statue has already been fully described in THE TRIBUNE.

Then the familiar Scotch airs, "There was a lad was born in Kyle" and "Scots wha hae," were heard from Grafulla's Band.

MAYOR COOPER'S SPEECH.

In accepting the statue on behalf of the city, Mayor Cooper spoke as follows:

How broad and genial are the hospitalities of our country, whose great democratic heart beats in unison with the democratic genius of all nations and times. It was but a little while since I was called to welcome in my official capacity the image of Ireland's great melodist, Thomas Moore, and now the song-writer of Scotland is at our gates asking to be adopted into the fellowship of the Republic—Robert Burns. Asking, did I say? nay, long ago, as early as our Revolutionary era, he was so adopted, and has ever since reigned in our affections as the most pathetic, the most humorous, the most delightful and beautiful of all the masters of lyric poetry. If I recollect aright, the earliest edition of Burns's poems was reprinted in this country, and from that time to this his merits have been felt and acknowledged with the most grateful admiration. It was here, too, that his excellences were early appreciated and celebrated in strains that are likely to be immortal as his own. Carlyle has extolled his matchless poems; Wilson, the famous Christopher North, has written ecstatically of his songs; Campbell grows more poetic than wont on his name; his life has been admiringly dwelt upon by Dr. Currie, by Lockhart and by Allan Cunningham; but nothing that has been said of him surpasses in penetration, in sympathy and in glow, the fine poetic tribute of our own Halleck, composed fifty-seven years ago in this city, and given to the world in a New-York periodical then edited by our own Bryant. Many of you will recall the lines—

And his that music, to whose tone,
The common pulse of man keeps time,
In cot or castle's mirth or moan,
In cold or sunny clime.

It is not for me even to glean in a field where such mighty masters have already reaped. I could but new-name their epithets and repeat the forms of their sentiment. Nor must I anticipate the thoughts of the accomplished gentleman to come after me with an eloquence I would despair to command. I shall not attempt to tell you of the lowly origin of the poet, of his narrow circumstances, of his temptations, trials and sufferings, and of his intention once to quit the Old World and to sail for these happier shores. I shall not attempt to tell you how, in despite of his unfavorable condition, he raised himself to a pinnacle of deathless fame; how his kindly heart took in all forms of life, and in consequence his simple strains came to touch all human hearts; how he made the local rustic dialect of his country a classic language; how he has been read and admired in all parts of the earth, and how his countrymen still, wherever they may be settled on the surface of the globe, remember his birth as a benefaction and a glory. Scotchmen and the sons of Scotchmen among us proffer here this splendid statue, so deftly moulded by the hands of a master, as a monument to the Peasant Poet. It only remains for me to receive it, in the name of the metropolis, with thanks which I think express the heartfelt feeling of every one of our people capable of appreciating genius and manliness and worth.

ADDRESS OF GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

Mr. Shedden, of the Burns Association of Philadelphia, then spoke a few words of greeting and congratulation to the Caledonians of New-York.

After this Mr. Lane, the chairman, introduced George William Curtis.

It was interesting to watch the effect of Mr. Curtis's words. Among the Caledonians next the platform many faces could be noted that bore the impress of direct Scottish descent. The sandy hair, steel-blue eyes, high cheek bones and strongly-marked harsh features typical of the Scottish race could be picked out here and there. As Mr. Curtis went on, the rigid features that had assumed an expression of calm and critical attention began to soften and relax. As he called up the "lovely vales of Ayr and Yarrow, of Teviot and the Tweed," a dreamy light came into the keen blue eyes; and when he pictured the "land of the harebell and mountain daisy, land of the laverack and the curlew, land of braw youths and sonsie lasses," the firmly set lips quivered, and many a stalwart Highlander turned away his head to conceal the moisture that dimmed his eyes, or breaking down sobbed outright. But soon the tears were changed to laughter as "O, Willie brew'd a Peck o' Maut" rang out from the speaker. Throughout his oration Mr. Curtis swayed his audience as if touching their heart-strings. He spoke as follows:

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: The year 1759 was a proud year for Great Britain. Two years before, amid universal disaster, Lord Chesterfield had exclaimed, "We are no longer a nation." But meanwhile Lord Chatham had restored to his country the sceptre of the seas and covered her name with the glory of continuous victory. The year 1759 saw his greatest triumphs. It was the year of Minden, where the French army was routed; of Quiberon, where the French fleet was destroyed; of the heights of Abraham, in Canada, where Wolfe died happy and the dream of French supremacy upon the American Continent vanished forever. The triumphant thunder of British guns was heard all around the world. Robert Clive was founding British dominion in India; Boscawen and his fellow-admirals were sweeping France from the ocean; and in America Colonel George Washington had planted the British flag on the field of Braddock's defeat. "We are forced to ask every morning what victory there is," said Horace Walpole, "for fear of missing one."

