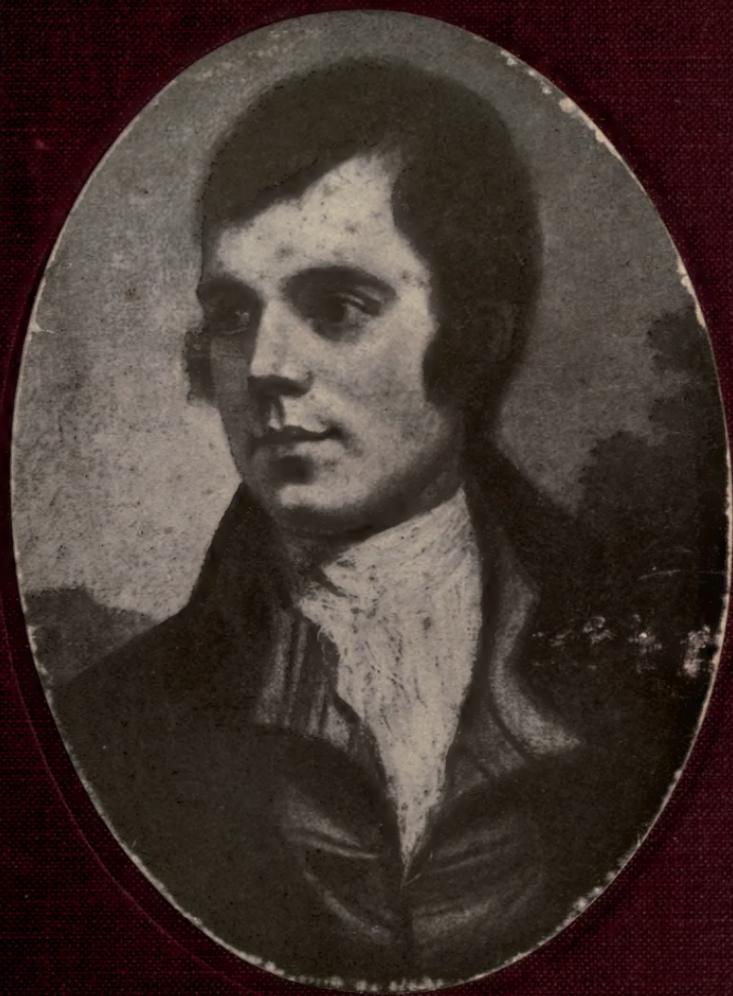




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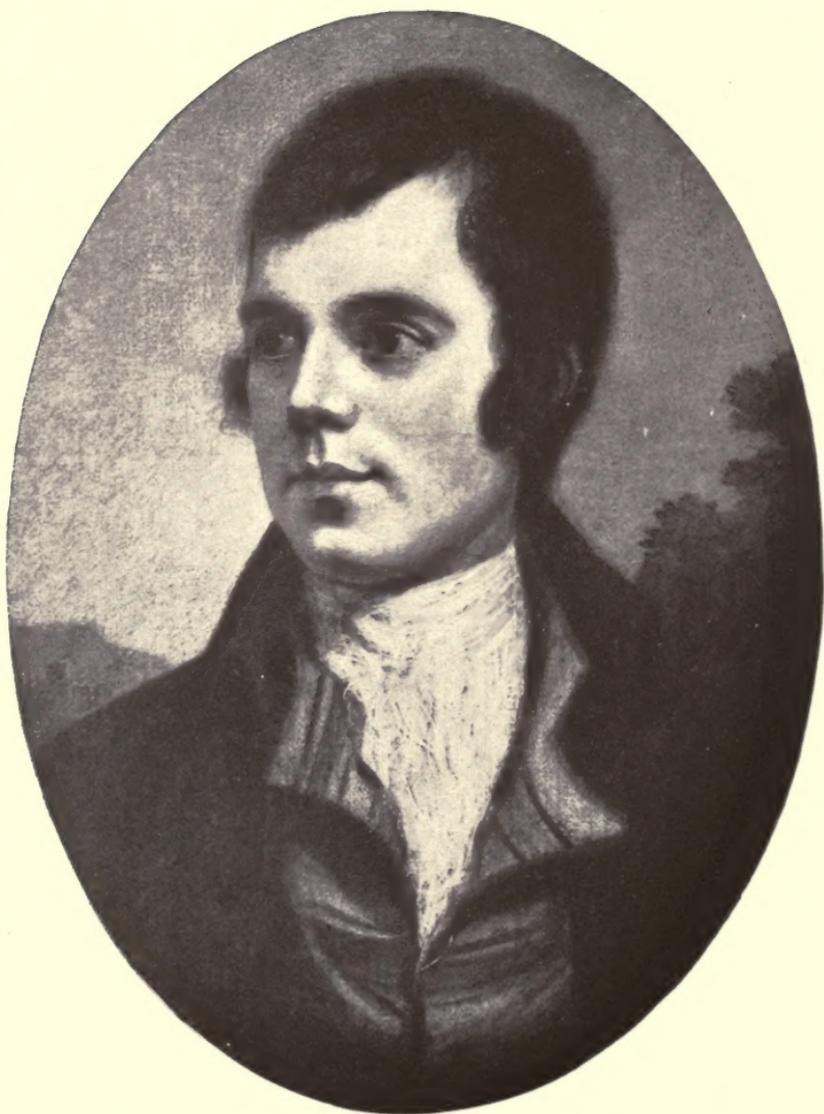




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THE NASMYTH BUST PORTRAIT OF BURNS
In the Scottish National Portrait Gallery, Edinburgh

The World's Memorials

OF

Robert Burns

ILLUSTRATED.

"A Poet peasant-born
Who more of Fame's immortal dower
Unto his country brings,
Than all her kings."

Collected and described

BY

EDWARD GOODWILLIE.

THE WAVERLEY PUBLISHING COMPANY,
DETROIT, MICHIGAN.

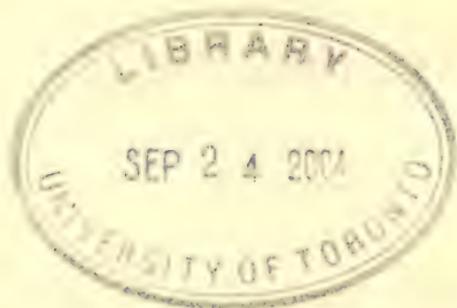
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By

Edward Goodwillie.



To The
Immortal Memory Of
ROBERT BURNS,

The National Bard Of Scotland, An Apostle Of
Freedom And Of The Universal Brotherhood
Of Man, This Volume Is Dedicated.

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

—Burns.

PREFACE.

During the world-wide sesqui-centennial celebrations of the birth of Robert Burns, I read with much interest of the beautiful statues of the poet which adorn many of the leading cities of the world, and it occurred to me that the time was ripe for a statue of the Scottish poet to be erected in Detroit the Beautiful. The municipal statuary of the City of the Straits has lagged far behind the city's growth, and many fine sites are available for an inspiring representation of the People's Bard.

With the idea of ultimately raising enthusiasm for such a project, I began to seek for information throughout the world regarding existing statues and memorials of Burns. In places where one would expect to learn everything to be learned regarding Burns memorials, I found the well of information rather dry. On the other hand, from obscure corners of the globe, I learned of statues and busts of the poet concerning which not one in one hundred of Burns' admirers had the faintest knowledge. Therefore the publication of a volume such as this seemed to me to be some-

what of a necessity, and at the solicitation of many leaders of the Burns cult throughout the world, I undertook the task of publishing this complete, illustrated account of the World's Memorials of the poet.

The various statues and memorials have been described in the chronological order of their unveiling or inauguration, and at the end have been given descriptions of the memorials to some of Burns' more famous heroines. In addition there have been added many appreciations of Burns by noted men and women of all countries, from the poet's time to the present.

For nearly three years I have been in communication with lovers of Burns in every quarter of the globe, and have made many unseen but appreciated friends. I desire to thank all who have contributed in any way to the success of this volume, especially the following enthusiastic lovers of the poet in all climes, who have aided me, not only with necessary information but with hearty encouragement:

J. B. Morison, Esq., Greenock, Scotland; James Muir, Esq., Sydney, N. S. W.; James Dewar, Esq., Belfast, Ireland; Major R. S. Archer, V. D., Liverpool, England; Hon. Peter Kinnear, Albany, N. Y.; R. E. May, Esq., Boston, Mass.; W. A. Barclay, M. D., Chicago, Ill.; Y. C. Lawson, Esq., Berkeley, California; Walter Scott, Esq., New York City; Hon. Oswald S. Crockett, M. P., Fredericton, New Brunswick; Thos. C. Miller, Esq., Ballarat, Australia; John

M. Graham, Esq., Atlanta, Georgia; W. A. Dinwiddie, Esq., Dumfries, Scotland; J. R. Fairbairn, Esq., Dunedin, New Zealand; George H. Cockburn, Esq., M. A., Paisley, Scotland; Peter Menzies, Esq., Denver, Colorado; J. B. Anderson, Esq., Adelaide, South Australia.

I desire also to thank the proprietors of several copyright photographs used in illustrating the memorials, who have, in every case, through their love for the bard, granted permission for the reproduction of the pictures. For several of the Tributes to Burns I am indebted to the articles in the "Burns Chronicle" by A. C. White, Esq., of the "Glasgow Herald" Library, and to the booklet by Wm. R. Smith, Esq., of the Botanic Gardens, Washington, D. C.

This gathering of pictures and information has been a labor of love and a pleasant recreation. If the volume gives its readers one tithe of the pleasure which it has given its author, I will feel that my effort has not been in vain.

EDWARD GOODWILLIE.

Detroit, Michigan, September, 1911.

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INTRODUCTION.

To try to write something new about Robert Burns would be like trying to preach from a text on which a million sermons have already been preached. So much has been written about Burns, and so much has been said about him—and will be said with the recurrence of every twenty-fifth of January—that it is almost an impossibility for an ordinary individual of the present day to say or write anything about the great Immortal Bard, without laying himself open to a charge of plagiarism. And in a volume such as this, which has been published for the purpose of giving to the world, and thus preserving, a complete chronological, illustrated record of the Monuments to the poet, garnered from every available quarter, the writer has not ventured to give his authority for every statement that has been made, nor for every phrase that has been coined anew.

Robert Burns is Scotland condensed into a personality, and his genius has been recognized as has that of no other of his country's literary men. "Were proof needed," says Gebbie in his Philadelphia edition of "Burns," "of the vitality of Burns'

literary fame, it may be found in the record of the sale of his works, in the different editions of all sorts, shapes and sizes, which have been published since his death. Judged by this estimate of popularity, he rivals even John Bunyan, who has always been classed next to the Bible and Shakespeare; and in the number and importance of critiques and biographies he vies with Goethe, surpassing Byron, Scott, and all his contemporaries and successors; whereas for eulogy from the highest order of poets and literary and brainy men, universally, Burns stands, excepting Shakespeare, without a peer."

If Burns had written no other song than that gem—"A Man's a Man for a' That," he would still have been entitled to the homage of all real men. As the author of the recently published "Scotland's Work and Worth" says: "To-day no nobler watchword of humanity is demanded by its foremost advocates than the inspiring vision, the glorious because credible prophecy:

'It's comin' yet for a' that,
That man to man the world o'er
Shall brithers be for a' that.'

This prophecy on the unity of the race is founded on the thoroughly Scottish sentiment of the value of man as man, of the dignity of labour, whether physical, mental or moral, as compared with the tinsel show of privileged indolence. The scorn for the empty 'birkie ca'd a lord,' and for king-made dignities unbacked by merit, are becoming the qualities of men wherever thought has filtered down to the humbler classes, wherever the peasant has

learned to venerate himself as man. These lines contain the embodiment of practical Christianity, the essence of the altruistic theories of our noblest philosophers. They constitute the lyric of humanity." The songs of Burns are indeed a joy forever, compared with the ephemeral rubbish that to-day emanates from the music halls.

The object of the existence of Burns Clubs is the perpetual commemoration of the man and his works. In his native Scotland you will find Burns Clubs in every hamlet, village, town and city; and in every part of the world where the Scottish emigrant has set his foot—and his footprints are seen and welcomed in every corner of the globe—you will find the fellow-countrymen of Burns drawn together by their affection and admiration for this humble, yet great, Poet of Humanity whose songs have imbued them with the principles of Truth, Justice and Liberty. The independent spirit which other nations acknowledge as characteristic of the Scots has been elevated in them by their hearing and reading the works of Burns.

The devotion of Scotsmen to the genius and person of Burns has no parallel in the history of literature, and to this innate love of the poet and respect for his name can be ascribed the Scottish desire to erect memorials to his Immortal Memory. By erecting a statue of Burns in their home city or in the city of their adoption, Scotsmen are enabled to give substantial expression to their admiration for

the matchless genius of the Scottish Bard, and to induce a wider study of his inspiring works.

We wrote once and were not afraid of contradiction, that the natal day of no man, with the single exception of Our Saviour, was celebrated so far and wide, "o'er a' the airts the wind can blaw," as that of Robert Burns. Since gathering these records of his statues and other memorials, we will say that no man, of any nationality or time, is so widely honored by public statue or memorial as this Sweet Singer of Scotland, this Lover of Nature, this Apostle of Liberty, Robert Burns.

Some people there are who say that there is no need for Burns memorials—that his works are monument enough. This reminds us of the wealthy old lady in our native town who was called upon by a committee for a subscription for an organ for the parish church. On learning the object of their call she told them that "there was no melody like the human voice," and *on that account*, would not subscribe. There are some eccentric people in the world no doubt, whose principles would be knocked to ruins were they to subscribe to a Burns memorial. However, Scotsmen and lovers of Burns do not want to have the poet canonized. They do not want him to be turned down, Columbus-like, as unfit to occupy a pedestal in the vicinity of the recently halo-ed Joan of Arc. They want him to stand where he has always stood—straight before mankind. They want his statue to ever inspire those that behold it with the sterling sentiments which ever inspired him who is its immortal subject. They want his statue to stand, not simply as a

monument to perpetuate the memory of Robert Burns—for his poetic genius has eternalized his name—"but as a speaking symbol of those Christian, humane, manly, patriotic and nature-loving instincts, which, given his own soul, he translated into inimitable, imperishable verse, to the inestimable enrichment of his fellow men."

Naturally the poet's native land leads in memorials to his genius. All of the principal cities have statues of the bard in public places, and his native Ayrshire has, appropriately enough, kept in the van in honoring the memory of the "lad that was born in Kyle." Amongst contemplated memorials are a statue at Galashiels, in appreciation of Burns' song—"Braw lads o' Gala Water," and a monument at Edinburgh to the memory of Dr. Blacklock, the great friend of the poet.

In London, England, there is the fine statue by Steell on the Thames Embankment, and also the bust by the same sculptor which adorns Poets' Corner in Westminster Abbey. Ireland has been busy extricating herself from the political tangle, but the loyalists of Ulster have kept abreast with the times by placing a statue of the Scottish poet in the Public Library of Belfast.

On the continent of Europe it is perhaps natural that we find no public memorial to Burns. It would be as much of an absurdity to look for a statue of Burns in the squares of Madrid or Vienna as it would be to look for a heroic figure of Tschaiowsky or Liszt in the market places of Aberdeen or Inverness. The works of Burns, however, have been printed in all the leading European languages.

Quite recently a tourist picked up in a second-hand shop in Rome a copy of "Burns," in German, published in Leipzig in 1840.

In the New World, in addition to the replica of Burns' Cottage recently opened at Atlanta, Georgia, there are no less than ten statues to the memory of Burns—eight in the United States and two in Canada—while several cities, notably Montreal, Philadelphia, Winnipeg and Halifax, will soon do homage to the poet's genius by erecting worthy bronzes to his memory. Lately a movement has been started to erect a statue of Burns' "Bonnie Jean" at Washington, D. C. The name of Burns is a household word in North America. From New Brunswick to California his statues are now dotted over Canada and the States. Here the people love and respect his memory, for he stands for that spirit of manly independence which is the very breath of life in their nostrils.

The great Commonwealth of Australia can boast of a Burns statue in each of its leading divisions—statues which not only honor the poet but are a credit to the great cities of the Southern Seas, while New Zealand, a leader in all popular movements, has at Dunedin, not only an elegant statue of the poet, but also a monument to the poet's nephew, Rev. Dr. Thomas Burns, a pioneer of the colony and a minister of eminent renown, who died in 1871.

In throwing our searchlight around the world in quest of Burns memorials, the only place in which we were disappointed was South Africa, where so many Scotsmen have won glory—and death. Wars



THE SKIRVING BUST PORTRAIT OF BURNS
In the Scottish National Portrait Gallery, Edinburgh

and rumors of wars have kept that country in an unsettled state, but doubtless in the near future, in the new United States of South Africa, destined in the coming years to enjoy the fullest meed of prosperity, we shall find memorials of Burns and what he stood for. Who could be more honored by Briton and Boer than Burns? The beautiful lyrics of the Peasant Poet will do more to cement together these free and liberty-loving peoples, than all the talk of the politicians for generations.

To recognized art critics belongs the right to criticize the art in Burns or any other statues. In our opinion some of the statues of Burns are open to criticism as lacking that individuality which has been ascribed to the poet, and which the people look for. On the other hand, some of the best statues of Burns have been criticized by self-appointed critics not only too harshly, but in a manner that would tend to show vindictiveness. Such criticisms we have despised. The statues of Burns throughout the world may not satisfy the fastidious in art, but they are the outward evidence of the admiration of millions for the works of the man. The monuments as a whole, offer not only a feast of art but a treasure of wisdom that will "point a moral and adorn a tale" for future generations.

As someone has well said: Scotland owes much to her songsters. Their praise of her romantic scenery and their chronicles of her struggles for civil and religious liberty have had more effect, and will be better remembered, than the prosy records of the historians. Burns gave the keynote to the many sweet signers who came after him. The

notes he struck were true, and are still resounding throughout the world. He had a message to humanity, but what a lustre he has shed on his native land! Millions who never saw Scotland think kindly of it because it is the birthplace of Burns, who sang of it and loved it. He has embalmed in undying song the flowers of the field and the birds of the air, but his name will be handed down to all posterity as that of a leading apostle of the Universal Brotherhood of Man.

“A Nation’s glory! Be the rest
Forgot—she’s canonized his mind:
And it is joy to speak the best
We can, of human kind.”



THE NASMYTH FULL-LENGTH PORTRAIT OF BURNS
In the Scottish National Portrait Gallery, Edinburgh

SOME BURNS PORTRAITURE

CONSULTED BY THE SCULPTORS.

*"Oh! for the touch of a vanished hand,
The sound of a voice that is still."*

—Tennyson.

Any introduction to the World's Statues and Memorials of Burns would be incomplete without a reference to one or two of his portraits which have been largely called upon by the sculptors as regards the facial features and expression of the poet.

One is almost tempted to say that there is but *one* portrait of Burns—the Nasmyth. From the popular viewpoint there is but one, and any person, be he art-critic or Burns connoisseur, would have a difficult task indeed, were he to attempt to change the opinion of the great majority of the people as to Burns' features.

There are two good and distinct reasons why the name of Alexander Nasmyth, known as the "father of Landscape Painting in Scotland," shall go down to posterity. The first is that he executed the bust-

portrait of Burns which has been accepted by the world at large as *the* Burns. The second is that his son, James Nasmyth, invented the great labor-saving device known as the Nasmyth Steam Hammer.

The elder Nasmyth and Burns were great cronies during the latter's brief sojourn in Edinburgh, and many a "nicht wi' Burns" did the landscape painter pass. In one of their many rambles about Edinburgh, they found their way early one morning to Roslin Castle. While the poet was enraptured with the beauties of the famous ruin, the artist made a rough sketch of the outline of his face, which, it has been said, he used when painting the full-length portrait now hanging in the Scottish National Portrait Gallery, Edinburgh. Here also hangs the original bust-portrait by Nasmyth, the best realization and the universally accepted likeness of the National Bard of Scotland, bequeathed to the nation by Colonel William Nicol Burns, last surviving son of the poet.

Nasmyth executed two copies of his original bust of Burns; one for George Thomson, the poet's friend and publisher, which was later touched up by Sir Henry Raeburn and is now in the National Portrait Gallery, London; and another for Mr. Elias Cathcart of Auchendrane, Ayrshire, which remained in the possession of that family until acquired some years ago by Lord Rosebery.

Burns' brother Gilbert wrote of the Nasmyth portrait: "Nasmyth's picture is certainly a very good likeness of the poet." Sir Walter Scott, who



Charles Martin Hardie, R. S. A.

THE MEETING OF BURNS AND SCOTT

has told us how Burns' eyes literally glowed when he spoke with feeling or interest—"the most glorious eyes I ever saw" are his words—wrote of this picture: "His features are represented in Mr. Nasmyth's picture; but to me it conveys the idea that they are diminished, as if seen in perspective: I think his countenance was more massive."

Lockhart, one of the best authorities, said that the surviving friends of Burns who had seen the Nasmyth portrait, pronounced it to be a very lively representation of the bard—"His well-raised forehead, shaded with black curling hair, indicated extensive capacity. His eyes were large, dark, full of ardor and intelligence. His face was well-formed, and his countenance interesting and expressive."

The late Mr. D. W. Stevenson, R. S. A., in his authoritative article on "The Portraits of Burns," has well said: "The manly forehead, the stamp of individual character in every feature, the mobile mouth, the eloquent eye, and the general look of engaging frankness, are all here."

As a matter of fact, despite the efforts of numerous ardent critics to split a hair on the subject, the Scottish nation is proud to possess this first and original portrait of its National Bard, which has been accepted as, and undoubtedly will remain, the *true Burns*.

The only other portrait which seems to have been consulted by the sculptors to any considerable extent, is that by Archibald Skirving. This portrait was done in crayon on a gray-tinted paper,

and was regarded by Burns' friends as a characteristic likeness, representing the poet in a more thoughtful mood. There has been much difference of opinion as to whether Burns and Skirving ever met, and even if they did meet, it is now admitted that Burns did not formally sit to Skirving, but that the latter carefully copied and tried to improve upon the Nasmyth bust, extending it to life-size. As one writer says: "Skirving gives us quite another phase of the poet's character; the countenance is overshadowed by a not unpleasing sadness, not unlikely conjured up by memories of the past or fears for the future—the mood of his fine song—
"The Gloomy Night is Gathering Fast."

The original of the Skirving drawing was, until his death recently, in the possession of Sir Theodore Martin. In August, 1910, it was purchased by the trustees of the Scottish National Portrait Gallery, which now holds a singularly complete group of the authentic portraits of Burns.

The portrait by Taylor is of interest inasmuch as Burns gave the young artist sittings for it. It, however, is the work of an inexperienced youth—devoid of expression and insipid in the extreme. It is an interesting and no doubt a valuable relic. The remaining portraits and silhouettes of Burns, by Reid, Miers, *et al.*, need not be discussed here. They are all rare curiosities, each with its coterie of admirers.

The public's ideal of Burns is not born of "vagrant fancy," as has been alleged. Their conception of the great Bard is that which Nasmyth



THE INAUGURATION OF ROBERT BURNS AS POET LAUREATE
Of Lodge Canongate Kilwinning No. 2, Edinburgh, March, 1787

has bequeathed to them, and from all indications, that conception, mellowed with age, is to remain the Ideal Burns.

Though really outside the scope of this volume as originally intended, we may here notice two celebrated paintings illustrative of historic incidents in the life of Burns.

The first of these is "The Meeting of Burns and Scott" by Charles Martin Hardie, R. S. A. In the winter of 1786-87, Scott, then a lad of fifteen, met Burns at Professor Adam Ferguson's. Sir Walter's description of this meeting is certainly interesting: "The only thing I remember which was remarkable in Burns' manner, was the effect produced upon him by a print of Bunbury's, representing a soldier lying dead on the snow, his dog sitting in misery on one side; on the other his widow with a child in her arms. Burns seemed much affected by the print: he actually shed tears. He asked whose the lines were, and it chanced that nobody but myself remembered that they occur in a half-forgotten poem of Langhorne's, called by the unpromising name of 'The Justice of the Peace.' I whispered my information to a friend, who mentioned it to Burns, who rewarded me with a look and a word, which, though of mere civility, I then received with very great pleasure. His person was strong and robust; his manner rustic, not clownish; a sort of dignified plainness and simplicity."

The artist has faithfully depicted the scene as related by Sir Walter Scott.

The other notable painting is "The Inauguration

of Robert Burns as Poet Laureate of the Lodge Canongate Kilwinning No. 2, Edinburgh, March, 1787," presented to the Grand Lodge of Scotland, in 1862, by James Burnes, F. R. S. This canvas by Stewart Watson, hangs in the Freemasons' Hall, Edinburgh, and is exceptionally valuable as a gallery of authentic portraits of the poet's friends and Edinburgh notabilities of the period. Among these may be mentioned the Earl of Glencairn, Lord Monboddo, Dugald Stewart, William Creech and Alexander Nasmyth. The gathering includes a dozen men of title.

Burns was an enthusiastic Freemason, as the records of his mother lodge, St. James's, Tarbolton, show. His "Farewell to the Brethren of St. James's," written before his intended departure to the West Indies, indicates how deeply he felt at severing the filial ties:

"Adieu! A heart-warm, fond adieu!
 Dear brothers of the mystic tie!
 Ye favoured, ye enlightened few,
 Companions of my social joy.

