

1794. (35.)

*February 25.*—Writes to Alexander Cunningham, commencing with these words:—"Canst thou minister to a mind diseased?" and stating that for two months he has been unable to wield the pen.

*May.*—Publishes a Fifth Edition of his Poems, finally corrected with his own hand.

At Midsummer he removes from the Bank Vennel, Dumfries, to Mill Hill Brae.

*June 25.*—Writes to Mrs. Dunlop from a solitary inn, in a solitary village, in Castle Douglas, that he is in poor health, and that he is afraid he is about to suffer for the follies of his youth—His medical friends threaten him with a flying gout, but he trusts they are mistaken.

1795. (36.)

*January.*—Writes his manly song *For a' that an' a' that.*

In the Autumn he loses his only daughter—Writes his *Heron Ballads.*

In November he is visited by Professor Walker, who spends two days with him, and writes a description of the Poet's appearance.

*December 29.*—Writes to Mrs. Dunlop that he already begins to feel the rigid fibre and stiffening joints of old age coming fast over his frame.

1796. (37.)

*January 31.*—Becomes the victim of a severe Rheumatic Fever—Rack'd with pain—Every face he

meets with a greeting like that of Balak to Balaam: "Come, curse me, Jacob, and come, defy me, Israel"—Implores his friends in Edinburgh to make interest with the Board of Excise to grant him his full Salary—His application refused.

*July 5.*—Affecting interview with Mrs. Riddel at Brow.

*July 7.*—Writes to his friend Cunningham: "I fear the voice of the Bard will soon be heard among you no more! You actually would not know me. Pale, emaciated, and so feeble as occasionally to need help from my chair—My spirit's fled, fled!"—Goes to Brow for the benefit of sea air.

*July 12.*—Writes to George Thomson for Five Pounds, and to his cousin James Burness for Ten Pounds, to save him from the horrors of a jail!—Sends his last letter to Mrs. Dunlop, stating that, in all probability, he will speedily be beyond that *bourne whence no traveller returns.*

*July 18.*—Returns to Dumfries in a dying state—His good humour is unruffled, and his wit never forsakes him. He looks to one of his brother Volunteers with a smile, as he stood weeping by his bedside, and says, "John, don't let the awkward squad fire over me!"

*July 21.*—His Death.

*July 25.*—His remains removed to the Town Hall of Dumfries, where they lie in state, and his funeral takes place on the following day.

J. C.