

## BURNS IN DUMFRIES.

TOWARDS the close of 1791 Dumfries could number among its citizens a man who had already made some noise in the world, and who came to be recognized as one of Scotland's most illustrious sons. His figure was remarkable; so that even a cursory observer must have at once seen that it was the outward framework of an extraordinary individual. Five feet ten inches in height, firmly built, symmetrical, with more of the roughness of a rustic than the polish of a fine gentleman, there was a something in his bearing that bespoke conscious pre-eminence; and the impress thus communicated was confirmed by his swarthy countenance, every lineament of which indicated mental wealth and power: the brow broad and high; the eyes like orbs of flame; the nose well formed, though a professional physiognomist would have said that it was deficient in force; the mouth impassioned, majestic, tender, as if the social affections and poetic muse had combined to take possession of it; and the full, rounded, dimpled chin, which made the manly face look more soft and lovable. When this new denizen of the burgh was followed from his humble dwelling in Bank Street to some favourite friendly circle where the news of the day or other less fugitive topics were discussed, his superiority became more apparent. Then eye and tongue exercised an irresistible sway: the one flashing with emotional warmth and the light of genius—now scathing with its indignant glances, anon beaming with benignity and love; the other tipped with the fire of natural eloquence, reasoning abstrusely, declaiming finely, discoursing delightfully, satirizing mercilessly, or setting the table in a roar with verses thrown off at red heat to annihilate an unworthy sentiment, or cover some unlucky opponent with ridicule. Need it be said that these remarks apply to the ex-tenant of Ellisland, Robert Burns?

His first appearance in Dumfries was on the 4th of June, 1787, two months after the second edition of his poems had been published. He came, on invitation, to be made an honorary burghess; neither the givers nor the receiver of the privilege dreaming, at that date, that he was destined to become an inhabitant of the town. All honour to the council that they thus promptly recognized the genius of the poet. Provost William Clark shaking hands with the newly-made burghess, and wishing him joy, when he presented himself in the veritable blue coat and yellow vest, that Nasmyth has rendered familiar, would make a good subject for a painter able to realize the characteristics of such a scene. The burghess ticket granted to the illustrious stranger bore the following inscription:—"The said day, 4th June, 1787, Mr. Robert Burns, Ayrshire, was admitted burghess of this Burgh, with liberty to exercise and enjoy the whole immunities and privileges thereof as freely as any other does, may, or can enjoy; who, being present, accepted the same, and gave his oath of burghess-ship to his Majesty and the Burgh in common form."

Whilst tenant of Ellisland farm, about six miles distant from Dumfries, Burns became, by frequent visits to the town, familiarly known to its inhabitants. Soon after Martinmas, 1791, accompanied by Bonnie Jean, with their children, Robert, Francis, and William, he took up a permanent residence in the burgh, and there spent the remainder of his chequered life; so that Dumfries became henceforth inseparably connected with his latest years. He had just seen thirty-one summers when he entered upon the occupancy of three small apartments of a second floor on the north side of Bank Street (then called the "Wee Vennel"). After residing there about eighteen months—or, according to another account, two years and a half—he removed to a self-contained house of a higher grade, in Mill Street, which became the scene of his untimely death in July, 1796.

What varying scenes of weal and woe, of social enjoyments, of literary triumphs, of worldly misery and moral loss, were crowded within the Dumfries experiences of the illustrious poet! There he suffered his severest pangs, and also accomplished many of his proudest achievements. If the night watches heard at times his sorrowful plaint, and the air of the place trembled for a moment with his latest sigh, it long burned and breathed with the immortal products of his lyre; and when the striking figure we have

faintly sketched lay paralyzed by death; its dust was borne to old St. Michael's, and the tomb of the national bard became a price-less heritage to the town forever.

Dr. Burnside says of his parishioners, at the time when Burns became one of them:—"In their private manners they are social and polite; and the town, together with the neighbourhood a few miles around it, furnishes a society amongst whom a person with a moderate income may spend his days with as much enjoyment, perhaps, as in any part of the kingdom whatever." Other evidence tends to show that the society of the burgh was more intellectual than that of most other towns of the same size in Scotland. Soon after Burns came to reside in it, various circumstances combined to make it more than at any former period perhaps, a gay and fashionable place of resort. A new theatre was opened, which received liberal patronage from the upper classes of the neighbourhood, several regiments were at intervals stationed in the burgh, the officers of which helped to give an aristocratic tone to its society; and the annual races in October always drew a concourse of nobles, squires, and ladies fair to the country town.

A gay, refined, intellectual town enough, truly; and quite suitable, therefore, as a place of sojourn for Burns, the sentimental bard. But inasmuch as it was fashionable, aristocratic, courtly, given up in no small measure to the idolatry of rank, and fanatically afraid of anything that could be called ungentle or democratic, it was no congenial home for the man who dared to say—

"Ye see yon birkie, ca'd a lord  
Who struts, and stares, and a' that;  
Though hundreds worship at his word,  
He's but a coof for a' that:  
For a' that, and a' that,  
His riband, star, and a' that,  
The man of independent mind,  
He looks and laughs at a' that."

In another respect the town was but too congenial to the poet's tastes and habits. "John Barleycorn," to use his own metaphor, bore potential sway with it. "The curse of country towns," says Robert Chambers, writing in 1852, "is the partial and entire idleness of large classes of the inhabitants. There is always a cluster of men living on competencies, and a greater number of tradesmen whose shop duties do not occupy half their time. Till a very recent period, dissipation in greater or less intensity was the rule, and not the exception, amongst these men; and in Dumfries, sixty years ago, this rule held good." Thrown into company of this kind, sought after and lionized by all casual visitors, is it at all wonderful that a man of Burns's temperament should have often indulged too deeply? It was no disgrace then for either lords or commoners to fall drunk below the Bacchanalian board. More's the pity that poor Burns, so supreme in many things, was not superior to the jovial drinking customs of his day. Had he lived in a disreputable age, he would have been a better and a happier man. Whilst the burgh had its full share of jovial fellows, who habitually caroused and sang, in a doubtful attempt "to drive dull care away," and called the marvellous gauger, nothing loath, to their assistance, he had frequent opportunities, which he willingly embraced, of breathing a purer atmosphere, and enjoying a higher communion than theirs. Burns was a man of many moods; he was mirthful and gloomy by turns: the pride and paragon of a refined circle at Woodley Park, Friar's Carse, or Mavis Grove, one day; and on some not distant night, the hero of a merry group, fuddling madly in the Globe Tavern, singing in all tipsy sincerity the challenge of his own rollicking song:—

"Wha last frae aff his chair shall fa',  
He is the king among us three."

At Ellisland he had never lost the reputation of being a sober man, though he was fond of company and sometimes drank to excess. He indulged more frequently, however, when he ceased altogether to be a tiller of the soil, "turning down no more daisies," "binding" no more "after his reapers," tied to town life and an uncongenial occupation. More exposed to temptations, and less able to resist their influence, he too often sank deeply in the mire; but he did not wallow in it. In spite of all that has been said to the contrary, we feel justified in stating that he never became habitually intemperate, or a lover of the bottle for its own sake. His extreme sociality often led him into excess; none can