* * * * *

May Freedom, Harmony and Love,
 Unite you in the grand design,
 Beneath the Omniscient Eye above,
 The Glorious Architect divine!
 That you may keep th' unerring line,
 Still rising by the plummet's law,
 Till order bright completely shine—
 Shall be my prayer when far awa'."



Sam Bough, R. S. A.

BURNS' COTTAGE, AS IT WAS

While visiting the Canongate Kilwinning at Edinburgh one night in March, 1787, Burns was taken completely by surprise, according to the best authorities, by being created Poet Laureate of the lodge. Little did the brethren then think that their ceremony on that evening was to inspire in the artist a picture which has become revered by the "brothers of the mystic tie" everywhere under the canopy of heaven.

Both of these celebrated pictures are veritable *vade mecums* of Burns portraiture, and consequently are much prized by lovers of the peasant-poet.

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

—Burns.

THE COTTAGE WHERE BURNS WAS BORN.

The humble birth-place of Burns is probably his best known memorial. His genius has made not only Ayr but the whole district around it his monument. It is little to be wondered at therefore that of all places of pilgrimage in Scotland—and Old Scotia abounds with them—this district remains, the most attractive shrine.

Two miles southward from Ayr, on the Maybole road, is the village of Alloway, world-famous as the birth-place of the great Poet of Scotland. It can scarcely be called a village, though it boasts a church, a school and a postoffice, for it contains but a dozen houses; but then one of them is **THE COTTAGE** which has been immortalized in song and story.

Everyone has read of the "Auld Clay Biggin'" in which on the 25th day of January, 1759, Scotia's bard first saw the light. We have all read how, when the child was born, the old gipsy woman took him in her arms and uttered over him the prophecy recorded by the poet himself:



BURNS' COTTAGE, AS IT IS

“He’ll hae misfortunes great and sma’,
But aye a heart abune them a’ —
He’ll be a credit ’till us a’,
We’ll a’ be prood o’ Robin.”

Never was a prophecy more fully realized. His name and fame have permeated to the uttermost corners of the globe, and now, more than one hundred and fifty years after his birth, all nations do homage to the glorious genius of the Ayrshire ploughman-poet.

The interior of the cottage remains almost as it was at the time of the poet’s birth, even to the furnishings and bed; and the museum attached to it is full of interesting and priceless Burns relics. Tens of thousands of visitors annually enter the sacred precincts, and many an unbidden tear trickles down the cheek of old and young, of rich and poor, when they look upon the humble birth-place and recall the earthly struggles of the poet and his untimely death.

A writer in December, 1908, “Scribner,” says: “I was told by the keeper of the Burns Monument at the Brig o’ Doon that more than ten thousand pilgrims had visited that shrine, and also the birth-place hard by, in one week last summer. At that rate a large part of the world needs no description of the cottage where the poet was born. Neither the Shakespeare house at Stratford, nor the Goethe house at Frankfurt, plays so affectingly on one’s emotions. This is a far humbler birthplace—a closet in a kitchen—and the great son of that little house died a cottager as he began. There was no

New Place and no Weimar Mansion in store for him. The sympathetic tears sprang as naturally there, I think, as in any other of earth's memorable spots, and it swells on a flood of pride—pride that a man, and a very poor man, could be so great. I thought scorn of the ostentatiously rich family whom I met descending from a motor car at the door. Very likely they shed tears in the cottage themselves, and felt scorn for nobody. Burns is the poor man's poet. His fame is, in so far, more general than Shakespeare's."

The humble cot so pathetically described in the following verses by Robert G. Ingersoll, becomes more and more of a shrine as the years roll by: and this one fact alone speaks silently, yet eloquently, of the intense love which his poems have engendered in the human race:

"Though Scotland boasts a thousand names
Of patriot, king, and peer,
The noblest, grandest of them all
Was loved and cradled here.
Here lived the gentle peasant prince,
The loving cottar-king,
Compared with whom the greatest lord
Is but a titled thing.

'Tis but a cot roofed in with straw,
A hovel made of clay;
One door shuts out the snow and storm,
One window greets the day;
And yet I stand within this room



THE BURNS MONUMENT AT ALLOWAY

And hold all thrones in scorn,
For here, beneath this lowly thatch,
Love's sweetest bard was born.

Within this hallowed hut I feel
Like one who clasps a shrine,
When the glad lips, at last, have touched
The something deemed divine.
And here the world through all the years,
As long as day returns,
The tribute of its love and tears
Will pay to ROBERT BURNS."

"John Anderson, my jo, John,
We clamb the hill thegither;
And mony a canty day, John,
We've had wi' ane anither:
Now we maun totter doon, John,
But hand in hand we'll go;
And sleep thegither at the foot,
John Anderson, my jo."

—Burns.

THE ALLOWAY MONUMENT.

The noble Monument to the memory of Burns at his birthplace, Alloway, on the banks of his beloved Doon, was the first public monument erected to the poet's memory, excepting the Mausoleum in St. Michael's churchyard, Dumfries, which is noted later.

An article on the "Posthumous History of Burns" in the first issue of the "Burns Chronicle," 1892, by the editor, Mr. John Muir, gives the following interesting description of the inception of the monument and of the completed structure:

"The Cenotaph which rears its graceful proportions on the 'Banks and Braes o' Bonnie Doon,' beautifying as far as Art can, the garden of Burns' fame, owes its creation to Alexander Boswell, Esquire of Auchinleck, afterwards Baronet, and is a grand trophy of his love and indefatigable zeal to do honor to the memory of Burns. To the invitation issued for the preliminary meeting in the county town (Ayr), the only response was the Reverend Hamilton Paul. These two constituted the assembly. Mr. Boswell took the chair, and his solitary auditor was appointed secretary. The



Patric Park

Photo by Valentine & Sons, Ltd., Dundee

THE BUST OF BURNS IN THE ALLOWAY MONUMENT

business was conducted according to the usual mode of procedure, resolutions were proposed and seconded, 'that it was desirable to perpetuate the memory of the Bard in some tangible form, etc., etc.,' which, of course, were accepted *nem. con.*, and a vote of thanks passed to the chairman by the improvised secretary. A minute was drawn up, signed officially by the two enthusiasts, and advertised in all the local and leading newspapers. Publicity at once wafted the enterprise into popular favor. Committees were appointed, and subscriptions flowed in till the fund reached an aggregate of three thousand three hundred pounds.

The site selected for the monument is in Allo-way Croft, on one side of the river Doon, and forms one of the corners of a right angle with the Auld and New Brigs which span the classic stream, and which stand apart from each other only about a hundred paces. The public road passes close by it, and on the opposite side of the road stands Allo-way Kirk. The cottage in which the poet was born is seen in the distance.

The building consists of a three sided rustic basement supporting a circular peristyle of the Corinthian Order, surmounted by a cupola, the decorations of which are of a peculiar character, and in direct accordance with the purest specimens of Grecian Art. The substructure is very massive and forms an appropriate basement, the monument being so placed that each side is directly opposite one of the three divisions of Ayrshire—Carrick, Cunninghame and Kyle. The interior of the basement affords a circular chamber upwards of 18

feet in diameter and 16 feet high, which forms a Museum for Burns relics. Opposite the entrance is a large semi-circular recess supported by columns of the Grecian Doric Order, the entablature of which is continued round the whole apartment. A staircase entering from the interior leads to a gallery above, which commands an extensive prospect of varied landscape. The superstructure is composed of nine columns, corresponding to the number of the muses, and the frieze of their entablature is richly decorated with chaplets of laurel.

The design of the Column is from the temple of Jupiter Stater in the Campo Vaccini at Rome, which is by far the finest example of the Order extant.

The foundation stone of the monument was laid on the 25th January, 1820, by Alexander Boswell, Esquire of Auchinleck, supported by all the masonic lodges in the province, and surrounded by a vast concourse of spectators, after which he delivered an eloquent address. An inscription on the tripod of the Monument dated 4th July, 1823, completes its history."

The designer of the Monument was Thomas Hamilton, the noted Edinburgh architect, who also later designed the Burns Monument on the Calton Hill of his native city. It is also worthy of note that the Sir Alexander Boswell who inaugurated the idea of the Alloway Monument was the eldest son of James Boswell, celebrated as the biographer of Johnson. He was created a baronet in 1821 for a loyal song on George IV. He died at Balmuto, Fife, 27th March, 1822, of a wound received the



THE AULD BRIG O' DOON

previous day in a duel with James Stuart of Dunearn, who had challenged him as the author of some anonymous political pasquinades. This duel was the last to be fought on Scottish soil.

Rev. Hamilton Paul, Boswell's coadjutor in the rearing of the first monument to Burns, was a poet, preacher and humorist of renown, but he will be best remembered for his enthusiasm as an admirer of Burns and biographer of the poet. And in the years to come, lovers of the national bard will respect his memory more and more for his great service in saving the fine old Brig o' Doon from destruction. In a day when Burns had scarcely come into his own, Hamilton Paul, by a vigorous poetic appeal, "The Petition of the Auld Brig o' Doon," stirred the Scottish people to action and saved this historic relic which had actually been sold as a quarry to a contractor. By averting this act of sacrilege, Hamilton Paul surely made himself entitled to a high place in the roll of honor in Burnsiana.

Within the Monument there is a marble bust of Burns, on a granite pedestal, placed there in 1847. The following extract from the Minute Book of the trustees of the Monument is both interesting and explanatory:

"There was presented to the Monument a Bust of Burns by Patric Park, Esquire, Sculptor, London, in terms of the following letter:

Ayr, Sept. 7th, 1845.

Sir, Having last year during the Festival in honour of Burns remarked the want of a Bust of

the Poet in the beautiful Mont. on the banks of Doon, I professed to several friends—Mr. Millar, Mr. Bone, Mr. Gray, and Mr. Auld, that I would execute a Bust in Marble to be presented to the Monument, if the Committee would do me the honour of accepting my tribute to the Memory of Burns, or consider it worthy of being placed in that shrine the patriotism and good taste of the Men of Ayrshire have erected to commemorate their illustrious Countryman.

The Bust I have been able to complete—and I have now so far got it out of my hands by having seen it placed in the Assembly Rooms for public inspection—and I can only hope that it will give that satisfaction to the Countrymen and Admirers of Burns which it has been my earnest endeavour to afford them.

I am, Sir,

Your very obed. servt.,

(Signed) PATRIC PARK.

J. D. BOSWELL, ESQ.

Which Bust has accordingly been placed in the Monument upon a pedestal of Aberdeen Granite.”

There is no inscription on the pedestal. The bust was no doubt the sculptor's ideal Burns, but it has been much criticized on account of its being too fine and devoid of those natural features which are characteristic of the popular conception of the poet.

Amongst the interesting relics in the Monument is the priceless bible presented by Burns to “Highland Mary,” while within the neatly kept grounds surrounding the Monument is a little house in



James Thom

Photo by Valentine & Sons, Ltd., Dundee

"TAM O' SHANTER AND SOUTER JOHNNIE" AT THE ALLOWAY MONUMENT

which are picturesque effigies of "Tam o' Shanter" and "Souter Johnnie," sculptured in freestone by an untrained sculptor, Thom of Tarbolton. The crude statues are much admired by the thousands who annually visit this historic ground and feast on the beautiful surroundings. Thom, who was a stone mason to trade, attained fame at a single stride by this group from "Tam o' Shanter." Orders poured in upon him and he removed to London and later to New York, where, in 1850, he died of the "white plague" when at the height of his fame.

"Oft hae I roved by bonnie Doon,
To see the rose and woodbine twine;
And ilka bird sang o' its love
And fondly sae did I o' mine,
Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,
Fu' sweet upon its thorny tree;
And my false lover stole the rose,
But, ah! he left the thorn wi' me."

—Burns.

EDINBURGH.

THE FLAXMAN STATUE AND THE TEMPLE ON
CALTON HILL.

*"Edina! Scotia's darling seat!
All hail thy palaces and towers!"*

—Burns.

It is worthy of note that the movement for the erection of a National Monument in Edinburgh to the memory of Burns originated in the East Indies, at Bombay. To Mr. John Forbes Mitchell, who started a subscription for that object in 1812, belongs the honor of launching the idea. It was not, however, until the spring of 1819 that the proposal took practical shape in Britain, and this was at a meeting of noblemen and gentlemen, admirers of the poet, held in the Free Masons' Tavern, London, under the patronage of His Royal Highness the Prince Regent, the Duke of Atholl being in the chair. The whole movement seems to have been confined to the "classes" as opposed to the "masses."

The original intention was to erect a colossal bronze statue of the poet in some conspicuous site in the Scottish Capital, but like some more of the Scot-



John Flaxman, R. A.

Photo by Alex. Inglis, Edinburgh.

THE BURNS STATUE

In the Scottish National Portrait Gallery, Edinburgh

tish Capital's *colossal* schemes, it dwindled. Subscriptions came in slowly, but eventually in July, 1824, John Flaxman, R. A., the first British sculptor of his day, was commissioned to execute a life-size marble statue of Burns. The distinguished sculptor did not live to complete the work, but left it unfinished at his death in December, 1826. It was in course of time finished by his brother-in-law and pupil, Mr. Denman. Flaxman worked in a classic vein—sculpture in his day *had* to be classic—and on this account his representation of Burns has been subjected to much criticism.

The statue is certainly after Nasmyth. The poet is represented standing in front of a short tree trunk. His hands cross in front, the right holding a bunch of daisies, and the left a roll of papers. A plaid is wrapped around the body and falls from his left shoulder. He wears knee-breeches and low shoes. A broad bonnet with a thistle in it lies at his feet to the left, beside a ploughshare. In front, on the plinth, in incised letters, is the following inscription:

“ROBERT BURNS,

Born near Ayr, 25th. Jan. 1759.

Died at Dumfries, 21st. July, 1796.”

The square pedestal on which the statue stands has in front a fine piece of sculpture in *bas relief*, representing the Muse crowning Burns, who is seated.

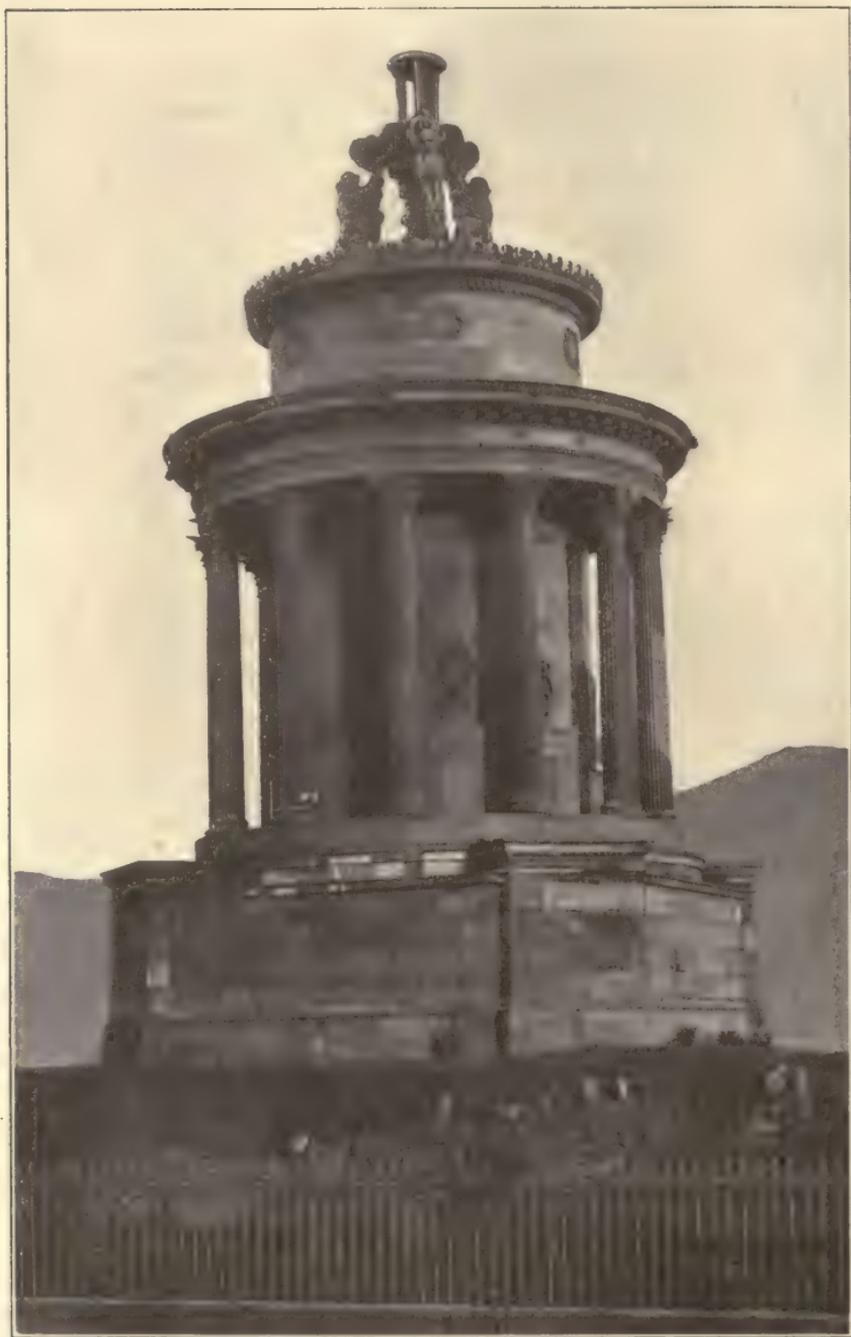
In “The Art Journal” for August, 1897, Mr. Edward Pinnington, an art critic and a prolific writer on Burnsian matters, has an interesting illus-

trated article on the Art in the then existing Burns statues. Concerning the Edinburgh statue he says:

"The Flaxman marble is a fair example of the sculptor's mastery of technique. The chiselling is superb. In certain passages a desire may arise for finer discrimination, a more sensitive appreciation of the subtleties of texture, but as a whole the statue is the product of a highly accomplished sculptor who found a keen delight in the practice of his art. The plaid is arranged in shepherd fashion, its disposal being skillfully devised to break the lines of the under folds."

When the Flaxman statue was completed the committee in charge of the Burns Memorial, finding a large surplus in hand, resolved to erect a monumental structure for its reception. Hence originated the Grecian Temple to Burns on the Calton Hill. The Monument is a Corinthian cyclostyle of twelve columns with a cupola on which are winged griffins supporting a tripod, designed by Mr. Thomas Hamilton, of Alloway Monument fame. The stone was taken from the famous Binnie quarry.

There was no ceremony at the laying of the foundation stone of the Monument. The following extract from the "Scotsman" of September 7th, 1831, explains the state of affairs:—"A report was in circulation this morning that the sanction of the magistrates had been obtained for a procession at the laying of the foundation stone of the Burns Monument tomorrow. We are enabled to state that this is not the fact. . . . We are told that the intended procession here was stopped, not by



THE BURNS MONUMENT, Calton Hill, Edinburgh

the Lord Provost or his successor-elect, but by the fiat of one timid bailie, whose vociferation of 'No procession! No procession! *in the present excited state,*' impressed the Council so much that the public feelings in regard to the pageant were at once sacrificed." The following day, we are told, Edinburgh was illuminated on account of the coronation of William IV., whereas the foundation stone of a Monument to the memory of a much greater man, the National Bard of Scotland, was laid in mute silence. *O tempora!* William IV. exists in school histories; Burns lives in the hearts of the English-speaking people of the world.

It was not until September 10th, 1839, that the Monument and statue were presented by the committee, of whom only two of the originals survived, to the Lord Provost and magistrates as custodians in behalf of the city. Some years afterwards, Henry Scott Riddell, the almost forgotten author of "Scotland Yet," gave the proceeds of his famous song to defray the expense of an ornamental railing around the Monument.

An East Linton worthy, in a poetic impulse, once wrote cynically the couplet:

"Puir Burns amang the Calton Rocks
Sits lanely in his pepper-box."

This embryo-poet no doubt gave voice to the popular idea regarding the appearance of the Calton Hill Monument seen at a distance, but his short effusion is alas no longer true. The Flaxman statue was removed from the Monument on account of the space being too circumscribed for examination of

the relics of Burns which had been gathered to make this shrine more attractive. For many years the statue stood in the vestibule of the National Gallery on the Mound, and it now occupies a position in the Scottish National Portrait Gallery, Queen Street. In 1901, the relics themselves were removed to the Corporation Museum, City Chambers, on account of damage from damp. When a visitor reaches Edinburgh's Burns Monument now, he reads in large letters:

"BURNS MONUMENT
IS NOW CLOSED TO THE PUBLIC."

Let us thank God that there are places where Burns Monuments are *not* closed to the public!

Scotland's Capital can bring glory to herself, even at this late day, by honoring the National Bard, as she has appropriately honored her "literary darling."

"A few seem favorites of Fate,
In Pleasure's lap carest;
Yet think not all the rich and great
Are likewise truly blest."

—Burns.



George E. Ewing

Photo by H. W. Jones, Greenock

THE BURNS STATUE, Glasgow

GLASGOW'S "NATIONAL TRIBUTE."

In Glasgow's Valhalla, George Square, are to be seen many eloquent tributes, in the form of statues, to the memory of noted Scotsmen. Scotland's warriors, statesmen and literary giants stand here shoulder to shoulder, as it were, the statuary including such figures as Sir Colin Campbell (Lord Clyde), Sir John Moore, David Livingstone, and Sir Walter Scott. One of the most cherished of these is the bronze figure of Robert Burns, standing there, contemplative and thoughtful, amidst all the bustling activity of city life.

The movement for the erection of a Burns statue for old St. Mungo, was suggested by an article in one of the Glasgow newspapers as early as 1872. An immediate response followed, and the Waverley Burns Club of Glasgow appealed to the public for a popular subscription, limited to one shilling from each contributor. In the course of a few months the total cost of some two thousand pounds was collected, principally in Glasgow, and George E. Ewing, a prominent local sculptor, was invited to submit a model, which having been approved of, he was commissioned to execute in bronze. The sculp-

tor's conception of Burns was certainly original, and on that account was subjected for a long time to much adverse criticism.

The poet is represented standing in a very pensive mood. In his left hand is a "modest, crimson-tipped" daisy, while his right hand holds a Kilmarnock bonnet. His dress is that of the farmer of the period—loose coat, knee-breeches, stockings and buckled shoes. The figure, if somewhat heavy, is graceful in outline, and the drapery has been treated in an effective and free manner. The statue is nine feet high, and is placed on a pedestal of gray Aberdeen granite 12 feet high, designed by the sculptor. A great parade and demonstration took place on the occasion of the unveiling of the statue on the 25th of January, 1877. Over 30,000 people crowded into the Square. The unveiling ceremony was performed by Lord Houghton, who delivered a notable address and eulogy of the poet, and Bailie Watson, chairman of the Burns Monument Committee, formally handed over the statue, which is known as the "National Tribute to the Memory of Burns," to the Lord Provost and Council of the City of Glasgow.

The front of the pedestal has the inscription:

"ROBERT BURNS

Born 1759

Died 1796."

Since the death of the sculptor, *basso-relievos* by his brother, Mr. James Ewing, have been inserted in the pedestal. They have been modeled in char-

acteristic fashion and certainly do much to enrich the general appearance of the Monument.

To the left is a representation of the "Cottar's Saturday Night," and to the right "Tam o' Shanter" and the witches; while the back panel has a beautiful and vivid representation from "The Vision,"—the Muse crowning Burns with a wreath of laurel.

George Square has many statues and memorials, some of them more pretentious than the others, but none draw such homage from the people as that plain figure of the Scottish ploughman whose fame is growing as the years roll by.

"If I'm designed yon lordling's slave,
By Nature's law designed,
Why was an independent wish
E'er planted in my mind?
If not, why am I subject to
His cruelty or scorn?
Or why has man the will and power
To make his fellow mourn?"

—Burns.

KILMARNOCK.

Old Kilmarnock! Who can ever hear the name without thinking of that glorious First Edition which launched the Immortal Bard in the sea of popularity? The name Kilmarnock would be linked to that of Robert Burns in perpetuity without stone or marble or bronze; but "Auld Killie" not only has discharged her obligation to honor and perpetuate the memory of Burns, but has been a worthy object lesson to her sister cities in erecting one of the noblest tributes to the memory of the National Bard that any town can boast.

Kilmarnock is justly proud of the fact that she is a "Burns Town." Here is one of the oldest Burns Clubs in existence, the actual records dating from 1808. Here, too, is the headquarters of that grand institution which is doing such good work to band together in a common Brotherhood all lovers of the great Peasant Poet—The Burns Federation—a coalition of sincere and enthusiastic men which is without doubt destined to take an honored part in carrying out the great prophecy of the poet that

“—man to man the world o’er
Shall brothers be for a’ that.”



