fairest fairies of evening attire
As by the banks of Doon and Ayr
He ventured to wander and roam.

The tones at first though sharp and rude,
Like lyre untuned in a spirit's ear,
Destined to spread a vocal flood
Of light and glory on the heart.

Nor long she waited for the hour
"When, amid the rustic and melodious,
She may bless claim the immortal's decree—
Chief Minstrel of the Scottish lyre.

Whether he sang of "Holy Will,"
Or lower verse in lighter mood,
Of "Hallowe'en" or "Hornbook's Mill,"
Or "Kirk's Alarm" or "Jolly Beggars,"

Of "Her in heaven," whose early fate
Endeared to her a sacred lore,
Or "Tam O'Shanter's" journey late
By Alloway's haunted kirk,

All felt the magic of a pen
That ever the human breast could throw
A light of glory, such as men
Have seldom, perhaps, seen before;

Yet, to his country's deep disgrace,
Who shall not sorrow and wonder with us
That he shall fill no higher place
Than paupers in the hunting stile.

Yet, whether as the Ploughman Bard,
Or the Poet-Peasant of Nature,
No mortal creeping ever sard
His numbers, more sublime.

That he had failings, no one doubts—
Of jealous and of sensitive nature;
Yet there were but as solar spots
Upon the sun, which, however, shone
He suffered much from Scorn and Pride,
And Disappointment, and Poverty,
And in the struggle bravely died.
Even mankind's sympathy fled him below;

Nor till the conflict closed in night
Did the Poet-Peasant fully understand
The splendour which his genius bright
Had shed upon his native land.

Then rose on high the pompous pile,
Upon the spot where he died,
The pride and glory of our isle,
Which all the world received in awe.

Yet what available funeral cere,
Or monument, or tomb, or pile,
A fame like his; true genius spurned
Records so splendid, so vast?

A mightier monument by far
Hath genius erected for himself
Which Time remorseless ne'er may mar,
Nor Change to ruin shall.

And, now, where'er our Saxon tongue
The glorious language of the free—
Is spoken, are his lyric songs
A Shakspere's and a Milton's.

While at this hour an empire kneels
To the Prince of Wales and Wales,
Which every true-born Briton feels
From our isle to the ends of the earth,

And distant nations join the throng
Of Saxon and Celtic blood
Due service to the King of Song,
On this his birthday—

On far Australia's golden plains,
On yonder Canadian forests vast,
Or where proud Mississippi drains
The giant valleys of the West,

By Hamish Hudson's wide-spread walls,
Or where the men's unbroken blood
On Indian plains, Sepoys,

Thy wrapper British life, and trade,
And commerce, and civilization brought
There's our island tongue is made.
The instrument of humanity.

Are now assembled many a band,
To swell with us the hallowed lay
Raised by the rhle of our land
In honour of the poet's birthday.

Then let each son of Scottish birth—
Home or abroad, whether he be
Christian as genius of practice worth
Pledge the memory of Robert Burns.

Mr George Webster of the Theatre Royal, then read "Tam o' Shanter" in a manner characteristic of great skill and power and deservedly applauded.

Mr John Baird then sang "The Memory of Mr John Baird," "Tannahill's Lament for Burns." He said—Sir,—Only one gifted with the power of pouring forth in thrilling words of living fire, a national lyric, or in strains of soothing pathos could sing the hopes and fears, the joys and sorrows, the loves and the hatreds of a people. Such a people that deep hoop among this day so lovingly celebrated, and fondly cherished by our ancestors; and, and for distant lands also—on the banks of the St Lawrence and the Indus—and India and Australia. Wherever the Scottish wanderer is to be found this hundred anniversary of our poet's birth. Let's Auld Scotia be celebrated as a jubilee. (Ill feelings will be recalled, old friends remembered, and, let us pray, old wrongs brought virtually to view when singing those undying words sung by them in river valley, Burns's birthday, distant land, who can claim him as their own—highly honoured people can claim him as a brother. Justly can they tribute to the memory of him who loved them so well, who exalted them, who gave them all he had to bestow his genius and his love.

Bear high thy shield, ancient hills—
Thy mountains, proudly spread;
And, ancient, proud, thy valleys, fair
Thy lovely heaths with blossom red,
Ah, ah! what poet sung thy praise
Thy silky heights—thy woodland reigns—
Sing in the mountain, thy valleys,
That ever breath'd the soothing strain?

What thoughts, what emotions, arise
In arts and arms the sons exist,
Though hoarse the mountain, thy valleys,
And health in every feature dwell.

Yet, I believe, in forming the sublime
In strains impassioned, fond, and free,
Thy sons, Caledonia, thy valleys,
To woo, and hearty, and free.

(Cheers.) In thus celebrating this public expression of our appreciation of the exalted genius of Burns, it is not meet that we should forget the great and great concourse who, previous to his advent, had sung to the lyre, and had tuned the lyre for us as a name to the Celtic, and had, when, in the languages of his heart, he awarded a position higher than his own. I refer, of course, to the Kilmarnock edition of his poems we find him saying, but to the genius of a Ramsay, who introduced the Scottish muse to the tuneful Pegasus, he, with equal unaffected sincerity, declares that, even in his highest days of vanity, he has not forgotten that distant preeminence. These are two justly admired poets to whom Burns has left the eye in the Scottish muse, but rather with a view to kindle at their flame than for servile imitation. (Cheers.) To such names as these, Allan Ramsay, Tennant, Thomas the Rhymer, Blind Harry, Dunbar, Gavin Douglas, Allan Ramsay, and Ferguson, he most of Hawthornden, Burns, and Ferguson, he sides others of lesser note, and to a number of anonymous lyrics, we should not allow this opportunity to pass without honouring their memories. It is unnecessary for me, in a company like this, to state the mighty power that our national poetry has over the Scottish mind. I hard it very forcibly illustrated, the other night, by a Scotchman, a native of Ayrshire, and, now on a visit here, after many years' residence in Canada. He stated that, a short time previous to his leaving Canada, he was invited Wilson had a concert in Montreal, which was largely attended by the Canadian Scots of that city. The effect of the words and the music he states to have been touching in the highest degree. Towards the end of the last meeting there was not one dry eye in the hall. Such is the power of a national lyric, which, when sung by a Scotchman,