

"Thou knowest that thou hast made me
 With passions wild and strong,
 And listening to their witching voice,
 Has often led me wrong."

Let him that hath no sin cast the first stone at Burns. He paid the penalty of his genius, and was exposed to a thousand temptations which duller intellects cannot apprehend. God had afflicted him with a constitutional melancholy. "I have wished a hundred times," said he, "that I could resign my life as an officer does his commission, for I would not take in any poor ignorant wretch by selling out." Mark his own epitaph:

"Is there a man whose judgment clear
 Can others teach the course to steer,
 Yet runs himself life's mad career,
 Wild as the wave;
 Here pause—and through the starting tear
 Survey his grave.

"The poor inhabitant below
 Was quick to learn and wise to know,
 And keenly felt the friendly glow,
 And softer flame;
 But thoughtless follies laid him low,
 And stain'd his name!

There he did injustice to himself. The name of Burns is not stained, but lives and will live in immortal honor, and his grave, for centuries to come, will be a place of pilgrimage, and watered by the tears of every lover of genius. (Cheers.) He died early. What might he not have been had a few more years been spared to him? Johnson, at the age of thirty-eight, had produced only his tragedy of Irene, London, and the Life of Savage. The numerous works which have given him so high a place in the literature of England would never have been produced had he then been cut off. Our Poet died early, but not