Photo by Valentine & Sons, Ltd., Dundee
THE BURNS MONUMENT, Kilmarnock

The Kilmarnock Monument to Burns in Kay Park is undoubtedly the most pretentious—the most colossal and imposing—of any Burns Memorial. The inauguration of a movement for the erection of a statue to the poet took place at a Burns' Birthday celebration in 1877. The unprecedented success of the appeal to the public made the committee in charge extend the original plan so as to include an ornamental building and museum in addition to the statue. Eventually the plans of Mr. Robert Ingram, a Kilmarnock architect, for a Memorial Building and Museum, and the model of Mr. W. Grant Stevenson, R. S. A., Edinburgh, for a marble statue, were accepted by the subscribers, and on August 9th, 1879, before the largest assembly of spectators that Kilmarnock had ever witnessed, the statue was unveiled and the Monument handed over to the Corporation of the Burgh. The masonic ceremony by the Provincial Grand Lodge of Ayrshire was faithfully carried through, and thereafter Colonel (afterwards General Sir Claud) Alexander of Ballochmyle, a relative of "The Bonnie Lass of Ballochmyle" immortalized by Burns, unveiled the statue, and delivered an eloquent oration on the Poetic Genius.

The building occupies a height in Kay Park overlooking the town of Kilmarnock, and is in the Scottish baronial style of architecture, well-suited to the site. The Tower is eighty feet high. The principal floor is reached by two flights of stairs with stone balustrades, the latter continued around the balcony. In front is an alcove which forms a shrine for the beautiful marble statue. Immedi-

ately behind the alcove is the Museum, entrance to which is had from the balcony. The Museum contains some fine relics and MSS. of the poet, including the great McKie collection of Burnsiana, which comprises almost every edition of Burns' Works that has been published. A circular stair leads to the top of the Tower, from which a beautiful panoramic view of the "Land of Burns" is obtained.

Mr. Stevenson's statue of Burns in the Kilmarnock Monument is a little over eight feet high, and with the pedestal about twelve feet high. It is exquisitely chiselled in Sicilian marble, and as a likeness, follows the Nasmyth portrait with a fidelity that is indeed striking when seen in the profile. In the costume, too, the Nasmyth picture has been closely followed, including the tight-fitting coat and knee-breeches. Burns is represented in the act of composing. The left hand grasps a notebook resting on the broken stump of a tree, while the right hand holds a pencil as if the poet were ready to indite some of those epic gems that have made his name so dear to the hearts of the common people. The statue is one of the finest realizations of the poet that we have.

The Burns Memorial at Kilmarnock is a noble structure and certainly one of the most attractive that have been erected to perpetuate the memory of the world-famous Ayrshire Ploughman.



W. Grant Stevenson, R. S. A.

By kind permission of the sculptor

THE BURNS STATUE IN THE KILMARNOCK MONUMENT



NEW YORK.

AMERICA'S FIRST TRIBUTE TO THE BARD OF SCOTIA.

The time has long since passed when Scotland could claim a monopoly of Burns. There is no great poet who is less of a mere name and abstraction. No local boundary can confine his genius and fame; they are universal, and in no part of the world are Burns' works more appreciated and his name more honored than in the United States of America. Nor is it to be wondered at. Did not the great Emerson—"The Sage of Concord"—tell his countrymen that their Declaration of Independence was not a more weighty document in the history of Freedom than the Songs of Robert Burns? Americans understand the meaning of "A man's a man for a' that," for it is part of their gospel, and, thanks to the innate reverence for the poet in Scotsmen and their descendants, Burns Clubs can be found from Maine to California; from Canada to the Gulf.

New York, the commercial metropolis of the New World, fittingly lead the way in the matter of public memorials to the bard. In 1872, the efforts of the Scott Monument Committee were

crowned with success by the erection of a statue to the great novelist in Central Park; and immediately thereafter a Burns Monument Committee was organized, and a commission given to Sir John Steell, the eminent Edinburgh sculptor, for a companion statue. Thus it is that Walter Scott and Robert Burns, two of the greatest Sons of Scotland, sit face to face on that lovely wooded Avenue in the New World's Pantheon.

The statue, of which Sir John Steell wrote—"It is the best work I have ever done"—was unveiled by Mr. William Paton on the afternoon of October 2nd, 1880, before a great gathering of people. It is of bronze, nine feet high. The front of the pedestal bears the simple inscription:

"ROBERT BURNS."

The back of the pedestal states that the Monument was

**"Presented To The City Of New York
By Admirers Of Scotia's Peasant Bard**

On The

**One Hundred And Twenty First Anniversary
Of His Birth."**

The sculptor followed the Nasmyth portrait, helped by a cast of the poet's skull. The statue represents the poet in a sitting posture, his seat being the fork of an old elm tree, whose broken limbs on either side form the arms of an improvised rustic chair. His head is thrown back and he is supposed to be gazing at the evening star. His features wear an air of intense abstraction, the idea



Sir John Steell, R. S. A.

Photo by G. P. Hall & Son, New York City

THE BURNS STATUE, Central Park, New York

of pre-occupation being finely conceived. The right hand holds a pen as if ready to note down the poetic thoughts suggested by his gaze, while his left arm hangs listlessly. The position of the legs gives the appearance of muscular power in repose. The costume consists of a coat and waistcoat of the rustic fashion of his day with knee-breeches and stockings of the "rig and fur" kind. A plough sock lies near the right foot, partly concealed by a scroll bearing the following lines from the beautiful poem "To Mary in Heaven":—

"Thou ling'ring star, with less'ning ray,
 That lov'st to greet the early morn,
 Again thou usher'st in the day
 My Mary from my soul was torn.

Oh, Mary! dear departed shade!
 Where is thy place of blissful rest?
 See'st thou thy lover lowly laid?
 Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

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

The statue was so much admired that its fame soon spread, and replicas of it have been erected in Dundee, Scotland; London, England; and Dunedin, New Zealand.

DUNDEE.

"Where Tay rins wimplin' by sae clear."

—Burns.

Two short weeks after the unveiling of Steell's great statue of Burns in the Mall, Central Park, New York, an exact replica of it was unveiled in "Bonnie Dundee." Almost a hundred years previously, Burns himself, returning from his Highland Tour, had visited the quaint old city on the Tay. In his diary he wrote:—"Dundee, a low-lying, but pleasant town with an Old Steeple." And now under the shadow of this same "Old Steeple"—St. Mary's Tower, still a conspicuous feature of the town and one of the most remarkable pieces of architecture in Scotland—a bronze statue of the National Bard has been erected to the immortal memory of one of the greatest visitors that ever entered the gates of the city.

The massive and handsome memorial is located in Albert Square, and was unveiled on the afternoon of Saturday, October 16th, 1880, by Mr. Frank Henderson, M. P., in the presence of 25,000 peo-

ple, and amid many manifestations of popular enthusiasm.

The erection of the statue was the culmination of several years' faithful persistent work by a Burns Monument Committee, comprising some of the best citizens of Dundee, amongst whom was the notable Rev. George Gilfillan, the much-censured Burns critic, and editor of several editions of the poet's works.

The design is on the scale of a twelve feet figure, and the statue measures rather over nine feet in height. The pedestal, of Peterhead granite, beautifully polished, is about eight by nine feet, and stands six and a half feet high. The pedestal has engraved on front the well-known verse:

"Thou ling'ring star, with less'ning ray,
That lov'st to greet the early morn,
Again thou usher'st in the day
My Mary from my soul was torn."

On the base is the inscription:

"Inaugurated 16th October, 1880."

The following highly interesting extract is taken from the Minute Book of the Dundee Burns Club for 1880:

"When Sir John Steell began his career as a sculptor many years ago, he cherished the idea of some day modelling a statue of Burns after the manner he has successfully carried out in the figures which now adorn New York and Dundee.

It seemed to him that statuary could only worthily represent Scotland's chief poet by conveying in

the work, the highest intellectual phase of the bard. With keen humor, there was in the character of Burns a strong leaven of spiritual ideality, which wells out in such works as 'The Cottar's Saturday Night' and 'To Mary in Heaven.' The sculptor's idea, therefore, was to reproduce his subject in the act of composing the beautiful poem last cited, and in this he has succeeded to the satisfaction of all lovers of poetic art. Sir John Steell had, if we may so say, as the text of his sermon in bronze, the account given by Mrs. Burns of the circumstances under which 'To Mary In Heaven' was composed, and the statue illustrates that account in a really noble manner. One excellent feature of the work is its entire freedom from conventionality. The pose of the limbs has been censured as awkward, but the critics who so write fail to perceive that when a human being's consciousness is entirely absorbed by some high inspiration, the airs and graces of posture are undreamt of. Henry Irving's individuality is for the time so entirely merged in the passions of the character of Hamlet that he forgets altogether to pose his limbs with that theatrical grace to which more self-conscious but less gifted performers have accustomed the spectator. In like manner, Sir John Steell's insight into poetic idiosyncrasy has prompted the thought that true art consisted in the negligent disposition of the statuesque limbs. Yet how wonderfully subtle is the manner in which the lines of the limbs are blended with the lines of the drapery, in order to produce the necessary amount of light and shade. The highest poetic grace of the statue is found in the rapt expression of the



Sir John Steell, R. S. A.

Photo by Valentine & Sons, Ltd., Dundee

THE BURNS STATUE, Dundee

upturned face, which appears instinct with thoughts that burn. The likeness is taken from Nasmyth's famous portrait; and although the expression is more etherealized than in the picture, to suit the sculptor's conception, the characterization preserved by the painter is all there. The modelling has evidently been a work of loving patience to the artist. The limbs bear evidence of keen anatomical observation, and in the contours of the flesh there is a delicate softness inexpressibly pleasing. Dundee has two reasons to be proud of this noble memorial of Robert Burns. Her citizens had the good taste to be attracted by the companion statue commissioned by New York, and then there is the fact that the sculptor himself may be regarded as a townsman."

"Auld Nature swears the lovely dears
Her noblest work she classes O!
Her 'prentice han' she tried on man
And then she made the lasses, O!"

—Burns.

DUMFRIES.

Dumfries is a very old and historical town. Possessed of many scenic and archaeological attractions, and loaded down with memories of Bruce and Burns, the "Patriot King" and the "Patriot Bard;" nevertheless, the very fact that the fair "Queen of the South" holds within her gates the ashes of Burns and contains the shrine of one of the greatest geniuses that the world has ever seen, will serve to make Dumfries for all time to come one of the most interesting Meccas known to civilization.

Every schoolboy knows, as Macaulay would have said, Burns' relationship to the border town. When the Burns Mausoleum was erected Dumfries could boast of possessing what Allan Cunningham called "the first monument raised by the gratitude of Scotland to the memory of Burns." But that was many years ago. Since then a second monument has been reared in the town where Burns died, to the "Immortal Memory," in the form of a statue which occupies a very conspicuous site in Church Place at the head of High Street.

The statue is unique in that it is the work of a woman, Mrs. D. O. Hill, of Edinburgh, a sister of

Sir Noel Paton, the famous Scottish painter. It is of Carrara marble, and is placed on a gray stone pedestal relieved with appropriate carving. Set into the pedestal are four marble tablets with inscriptions indicative of the trend of the poet's teachings. They are as follows:

On South Face.

"Erected by the inhabitants of Dumfries (with the aid of many friends) as a loving tribute to their fellow-townsmen, the National Poet of Scotland.
6th April, 1882."

On East Face.

"O Scotia! My dear, my native soil!
For whom my warmest wish to heaven is sent."

"E'en then a wish, I mind its power
A wish that to my latest hour
Shall strongly heave my breast:
That I, for puir auld Scotland's sake,
Some usefu' plan or beuk could make,
Or sing a sang at least."

On North Face.

"Man's inhumanity to man
Makes countless thousands mourn."

"Affliction's sons are brothers in distress—
A brother to relieve, how exquisite the bless."

"It's comin' yet for a' that,
When man to man the world o'er
Shall brothers be, and a' that."

On West Face.

"The heart's aye the part aye
That maks us richt or wrang."

"Prudent, cautious, self-control, is wisdom's root."

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

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

The statue was raised through the efforts of a committee of Dumfries gentlemen, drawn principally from the "Queen of the South" and "Tam o' Shanter" Burns Clubs, who labored earnestly for five years. Mrs. Hill, like Sir John Steell, followed the Nasmyth Portrait assisted by a cast of the skull of the poet. Burns is represented in a half-sitting attitude, resting against a tree trunk. The figure is graceful and natural. His right hand is laid on his heart, while his left holds a bunch of daisies—"Wee, modest, crimson-tipped flower." His dress is of the conventional cottar type of his time, with tailed-coat, knee breeches, etc., while a plaid falls in easy folds around his body. His dog, Luath, rests his head against the poet's feet, while at the tree root are a "Tam o' Shanter" and a shepherd's horn. Mrs. Hill seems to have been gener-



Mrs. D. O. Hill

Photo by William Brown, Paisley

THE BURNS STATUE, Dumfries

ously endowed with the Paton proclivity for detail, though her collie is of the modern type; not the "tousie tyke" of which Burns wrote.

Edward Pinnington, in the "Art Journal," says: "The statue suggests sprightly activity and vivacity, something of bubbling vitality and buoyant energy, rather than thought. It is, however, the nearest existing approach to a woman's sculptured thought of Burns, and it is an interesting, even if it never was a lofty embodiment of the poet."

The truth is that the statue was Italianized. The clay model was sent to Italy to be cut upon an enlarged scale, and in the process the sculptor's work was bereft of some of its finest features. The statue, for all that, is an ornament to the ancient burgh, and a fitting tribute from the inhabitants to the memory of their most distinguished townsman. It was unveiled by that ever-popular democratic nobleman and lover of Burns, the Earl of Rosebery, who at the time worthily received the Freedom of the Burgh of Dumfries. Lord Rosebery on the occasion of the coronation of King George V. last June was created Earl of Midlothian, by which title he will be officially known, but to the present generation, and especially to lovers of Burns in every part of the world, his lordship will continue to be the same Lord Rosebery whom they have all learned to love.

Upon the occasion of the unveiling of the Dumfries statue, Mr. W. Stewart Ross was awarded a

medal for the prize ode, which contained the following couplet:

“Australia loves him, India too, as tho’ he had
but died yestreen;
Columbia knows the ‘Banks o’ Doon,’ and Afric
sings o’ ‘Bonnie Jean.’ ”

“The great Creator to revere
Must sure become the creature,
But still the preaching can’t forbear,
And e’en the rigid feature;
Yet ne’er with wits profane to range,
Be complaisance extended;
An atheist-laugh’s a poor exchange
For Deity offended.

When ranting round in pleasure’s ring
Religion may be blinded;
Or if she gi’e a random sting,
It may be little minded;
But when on life we’re tempest-driven,
A conscience but a canker,
A correspondence fix’d wi’ Heaven
Is sure a noble anchor.”

—Burns.

LONDON, ENGLAND.

THE THAMES EMBANKMENT STATUE.

The Burns Federation, of which mention has been previously made, was formed, strange to say, on the banks of the river Thames. The late Colin Rae Brown, originator of the universal Burns' Birth Centenary celebrations, and founder of the London Robert Burns Club; accompanied by the late Provost Mackay and Captain Sneddon (who died suddenly last year while visiting in Nyasaland) of Kilmarnock, spent a beautiful morning on the Thames Embankment in 1884 looking for a site for the Burns statue. It was then that the idea for a Federation of the Burns Clubs throughout the world was conceived, and the happy thought then nursed soon took practical form, with the result that the scheme has gone on successfully until the present time.

The site selected for the London Burns statue on that now historical morning was in the Thames Embankment Gardens, Adelphi, in the close proximity of Cleopatra's Needle, and but a few hundred yards from the Strand where beats the pulse of the world. The statue is a replica of the Steell creation

in Central Park, New York, and at Dundee. There are, however, some points of difference between the London statue and the two others just mentioned, especially in the pose of the head. The statue is of bronze and sits on an appropriate pedestal of Peterhead granite placed on a base of gray granite. On the front of the pedestal is the inscription:

**“ROBERT BURNS
1759—1796.”**

Beneath this is quoted a portion of the poet's famous preface to the Second (or Edinburgh) Edition of his poems, dedicated to the gentlemen of the Caledonian Hunt:

“The Poetic Genius of my Country found me at the plough and threw her inspiring mantle over me. She bade me sing the loves, the joys, the rural scenes and rural pleasures of my native soil in my native tongue. I tuned my wild artless notes as she inspired.”

The statue was the gift of Mr. John Gordon Crawford, a retired Glasgow merchant, long resident in London, and was unveiled by Lord Rosebery on July 26, 1884.

The ceremony was attended by thousands of enthusiastic Scots and admirers of Burns who thronged the Gardens and the approaches. Lord Houghton, best known as the famous Monckton Milnes, was present and made a happy speech, telling of his experience as judge of the Burns' Centenary poems, and the row raised at the Crystal



Sir John Steell, R. S. A.

Photo by G. A. Dunn, London

THE BURNS STATUE, Thames Embankment, London

Palace when he adjudicated the first prize to a lady, Miss Isa Craig, afterwards Mrs. Craig Knox, the authoress of the beautiful sentiment:

“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.”

Lord Houghton marvelled that Scotland contained so many thousands of minor poets, and propounded the much-quoted couplet:

“Scotland shall flourish while each peasant learns
The Psalms of David and the Songs of Burns.”

The London Robert Burns Club took a prominent part in the unveiling ceremony, and entertained the donor of the statue and a large party of delegates from all over Scotland. The Thames Embankment statue of Burns is an object of much interest not only to the London Scots, but to the tens of thousands of tourists who annually search the metropolis for the capital’s tributes to the nation’s Men of Genius.

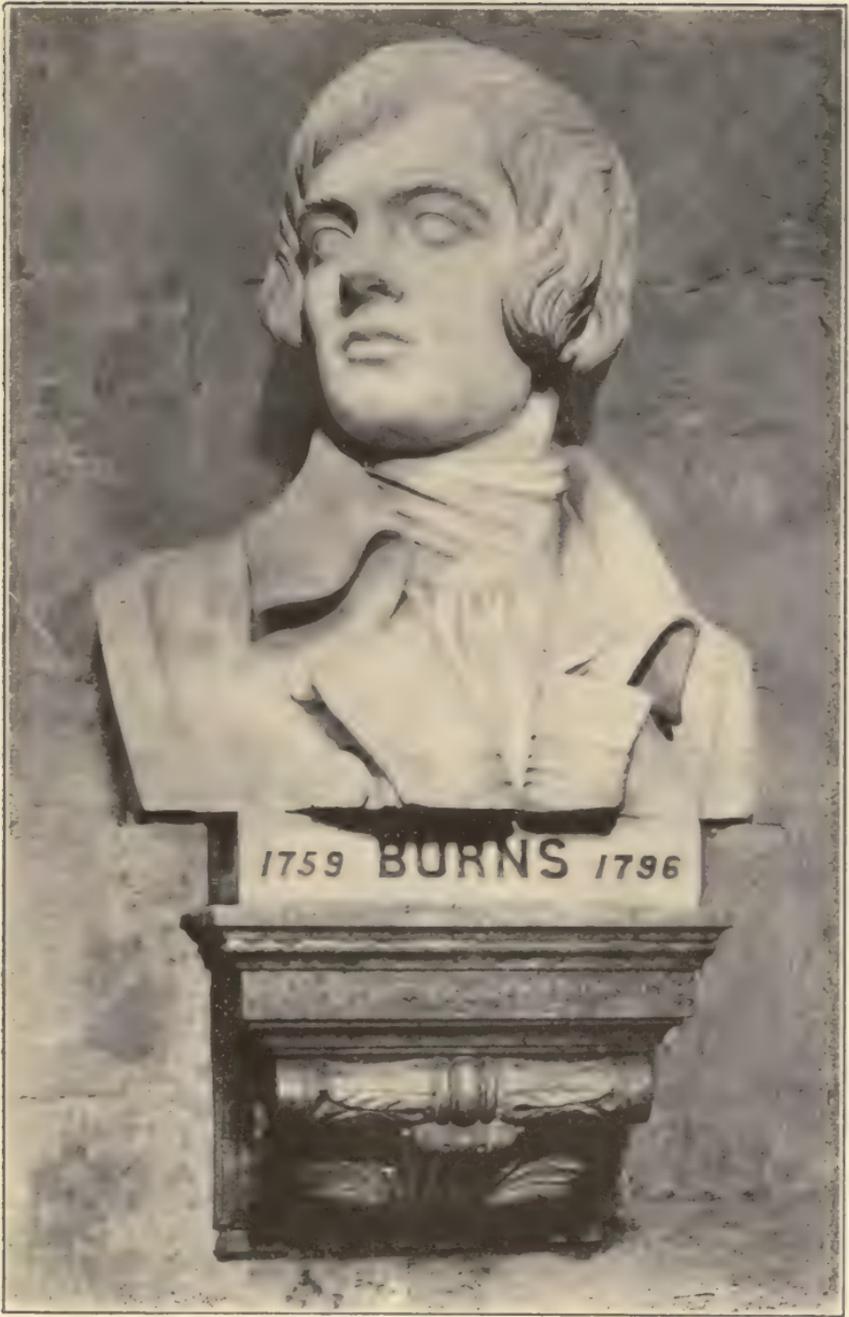
LONDON, ENGLAND.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY—BUST OF BURNS IN "POETS' CORNER."

The great Addison once wrote in the "Spectator" concerning the "Poets' Corner":—"In the poetical quarter I found there were poets who had no monument, and monuments which had no poets." No doubt the great essayist had some near-poetical genius in mind when he wrote the latter part of that rather satirical sentence, but it obviously could not have been Robert Burns.

In the South Transept of Westminster Abbey, in the historical "Poets' Corner," a fine bust of Burns by Sir John Steell, R. S. A., Edinburgh, was unveiled by Lord Rosebery, on 7th March, 1885, before a very distinguished gathering. The late Dean Bradley, who for twenty-five years was the zealous guardian of the Abbey, gave a warm and cordial assent to the erection of the Bust, and thereby won for himself the gratitude of the Scottish Nation.

This worthy and well-placed memorial of the Bard was raised by means of a "shilling subscription." The idea originated in Glasgow in 1878, the



Sir John Steell, R. S. A.

Photo by David Weller, Westminster

THE BUST OF BURNS

"Poets' Corner," Westminster Abbey, London

committee in charge having as chairman, Bailie Wilson, with Councillor Jackson as secretary. Subscriptions were actually confined to the sum of one shilling, and they were received from all parts of the world. The late King Edward, then Prince of Wales, headed Lord Rosebery's subscription sheet.

In 1888, Sir John Steell was commissioned to execute the bust, but it was not completed until January, 1885, and was, as stated, unveiled in March of the same year. The bust is a really fine one and is placed on a nicely and appropriately carved corbel. It bears the inscription:

"BURNS
1759—1796."

The ploughman-poet certainly occupies an honored place in "Poets' Corner," his bust being but three feet to the right of the Shakespeare Statue, while immediately to the right of Burns is the memorial to another renowned Scottish poet, James Thomson, the author of the beautiful "Seasons."

The Westminster Abbey Guide, edited by two daughters of the late Dean Bradley, contains the following reference to the Burns Memorial:—"This Memorial, erected eighty-nine years after his death, the work of a Scottish artist, and paid for in shilling subscriptions contributed by all classes from the highest to the lowest, attests the Ayrshire poet's hold over the hearts of his countrymen."

After the unveiling ceremony Dean Bradley, in accepting the beautiful work of Steell, hoped "that the poet's best legacies to his race, all that is good,

beautiful and noble in his poems, may long invigorate, enrich and delight mankind in every corner of the world."

"What though on hamely fare we dine,
Wear hodden grey, and a' that;
Gi'e fools their silks, and knaves their wine
A man's a man for a' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
Their tinsel show and a' that;
The honest man, though e'er sae poor,
Is king o' men for a' that.

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 comin' yet, for a' that,
That man to man, the world o'er,
Shall brothers be for a' that."

—Burns.



D. W. Stevenson, R. S. A.

THE BUST OF BURNS

"Hall of Heroes," Wallace Monument, Stirling

STIRLING.

*"Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled!
Scots wham Bruce has aften led!
Welcome to your gory bed,
Or to Victory."*

—Burns.

The Scottish National Wallace Monument on Abbey Craig, Stirling, is one of the imposing sights on the upper reaches of the Forth. It is a landmark which enthusiastic patriots point to with pride and is indeed a fitting and appropriately placed National Memorial to the great Scottish Hero.

Within this beautiful baronial Tower there is a chamber known officially as the Hall of Heroes, and "as Peace hath her victories no less renowned than War," the majority of Heroes whose busts adorn this interesting Gallery of Art are those who have achieved fame in Science and Literature. And how fitting it was that the first bust to be placed in this Hall of Scottish Heroes was that of the National Bard—Robert Burns. When the custodiers made public their desire to set apart a chamber in the Monument to receive busts of eminent

Scotsmen, the first to respond was Mr. Andrew Carnegie, who cabled from America—"Allow me to contribute the first bust, and let it be that of our National Poet, who sang 'A man's a man for a' that.'" The patrons gladly accepted the gift, and thus Burns was the first to be represented in the Monument.

The bust, which is of white marble, is a very fine one, following the Nasmyth painting, and is somewhat larger than life. It was from the studio of Mr. D. W. Stevenson, R. S. A., Edinburgh. It rests on a neatly carved bracket from the design of Mr. Kinross, an Edinburgh architect. Underneath, on a bronze plate, is the inscription:

"ROBERT BURNS

Presented by Andrew Carnegie, Esq."

