

and a magnificent subscriber to this edifice, the Foundation Stone of this Monument, erected by public subscription, in honor of the genius of ROBERT BURNS, the Ayrshire Poet, was laid by Alexander Boswell, Esq., of Auchinleck, M. P., Worshipful Deputy-Grand Master of the Most Ancient Mother Lodge Kilwinning, (attended by all the Mason-lodges in Ayrshire), according to the ancient usages of Masonry. Thomas Hamilton, Jr., Edinburgh, Architect; John Connell, Jr., Builder and Contractor."

Bro. Boswell's address was extremely appropriate. One passage I am constrained to transfer:—"Poverty and disappointment hung around Robert Burns and haunted his path. But soothed and charmed by the fitful visits of his native muse, and crowned, as in a vision, with the holly-wreath, he wantoned in a fairy land, the bright creation of his own most vivid and enrapt imagination. His musings have been our delight. Men of the loftiest talents and of taste the most refined have praised them; men of strong and sterling, but untutored intellect, have admired them, the poet of the heart is the poet of mankind."

At the evening festival, which followed the public event, Bro. Boswell sang two of his own songs, the former one written for the occasion. My readers will agree with me that it is excellent poetry:—

Vain thought! but had Burns ever witnessed a meeting

Of souls so congenial, and warmed with such fire,

The wild flow of fancy in ecstasy greeting;
Ah! what might have been the bold notes of his lyre!

As rays by reflection are doubled and doubled,

His bosom had swelled to your cheering reply;

Soft sympathy soothing the heart that was troubled,

A smile for his mirth, for his sorrow a sigh.

Admired, but unaided, how dark ever his story!

His struggles we know, and his efforts we prize:

From murky neglect, as the flame bursts to glory,

He rose self-embalmed, and detraction defies.

A plowman he was;—would that smiles of false favor

Had never decoyed him from home and his team;

And taught all his hopes and his wishes to waver,

And snatching reality left him—a dream!

To rank and to title due deference owing,
We bow as befitting society's plan,—

But judgment awakened and sympathy glowing,

We pass all distinctions and rest upon—
MAN!

And from the poor hind who, his day's work completed,

With industry's pride to his hovel returns,

To him who, in royalty's splendor is seated,
If soul independent is found,—'twas in

Burns!

His birthright, his muse! like the lark in the morning,

How blithely he carolled in praise of the fair;

With nature enraptured and artifice scorning,

How sweet were his notes on the banks of the Ayr!

And near to that spot where his kindred dust slumbers,

And marked by the Bard on the tablets of fame,

And near the thatched roof where he first lisp'd in numbers,

We'll raise a proud tablet to honor his name.

Following this, the Rev. H. Paul, the acting Chaplain of the Mother Lodge of Kilwinning, delivered, with effect, the following piece, composed by himself for the occasion:—

Thy sorrows, Ayr, are like the dew of night
In pearly drops o'er nature's cheek descending,

To bid her vernal beauty beam more bright,
The tear and smile in lovely beauty blending;

For like the Hymn of Gratitude ascending,

With incense ever pleasing to the skies,
Thine and thy darling Poet's fame extending,

Thou hearest the voice of gratulation rise.