The bust was unveiled by Dean of Guild Mercer, on the 4th September, 1886, when an oration on "The Genius of Burns" was given by the Rev. Dr. Rogers.

The Hall of Heroes now contains the busts of many distinguished Scotsmen, among them being Carlyle, Scott, Watt, John Knox, Livingstone, Hugh Miller, Adam Smith, Gladstone, Allan Ramsay, etc.

BALLARAT, VICTORIA.

Ballarat, the centre of the famous Australian gold fields, is not only a busy but also a beautiful city. Some one has said that "scarcely even the paradisiacal isles of the South Seas are more perfectly beautiful than this inland city, set like a starry gem amidst everlasting hills clothed with sylvan verdure." Throughout the Commonwealth of Australia it is called the City of Statues, and not without reason, for in this up-to-date mining town is gathered the finest collection of statuary contained in the Southern Hemisphere. Everywhere the eye falls on noble statues erected to the memory of national poets, warriors, and the great men and women who made history in the Victorian era.

It is more than a quarter of a century since a coterie of enthusiastic Scots set the ball a-rolling for a Burns statue for Ballarat. A committee of twelve prominent citizens was appointed and a circular letter was issued in November, 1884, setting forth the project. The response was gratifying and soon the design of a Ballarat citizen, a Mr. Thompson, was accepted for a statue of the bard. This design was

executed by Mr. John Udney, sculptor, Carrara, Italy. The figure is nine feet high and of beautiful Carrara marble. The poet is shown in the prime of life, and, of course, in the conventional Scottish dress of the period, with plaid. In his right hand he holds a pen and in the left a book. The expression bespeaks deep thought as if he were about to compose a poem of a serious strain. His faithful dog sits at his feet, looking affectionately up to his master's face. On the plinth of the statue, in large letters, is the name:

“BURNS.”

The pedestal is thirteen feet high and is of Blue-stone (volcanic rock) and Harcourt granite of a pearly gray color—a very effective combination. The polished panels of the pedestal are inscribed with immortal quotations from the poet's works, as follows:

On the Front, or West Panel.

“Born near Ayr, Scotland,
January 25th, 1759.

Died at Dumfries, July 21st, 1796.”

“The gossip keekit in his loof;
Quo' she—Wha lives will see the proof,
This waly boy will be nae coof,
I think we'll ca' him Robin.

He'll hae misfortunes great and sma',
But aye a heart aboon them a';
He'll be a credit 'till us a',
We'll a' be proud o' Robin.”



John Udney, Carrara

Photo by Richards & Co., Ballarat

THE BURNS STATUE, Ballarat, Victoria, Australia

East Panel.

"The best laid schemes o' mice and men
Gang aft agley."

"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 forever."

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

North Panel.

"Gently scan your brother man,
Still gentlier sister woman;
Though they may gang a-kennin' wrang,
To step aside is human."

"Gie me ae spark o' Nature's fire—
That's a' the learnin' I desire."

"If self the wavering balance shake
It's rarely right adjusted."

South Panel.

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

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

**"Man's inhumanity to man
Makes countless thousands mourn."**

**"The social friendly honest man,
Whate'er he be,
'Tis he fulfils great Nature's plan,
And none but he."**

The day on which the statue was unveiled—April 21st, 1887—was a public holiday, Australian Labor Day. There was a great demonstration, including a big procession with many bands of music. Nearly 40,000 people attended the ceremony, which was performed by Mr. Thomas Stoddart. The oration was delivered by Hon. John Nimmo, M. P., Commissioner of Public Works, an intense admirer of the bard, who did full justice to his subject.

The site on which the statue is erected was granted by the city, and is acknowledged to be the best in Ballarat. It is in front of the Post Office and some of the principal buildings of the city, and in the middle of that magnificent thoroughfare, Sturt Street, which is adorned with inspiring statues. Nearby is a companion statue of Thomas Moore, the sweet singer of Ireland.

Needless to say Ballarat is proud of its statue of Burns, the first to be erected south of the equator, for the citizens realize that they have a memorial that occupies a foremost position amongst the world's monuments to the poet's memory, convey-

ing to their minds a truly realistic conception of their honored Bard.

In the fine illustration which we are able to give of this statue, in addition to Hon. J. Nimmo, M. P., and Mr. Thomas Stoddart, mentioned above, can be seen Messrs. J. M. Bickett, Hon. Secy., J. P. Murray, Hon. Treas., Alex. Miller, Thos. Bury, Alex. Bell, D. F. Stalker, Thos. Lyle and Hon. W. C. Smith, M. P. They are fine examples of the sturdy Scots who helped to build up the Australian Commonwealth, though most of them have now gone to their reward.

“Reader, attend—whether thy soul
Soars fancy’s flights beyond the pole,
Or darkling grubs this earthly hole
In low pursuit;
Know—prudent, cautious self-control
Is wisdom’s root.”

—Burns.

DUNEDIN, NEW ZEALAND.

In far-away New Zealand, the Great Britain of the Southern Seas, thousands of the inhabitants are veritable worshippers of Burns. Clubs bearing the poet's name flourish throughout both Islands, and Dunedin has one of the liveliest in existence. It is certainly the most popular of all the clubs in the city, having monthly entertainments throughout the year, but then it must be remembered that this was originally a Scottish community, although now other nationalities are growing stronger. In the early days of the Colony there was a distinction made in the populace. The Scots were the "Old Identities," while all others were the "New Iniquities."

It is not to be wondered at that the name of Burns is one to conjure with around Dunedin, for his direct descendants have been connected with the locality for almost three quarters of a century. When the Disruption of the Church of Scotland took place in 1843, one of the greatest good things that resulted from it was the impetus which it gave to the colonization scheme of the church in the Antipodes. One of the men most interested in this



Sir John Steell, R. S. A.

THE BURNS STATUE, Dunedin, New Zealand

scheme was Rev. Dr. Thomas Burns, son of Gilbert Burns, the poet's brother. He was an alumnus of Edinburgh University, and at the time of the Disruption, minister of Prestwick, Ayrshire. After helping in the organization of Free Church congregations both in the west and east of Scotland, he turned his attention to the greater task which has made his name famous in the southern hemisphere.

In 1847, Dr. Burns accompanied a great band of emigrants to New Zealand, and by sheer grit he built up not only the whole presbyterian fabric of the province of Otago, but its educational system as well. He died, universally regretted, in 1871, and an enduring monument was about twenty years ago erected to his memory in Dunedin. As a writer in the "Burns Chronicle" has said—"It is well for future historians of the Empire to note that from Mossgiel there emanated not only songs which have delighted the world and have knitted together Scotsmen the world over, but also an earnest Christian minister, with statesman-like gifts, who played a most important part in extending and strengthening the British Empire in a far-away part of the globe."

It seems to have been an exciting race between the Scots of Ballarat and Dunedin for the honor of having the first statue of Burns south of the equator, but the men of the gold country passed the winning post a full month in the lead. The foundation stone of the Dunedin statue was laid on March 26th, 1887, with full masonic honors; and there never was, nor has been, such a muster in Dunedin

of the brethren of the Mystic Tie. Every society in the district turned out in full force; every band of music was requisitioned; every man who could "blaw the pipes" was there to help along the enthusiasm. It was exhilarating to the Scottish pride of race, and all sorts and conditions of men and women were pleased to take part in paying tribute to the memory of Burns.

The statue was unveiled on the Queen's Birthday, May 24th, 1887, in presence of a gathering that outrivalled that which turned out at the laying of the foundation stone. The cord was pulled by Miss Burns, a great-grand niece of the poet, and a grand-daughter of the Rev. Dr. Burns. The oration was delivered by Sir George Gray, Governor of New Zealand, whose address showed great eloquence and an intimate knowledge of Burns' works.

The Dunedin statue is a replica of Sir John Steell's work originally executed for New York and later reproduced at Dundee and London. It is of bronze and stands on a pedestal of Peterhead granite. The only inscription is on the front die:

"ROBERT BURNS

25 January 1759

21 July 1796."

The statue stands in the most prominent site in Dunedin—the Octagon—a reserve in the heart of the city. It was subscribed for principally by the Scottish residents of the district, but such a wave of enthusiasm swept the place that more money was offered than was required. The following lines,

written by a village blacksmith, James Bryce of Milton, on one of the subscription sheets for the Dunedin statue, are well worth recording:

“Put a stane on the cairn o’ the plowman chiel
That gave voice to each thrill that the heart
can feel,
And scattered his sangs wi’ a kingly hand
In the hearts o’ the people in every land.
Free as the air or the sunlight o’ heaven,
These priceless treasures to us were given,
To soothe and to cheer in their mystical chime
The hearts of all men, till the end o’ time.
Then pile up the cairn, set the statue on high,
Till the head o’ the Bard sweeps the Southern
Sky!
And the tribes will see, who are far away,
How we honor the author o’ ‘Scots Wha
Hae.’”

The best productions of a country are the men and women who love it. Some of Old Scotland’s finest productions are living in the Land of the Maoris.

ALBANY, N. Y.

Albany is an ancient name for the Highlands of Scotland, and in fact the title of "Duke of Albany" has been the Scottish appellation of some appendage of the British royal family for centuries. It is somewhat appropriate, then, that the city of Albany, the capital of New York, the "Empire State," should have in its keeping one of the best and certainly one of the most costly statues of Burns in the United States, and what enthusiasts call "the best statue of Robert Burns in the world."

This statue was erected through the munificence of a venerable and modest old lady, Miss Mary McPherson, born in Scotland of humble parentage, who, through thrift and industry, accumulated considerable wealth, and after bequeathing large sums to numerous friends, devised that the residue of her estate should be expended in rearing a Monument in Washington Park "To the memory of Robert Burns—a Monument worthy of the man, an ornament to the Park, and an honor to the Land of my birth."

That such a beautiful statue has been erected is ascribable to the indefatigable exertions and perseverance of Mr. Peter Kinnear, the life-long friend



Charles Calverley

THE BURNS STATUE, Albany, New York

of the McPherson family, and executor of the will of Miss McPherson; an ardent lover of Burns and the Grand Old Scotsman of Albany. Acting on the advice of some of the greatest artists in America, backed by the opinions of some of the leading travelled Scotsmen in the States, Mr. Kinnear commissioned Charles Calverley, a New York sculptor, who had prepared a plaster model, to go on with the work, and "to spare no reasonable expense so long as he made it the best statue of Burns in the world." For two years the painstaking sculptor alternated between study of his subject and labor on his working model of the statue, until he produced what is probably the greatest work of his life and one which any artist would be proud to own.

The statue as it stands in Washington Park, that glorious breathing-place in Albany, is some seven and a half feet high. The pedestal, of red Scottish granite, is about the same height, while the bottom base, of gray American granite, raises the total height of the Monument to about eighteen feet. The sculptor has represented the bard in a sitting posture, garbed in the conventional ploughman garb of his day, with leggings, etc. A plaid hangs with negligent grace over the right shoulder and across the lap of the figure. The poet holds a book in his right hand, and the features, which are undoubtedly after Nasmyth, have a very thoughtful, poetic expression. The bronze plinth of the statue has beautiful quotations from the works of the poet.

On the front of the pedestal, surmounting a garland of flowers, is the one word—

“BURNS.”

The die has four bronze panels in *bas relief*, elegant representations of some of the poet's accepted leading works. In front is “The Cottar's Saturday Night;” at the back “Auld Lang Syne;” at the right side “The Poet Ploughman and the Daisy;” and at the left side “Tam o' Shanter” crossing the Auld Brig O'Doon. At the four bottom corners of the die are exquisitely carved thistles.

The corner stone of the statue was laid with impressive masonic ceremony by the Grand Lodge of the State of New York, and the day of the unveiling—August 30th., 1888—is a red letter day in the history of Albany. One of the largest gatherings ever seen in New York's capital turned out to do honor to the Bard of Scotia, and to admire the statue which an obscure Scotswoman had erected to the memory of one of her countrymen whom she had learned to love and respect for the manly and independent traits of character he had shown in his works. The oration of the day was delivered by the Rev. Dr. Collyer, the leading Unitarian divine in the States.

It was universally acknowledged that the Scotsmen had scored the first point in the monumental decoration of the quaint old Dutch city on the mighty Hudson. The statue cost in the neighborhood of \$30,000, and is known as “The McPherson Legacy to the City of Albany.”



Charles Calverley

By kind permission of Peter Kinnear, Esq.

PANELS IN THE ALBANY STATUE



George A. Lawson, Hon. R. S. A.

THE BURNS STATUE, Ayr

AYR.

*"Auld Ayr, wham ne'er a toon surpasses,
For honest men and bonnie lasses."*

—Burns.

If Ayr had no other claim than to be the Capital of "The Land of Burns," she would still hold first place in the affections of the poet's countrymen. But the fine old town of "honest men and bonnie lasses" has intrinsic charms of her own. Ayr has in recent years developed into a popular health resort, and on account of its being the leading shrine of Burns, is visited annually by tens of thousands attracted from every quarter of the civilized world.

The Ayr Burns Statue, erected through the exertions of the local Burns Club, stands in the open triangle in front of the Glasgow and South Western Railway station. It is admittedly one of the best statues, and in a popular contest would probably be voted *the* best statue of the poet yet erected. The statue is placed with the face looking toward the beloved place of his birth at Alloway, a couple of miles away. The statue itself is of bronze, of colossal size, and the beautiful pedestal is of Aberdeen gran-

ite. It is the work of a London sculptor, Mr. George A. Lawson, an honorary R. S. A., who certainly made himself famous by this exquisite conception of the Scottish Bard. The poet is represented standing firmly on the left leg, the right being advanced; the attitude is somewhat after the style of the Nasmyth full-length, while the expression is very thoughtful.

The statue was unveiled with masonic honors by Sir Archibald Campbell (Lord Blythswood), Grand Master Mason of Scotland, on July 8th, 1891. On that occasion an original poem, entitled "The Auld Brig's Welcome," was recited by the Hon. Wallace Bruce, United States Consul at Edinburgh, one of the most learned men whom the United States ever sent to represent them on the British shores; in fact, no U. S. consul, since Nathaniel Hawthorne at Liverpool, was so cordially welcomed as Wallace Bruce at Edinburgh. A native of New York State, he is proud of his Scottish ancestry and never fails to declare himself. He is a distinguished alumnus of Yale, richly endowed with oratorical powers, and an absolute enthusiast on the subject of Robert Burns. Forty thousand voices cheered him at the close of his recital, and his poem was pronounced the event of the day.

The site of the statue was gifted by the Ayr Town Council, and after the unveiling, the statue



Photos by Valentine & Sons, Ltd., Dundee
THE "AMERICAN" AND "MASONIC" PANELS IN THE
AYR STATUE

was handed over by the Burns Club to the city in whose care it is for all time.

Panels in *bas relief* of scenes from the poet's works have since been added to the pedestal.

The first panel added was a scene from "Tam o' Shanter—Tam pursued by Nannie—gifted by Mr. William Birkmyre, M. P. for the Ayr district of Burghs. It is the work of the sculptor of the statue, Mr. Lawson, who himself presented the second panel, illustrative of the "Cottar's Saturday Night."

The third panel, which is here reproduced, was presented by the Free Masons of Scotland, and represents "The Jolly Beggars." It is a beautiful piece of sculpture, full of life and true in detail, by a young Ayrshire artist, Mr. D. McGill. The fourth panel—"The Parting of Burns and Highland Mary"—was the gift of 25 Americans, representing 12 States of the Union. Mr. George Hendrie, the well-known capitalist of Detroit, deserves thanks for placing Michigan on this Roll of Honor. The unveiling of this panel by Mr. Wallace Bruce, was made the occasion of a great demonstration. Mr. Bruce made the principal address, from which we quote the following:

"Burns is indeed the Bard of Scotland, the skylark poet of Britain, the prophet of America, with ringing words of Freedom and Manhood. Could he have had a vision as he lay upon his dying bed that, before one hundred years went by, the narrow fringe of colonial civilization would expand to 70 millions, speaking one common language; and also

foreseen that although the world might widen it would not outgrow his song, how it would have cheered his heart."

This "American" Panel, of which an illustration is given, is the work of Mr. Geo. E. Bissell, sculptor, Poughkeepsie, New York, who executed the Lincoln Statue in Edinburgh and several of the best statues in New York. The subject had evidently been carefully studied by the sculptor, who has presented a conception of the immortal scene entirely natural and devoid of all attempt at meretricious effect. The allegorical figures introduced to fill in the spandrils on the upper corners, representing Fate and Fame, are artistically treated.

Mr. Edward Pinnington's "Art Journal" criticism of the Ayr Statue coincides with the popular verdict:

"At Ayr, Mr. Lawson has quickened intellectual force with poetic fire and passion. The arms are crossed, the hands clenched, and the gaze earnest and concentrated; to the simple grace of the figure elements are added of both thought and repressed feeling. Burns might have stood thus reading his poems to Edinburgh society; thus he might have written his impassioned farewell to Clarinda, conned his ode to Mary, or finished the ringing 'Scots wha' ha'e.' The work can neither be located by incident, nor specialized in respect of sentiment. It is Burns broadly generalized; the inseeing, rapt, intense poet. . . The freedom, grasp and breadth of the basic idea of the work indicate a sculptor



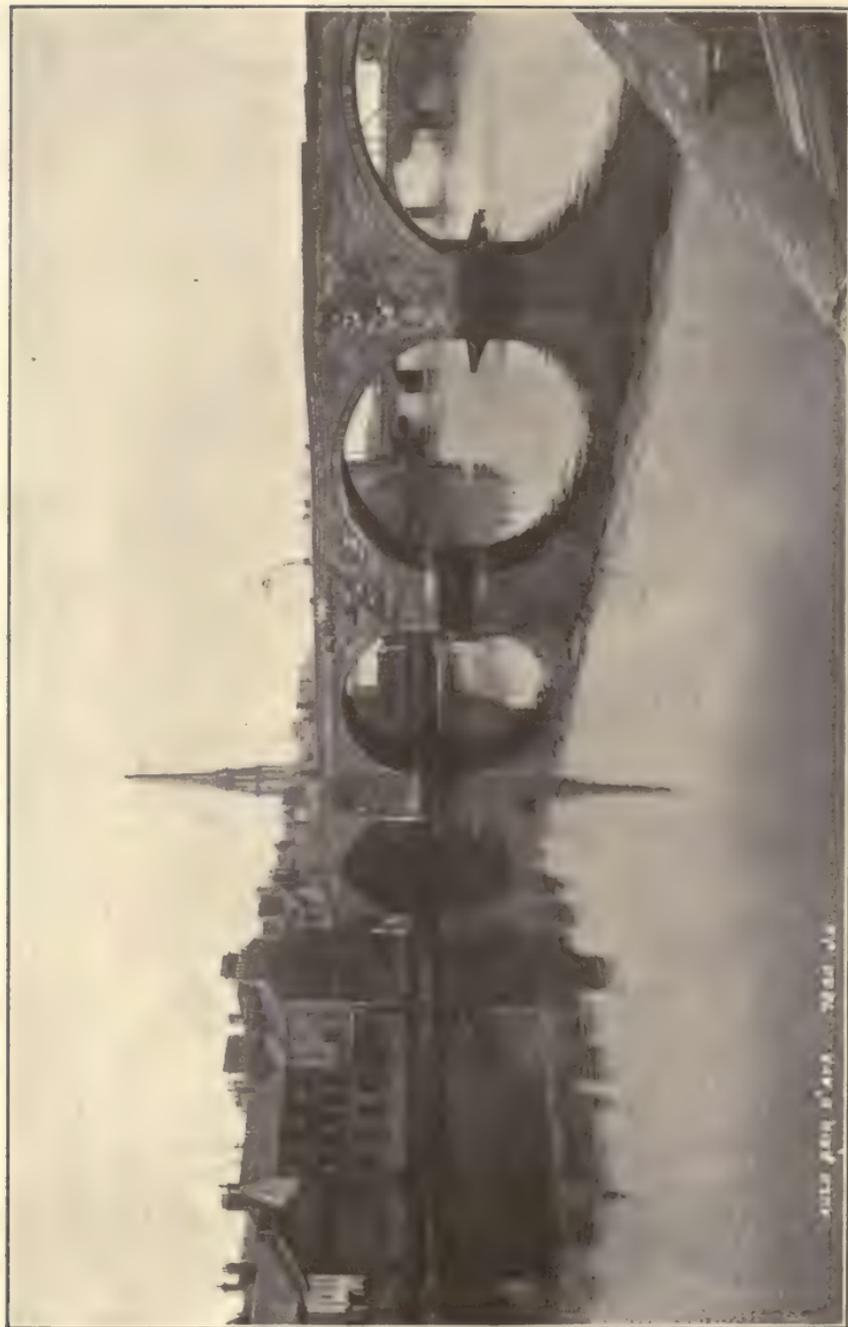


Photo by Valentine & Sons, Ltd., Dundee

THE AULD BRIG O' AYR

whose knowledge of Burns was not exhausted upon his coat and breeches."

Ayr deserved a really high-class Statue of the Immortal Bard, and she has indeed exceeded the most sanguine expectations.

A good-sized volume would be required to give even a brief description of the innumerable objects of interest in the good town of Ayr which could legitimately be classed as Burns Memorials. Perhaps the most famous of the lot, however, is that grand old landmark which has just been rescued from the ravages of time—The Auld Brig o' Ayr. This venerable structure dates from the days of Alexander III., and must have carried the tread of the patriot Wallace and the conquering Bruce. Wind and weather and the flight of time had wrought havoc on its piers and arches, and it became a question of either ending it or mending it. Public sentiment was aroused and the Burns Federation, ably assisted by the oratory of Lord Rosebery and the energy of Mr. Oswald, Convenor of the County, made the preservation of the graceful relic a certainty. It says much for the love of Burns in Scotsmen at home and abroad that in a very short time the sum of ten thousand pounds was raised for this noble object. The Scots may be canny, but what nation could be more zealous in guarding, at the expense of blood and money, the great legacies which have been bequeathed to them by the great men who have made their country

revered and their tongue respected wherever civilization has found a foothold?

On the 29th of July, 1910, with great ceremony and before a mighty throng, Lord Rosebery cut the silken cord and opened the restored bridge to traffic. In the preservation of this Auld Brig, so dear to the Scottish people, Scotland has secured for future generations not only a remarkable relic of the bloody days of the struggle for Scottish independence, but an enduring Monument to the memory of the National Bard.

“Still o’er these scenes my mem’ry wakes,
And fondly broods with miser care!
Time but th’ impression stronger makes,
As streams their channels deeper wear.”

—Burns.



Henry Bain Smith

Photo by Valentine & Sons, Ltd., Dundee

THE BURNS STATUE, Aberdeen

ABERDEEN.

*"There's cauld kail in Aberdeen,
And castocks in Strathbogie."*

Burns.

In the course of his tour through the Highlands of Scotland, Burns visited the Granite City. Here, he tells us, he met the good-natured and jolly professor; the facetious printer, and the decrepid author "with some abilities." The poet even went so far as to call Aberdeen "a lazy town," but evidently Aberdonians have long since forgotten the disparaging remark of the wandering minstrel.

Although the two Burns Clubs of which Aberdeen could boast a few years ago, get the credit for inaugurating and carrying through the movement for a Burns statue for the city, yet the real originator of the idea was the veteran editor, Dr. William Alexander, author of the celebrated work in the Aberdeenshire dialect, "Johnnie Gibb of Gushetnook." Amongst the other earnest workers for the memorial were the two learned Aberdonians, William Carnie, author of "Waifs of Rhyme," and William Cadenhead, author of "Flights of Fancy,"

both men of note in the north of Scotland. The cost of the statue was defrayed by public subscription.

The Burns statue, on an imposing site in Union Terrace Gardens, was unveiled amid much enthusiasm by Professor Masson of Edinburgh, on 15th September, 1892. It seems somewhat ironical that the statue should face the aristocratic Conservative Club. It is the work of a local sculptor, Henry Bain Smith, who died the year after its erection, at the early age of 36, just at the beginning, one might say, of what promised to be a brilliant career. The statue is of bronze, about ten feet high, and stands on a pedestal of white Kemnay granite, twelve and a half feet high. The only inscription is the one word—

“BURNS.”

on the pedestal.

The “Art Journal” critic, Mr. Edward Pinnington, speaks favorably of Mr. Bain Smith’s work. He says:—“The Aberdeen statue is mildly expressive of dignity and thought. It shows the graver and sterner side of Burns, and standing close by the busiest thoroughfare of Aberdeen, although robbed of a fuller eloquence by its stiffness and frigidity, its message to humanity is at least salutary and bracing. The peasant deserved respect and homage, and he won them.”

Aberdeen possesses many beautiful and inspiring public statues, that of the hero Wallace being particularly impressive, but we doubt if any of them receive more dutiful homage than that of Robert Burns.



George A. Lawson, Hon. R. S. A.

By kind permission of James Dewar, Esq.

THE BURNS STATUE, Belfast, Ireland

BELFAST, IRELAND.

There's nothing too good for the Irish—not even a statue of Robert Burns—and it is not to be wondered at that the only public memorial to the great poet in the Emerald Isle is to be found in the capital of Protestant Ulster, Belfast.

In September, 1893, a number of the leading Scotsmen in Belfast, ably led by Mr. James Dewar, determined to inaugurate a "Poets' Corner" in the Art Gallery of the Public Library, by presenting to the Corporation of the city a half-life size statue of the Immortal Bard. The statue is a beautiful and inspiring representation of the poet, and is a replica of the grand statue of Burns which adorns his native town of Ayr, by George A. Lawson, Hon. R. S. A. The pedestal of Peterhead granite on which the statue rests, bears the following inscription:

"ROBERT BURNS

1759—1796.

**Presented by his countrymen and admirers
in Belfast."**

To form a background to the figure there have been placed a number of screens on which are mounted the text of some of Burns' greatest poems; a collection of engravings illustrative of his works; and photographs of many of the monuments raised to his fame which adorn important cities throughout the world.

Belfast's noble Free Library and Art Gallery on Royal Avenue has no more artistic work than this memorial of Scotia's bard. Its popularity was not only spontaneous but instantaneous, over ten thousand people crowding the building during the first three days after the unveiling of this small but honorable tribute to the memory of Burns.

“Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to min’?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And days o’ lang syne?”

—*Burns.*



W. J. Maxwell

THE BURNS STATUE, Adelaide, South Australia

ADELAIDE, SOUTH AUSTRALIA.

The second statue of Robert Burns to be erected in Australia was unveiled on May 5th., 1894, at Adelaide, the Queen City and Capital of the federated State of South Australia.

The location of this statue is one of the finest which any statue of Burns adorns. The site is the eastern end of the Reserve, opposite Government House Domain, on Adelaide's glorious North Terrace. In close proximity are the Public Library, Art Gallery, Museum, University and School of Mines.

At the unveiling ceremony, which was presided over by His Excellency the Lieutenant Governor, who was received by a guard of honor of the Permanent Artillery, there were present two direct descendants of Burns, namely, Mrs. McLellan, a grand-daughter, who still resides in South Australia, and Mrs. Burns Scott, a great-grand-daughter. Thousands of people thronged North Terrace at its intersection with Kintore Avenue when Hon. John Darling, M. L. C., pulled the cord and exposed the figure of the Immortal Bard to their admiring gaze.

The Adelaide statue of Burns is of Angaston marble, and is erected on a pedestal of Monarto granite. On the die is engraved:

**"ROBERT BURNS
1759—1796."**

The inscription on the base is:

"Presented to the City of Adelaide by the Caledonian Society, and unveiled by the Chief, The Hon. John Darling, M. L. C., 5th May, 1894."

The statue is full life-size and stands, with the pedestal, thirteen and a half feet high. The poet is represented in the garb worn during his first winter in Edinburgh when he wore the livery of Charles Fox, blue coat with brass buttons, yellow buckskin, and top boots. He is supposed to be reciting the poem of a "Winter's Night" to a company assembled at the Duchess of Gordon's house in the Scottish Capital. The attitude is taken from Hardy's centennial picture, now in the possession of Mrs. Barr Smith, of Adelaide.

The sculptor, Mr. W. J. Maxwell, was born in Scotland, and took his degree in the School of Arts, London. One of the last works he was engaged upon in England was the restoration of the enrichments of Westminster Abbey. Going to Australia in search of health, he executed the architectural adornments of all the public buildings in Adelaide, besides many in Sydney and Melbourne. The Adelaide "Burns" was the first public statue which he

chiselled, but before leaving Scotland, he prepared a model of the poet which gained the silver medal at Kilmarnock. The Adelaide statue impresses the spectator with a sense of both strength and grace.

THE FIRST VERSE OF "SCOTS WHA HAE."

IN THE ORIGINAL.

"Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled!
Scots, wham Bruce has aften led!
Welcome to your gory bed,
Or to Victory."

—*Burns*, 1793.

IN FRENCH.

"Eccossais, qui avez saigne sous Wallace,
Eccossais, qui Bruce a souvent conduits,
Soyez les bienvenus a votre lit sanglant,
Ou a la victoire glorieuse."

—*M. De Wailly*, 1848.

IN GERMAN.

"Schotten, die Wallace Blut geweiht,
Bruce so oft gefuhrt zum Streit;
Grab sind Sieg, sie sind bereit,
Auf deme, schlieszt die Reih!"

—*Dr. Legerlotz*, 1893.

IN CECH.

"Skoti, ktere Wallace ved;
Skoti, s ninaiz Bruce sel v pred,
Vitejte mi naposled
V hrob, nel vitezstvi."

—*M. Sladek*, 1893.

IRVINE.

The Irvine episode in Burns' career can be found in all of his memoirs and encyclopaedic notices. In this quaint little coast town of the Firth of Clyde, situated on the river of the same name, some eighteen miles north of his birthplace, Burns went to learn flax-dressing from a half-brother of his mother who lived there. It is doubtful whether the poet ever made any progress at the "heckling" trade, but he certainly during his six months' stay, seems to have learned that "something of the world" which he set out to seek. He was jilted by an Irvine belle who had promised him her hand and heart; made that famous (or infamous) acquaintance with the ship-wrecked sailor which, as he afterwards said, "did me a mischief;" read his first novels; and finally, during a hogmanay carousal in the flax-dresser's, lost his all in a fire, and returned home "*sans* money, *sans* trade, and *sans* virtue."

Irvine has, however, thanks to the generosity of one of her sons, taken a worthy part in immortalizing the memory of the Bard. The Burns statue



Pittendrigh MacGillivray, R. S. A.

Photo by Valentine & Sons, Ltd., Dundee

THE BURNS STATUE, Irvine

occupies a prominent position on Irvine Moor, a Common situated at the north end of the town and bounded by the river Irvine. The pedestal, which is of red granite, bears the inscription:

"THE GIFT OF JOHN SPIERS, ESQ.,
TO HIS NATIVE TOWN."

Mr. Spiers, a native of Irvine, now deceased, was a successful Glasgow merchant. The statue, which is of bronze, is the work of Pittendrigh MacGillivray, R. S. A., Edinburgh, and was unveiled July 18th, 1896, after the usual masonic rites, by Mrs. George Spiers, daughter of the donor. Sir Alfred Austin, Poet Laureate of England, gave the leading address. Representatives of Burns Clubs and Masonic Lodges from all over the south west of Scotland took part in the proceedings.

There is a bronze panel on each of the four sides of the pedestal. The main panel, looking south, and facing the town, is in the form of a shield surmounted by a myrtle wreath, severely simple, and having in the centre the word:

"BURNS."

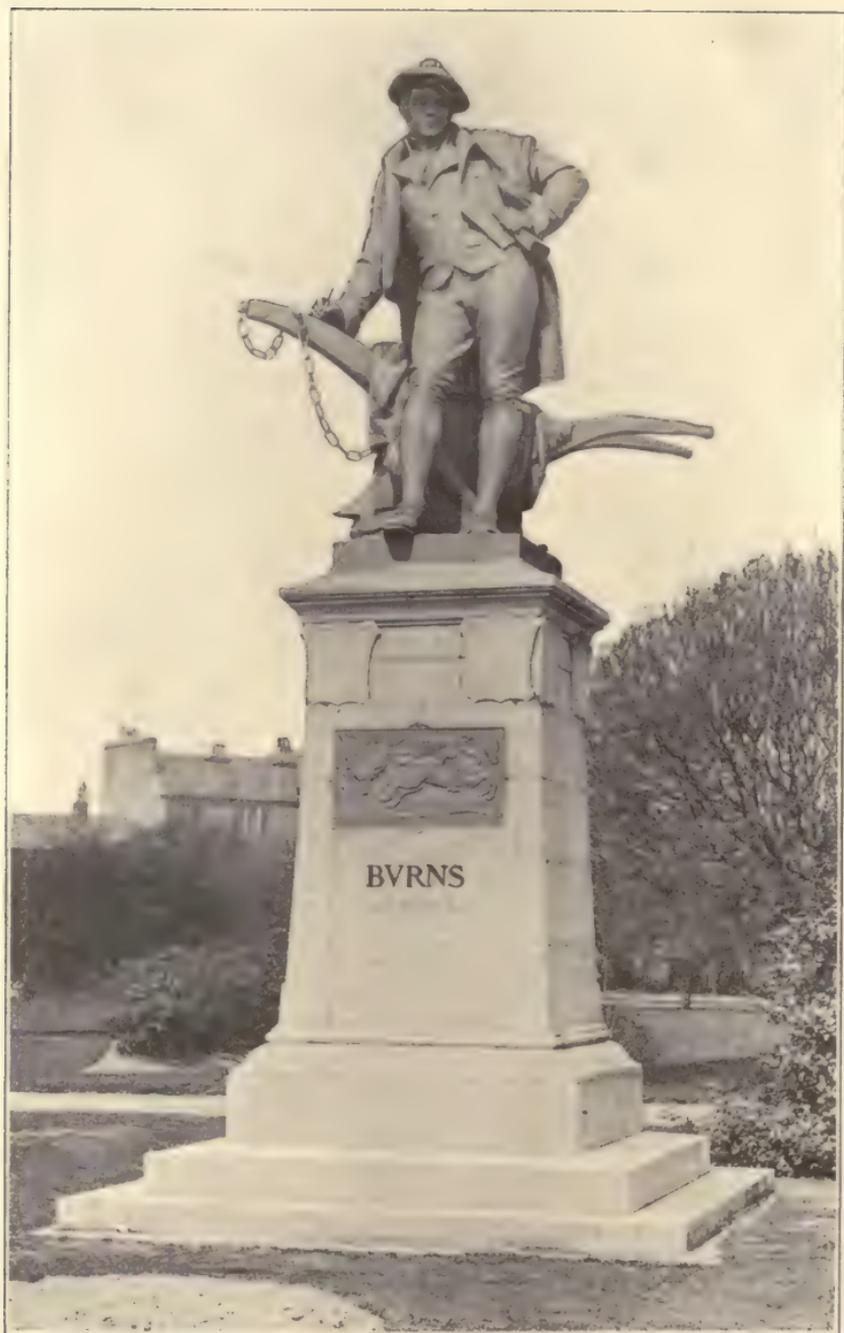
The north panel is a representation of the toil-worn cottar being welcomed home by his wife. On the west there is a representation of "Burns and Highland Mary," and on the east the Muse crowning the poet with a laurel wreath. A considerable space around the statue is enclosed by a neat railing, and the ground is artistically laid out. It is in the perpetual care of the burgh of Irvine.

Pittendrigh MacGillivray's statue of Burns is one of the few which does not follow Nasmyth's

picture. It is an original conception by the sculptor. Concerning it, Edward Pinnington has this to say in the "Art Journal:" "Equally self-contained and original is Mr. MacGillivray's 'Burns' at Irvine. The face and head are not slavishly copied from any misleading portrait, and the features are of a finer mould than the pen pictures ascribe to Burns. The figure is strong, in no sense fine, and there is no straining after grace, although the more prominent lines are all gracefully rhythmic in movement."

"Fair is the morn in flowery May,
And sweet is night in autumn mild;
When roving through the garden gay,
Or wandering in the lonely wild;
But Woman, Nature's darling child!
There all her charms she does compile;
Ev'n there her other works are foiled
By the bonnie lass o' Ballochmyle."

—Burns.



F. W. Pomeroy

Photo by William Brown, Paisley

THE BURNS STATUE, Paisley

PAISLEY.

It is an old saying and at the same time a profitable one—"Keep your eye on Paisley." Here we have not only a unique statue of Burns but a statue that was raised in a very unique way.

Paisley is noted for its poets—it is a town of poets. The story goes that at a social meeting once, a stranger was invited to propose a toast to the local poets, when to his astonishment the entire audience rose from their seats to reply. But Paisley's own great poet is Robert Tannahill, Burns' younger brother in misfortune, whose beautiful lyrics have established themselves as part of the musical repertory of the Scottish people. The "Tannahill Choir," of 400 voices, meets year after year at "The Glen"—Gleniffer Braes—about two miles from the town, near the end of the breezy Fereneze Hills, and gives an open-air concert in a natural amphitheatre, which is attended by thousands from all parts of Scotland and by tourists from all over the world. From the proceeds of

these concerts, statues have been erected to Tannahill and Burns.

The Burns statue, which occupies a graceful position in Fountain Gardens, was some twelve years in being "sung up," but it certainly did honor to the memory of the National Bard when it appeared. It is the work of a London sculptor, Mr. F. W. Pomeroy, whose design was chosen on the recommendation of Sir Thomas Brock, the Royal Academician, sculptor of the National Memorial to Queen Victoria in London, and knighted by King George on the occasion of its dedication, May, 1911.

The poet is represented clad in the costume of the period—tail coat, knee breeches and broad Kilmarnock bonnet—leaning on an old Scottish plough. In his right hand, which rests on the plough, is a pencil, and in his left a note book. The attitude is contemplative.

The statue proper is of bronze, ten feet high, and with the pedestal twenty-two feet. The pedestal is of gray granite, and has one panel of aluminum in front, representing "Tam o' Shanter" crossing the Brig o' Doon chased by the witches. Beneath this is the inscription:

"BURNS
1759—1796."

The statue was unveiled with great ceremony by Lord Rosebery on the 26th of September, 1896.

Like MacGillivray's statue at Irvine, Pomeroy's Paisley representation of the poet is a departure from precedent in that the sculptor did not confine

himself altogether to the Nasmyth portrait. In fact the Paisley statue is said to be a combination of the Nasmyth and Skirving portraits. Pinnington, the art critic, seems to have a rather harsh feeling towards the popular idea of Burns as represented by Nasmyth. Of the Paisley statue he says: "F. W. Pomeroy wisely abandoned precedent and convention without roughly defying prevailing views of physical likeness. Burns looks every inch a man; somewhat ponderous, perhaps, across the loins for agility, but muscular, broad and strong. An ample plaid lends the burly peasant all the grace he needs, and, falling over the plough at the back, partly hides a thistle. The emblem is not obtruded, because the sculptor wishes the poet to be seen as the Poet of Humanity first, and as that of Scotland afterwards. Mr. Pomeroy tried for something original and he succeeded. In his Burns he has portrayed the thinker and poet of boundless potentiality, without neglecting the toil-bent worker or the athlete. Capable as a work of art, the statue is endowed with a life-like vigor and picturesque grace which ensure its acceptance."

MAUCHLINE.

NATIONAL BURNS MEMORIAL AND COTTAGE HOMES.

While the great crowds that annually do homage to the memory of the National Bard in that part of Scotland known as the "Land of Burns," are to be found in Ayr and at Alloway, yet there is no place on earth so full of Burns remembrances as the few miles around the village of Mauchline. It has been said with some truth that "the true cult of Burns is not Alloway where he was born, nor Dumfries where he died in neglect, but Mauchline, where we find him at his best as he walked in glory behind the plough." What a treasure of Burns associations are to be found here! A day spent around Mauchline makes a Burns enthusiast feel as though he were in communion with the poet.

Mauchline's contribution to the world-wide galaxy of Burns memorials is at once dignified, substantial and practical. It is known as the "National Burns Memorial and Cottage Homes," and consists of a Tower and Cottages, and thus not only does honor to the memory of the Plough-



Photo by Valentine & Sons, Ltd., Dundee
THE BURNS MEMORIAL, Mauchline

man Bard, but confers substantial benefits on a deserving portion of the community to whom is given the use of the cottages rent-free with a money allowance. The idea for this National Memorial emanated from and was carried through by, the Glasgow Mauchline Society, and was opened to the public by Mr. J. G. A. Baird, M. P., on May 7th, 1898. The buildings were designed by Mr. Wm. Fraser, architect, Glasgow, and occupy the triangular piece of ground at the junction of the Tarbolton and Kilmarnock roads, about half a mile from Mauchline.

The Tower proper is a fine square-built turreted structure, in the old baronial architecture. The interior is used as a Museum and contains many rare and interesting relics of the poet. From the top of the Tower a magnificent view of the surrounding country is obtained—the Ayr and the Lugar; Afton Water and the Braes o' Doon; Mossgiel and Ballochmyle. On all sides are scenes fragrant with associations of the National Bard—the famous field where he crushed the mountain daisy; the Fail Burn where he and “Highland Mary” took their historic farewell; Willie’s Mill where Death and the poet had their renowned interview on Doctor Hornbook; and all the rest.

Last year a substantial addition was made to the Memorial Homes by the opening of the “Dick Terrace,” consisting of five houses, and erected through the generosity of the trustees of the late

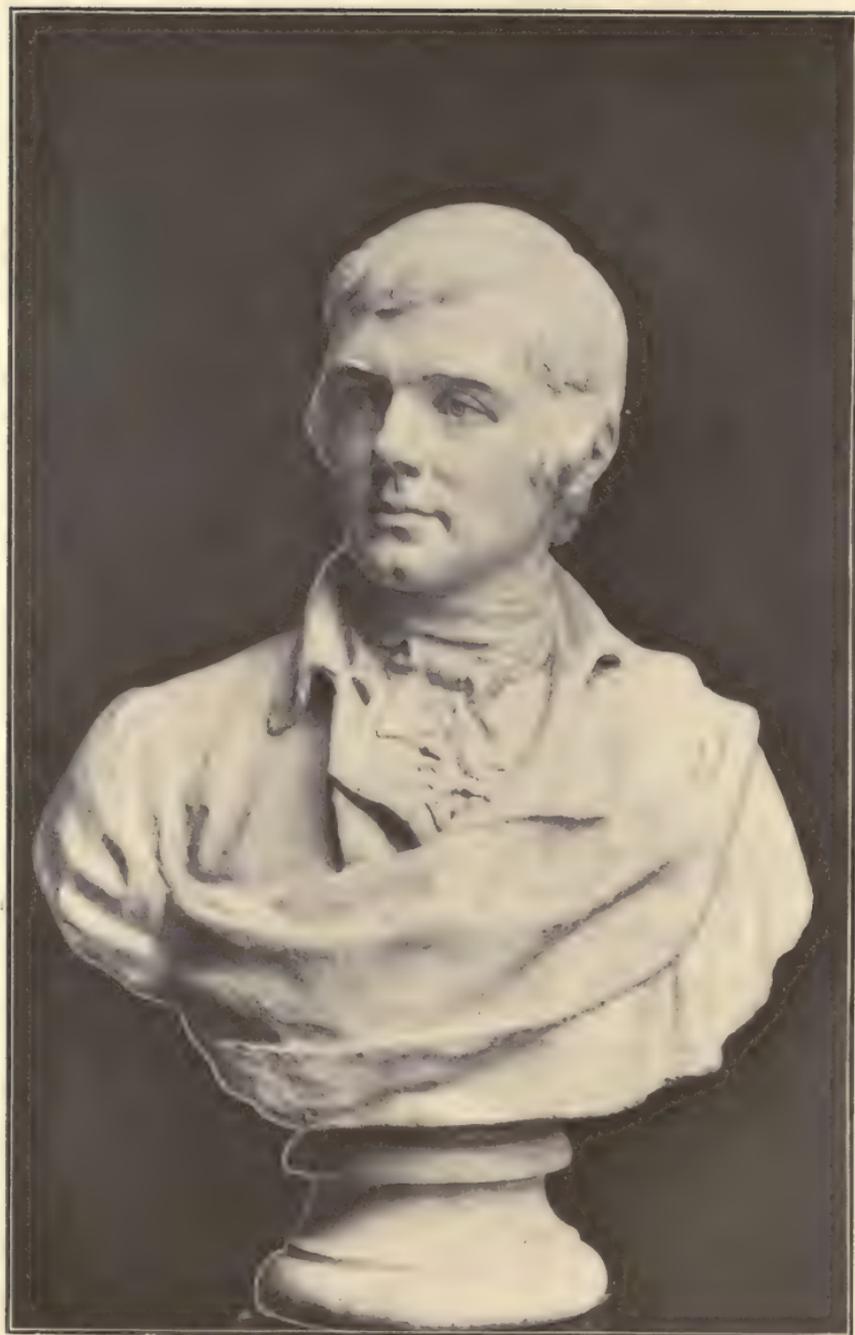
James Dick, Esq., Glasgow, a self-made Ayrshire man and one of the promoters of the original scheme.

There are many more costly and artistic monuments to Burns than this practical Mauchline Memorial, but here there is a golden glamour that makes it perhaps the most interesting memorial of the lot.

“Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes,
Flow gently, I’ll sing thee a song in thy praise;
My Mary’s asleep by thy murmuring stream,—
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.

How pleasant thy banks and green valleys below,
Where wild in the woodlands the primroses blow;
There oft as mild evening weeps over the lea,
The sweet-scented birk shades my Mary and me.”

—*Burns.*



By kind permission of W. Grant Stevenson, R. S. A.
D. W. Stevenson, R. S. A.
THE BUST OF BURNS, Tullie House, Carlisle, England

CARLISLE, ENGLAND.

England has few memorials of Robert Burns. Scotsmen domiciled in England are so near home and visit the native soil so often, that probably they are not banded together so ardently and have not become so imbued with that spirit of seeking to honor the men who have made their country famous, as their brethren beyond the seas. The time is coming, however, when even Englishmen, the most conservative under the British flag, will hasten to join the rest of the English-speaking world in honoring the name of Scotland's grand lyric bard—the poet of freedom and humanity who lived two hundred years ahead of his time.

On the one hundred and second anniversary of the death of Burns, July 21st, 1898, there was unveiled in the Main Hall of Tullie House, the Corporation Art Gallery and Museum of Carlisle, a beautiful marble bust of the poet, presented to the city by admirers of his genius. The unveiling ceremony was performed by J. A. Wheatley, Esq., of Carlisle, in the presence of a distinguished company including many well-known representatives of Burns Clubs from "over the border." The

Rev. Canon Richmond accepted the bust in behalf of the corporation, saying that they were thankful for such a memorial of intellect and ability which tended to elevate the thoughts and sentiments and thereby the actions, of the citizens. "Burns had the eye to see," he said, "and the heart to love humanity; moreover he had the power to speak from the heart. Again and again have I quoted Burns in my sermons, for his words go down deep into the heart and they are true. Burns was fearless and he could not stand cant."

The bust is somewhat larger than life-size and sits on a pedestal of pure Sicilian marble. It is an exquisite piece of sculpture and is the work of Mr. D. W. Stevenson, R. S. A., Edinburgh, who at the time of its execution was engaged on his colossal statue of Burns for Leith. The head is the same as that depicted in the Leith statue. Mr. Stevenson's conception of the poet is a very interesting and pleasing one, his inspiration having been found in Burns' poem "The Vision," particularly in the verse uttered by the muse, Coila:

"With future hope I oft would gaze
Fond, on thy little early ways,
Thy rudely carolled, chiming phrase,
In uncouth rhymes,
Fired at the simple, artless lays
Of other times."

The pedestal bears the inscription:

“ROBERT BURNS

1759—1796.

**Centenary Commemoration Bust
Presented to Tullie House by Admirers
Of the Poet,
21st July, 1898.”**

Carlisle, the nearest important English city to the Land of Burns, has made a good beginning towards honoring the memory of the Scottish Poet. In the near future we shall doubtless see a heroic figure of the Immortal Bard looking across the Solway to his dearly-loved Kyle.

“If happiness ha’e not her seat
And centre in the breast,
We may be wise, or rich, or great,
But never can be blest.”

—*Burns.*

LEITH.

Robert Burns' visit to Leith has been immortalized by him in that much admired lyric "Gae, fetch tae me a pint o' wine":

"The boat rocks at the pier o' Leith;
Fu' loud the wind blows frae the ferry."

This song is said to have been suggested to the poet on his witnessing a love-parting at the pier between a young lady and her lover, a military officer about to step on board a transport. It would take a Leith man to give the details.

A very laudable ambition to erect a monument to the memory of Burns manifested itself amongst the members of the Leith Burns Club at a very early date in its history. This aspiration took concrete form at the general meeting of the Club on St. Andrew's Day, 1893; and, thanks greatly to the energy and enthusiasm of Mr. Richard Mackie (afterwards Councillor, Bailie and Provost, and now Sir Richard Mackie), within five years Leith honored herself and the poet by erecting the



D. W. Stevenson, R. S. A.

THE BURNS STATUE, Leith

beautiful statue which adorns the east end of Bernard Street.

On Saturday, 15th October, 1898, the statue to Burns in Leith was unveiled by Mr. R. C. Munro-Ferguson, M. P., for the Burgh, in the presence of a vast concourse of people, estimated at over 30,000, including twenty Friendly and other Societies who marched in procession through the town, accompanied by several bands of music. Mr. Munro-Ferguson was supported by the Lord Provost and Magistrates in their robes of office, and by many notable personages, including Lord Rosebery. After the unveiling, the statue was formally handed over to the care of the Town Council for all time coming.

The statue is of bronze, nine and a half feet high, and stands on an elaborate stone pedestal neatly carved. It is surrounded by a protective rail and the whole is of pleasing and graceful design. The statue is the work of Mr. D. W. Stevenson, R. S. A., Edinburgh, and was selected from a large number of competitive designs.

Bronze medallions or panels have been inserted from time to time by private individuals, in each of the four sides. In front there is a scene from the "Cottar's Saturday Night":

"The priest-like father reads the sacred page,
How Abram was the friend of God on high."

On the back there is represented a scene from "Death and Doctor Hornbook":

"I there wi' Something did foregather,
That put me in an eerie swither."

On the right side is a familiar "Hallowe'en" scene. This scene is full of life, with plenty of figures, and is undoubtedly the best panel:

"In order, on the clean hearth-stane,
The luggies three are ranged,
And every time great care is ta'en
To see them duly changed."

The left side has a scene representing

"When Vulcan gi'es his bellows breath,
An' ploughmen gather wi' their graith."

The Leith statue of Burns is not only artistic but is a pleasure to look upon, and a credit indeed to the sea-port of the Scottish Capital. "Burns" was Leith's first public statue. A better beginning it were impossible for the city to have made.



J. Massey Rhind

THE BURNS STATUE, Barre, Vermont

BARRE, VERMONT.

There is no state in the great American Union that is more like old Scotland than is little Vermont. Her green mountains with their rugged granite peaks have for many a year had a magnetic influence on peregrinating Scotsmen who have disembarked on the hospitable shores of the New World. Up in central Vermont, nestling among the hills, is the Granite City of America—Barre—inhabited by a race of Aberdonians that the Scottish Granite City might well be proud of. The hard-headed, large-hearted Aberdeen folks seem to thrive well where their homes are built on an everlasting granite foundation; and they certainly have thrived and made not only themselves but the country of their fathers highly respected in the Green Mountain State.

On the 21st of July, 1899, there was unveiled in Barre with great eclat, in the presence of the Governor of Vermont and his staff and a gathering of 30,000 people, a statue to the immortal Burns which is an art treasure enduring as the eternal hills from whence it came and by which it is sur-

rounded. The Barre Burns Club, with the princely assistance of one of its members, Mr. William Barclay, and of admirers of Burns throughout the State, has given us not only the only statue of Burns in granite yet erected, but the best effort of one of the best sculptors in America, Mr. J. Massey Rhind. Mr. Rhind was born in Edinburgh, and comes of a family of sculptors.

The entire monument—pedestal, panels and statue—is of Vermont granite, drawn from the best of the quarries. It is about twenty-three feet high, and occupies an imposing position on the Spaulding Campus, facing down towards the heart of the city.

The statue represents the poet returning from his day's toil, dressed as a ploughman, bare-headed, sleeves rolled up, his coat on his arm, his eyes looking to the ground—the whole attitude and expression suggestive of thoughtful and inspiring meditation, "the Burns whom Scotland and all her children revere, and lovers of poetry everywhere admire and love."

The pedestal is a veritable work of art. The base bears the simple inscription:

"Erected By Admirers Of Burns."

One of the finest features of the monument, however, are the carved panels on the die, illustrative of Burns' poems. They are the work of an Aberdeenshire man, Mr. James B. King, now of New Hampshire, U. S. A. The panels have to be seen to be thoroughly appreciated, the chiselling in granite is so superb. They are in high relief and

many of the figures represented are relieved clear of the back-ground. On the front is a representation of the "Cottar's Saturday Night," very faithfully depicted, and beneath is the line:

"From Scenes like these Old Scotia's Grandeur
springs."

On the back is Burns' Cottage; while on the sides are "Tam o' Shanter" on the Brig o' Doon, and "Burns at the Plough." The former is very natural, the figures being shown to perfection, and underneath is the couplet:

"Ae spring brought off her master hale,
But left behind her ain gray tail."

The panel representing "Burns at the Plough" illustrates the poem "To a Mountain Daisy" and has the oft-quoted lines:

"Wee, modest, crimson-tipped flower
Thou's met me in an evil hour."

The unveiling ceremony was performed by Miss Florence Inglis, crowned as the Scottish Muse; and during the exercises, a son of Barre, Wendell Philips Stafford, delivered one of the greatest orations on Burns that has ever been heard.

FALL RIVER, MASSACHUSETTS.

The New England States contain a very high percentage of people of Scottish birth or origin. Every town and city has some sort of a Scottish organization. Caledonian and St. Andrew's societies vie with the Sons of Scotland and the Order of Scottish Clans in upholding all that is good in Scottish customs, music and literature. Barre led the way magnificently amongst the New England cities in the matter of Burns Memorials, with its grand representation of the Scottish Bard in granite, and it has now been joined by cultured Boston, which has for many years been trying to obtain a statue of the sweet singer of "the land of the mountain and the flood" and harbinger of Liberty, worthy of the city and of the great poet whom it desired to honor.

In addition to these Burns memorials, there is at Fall River, a busy manufacturing city on the Massachusetts coast, a very neat and artistic little memorial adorning the Public Library. It is in the form of a white marble bust with pedestal, and was presented to the Library by the local Cale-



Fidardo Landi

By kind permission of Mr. Fred W. Lawson

THE BUST OF BURNS

Public Library, Fall River, Massachusetts

donian Society. The bust is a little over life-size, and is a replica of a Study of Burns by Fidardo Landi, professor in the Academy of Fine Arts, at Carrara, Italy. The pedestal is of polished red granite from the Hill o' Fare quarries in Aberdeenshire, Scotland. It is in the form of a concave column three and a half feet high, and bears the following inscription:

"BURNS
Presented By
The Fall River Caledonian Society
And Their Friends,
1899."

The Memorial occupies a prominent position in the Reading Room of the Library, and is ever the object of favorable comment.

**"Princes and lords are but the breath of kings;
'An honest man's the noblest work of God.'"**
—Burns.

TORONTO, ONTARIO.

The beautiful city of Toronto, the "Queen City" of Canada, gave to the Dominion its first statue of Robert Burns.

Toronto, like all of Canada with the exception of the Province of Quebec, is about one-third Scottish, and it is therefore not surprising that a movement for the erection of a Burns Monument met with hearty approval. An Executive Committee, drawn from the leading Scottish societies,—the Burns Club, Caledonian Society, St. Andrew's Society, and Sons of Scotland,—was appointed, and soon sufficient funds were raised to erect a statue worthy of the National Bard of Scotland and a beautiful and inspiring addition to the municipal statuary of old "York."

The statue, which is of bronze, is a replica of Mr. D. W. Stevenson's fine statue of the poet erected a few years previously at Leith, Scotland. It stands on a very artistic pedestal of gray granite on a beautiful site in Allan Gardens. In front, in large raised letters, is the name:

"BURNS."



D. W. Stevenson, R. S. A.

Photo by Galbraith Co., Toronto

THE BURNS STATUE, Toronto, Ontario

On each of the four sides of the die are exquisite panels, also in bronze, illustrative of the works of the poet. The panels were the creation of a Toronto sculptor, Mr. E. Hahn. The front panel is a fine representation of the "Cottar's Saturday Night," with the oft quoted line:

"From Scenes like these old Scotia's grandeur
springs."

On the right side is "Tam o' Shanter" pursued by the witches, with the couplet:

"Ae spring brought off her master hale,
But left behind her ain gray tail."

Then there is a very touching representation of "John Anderson, my Jo," the old couple being seen seated in front of the kitchen fireplace. The details of this panel are beautifully brought out. It has the quotation:

"But blessings on your frosty pow,
John Anderson, my Jo."

The remaining panel represents the Ploughman Poet upturning the mountain daisy, the horses standing idle as he soliloquizes. The inscription on this is:

"Wee, modest, crimson-tipped flower,
Thou's met me in an evil hour."

The statue was unveiled before a great gathering of lovers of Burns on the afternoon of July 21st, 1902, the committee following the example of Barre, Vermont, by choosing the anniversary of

the poet's death for the ceremony. The unveiling was performed by Mrs. David Walker, wife of the president of the Burns Monument Committee, while Rev. Professor Clark delivered the oration. Mayor Oliver Howland accepted the statue in behalf of the city of Toronto which undertook the perpetual care of it, the committee having handed over to the city treasury, for that purpose, a balance of almost a thousand dollars left after paying for the monument. Twice each year, on the anniversary of the poet's birth and death, the Scottish societies decorate the statue with flowers, while on Decoration Day the school children of the city place flowers around the base. Thus the enthusiastic attention of the rising generation is drawn to Burns and his inspiring works.

“And O! be sure to fear the Lord alway,
And mind your duty duly morn and night;
Lest in temptation's path ye gang astray
Implore His counsel and assisting might;
They never sought in vain that sought the Lord
aright.”

—*Burns.*



George A. Lawson, Hon. R. S. A.

THE BURNS STATUE, Melbourne, Victoria, Australia

MELBOURNE, VICTORIA.

The doughty Scots of Melbourne, the great Australian metropolis, were no doubt taken aback when their energetic brothers in the mining country "put one over on them," as the saying goes, by erecting the first Burns Statue south of the equator, at Ballarat. And it must have felt as though the dagger were being driven home when their fellow-countrymen in the neighboring colony of South Australia reared their tribute to the poet at Adelaide.

These two events, however, served but as incentives to the Caledonians of Melbourne, for on the 23rd of January, 1904, there was unveiled in the city by the Yarra, a heroic statue of the Ploughman Poet, an exact replica of the statue erected thirteen years previously in Auld Ayr.

The City Fathers of this "chessboard," American-like, metropolis, very wisely set aside a reserve for monuments to the men and women who have made their names indelible in the world's history. This reserve is situated on St. Kilda Road, Princes

Bridge, one of the main entrances to the city, and the statue of Burns holds the first position.

The movement for the erection of the statue originated with the Caledonian Society of Melbourne, but nearly every Scotsman and lover of Burns in southern Victoria contributed to the fund which reached the sum of £1,650. Like Lawson's other statues at Ayr and Belfast, the Melbourne "Burns" is of bronze, and it stands on a pedestal of granite with bluestone foundation. In front, on the die, is a panel with the word "Burns" in large letters. On the base below is a small tablet with the following inscription:

"Erected under the auspices of the Caledonian Society of Melbourne, 1904."

At the right side there is a panel illustrative of "The Cottar's Saturday Night"—the reading of the "big ha' bible, aince his father's pride."

The left panel represents the poet at the plough, Burns resting and holding a daisy in his hand. At the back is a panel with the well-known scene of "Tam o' Shanter" crossing the "keystane o' the brig."

The unveiling of the monument was witnessed by a gathering of upwards of 5,000 people. His Excellency the Lieutenant-Governor of Victoria, Sir John Madden, who performed the unveiling ceremony and delivered a eulogy of the poet, was received by a guard of honor of the Scottish Regiment with band. He was accompanied to the platform by Lord Mayor and Lady McEachern, Sir John Forrest and many others of note. Never

before had such enthusiasm been exhibited by the Scots of the Victorian capital, and when the proceedings ended with the playing of Auld Lang Syne by the Regimental Band, a mighty cheer went up to the memory of Burns—the poet of all men and of all climes.

The Melbourne Burns statue stands in beautiful surroundings, amidst the luxurious foliage of the sub-tropics, and will not fail to imbue the people of this far southern city with love and reverence for his immortal works.

“My Love is like a red, red rose,
That’s newly sprung in June;
My Love is like the melody
That’s sweetly played in tune.

Till a’ the seas gang dry, my dear,
And the rocks melt wi’ the sun;
I will love you still, my dear,
While the sands o’ life shall run.”

—*Burns.*

DENVER, COLORADO.

Under the very shadows of the Rocky Mountains, in the beautiful new City Park of Denver, Colorado, there stands one of the finest monuments to Burns yet erected, and it reflects much credit on the pioneer Scots who have crossed the plains and are helping to civilize the great western prairies.

The Denver statue of Burns has been called a replica of that at Chicago. To our way of thinking, Chicago's is a replica of that at Denver. In the sculptor's own words—"Chicago was the first order, but they put off the commission so long that Denver had the statue erected before them." As a matter of fact the so-called replica was unveiled two years before the original. But that detail can be forgotten.

To the patriotic Scots of Denver, the Fourth of July, 1904, had a double significance. It marked not only the anniversary of the birth of the Great Republic under whose flag they were enjoying the fullest liberty and happiness, but also the unveiling of a noble monument to the memory of their distinguished fellow-countrymen, Robert Burns.



W. Grant Stevenson, R. S. A.

Photo by Collier, Denver

THE BURNS STATUE, Denver, Colorado

The idea of a Burns statue for Denver was inaugurated and the entire funds raised, by the Denver Caledonian Club, under whose auspices the unveiling ceremony took place. They made it a "Fourth of July" worthy of the event. The air was filled with the songs of Scotland, mingled with the stirring strains of the bagpipes, and to crown all, the invocation at the ceremony was pronounced by Rev. James D. Rankin of the Presbyterian Church, a direct descendant of the Burns family, his grandmother being a cousin of the poet.

The unveiling proper was performed by Miss Jane Morrison, daughter of the chieftain of the Caledonian Club, while an eloquent address fitting the occasion was delivered by the Hon. John D. McGilvray, one of the originators of the movement for the statue. Mr. McGilvray's peroration is worthy of record:

"Let us therefore, on this birthday of our Great Republic, sanctified by the blood of the fathers to human freedom, unveil this tribute to the sweetest voice that ever sang its charm. Let us dedicate it to a grateful posterity, who will look upon its face for inspiration in the preservation of their rights and privileges."

The statue itself is of bronze, over ten feet high, and is from the renowned studio of Mr. W. G. Stevenson, R. S. A., Edinburgh. The base and pedestal measure over sixteen feet high, thus giving a total height of 27 feet to the monument. The base and trimmings are of gray Silver Plume, Colorado, granite, while the upper and lower dies are of Wisconsin sienite, a dark red species of granite

of very close grain and almost free from mica, thus incomparable for monumental purposes. The inscription

“BURNS”

is cut in large letters on the third block of the base, and underneath is the noble tribute by Isa Craig (afterwards Mrs. Craig Knox), the winner of the Burns' Centenary Medal at the London Crystal Palace:

“A poet, peasant-born,
Who more of Fame's immortal dower
Unto his Country brings, than all her kings.”

The Robert Burns statue, the first public monument to be erected in Denver, is one of which all Scotsmen are proud, and of which Denver and Colorado will never be ashamed.

“Bonnie wee thing, cannie wee thing,
Lovely wee thing, wert thou mine,
I would wear thee in my bosom,
Lest my jewel I should tine.”

—Burns.





F. W. Pomeroy *Photo by R. J. Guthrie ("Moir" of the Sydney Mail)*
THE BURNS STATUE, Sydney, New South Wales, Australia

SYDNEY, NEW SOUTH WALES.

Sydney, the oldest city in Australia and the Capital of what is now the State of New South Wales, has an elaborate memorial to Burns in its picturesque "Domain."

The desire amongst the leal-hearted Scots of this beautiful city of hills and harbors to erect a memorial of some kind to the Bard of Scotia, existed for many years as an aspiration, and slowly but surely gathered strength towards practical realization. A few enthusiastic spirits banded themselves together in the early nineties, pledging each other to eat haggis on the 25th of January and to collect funds for a Burns statue during the remainder of the year. They designated themselves the "Burns Monument Committee," and for some years went joyously on their way. Finally, however, they determined to take more aggressive steps, and in 1898 they appealed to the Highland Society of New South Wales to take up the work. The latter cordially assented and accepted the collected funds, amounting to some fifty-five pounds, as a nucleus, at the same time shouldering the

responsibility to erect a Burns statue. A new and representative committee was formed, having as its president Sir Normand MacLaurin, M. L. C. The chairman of this committee was Mr. James Muir, a much-traveled, well-read Scot, one of the greatest students of Burns in Australia, if not in the world. In furtherance of the cause, Mr. Muir published an excellently written brochure, entitled "An Australian Appreciation of Robert Burns," which did much to forward the movement for the statue. This committee was backed up financially by the Caledonian Societies in New South Wales and also by thousands of private subscribers of varying amounts; and as a result of their incessant labors they were able to unveil, on the 30th January, 1905, to the gaze of an admiring multitude, the beautiful statue in the "Domain."

The unveiling was performed by His Excellency Admiral Sir Harry Rawson, K. C. B., Governor of New South Wales, and an oration on the poet was delivered by the Hon. G. H. Reid, M. H. R., Prime Minister of the Commonwealth of Australia. The statue was formally presented to the State by the chairman of the Burns Monument Committee, and the Chief Secretary of State (Hon. J. A. Hogue, M. L. A.), accepted the statue on behalf of the people of New South Wales. A fitting termination to the proceedings was the singing of "Auld Lang Syne," sung as it probably never had been sung in Australia before, by an audience of many thousand admirers of the bard.

The Sydney "Domain" memorial of Burns certainly takes first rank amongst those of its class. In general lines the figure follows the Paisley statue, but in some minor details the sculptor, Mr. F. W. Pomeroy, of London, agreeably adopted some suggested alterations made by the Sydney committee. The statue proper is of bronze. It is a conception of the poet in his Sunday finery leaning against his plough, which had been left standing in the furrow. As an enthusiastic critic says: "* * * it is the outline of the strong, broad-shouldered man, who could bind and stook to two scythes on the harvest field while composing a song. The conception of poet and thinker is expressed in pose of body and eager outlook, the eyes ravishing the fair face of Nature, while the pencil is ready in the right hand to transfix the rising inspiration."

The pedestal, the design of Mr. J. W. Manson of Sydney, who acted as honorary architect, is of granite and is somewhat different from the commonplace style so widely adopted for similar statues, and surely harmonizes with the strong, rough, natural genius of the poet.

On the front is the plain inscription:

"ROBERT BURNS.
1759—1796."

New South Wales and its plethora of Scottish societies have a memorial worthy of their honored Bard in that grand work of art which adorns the "Domain" in the Capital City.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

The story of the Burns Statue at Chicago cannot be said to be Chicagoesque. In the great western metropolis of the United States, one would have expected a Burns memorial to spring up like a mushroom in the night. Owing to various circumstances, however, over which the Scotsmen of Chicago had no control, eighteen long years elapsed between the inception of the idea and its ultimate and triumphant completion.

The financial panic which followed the World's Fair in 1893, was nowhere felt so severely as it was in that *maelstrom* of business, Chicago. Trade was paralyzed, poverty was rampant, and the Burns Monument Association very wisely took a back seat for the time being.

The formation of the Association just named was the result of a call issued by the Caledonian Society in 1888, and heartily endorsed by the great number of Scottish Societies in the city. Throughout the long years of waiting for the ultimate realization of their project, enthusiasm was never allowed to lag too far behind. There were always



W. Grant Stevenson, R. S. A.

THE BURNS STATUE, Chicago, Illinois

some stalwarts behind the gun, and thus it was that on August 26th, 1906, the cherished ambitions of the patriotic Scottish-Americans of Chicago to erect in one of their leading parks a memorial to the immortal memory of Robert Burns, became an accomplished fact.

On that day the sons of Scotia fairly took possession of Chicago. There was a great parade of kilted warriors and lovers of Burns in general, from the Van Buren Opera House to Garfield Park, the procession being participated in by Governor Dineen of Illinois, and Mayor Dunne, who joined in the exercises and made speeches of acceptance on behalf of the State and City respectively.

The site of the statue is a beautiful spot in front of the Refectory Building in the north section of Garfield Park. It was at first intended to erect it at the Washington Boulevard entrance to the Park, but after consideration the committee wisely agreed that the place for the statue of the Scottish Bard was not where only the automobiles and equipages of the rich whisked past, but amid the trees and flowers which he loved, in the section of the Park that was most frequented by the people.

The unveiling ceremony was performed by Miss Barbara Williamson before a great gathering of people. The feature of the proceedings was the reading of an original poem by Hon. Wallace Bruce, of whom we made mention in connection with the Ayr statue.

The Chicago Burns Statue is probably the greatest work of Mr. W. Grant Stevenson of Edinburgh, the Royal Scottish Academician, an

honored sculptor and ardent student of Burns. Art critics, like doctors, may differ, but still the popular conception of Burns is as he appears in the Nasmyth portrait and Stevenson certainly "hit" the popular idea as to Burns' features and appearance. The popularity of the Chicago model may be judged when we mention that three cities in the States and one in Canada have reproduced it. The figure follows the lines of the sculptor's Kilmarnock marble, being arrayed in tight fitting coat, knee breeches, home spun stockings and laced boots. The attitude is one of meditation and is natural and pleasing. The right arm is bent and the hand holding a quill, rests on the right breast. The left hand clasps a book in which the forefinger is clutched.

The statue is of bronze, over ten feet high, and stands on a pedestal of Vermont granite over twelve feet high. The name

"BURNS"

appears in relief on the base of the pedestal, and underneath it, chiselled in the granite, the legend:

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

Bronze panels, *alto relievos*, adorn the four sides of the pedestal. On the front is a scene from the "Cottar's Saturday Night" with the quotation:

"From Scenes like these Old Scotia's grandeur springs."

In the rear is a scene from "Tam o' Shanter"—the witch clutching at the gray mare's tail—with the motto:



W. Grant Stevenson, R. S. A.

By kind permission of the sculptor

PANELS IN THE CHICAGO STATUE

"But pleasures are like poppies spread;
You seize the flower, its bloom is shed."

On one side is "Burns at the Plough" turning up the mouse's nest, with the sage maxim:

"The best laid schemes o' mice and men
Gang aft' agley."

On the other side is an ideal representation of "The Twa Dogs," with the adage:

"In fair virtue's heavenly road,
The cottage leaves the palace far behind."

The Monument is a "thing of beauty" and an enduring credit to the Scottish-Americans of Chicago.

"Some books are lies frae end to end,
And some great lies were never penned:
Ev'n ministers they hae been kenned,
In holy rapture,
A rousing whid' at times to vend,
And nail 't wi' scripture."

—Burns.

FREDERICTON, NEW BRUNSWICK.

Canada's little maritime Province of New Brunswick has amongst its hardy settlers a great many men and women who were rocked to sleep in their cradle days under the soothing influence of the love songs and ditties of Robert Burns. From that fact and also that they desired to inculcate into their citizenship some of the wholesome principles of truth, justice, humanity and liberty of which Burns is the sweetest singer and most effective exponent, the residents of the Province, of Scottish descent, have erected at Fredericton, the capital of New Brunswick, a beautiful monument to the memory of the Bard and a noble tribute to his Works and Worth.

The movement for the erection of a statue was inaugurated by the Fredericton Society of St. Andrew at the close of 1903, and within three short years, although subscriptions were confined entirely to those of Scottish blood, the members saw even their wildest hopes fully realized.

Fredericton is situated on the St. John River, about 80 miles from its estuary at the Bay of Fundy. On Fenety Avenue, which runs along the



W. Grant Stevenson, R. S. A. *Photo by G. A. Burkhardt, Fredericton*
THE BURNS STATUE, Fredericton, New Brunswick, Canada

bank of the St. John, at a lovely spot directly opposite the entrance to the Parliament Buildings, is situated New Brunswick's tribute to the Immortal Memory of Burns. The location is lovely—just such a spot as the poet himself might have singled out—with the broad St. John flowing majestically by and the quaint village of Gibson beyond.

The statue was unveiled on Thanksgiving Day, October 18th, 1906, the ceremony being the occasion of the largest gathering ever seen in the capital of the Province. The unveiling was gracefully performed by Miss Hutchinson, daughter of the president of the Highland Society of Miramichi, while Governor Fraser of Nova Scotia delivered the oration of the day.

The statue is of bronze, ten and a half feet high, and is a replica of the Chicago statue by Mr. W. G. Stevenson, R. S. A., Edinburgh. It stands on a well-proportioned, simple pedestal twelve feet high, of gray granite from Stanstead, Province of Quebec. There are four bases, an upper and lower die, a cap and a plinth. On the top base, in raised letters is the inspiring word:

"BURNS."

There are three fine bronze panels, projecting in relief, depicting scenes from the poet's works. In front, on the lower die is the well-known scene from the "Cottar's Saturday Night" and bearing the motto:

"From Scenes like these Old Scotia's grandeur
springs."

The front of the upper die has a plain laurel wreath, while on one side is a representation of the ploughman turning up the daisy,—with the lines:

“Wee, modest, crimson-tipped flower,
Thou’s met me in an evil hour.”

On the other side is a dainty panel illustrative of “John Anderson, my Jo”—

“But blessings on your frosty pow,
John Anderson, my Jo.”

The Scotsmen of New Brunswick have done their full share in immortalizing the memory of the great genius whose verse has inspired them with feelings of humanity, love and liberty.

“It’s aye the cheapest lawyer’s fee
To taste the barrel.”

—*Burns.*



M. Earl Cummings

By kind permission of the sculptor

THE BURNS STATUE, San Francisco, California

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA.

Away out on the Pacific limits of America's great Golden West, admirers of Burns have reared an elegant and imposing statue of the bard.

In the spring of 1905, Mr. John D. McGilvray, a prominent Scotsman of San Francisco, invited ten of his Scots friends to a dinner in a local hostelry, and after the banquet, at which he remarked that the "kail had been hot and the whiskey good," he stated that his object in bringing them together was to see whether there were Scotsmen enough in San Francisco with sufficient enthusiasm to get together and erect a monument to Scotland's Immortal Bard, Robert Burns. The project was enthusiastically entered into, no less than \$8,000 being subscribed on the spot, and a committee was organized to foster the work. The efforts of the committee met with such success that a contract for a bronze statue of the poet was let to Mr. M. Earl Cummings, a noted western sculptor whose grand parents were natives of Scotland, and himself an ardent admirer of Burns.

Early in the month of April, 1906,—that eventful month in the history of San Francisco, when

the city was devastated by earthquake and fire, the model of the Burns statue was in the hands of the De Rome Foundry Co. ready to be cast in bronze. On the 18th of April the foundry and all its contents were entirely destroyed in the terrible conflagration, and the beautiful and universally admired model became a victim of the flames. For more than a year the rehabilitation and rebuilding of the city occupied the entire attention of its people, and it was not until the middle of 1907 that the same committee again met and with renewed enthusiasm decided to again take up the work that had been so unexpectedly interrupted. Subscriptions came in rapidly not only from Scotsmen but from people of all nationalities—lovers of the poet and friends of the committee—and on Washington's Birthday, February 22nd, 1908, the beautiful statue in Golden Gate Park was unveiled in the presence of a gathering numbering 25,000, Miss Lois C. Calder performing the unveiling ceremony.

The president of St. Andrew's Society, Mr. James C. Fyfe, delivered the dedicatory address. He concluded by saying that no more fitting time could have been chosen for the unveiling of the statue of the Scottish Poet than the birthday of George Washington, the American whom Burns held in such high regard; and no more fitting spot could have been selected in which to honor the memory of one who loved Nature so well and who sang of her beauties so often and with such eloquence. Mayor Taylor accepted the statue for

the city, paying a high tribute to Burns as Poet and Man.

The bronze statue stands at the head of the Eighth Avenue entrance to Golden Gate Park, a beautiful sylvan retreat, laved on one side by the waves of the Pacific, and containing some magnificent statues that assist to perpetuate the names of those enrolled upon the pages of immortality. The statue itself is eleven feet high and the pedestal, of California granite, nine feet. Burns is represented standing proudly erect with his right hand at his side. In his left hand he holds a book and one can almost imagine him ready to pour forth some of his grand poetic effusions.

Chiselled in bold letters on the pedestal, and surmounting a garland of thistles, is the word:

“BURNS.”

In this beautiful spot, far from the land of his birth, amid surroundings such as gave him inspiration for his grandest works, his admirers have placed a noble tribute to the memory of the Scottish Peasant-Poet that is a credit to themselves and an ornament to the city on the Golden Gate.

MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN.

Milwaukee, the metropolis of the State of Wisconsin, was in 1909 added to the list of those cities which have honored in a lasting way the Ploughman Poet.

The project of erecting a statue to Burns in Milwaukee, had its inception many years ago with a small coterie of well-known Scotsmen of the city, some of whom, notably U. S. Senator Mitchell, were men of national renown. The hand of death dealt heavily with this little group until Mr. James A. Bryden, a born Scotsman, found himself the sole survivor. Displaying a wisdom that might well be emulated, Mr. Bryden determined to erect a Burns statue at his own expense, eager to see the consummation of his long cherished desire. He placed a commission with Mr. W. Grant Stevenson, R. S. A., Edinburgh, to produce a replica of his famous Chicago "Burns," and the statue, a masterful reproduction of the sculptor's work of art, has been erected upon a handsome granite pedestal on a commanding and beautiful site.

On June 26th, 1909, "Robert Burns Day" was celebrated in Milwaukee. It was the occasion of



W. Grant Stevenson, R. S. A.

Photo by Harmon Seymour, Milwaukee

THE BURNS STATUE, Milwaukee, Wisconsin

the unveiling of the statue, and on all sides could be seen the spirit of the universal brotherhood of man as Burns expressed it in "A man's a man for a' that." The strains of the bagpipes, and the overwhelming prevalence of every variety of tartan to be found in official "Tartan Guides" and of many more that have not been officially recognized, gave the great "Brewery City" an air of Auld Scotland, enough to make one scent the heather from afar.

The statue was unveiled with great ceremony by Miss Juneau McGee, a representative of one of Milwaukee's oldest families, and stirring and eloquent addresses were delivered by Judge Quarles and Hon. Ogden H. Fethers.

The site of the statue is Franklin Square, overlooking Lake Michigan, and no one could describe it any better than Judge Quarles did that day: "The spot that has been dedicated to Burns here is ideal. It is an oasis in the din and tumult of a great city, approached on all sides by shaded avenues, surrounded by beautiful homes. Trees and lawns and flowers lend their enchantment to the scene. Here he stands looking out upon a sheet of water whose varied charms rival the blue Mediterranean. Here the rosy fingers of the dawn will daily repeat this ceremony and unveil his figure to the world, while at this blessed signal a myriad of wild birds will make the air vocal with anthems of praise."

The bronze statue stands on a plain yet beautiful pedestal of pink granite from Nova Scotia, the

height over all being about twenty-three feet. On the front of the pedestal is the inscription:

"ROBERT BURNS."

On the west face is a bronze panel, *alto relievo*, representing "Burns at the Plough," and the words:

"The Poetic Genius of my Country found me at the plough and threw her inspiring mantle over me."

On the east face there is another bronze panel representing the "Cottar's Saturday Night," with the time-honored, glorious inscription:

"From Scenes like these Old Scotia's grandeur springs."

The north face of the pedestal has these words cut deep in the granite:

"The Gift of James Anderson Bryden, a Native of Scotland, to the City of his Adoption, 1909."

The stately Monument commemorates the genius of Burns and also the generosity of one of his disciples in whose heart the noble precepts of the peasant poet had taken deep root. Milwaukee may well be proud of this latest addition to its municipal statuary, and Burns enthusiasts throughout the world will welcome it to the great gallery of enduring Monuments that are everywhere arising to keep green the memory of the Poet of Humanity and the Apostle of the Universal Brotherhood of Man.

ATLANTA, GEORGIA.

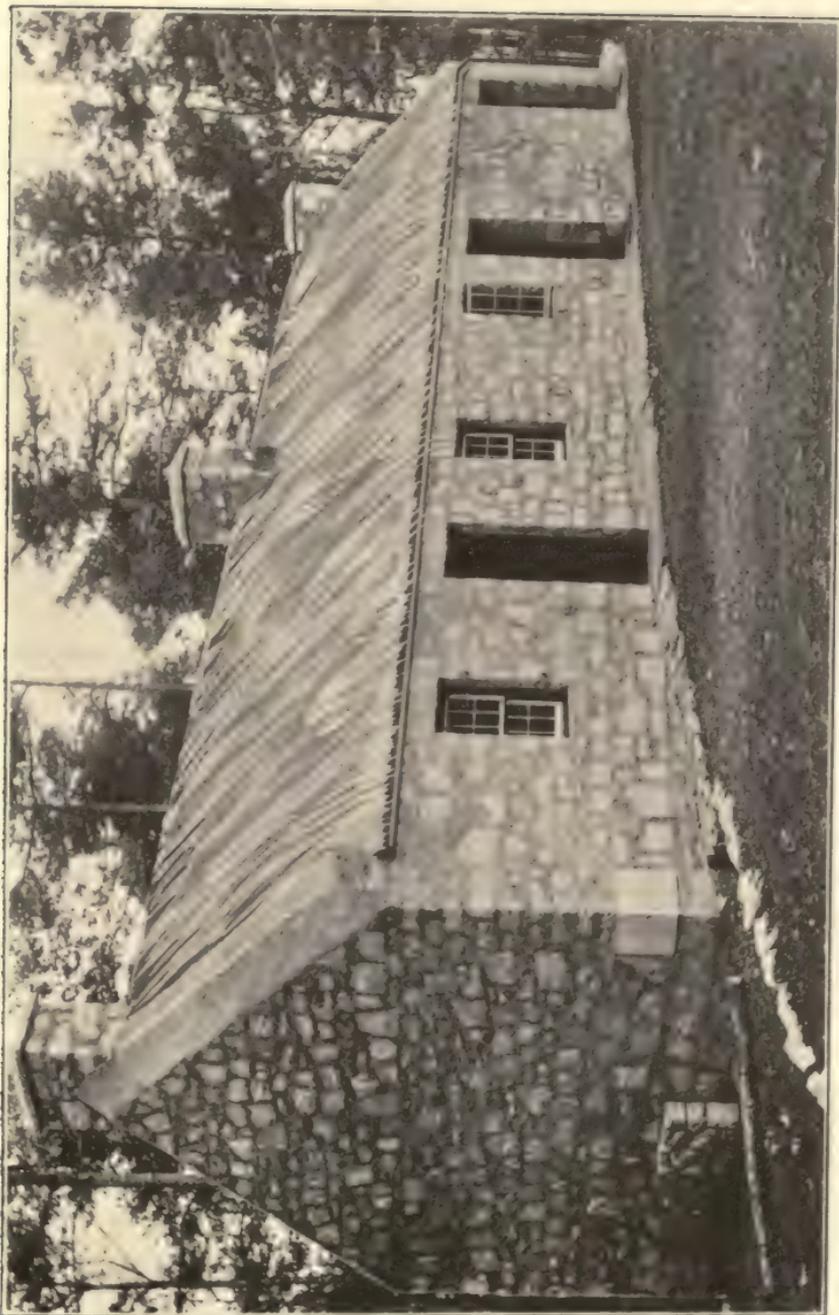
The Southern States of the American Union, though as yet they cannot boast of a Burns statue, contain thousands of enthusiastic admirers of the poet. Since the old colonial days Scotsmen have taken an active part in the building up of the South-Eastern States, especially the Carolinas, Georgia and Florida, and some of the St. Andrew's Societies in that part of the Union have records dating back for over 250 years. Within the past 50 years, Burns Clubs have been organized throughout the "Solid South," and the membership is drawn from amongst the more enlightened citizens.

At the great World's Fair at St. Louis in 1904, there was a beautiful and realistic representation of Burns' Cottage—the little shrine on the banks of the Doon which is annually visited by over 50,000 people. It was intended that this St. Louis representation should be permanent, but for some reason it was removed to Portland, Oregon, the following year. However, about four years ago, the Atlanta, Georgia, Burns Club determined that

the South should have the honor of possessing the first permanent reproduction of the historic Cottage, and with that object in view they became incorporated under the laws of the State of Georgia, their charter specifically stating the object of their incorporation.

The Atlanta Burns Club had its origin over 15 years ago in a group of gentlemen who met to celebrate the birthday of the poet at a dinner given in the Hotel Aragon by Dr. Joseph Jacobs. These annual dinners have been regularly maintained, and it also became the custom of the Club to celebrate a day each Spring when the dogwood is in bloom. This day has been named "Dogwood Day," and it has been usually spent in the woods near Lithonia, a little town near Atlanta where there is a large colony of Scotsmen and a very live Burns Club. In addition to the customary sports, a barbecue has been a leading feature of these outings.

In 1907 the Club, having as above stated become incorporated for the purpose of building the Burns Cottage, bought 13 acres of wooded land at the terminus of a street car line and opposite the Confederate Soldiers' Home, a half hour's ride from the center of Atlanta. In 1910, the Club sold four acres of the land for a sum three times more than it had paid for the 13 acres, and retained nine acres as grounds, separating the sold portion from the remainder by a street very appropriately called "Alloway Place," from which they extended another street named "Ayr Place." The grounds



REPLICA OF BURNS' COTTAGE, Atlanta, Georgia

are just on the edge of the famous battle field of Atlanta where Sherman met with such a stubborn resistance while "Marching Through Georgia." The Cottage is on a picturesque eminence fronting Alloway Place, and from this point, the grounds slope for several hundred yards to Entrenchment Creek (so named in the Civil War), where in a shady dell a barbecue pit has been placed and a pavilion built where occasional barbecues will be held.

The laying of the corner-stone of the Atlanta Burns Club Cottage on the afternoon of Saturday, November 5th, 1910, was a notable event. The stone was laid with full masonic honors by the Grand Lodge of Georgia, F. & A. M., but probably the feature of the exercises was the eloquent tribute to Burns by Hon. J. M. Lumpkin, justice of the Supreme Court of Georgia.

The Cottage has been built so as to be as nearly as possible a reproduction of the original Burns Cottage at Alloway, including the slight angle at the bend of the road. Plans and drawings of the original Cottage were used as a guide. The walls are built of granite, but have not been overcast as the original has been. The roof was first made secure from the weather with modern roofing material and later covered with thatch. As far as practicable the general resemblance of the interior to that of the original Cottage has been retained, but of course it had to be made more in keeping with a home for the Burns Club. The byre and

the barn have been made into one room which is used as a meeting room and library.

The Cottage was formally opened on the evening of January 25th, 1911, with a dinner and the usual accompaniments of speeches, songs, etc. That part of the structure which in the original was occupied by byre and barn, and the adjoining room in the Cottage, the "ben," were used for the dinner. The "but" (which includes the kitchen) was used for the preparation of the dinner. The cooking arrangements of the Cottage are identical with those of the original, but are supplemented by oil stoves.

There was a representative gathering of Scotsmen and Burns enthusiasts including many from various cities throughout the State, and a very finished literary address on the works of Burns was delivered by Hon. Lucian Lamar Knight, author and editor, and an orator of eminence. Though, as he said, he was like the average American, "a miracle of strains," yet he rejoiced that some of his progenitors "wore the kilt, wielded the claymore, and committed the catechism." We have space for part of his peroration:

"Aye, Robbie, your crowning day has come! What if the windows rattled and the snowflakes beat about your couch of pain! What if your creditors refused to let you die in peace, up there in your garret! What if the gaunt finger of famine unlocked for you the gates of life! You can smile upon these things to-night, for love has laureled you at last. Through meekness you have inherited the earth. Your 'Afton Water' sweetens every

clime. Your 'Bonnie Doon' threads every landscape. The warring tongues of Babel have been fused by your harp's melodious spell into your own sweet speech. And, if the bard who sang of love be not an outcast from love's paradise, then, beyond the sycamores and the cedars, you have waked to an endless life of song in an evergreen arcadia, where the strain of the minstrel never dies."

Dixieland has reason to be proud in owning the only replica of the world-famous Cottage, and the Burns Club of Atlanta has given Scotsmen the world over a typical example of how to honor the memory of the sweet poet of Humanity.

"Gin a body meet a body
Comin' through the rye,
Gin a body kiss a body—
Need a body cry?

Gin a body meet a body
Comin' through the glen,
Gin a body kiss a body—
Need the world ken?"

—Burns.

BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS.

It is many years since the first attempt was made to erect a monument to the memory of Robert Burns in historic Boston. But, as a Boston Scot has pointed out, Burns does not stand alone in this dilatoriness towards honoring literary men and others in the city where Culture reigns supreme. Several times admirers of America's greatest authors and poets such as Edgar Allen Poe, Henry W. Longfellow and James Russell Lowell, have formed associations to solicit subscriptions for the purpose of erecting statues to their memory in Boston, but so far without success. Twenty years elapsed between Daniel Webster's oration at the laying of the foundation stone of the Bunker Hill Monument and his oration upon its dedication. Some years ago there was erected in Roxbury, Mass., a statue to General Warren who fell at Bunker Hill. The intention of the promoters was that the statue should be erected by popular subscription. The United States Government gave them a present of several bronze cannon to furnish material for the casting of the statue, and for

nearly 18 years these cannon lay on the spot chosen, and it was only after the city of Boston voted several thousand dollars for the purpose that the statue was erected.

Two blacks do not make a white, but the Scots of Boston have to be congratulated that after many years of internal strife, they buried the hatchet so deep that one of the grandest Burns Memorials in existence will soon be reared on the Charles River Embankment.

Boston is justly proud of the fact that she has the oldest Scottish society on the American continent, the venerable Scots' Charitable Society, founded by 27 Scottish exiles on January 26th, 1657. This society celebrated its 250th anniversary four years ago, and at present it has a permanent fund of nearly \$70,000 and dispenses \$4,000 in charity every year.

The Boston Caledonian Club, founded in 1853, has upheld the traditions of Scotland in an athletic way, besides honoring the natal day of the National Bard. This Club owns the Caledonian Grove, a pleasant picnic grove of nearly forty acres in the city of Boston on the Charles river, having an up-to-date athletic field, race-track, grand stand and all the rest, where the Highland Sports, the leading athletic meet of the State, annually draws together about 20,000 people.

The Order of Scottish Clans is exceptionally strong in Massachusetts, the headquarters of the Royal Clan being located in Boston, and this Order has certainly been a great factor throughout the

United States and Canada in inculcating the idea of the universal brotherhood of man so eloquently advocated by Burns.

The Burns Memorial Association of Boston, co-operated in by all the Scottish societies, has been in existence about 12 years, and by subscriptions, concerts and fairs has collected a sum of over \$15,000 for the erection of the Burns statue. The leading entertainment was that given at Tremont Temple in March, 1901, at which the late Senator Hoar delivered a eulogy of Burns which is now considered one of "the grand old man eloquent's" greatest efforts, and has become a classic.

Last fall, the design for the Memorial was accepted by the Association and approved of by the Boston Art Commission. The Memorial consists of a broad, decorative pylon, flanked on either side by low walls surmounted by ballustrades with seats along the front, and many architectural embellishments. On a pedestal projecting from the base of the pylon stands the bronze figure of the poet. He is represented walking erect, bare-headed, carrying a rough-cut cane in one hand, and under the other arm a book and a spray of laurel. The statue is full of life and action. There seems to be motion in the poise the sculptor has depicted. One may imagine Burns walking along the banks of the Ayr, Doon or Nith, but his thoughts seem to be far away. Some old Scots tune is going through his brain and he is conning over rhymes to fit.

It seems somewhat of a novelty—to some it may



Henry H. Kitson.

THE BURNS STATUE, Boston, Massachusetts

seem an absurdity—to see Burns represented with a walking-stick, but the sculptor, Mr. Henry H. Kitson, of Quincy, Mass., can be congratulated on having given us something original and at the same time pleasing. Boston has broken away from the stereotyped “Burns at the Plough.”

The men who did much to make Boston a name to conjure with in the literary world were profuse in their eulogies of the works of the poet, and Bostonians of to-day are no less appreciative of the inspiring messages of Love, of Patriotism, and of everything that makes for the uplifting of the masses, which Robert Burns has handed down to the children of Freedom as a common heritage.

“‘And wear thou this,’ she solemn said,
And bound the holly round my head;
The polished leaves and berries red
Did rustling play,
And like a passing thought she fled
In light away.”

—Burns.

DUNOON.

"HIGHLAND MARY'S" STATUE.

*"Wi' mony a vow and locked embrace
Our parting was fu' tender."*

—Burns

The Centenary Commemorations of the death of Scotland's Bard were fittingly wound up in 1896 by the unveiling of the heroic statue of Burns' "Highland Mary" at Dunoon.

Amongst all the heroines in Scottish Minstrelsy, none is cherished with more interest, or is likely to endure longer in the popular fancy, than Mary Campbell, the humble dairymaid who inspired Burns just as the lovely Beatrice inspired Dante. Of all the poems and songs that Burns wrote none are purer, sweeter or more precious than those inspired by "Highland Mary." Burns' "Highland Mary" has become a classic name. Though of humble birth and in life obscure, the exquisite lyrics which the sight and thought of her drew from Burns, have carried her name and fame to every clime where music and poetry have found a home.

The Cowal Society of Glasgow, headed by the late Mr. Colin Rae Brown, founder of the London



D. W. Stevenson, R. S. A.

"HIGHLAND MARY'S" STATUE, Dunoon

Robert Burns Club, originated the idea of a statue to "Highland Mary." The scheme met with generous support amongst Scotsmen and others in all parts of the globe, and in 1894, a commission was placed with Mr. D. W. Stevenson, R. S. A., Edinburgh, for a heroic statue of Burns' heroine.

On the afternoon of Saturday, August 1st, 1896, there was a great gathering on the Castle Hill, Dunoon, which is but a mile from Auchamore farm where Mary Campbell was born. Then was unveiled ceremoniously, by Lady Kelvin of Dunoon Castle, wife of the celebrated Scots scientist, surrounded by lovers of Burns from every station of life, the beautiful bronze statue to the memory of the Highland Maid, who by her loveliness and sweet innocence, was the inspiration for some of the sweetest songs that have been given to the world.

The statue stands on a pedestal of Ballochmyle sandstone designed in admirable harmony with the site. The figure is that of a modest country maiden, clad in the dress of the period and of her class. Her gown is kilted at the knee, affording a glimpse of petticoat, and her feet are shod with buckled shoon. A plaid falls in ample folds down her back and one of the corners is gracefully caught up on the left arm. Her left hand, held close to the bosom, clasps a bible—a rather pretty symbolization of the historic meeting and parting on the Fail Burn. This enduring "Highland Mary" in bronze looks intently across the Firth of Clyde to the shore of Ayr, and the scenes of the hallowed

meetings with the bard who made himself and her immortal.

The statue is a fine adornment to the site, already historic, on which it stands, close by the ancient stronghold of the Castle of Dunoon. It arrests the attention of the tens of thousands who, whether on ocean liner or coasting steamer, yearly pass up and down the magnificent highway of the Clyde.

The name of "Highland Mary" has been made immortal by the genius of the poet, and his lovers have but followed him in seeking to do honor to her memory. When men look upon the statue of "Highland Mary" they see her who charmed the heart of Burns to pure and elevated emotions.

Neither Burns nor his "Highland Mary" needed this monument to keep them from being forgotten, but it is a declaration to the world that Dunoon is proud in being the birthplace of one so worthily celebrated in song by the National Poet of Scotland.

"Gathering her brows like gathering storm,
Nursing her wrath to keep it warm."

—Burns.



Benj. Evans Spence

"HIGHLAND MARY'S" STATUE, Liverpool, England

LIVERPOOL, ENGLAND.**"HIGHLAND MARY'S" STATUE.**

Henry Yates Thompson, the donor of the magnificent Palm House which graces the grounds of Liverpool's glorious Sefton Park, enhanced his splendid gift by erecting in the Palm House a white marble statue of Burns' "Highland Mary," inaugurated October 5th, 1896.

The beautiful piece of sculpture is the work of Benjamin Evans Spence, a Liverpool artist, who died at an early age in Italy. The statue is life-size, and is draped with a shawl which falls in heavy folds from the head and shoulders to the feet, which, with a portion of the legs, are bare—dairymaid fashion. The drapery of the body is light, and is held at the waist by a girdle, which throws it into graceful folds and shows the delicate lines of the figure. The arms are bare, one hand holding a book, while the other holds the shawl. The head inclines slightly downwards and forwards, and the face, which is beautifully carved, bears a passive or perhaps even a pensive expression.

The statue stands on a white marble base, which in turn rests on a block of red sandstone. On the front of the base is the verse:

“The golden hours on angel wings
Flew o’er me and my dearie,
For dear to me as light and life
Was my sweet Highland Mary.”

On the left side is the inscription:

“ROBERT BURNS.
Born at Alloway 1759,
Died at Dumfries 1796.”

On the right side is the following:

Benj. Evans Spence, Sculptor,
Born at Liverpool 1822,
Died at Leghorn 1866.”

This statue of Burns’ greatest heroine is much admired standing amidst the palms. It is one of the art treasures of the great English seaport.

But not only at Sefton Park has Burns been honored in Liverpool, for in the ever popular Botanic Gardens there is no more interesting sight than the figures of Burns’ great characters “Tam o’ Shanter” and “Souter Johnnie” seated at the entrance to the Palm House. They are replicas of the figures of the “drouthy cronies” so popular with visitors to the gardens surrounding the Alloway monument.

Liverpool has as yet no Burns statue, but she is certainly helping to keep green the memory of the poet through the instrumentality of some of the leading characters in his immortal works.

GREENOCK.

THE TOMB OF "HIGHLAND MARY."

A most interesting and sacred spot, in a very interesting and sacred place, is the grave of Mary Campbell, Burns' "Highland Mary," in the famous Old West Kirkyard of Greenock, which is annually visited by pilgrims from far and wide.

The artistic monument at the head of the grave was erected by public subscription, and dedicated with due masonic services, on the 25th January, 1842, the 83rd anniversary of the poet's birth. The design was by Mr. Mossman, a Glasgow sculptor, and is of stone with white marble panels. One panel illustrates the hallowed and now historic parting between Burns and his "Highland Mary." On the panel above is represented "Grief" weeping over an urn on which is the word "Mary," and above all is the "Lingering Star." The inscription is:

"Erected
Over the grave of
HIGHLAND MARY
1842."

**“My Mary, dear departed shade,
Where is thy place of blissful rest?”**

The original simple headstone seen in front of the monument bears the following inscription:

“This burying place belongs to Peter McPherson, ship carpenter in Greenock, and Mary Campbell, his spouse, and their children, 1787.”

Above this are the emblems of his trade and the date 1760—the date of original purchase. Mrs. McPherson was a cousin of “Highland Mary’s” mother.

The monument and ground are in the reverent care of the Greenock Burns Club, which has the distinguished honor of being the first Burns Club organized, 1802. Hanging on the wall of the club-room is the manuscript of the prayer delivered by the Masonic Grand Chaplain (Rev. William Menzies) at the dedication of the Monument to “Highland Mary,” 25th January, 1842. His eloquent supplication which is here given, through the kindness of J. B. Morison, Esq., a leading citizen and ardent Burns admirer, is a beautiful tribute to the memory of Burns and his “Highland Mary.” It is also a good illustration of the very delicate phraseology which seemed to be necessary, even 50 years after his death, when anything good was said of the poet.

Prayer offered up by Rev. William Menzies, Grand Chaplain, at laying the foundation stone of a Monument to Burns’ “Highland Mary,” in the West Churchyard, Greenock, 25th January, 1842:

“O Lord, we desire at all times to be deeply



Photo by William Brown, Paisley
THE GRAVE OF "HIGHLAND MARY,"
Old West Churchyard, Greenock

impressed with the remembrance that all the glory and celebrity, originating with mortal man is, like himself, as the grass or the flowers of the fields.

“That no memorial erected by human hands can impart durability and permanency to that which, in its own nature, is fugitive and transitory; and that the true glory and distinction, worthy of the ambition of our immortal spirit, is that emanating from Thee above, and resulting from the possession of Thy friendship and favor; and under the influence of such convictions, we would esteem it our first and our last, our greatest, our highest, our most incumbent duty, to seek, in the only appointed way, the honour which cometh from Thee, and to account all other dignity and distinction as secondary to this, and as such entitled only to a subordinate share of our regard; but although ‘storied urn and animated bust’ are powerless to awaken the echoes of the tomb; although neither monumental pile nor sepulchral tablet, however gorgeous or costly, can revive the ashes of the silent grave, nor arrest the slow but steady progress of decay, in a world where all that is visible is fated to pass away—still Thou knowest it, there are scenes and circumstances, and actions and objects, not unworthy of being cherished by human beings in grateful remembrances; and amongst these is the memory of the illustrious dead, whose actions or whose writings have crowned them with immortal fame.

“It is a testimony to lowly worth, and to humble virtue prematurely quenched in death that we are

now occupied in yielding. It is the tale of pure domestic affection, rudely blighted in its bloom, but rendered instrumental in Thy divine providence in lighting up the fire of genius, in touching the chords of tender feeling deeply seated in the soul and so securing to the world strains of sweetest melody that have found an echo in every breast, that we are now desirous of embalming.

“If aught, O Father, in our temper or in our task, be such as meets not with Thine acceptance or approval, we pray Thee, for the sake of the Anointed One, to extend to us Thy divine compassion and forgiveness. If, however, our temper be that of divine supplicants, of enlightened Christians, of friends of honesty, sincerity and truth, and if our task be in unison with the purpose in implanting generous and grateful affections in our breasts; if it love to discharge a debt of justice to the humble but the renowned dead, too long, it may be, withheld—and if it tend withal, in any measure, in its issue, to fan the flame of Genius, of Liberty, of Patriotism, of Virtue, and of Moral Worth, in the spirits of the living—then, we beseech Thee to grace it with Thy countenance, and to enrich it with Thy blessing; and all we ask is for Christ’s sake—

AMEN.”

MEMORIAL TO "CHLORIS."

"THE LASSIE WI' THE LINT WHITE LOCKS."

"Poor 'Chloris'; her situation in poetry is splendid; her situation in life merits our pity, perhaps our charity."

So wrote Allan Cunningham of this unhappy woman whose youth and voluptuous beauty, whose bright eyes and witching smiles, enraptured the Scottish bard and inspired him to some of his sweetest strains.

Much has been written of "The Lassie wi' the Lint White Locks," Jean Lorimer, the lovely goddess of his inspiration, to whom Burns addressed "fictitious reveries of passion," but only perverse minds fail to understand the situation between Burns and his "Chloris." The letters of Burns go to prove that there was the closest kind of intimacy between the Burns and the Lorimer families, and that the tenderness evinced by Burns for "Chloris" was of no clandestine kind. There is no doubt but that this beautiful, young, forsaken wife had a great liking for the poet, so great that it set the gossips' tongues a-wagging; and Burns irresistibly

enshrined her charms in song. However, his words are words of sincere sympathy:

“’Tis Friendship’s pledge, my young, fair friend,
 Nor thou the gift refuse,
 Nor with unwilling ear attend
 The moralizing Muse.
 Since thou in all thy youth and charms,
 Must bid the world adieu,
 (A world ’gainst Peace in constant arms)
 To join the Friendly Few.”

Seventy years after her death, a memorial was erected under the auspices of the Edinburgh Ninety Burns Club, to mark the grave of Jean Lorimer in the Preston Street Cemetery, Edinburgh. The memorial—a beautiful Celtic Cross in gray granite, modelled on the lines of the old sculptured crosses of Iona—was designed and executed by Stewart McGlashen, an Edinburgh sculptor. The front of the cross proper is enriched with interlacing Celtic patterns, and in a panel of the shaft is carved in relief the well-known crest of Burns with his motto:

“Better a wee bush than nae bield.”

The die and base bear the following inscription:

“CHLORIS.

This stone marks the grave of Jean Lorimer, the ‘Chloris’ and ‘Lassie wi’ the Lint White Locks’ of the poet Burns. Born 1775, Died 1881. Erected under the auspices of the Ninety Burns Club. Edinburgh, 1901.”



THE "CHLORIS" MEMORIAL, Edinburgh

On the afternoon of Saturday, May 25th, 1901, there was a great gathering in the Preston Street Cemetery when the monument was unveiled by Rev. George Murray, B. D., chaplain of the Ninety Club. As the reverend gentleman said in his unveiling address, the erection of this memorial marked a deviation from the beaten track of Burns Club doings. The event evoked much interest in Burns circles throughout the world, and the memorial is annually visited by large crowds. In erecting this monument the Edinburgh Ninety Club accomplished the first part of a self-imposed task, namely to mark in an adequate manner the grave of two of Burns' best-known heroines—the other being that of "Clarinda" in Canongate Churchyard.

Burns himself, full of that tenderness which characterized his whole life, and which permeates his songs, lovingly marked the grave of the poet Fergusson, his "elder brother in misfortune." All honor to the Edinburgh Ninety Burns Club for so worthily following in the poet's footsteps.

MEMORIAL TO "CLARINDA."

*"She, the fair sun of all her sex,
Has blest my glorious day."*

—Burns.

Burns was always in love, but perhaps the most famous of all the passions with which the poet was inspired took possession of him when he met Agnes Craig, Mrs. McLehose, the young deserted wife of a Jamaica planter. Readers need not be reminded of this unhappy lady's history and the cruel desertion of her by her husband.

It was just after Burns' return from his Highland Tour that he met Mrs. McLehose. Henley described her as "young, of a poetical fabric of mind, sentimental, a tangle of simple instincts and as simple pieties, having the natural woman's desire for a lover, and the religious woman's resolve to keep the lover's passion within bounds." They were mutually attracted and a correspondence began which has become famous. Throughout the correspondence they adopted the pastoral names of "Sylvander" and "Clarinda." The letters were evidently never intended to meet the public eye, yet,



H. S. Gamley, A. R. S. A.

THE "CLARINDA" MEMORIAL, Edinburgh

from their fervid eloquence, they have attained world-wide celebrity. These letters, apart altogether from the poetical works of Burns, have convinced the world that the Scottish Bard was no mere ploughman, but a man of letters, well and deeply read and having the polish of a true gentleman.

Of "Clarinda," the poet wrote to a friend—"In her, I met the most accomplished of all womankind, the first of all God's works." And yet some say that his letters are merely complimentary, artificial, and "exaggerated sentiment." Her personality inspired several of the poet's grandest effusions, including "My Nannie's Awa'" and his beautiful farewell lovesong, "Ae Fond Kiss"—

"Ae fond kiss, and then we sever;
Ae fareweel, alas, forever!

* * * *

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

Men do not write such verses as those for the sake of politeness. They come out of the depths. "These verses," said Sir Walter Scott, "contain the essence of a thousand love tales."

Mrs. McLehose lived until 1841, her 83rd year, thus surviving Burns for 45 years. Until her dying day she fondly cherished the memory of the poet—"that great genius," as she refers to him in her diary in 1813. In another diary, December 6th, 1831, she wrote,—“This day I can never forget,

parted with Burns in 1791—never more in this world, may we meet in heaven!"

In the east neuk of historic Canongate Churchyard, Edinburgh, where the enclosing wall is the side of a tenement of workmen's houses, is to be seen, amidst the incongruities of life in death, the burial ground of Lord Craig, one of the Lords of Session, and a grand uncle of "Clarinda." Here is the last resting place of the cidevant sweetheart of the National Bard. The tablet which formerly marked the tomb of the famous heroine having disappeared, the "Ninety Burns Club" and Lodge Canongate Kilwinning of Freemasons have undertaken the erection of a fitting memorial. The monument will be in the form of a very ornate mural tablet of granite, having a bronze medallion of "Clarinda" by Mr. H. S. Gamley, A. R. S. A. There will be a suitable inscription, and when complete the memorial will be a very artistic one. There will be appropriate exercises at the dedication of the memorial, when the stigma attached to the neglected state of the tomb of this most learned and interesting of Burns' heroines will be effectively, though tardily, removed.



Photo by Valentine & Sons, Ltd., Dundee
THE HOUSE WHERE BURNS DIED, Dumfries

DUMFRIES.

BURNS' MAUSOLEUM.

As the first Burns monument illustrated and described in this volume was very fittingly the revered Cottage in which the poet first saw the light, so it has been deemed appropriate that the last monuments to be noticed should be the House in which Burns died and the sacred Mausoleum which holds the ashes of the honored and illustrious dead—both in Dumfries.

When Burns quit his Ellisland farm and took up his residence in Dumfries, he lived for eighteen months in a house at the foot of Bank Street. At Whitsunday, 1793, he removed to a larger house in a quarter then known as Mill Street, but which since his death has been re-christened "Burns Street." Here Burns wrote some of his grandest effusions, and here he died, as the world knows, in practical poverty; and here his widow made her home until she passed away in 1834.

The house in which Burns spent his latest years and breathed his last, adjoins the building known as the Industrial or "Ragged" School, in a niche

of which may be seen a memorial Bust of the bard in sandstone, placed there by the late Mr. William Ewart, M. P., with the inscription:

"In the adjoining house to the north, lived and died the Poet of his Country and of Mankind, Robert Burns."

Burns' House itself is indicated by a marble tablet, and many who take a pleasure in melancholy things, annually visit the poet's last home. It is to many, with the single exception of the "Auld Clay Biggin'," on the banks of the Doon, the greatest and best material memento of the National Poet.

The first grave of Burns was in the northeast corner of St. Michael's Churchyard, and his widow placed over it a simple slab of freestone which for several years was the only monument.

Eventually, however, a general movement was made by several of his ardent admirers, amongst whom was General Dunlop, son of the poet's dear and true friend, Mrs. Dunlop of Dunlop, for the erection of a Mausoleum worthy of his genius. Money flowed in freely for the scheme—from lowly peasants and mechanics up to Royalty itself, the subscriptions including one of fifty guineas from George IV., then Prince Regent. Sir Walter Scott and other leading literary men of the day eagerly lent their aid.

There was no room for the structure at the original burial place, and it was therefore built on a site in the southeast of the old Churchyard. The Mausoleum, in form like a Grecian Temple, was designed by Mr. T. F. Hunt, of London, and the

foundation stone was laid on June 6th, 1815. Shortly afterwards the remains of the poet and of the two sons who had been buried by his side, were lifted and reinterred in the new vault. The Mausoleum was fully completed in 1818. Within the building is a piece of mural sculpture, for ever to be associated with the Tomb of Burns. It is intended to embody one of the poet's own conceptions—the muse Coila finding her favorite son at the plough and throwing her inspiring mantle over him. It was the work of Peter Turnerelli, a London sculptor born in Belfast, Ireland, of Italian parents; and though it may not inspire fastidious art critics, it at least appeals successfully to the popular eye and heart.

The marble in Turnerelli's work has suffered greatly from decay, and recently the figures were repaired to arrest this decay by an Edinburgh sculptor, at the request of the Dumfries Burns Club. As a precautionary measure, plaster casts of the figures have been taken so that the statuary group can be exactly reproduced.

Since the completion of the Mausoleum, the vault has been opened to receive the remains of Mrs. Burns (the poet's "Bonnie Jean"), and of three of his sons—Robert, James and William.

The tombstone which covered the poet's original grave now lies within the Mausoleum. The simple record which is inscribed thereon is as follows:

"In memory of ROBERT BURNS, who died the 21st July, 1796, in the 37th year of his age.

Maxwell Burns, who died 25th April, 1799, aged 2 years and 9 months; Francis Wallace Burns, who

died the 9th July, 1803, aged 14 years; his sons.

The remains of Burns removed into the vault below, 19th Septr., 1815; and his two sons.

Also the remains of Jean Armour, relict of the poet; born Feby., 1765, and died 26th March, 1834.

And Robert, his oldest son, who died on the 14th May, 1857, aged 70 years."

On the walls of the vault are tablets with these inscriptions:

"This tablet is erected by Major James Glencairn Burns, E. I. C. S., to the memory of Sarah Robinson, his wife; died at Neemuch (East Indies), 7th of November, 1821, aged 24 years; Jean Isabella, his daughter, died at sea, 5th of June, 1823, aged 4 years and five months; Robert Shaw, his son, died at Neemuch, 11th of December, 1821, aged 18 months. Mary Beckett, his wife, died at Gravesend, 13th of November, 1844, aged 52 years.

Lieutenant Colonel James G. Burns, born at Dumfries, 12th August, 1794; died at Cheltenham, 18th Nov., 1865. His remains rest in the vault beneath this tablet."

"This tablet is erected by Lieutenant Colonel William Nicol Burns, E. I. C. S., to the memory of his wife, Catherine Adelaide Crone, who died at Kalludghee, in the East Indies, on the 29th of June, 1841.

Colonel William Nicol Burns, born at Ellisland 9th April, 1791; died at Cheltenham, 21st Feb., 1872. His remains rest in the vault beneath this tablet."

The noble Mausoleum which has been erected



Photo by William Brown, Paisley
THE BURNS MAUSOLEUM, Dumfries

over the dust of Burns is a shrine to which thousands of visitors each year repair. Under the statuary by Turnerelli is carved the one honored word—

“BURNS.”

An inscription in Latin was prepared to tell that the Monument was erected “In aeternum honorem Roberti Burns.” It was never used, and no other was put in its stead. As some one has well said, neither epitaph nor popular inscription is needed by the man whose name and fame are impressed on the hearts of all his countrymen—

“—Thou need’st no epitaph: while earth
Hath souls of melody and hearts of worth.
Thine own proud songs, through distant ages sent,
Shall form at once thy dirge and monument.”

True, Burns *needs* no Monument. But as long as Scotsmen are being born into the world to hear the story of the poet’s life and to read his simple verses of Love and Freedom and Humanity that reach to the very depths of the heart, they will continue to rear statues to the Immortal Memory of the sweetest singer of the common joys and sorrows of Mankind that the world has ever heard.

“Go, builder of a deathless name,
Thy country’s glory and her shame;
Go, and th’ immortal guerdon claim
To Genius due;
Whilst rolling centuries thy fame
Shall still renew.”

SOME OF THE WORLD'S TRIBUTES TO ROBERT BURNS.

*"Jean, a hundred years hence they will think
more of me than they do now."*

Burns, to his wife.

"Few men have done for any country what Burns
has done for Scotland."

REV. DR. NORMAN MACLEOD.

"The Peasant-Poet—great in what he has done
for the unprivileged million; greater in what he has
taught them to do for themselves."

HORACE GREELY.

"He loved the people, protested against their
wrongs, sang their sorrows and joys, fanned the
glow of their well-placed love, sympathized with
their toils, and strove for their elevation."

REV. GEORGE GILFILLAN,
(Much censured critic of Burns).

"Not Latimer, not Luther, struck more telling
blows against false theology than did this brave

singer. The 'Declaration of Independence' and the 'Marseillaise' are not more weighty documents in the history of Freedom than the Songs of Burns."

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

"Robert Burns lives on with a vitality which gathers strength from time. His fame broadens and deepens every year. * * * The world has never known a truer singer."

JAMES GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

"Often have I met with associates of the poet who told me how, in his better moods, Burns made the listener laugh at one moment and weep the moment after."

REV. DR. McCOSH,
President of Princeton University.

"Burns was great because God breathed into him, in greater measure than into any other man, the spirit of that love which constitutes His own essence, and made him more than other men—a living soul. Burns was great by the greatness of his sympathies."

W. CULLEN BRYANT.

"The nation which read Burns in the nursery could never have tyrants in the Parliament House. The men who drink at Burns' spring will be too sturdy for oppression, too courageous for power to tamper with, and with too much self-respect for blandishment and bribes."

REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER.

"Burns was a special creation from the great reserve of genius which Nature, or the great Author of Nature, keeps in reserve in order that a flash may come now and again like the great singular flashes of old."

PROFESSOR MASSON, of Edinburgh.

"The great democrat who, proclaiming the 'Royalty of Man,' struck down Rank with one hand and the old hard Theology with the other, dispelling the false conception of a Heavenly Father who sent 'ane to heaven and ten to hell a' for his glory.' There cannot be too many statues erected to the memory of Burns."

ANDREW CARNEGIE.

"We see in him a freer, purer development of whatever is noblest in ourselves; his life is a rich lesson to us, and we mourn his death as that of a benefactor who lived and taught us."

THOMAS CARLYLE.

"Burns makes you feel the reality, the depth and the truth of his passion. We have no love-songs in English of the same class as those of Burns."

JOHN BROWN, M. D.,
Author of "Rab and His Friends."

"No poet of our tongue ever displayed higher skill in marrying melody to immortal verse, than Robert Burns."

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

"The songs composed for the merriment of an obscure tavern club have set millions singing with delight."

LORD HOUGHTON.

"In that humble nook, of all places in the world, Providence was pleased to deposit the germ of the richest human life which mankind then had within its circumference."

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.
(On viewing Burns' birthplace).

"Above the storms of praise and blame
That blur with mist his wondrous name,
His thunderous laughter went and came,
And lives and flies;
The roar that follows on the flame
When lightning dies."

SWINBURNE.

"His works bear impressed upon them, beyond the possibility of mistake, the stamp of true genius."

WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE.

"Burns ought to have passed ten years of his life in America, for those words of his:

'A man's a man for a' that'

show that true American feeling belonged to him as much as if he had been born in sight of the hill before me as I write—Bunker Hill."

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

"Burn Homer, burn Aristotle, fling Thucydides into the sea, but let us by all means have 'Highland Mary,' 'Auld Lang Syne' and 'Scots Wha' Hae wi' Wallace Bled.' When Scotland forgets Burns, then History will forget Scotland."

PROFESSOR BLACKIE.

"Louis Kossuth in Exile,
To Robert Burns in Immortality.
'The man o' independent mind
Is king of men for a' that.'"

KOSSUTH, the Hungarian Patriot's,
inscription in the visitors' book at Alloway.

"Fresh as the flower whose modest worth
He sang, his genius glinted forth,
Rose like a star that, touching earth,
For so it seems,
Doth glorify its humble birth
With matchless beams."

WORDSWORTH.

"The rank of Burns is the very first of his art."

BYRON.

"But still the music of his song,
Rises o'er all elate and strong;
Its master chords
Are Manhood, Freedom, Brotherhood;
Its discords but an interlude
Between the words."

LONGFELLOW.

“He came when poets had forgot
 How rich and strange the human lot;
 How warm the tints of Life; how hot
 Are Love and Hate;
 And what makes Truth divine, and what
 Makes Manhood great.”

WILLIAM WATSON,

(Author of “The Woman With the Serpent’s
 Tongue.”)

“Not even for a second Shakespeare could we let
 go our Burns.”

MRS. OLIPHANT.

“Read the exquisite songs of Burns. In shape
 each of them has the perfection of the berry; in
 light the radiance of the dewdrop.”

TENNYSON.

“He is the daily companion of hundreds of thou-
 sands of men. He holds the first place in the hearts
 of his fellow-countrymen.”

PREMIER ARTHUR J. BALFOUR.

“Burns you claim, and claim rightly, as your
 National Poet; but that does not exclude us as
 Englishmen from claiming him as one of the glories
 of the United Kingdom.”

RIGHT HON. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN.

“The books that have most influenced me are—
 Coleridge and Keats in my youth, Burns as I grew
 older and wiser.”

JOHN RUSKIN.

"O! Kindred soul of humble birth,
 Divine, though of the lowly earth,
 Forgotten thou art not to-day,
 Nor yet neglected—here's thy bay!

I am a foreign unknown bard
 Whose devious course is rough and hard;
 But cheered at times by thy sweet song,
 I sing away, nor mind the throng."

CHANG YON TONG, Chinese Commissioner,
 (At the opening of Burns' Cottage, St. Louis
 Exposition.)

"The freedom-ringing songs of Burns have without doubt helped to build the great British Empire."

GOVERNOR FRASER,
 Of Nova Scotia.

"I do consider him the *most* Poet that ever lived."
 JOSH BILLINGS.

"Life is a struggle, and anyone who can, like Robert Burns, ease it, is a benefactor."

REV. DR. TALMAGE.

"The genius and influence of Robert Burns is beyond analysis and beyond criticism."

AMELIA E. BARR.

"Only those who speak from the heart and to the heart employ an universal language. Burns was a past master in the use of this language; he gave

poetic expression to a sympathy that embraced the entire world; his words live because they glow with the love that makes all mankind kin."

WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN.

"The right of Burns to a place amongst the Immortals is as incontestable as the right of Scotland to a place amongst the nations."

W. T. STEAD.

"The brightest of all our lyrists, the most human of all our satirists."

ANDREW LANG.

"Others may be the favorites of a class or clique. Burns is the favorite of the whole world."

SIR ALFRED AUSTIN,
Poet Laureate of England.

"Robert Burns was also a preacher—a preacher to humanity, and I tell you that if this old earth of ours had more such preachers in its pulpits, it would be a better world."

SPEAKER DAVID B. HENDERSON,
U. S. House of Representatives.

"Burns' true life began with his death. With the poet passed all that was gross or impure; the clear spirit stood revealed, and soared at once to its accepted place among the fixed stars in the firmament of the rare immortals."

LORD ROSEBURY.

"The name of Robert Burns has been, and is, dearer to more hearts than any other except alone that of Him who was born in a manger and died that we might live."

SENATOR WILLIAM P. FRYE,
of Maine.

"It may safely be said that more touching, sublime poetry than that of Burns was never written."

PAUL BLOUET (Max O'Rell).

"We esteem the highly-praised Burns amongst the first poetical spirits which the past century has produced."

GOETHE.

"The total impression of his poems is, and remains always, that of a candid, healthy, tender, fresh and mirthful soul—of a fine, free, reflecting and clear mind."

WAGNER.

"O Burns, thou joy of my young heart!
Thou lark, thou soul of Nature's song!
A spark of thee, and of thine art,
Hath wandered with me far and long."

"CARMEN SYLVA,"
Queen of Roumania.

"Burns is supreme in the qualities of the heart."

SIR A. CONAN DOYLE.

"Burns is one of the most correct poets the world has ever known."

BULWER LYTTON.

"Burns was one who equally delighted and astonished the world."

RICHARD COBDEN.

"Burns was not only a distinguished poet; he was a man on a large scale."

HUGH MILLER.

"In my early days I had a passionate fondness for the poetry of Burns. Burns was the god of my idolatry."

CHARLES LAMB.

"Burns brought to the world the best message ever brought since Bethlehem, of love and hope and reverence for God and man. Humanity the round world over walks more erect for what Robert Burns said and sung."

SENATOR GEORGE F. HOAR,
of Massachusetts.

"Rising above the trammels of birth and poverty, he spoke for the great voiceless class of laboring men throughout the world, while kings and countries listened in amazement. He lived close to the beating heart of Nature; and all the rich and deep sympathies of life grew and blossomed in his own."

PRESIDENT GARFIELD.

"Genius is not confined to lands or latitudes. Burns belongs to the world."

HON. JAMES G. BLAINE.

"Since Adam there has been none that approached nearer fitness to stand up before God and angels in the naked majesty of manhood than Robert Burns."

MARGARET FULLER.

"How universal is Burns; what mirth in his cups; what softness in his tears; what sympathy in his every satire; what manhood in everything."

LEIGH HUNT.

"Burns was a poet, not of one country or of a generation, but a poet of all time."

SIR HENRY BARKLY,
Governor of Victoria.

"Burns laid open in the poetry of his country both doors and windows to the breath of revolution. In rough outline, in idyllic emotion, in sarcasm and in tenderness, in blasphemy and in prayer, in negation and in aspiration, he seems to conjure up the ethics and aesthetics of a new philosophy."

CARDUCCI.

"I always have the verses of Robert Burns near at hand on the shelf of the true poets of Nature. Burns lived a hundred years too soon."

DAUDET.

"It were impossible to increase the fame of Robert Burns."

LORD KELVIN.

"I can think of no verse since Shakespeare's which comes so sweetly and at once from Nature."

WILLIAM PITT.

"Burns was about as clever a man as ever lived."

CHARLES JAMES FOX.

"He possessed, as no other poet ever did, the universal alchemy of genius which enabled him to bring to light the pure virgin gold in everything he touched."

GOVERNOR KNOTT,
of Kentucky.

"There can be no question that Burns is the most popular great poet in the world."

RICHARD LE GALLIENNE.

"Let us for a thousand years from now do honor to the genius and to the character of Robert Burns. It has not the power of curtailing by one second all his journey to his Calvary; we ever remain his debtors who will never be able to pay to him the debt we owe him."

T. P. O'CONNOR.

**"The child of untamed passion, wild and strong,
With native grandeur poured his soul in song;
At Inspiration's purest altar knelt,
He sung of all he saw, and all he felt;
Nor cold neglect, nor penury's suffering hard,
Could bend the free-born spirit of the bard.
Till latest times the trumpet breath of fame
Shall link the Poet with his Country's name."**

THE END.