But not only in politics and war was the genius of Great Britain illustrious. James Watt was testing the force of steam; Hargreaves was inventing the spinning-jenny, which ten years later Arkwright would complete; and Wedgwood was making household ware beautiful. Fielding's "Tom Jones" had been ten years in print, and Gray's Elegy nine years. Dr. Johnson had lately published his dictionary and Edmund Burke his essay on the Sublime and Beautiful. In the year 1759 Garrick was the first of actors and Sir Joshua Reynolds of painters. Gibbon dated in this year the preface of his first work; Hume published the third and fourth volumes of his history of England; Robertson his history of Scotland; and Sterne came to London to find a publisher for Tristram Shandy. Oliver Goldsmith, "unfriended, solitary," was toiling for the booksellers in his garret over Fleet Ditch; but four years later, with Burke and Reynolds and Garrick and Johnson, he would found the most famous of literary clubs and sell the Vicar of Wakefield to save himself from jail. It was a year of events decisive of the course of history, and of men whose fame is an illustrious national possession. But among those events none is more memorable than the birth of a son in the poorest of Scotch homes; and of all that renowned and resplendent throng of statesmen, soldiers and seamen; of philosophers, poets and inventors, whose fame filled the world with acclamation, not one is more gratefully and fondly remembered than the Ayrshire ploughman, Robert Burns.

This great assembly is in large part composed of his countrymen. You, fellow-citizens, were mostly born in Scotland. There is no more beautiful country, and as you stand here memory and imagination recall your native land. Misty coasts and far-stretching splendors of summer sea; solemn mountains and wind-swept moors; singing streams and rocky glens and waterfalls; lovely vales of Ayr and Yarrow, of Teviot and the Tweed; crumbling ruins of ancient days, abbey and castle and tower; legends of romance gilding burn and brae with "the light that never was on sea or land"; every hill with its heroic tradition, every stream with its story, every valley with its song; land of the harebell and the mountain daisy, land of the laverock and the curlew, land of braw youths and sonsie lasses, of a deep, strong, melancholy manhood, of a deep, true, tender womanhood,—this is your Scotland, this is your native land. And how could you so truly transport it to the home of your adoption, how interpret it to us beyond the sea, so fully and so fitly, as by this memorial of the poet whose song is Scotland? No wonder that you proudly bring his statue and place it here under the American sun, in the chief American city, side by side with that of the other great Scotchman whose genius and fame, like the air and sunshine, no local boundary can confine. In this Walhalla of our various nationality it will be long before two fellow-countrymen are commemorated whose genius is at once so characteristically national and so broadly universal, who speak so truly for their own countrymen and for all mankind, as Walter Scott and Robert Burns.

A FITTING SEASON FOR DEDICATION.

This season of the reddening leaf, of sunny stillness and of roaring storm, especially befits this commemoration, because it was at this season that the poet was peculiarly inspired, and because the wild and tender, the wayward and golden-hearted autumn is the best symbol of his genius. The sculptor has imagined him in some hour of pensive and ennobling meditation, when his soul, amid the hush of evening, in the failing year, was exalted to an ecstasy of passionate yearning and regret; and here, rapt into silence, just as the heavenly melody is murmuring from his lips, here he sits and will sit forever. It was in October that Highland Mary died. It was in October that the hymn to Mary in heaven was written. It was in October, ever afterward, that Burns was lost in melancholy musing as the anniversary of her death drew near. Yet within a few days, while his soul might seem to have been still lifted in that sorrowful prayer, he wrote the most rollicking, resistless and immortal of drinking songs:

O Willie brew'd a peck o' maut,
And Rob and Allan cam to pree,
Three blither hearts that lee lang night
Ye wadna find in Christendie.

Here were the two strains of this marvellous genius, and the voices of the two spirits that went with him through life:

He raised a mortal to the skies,
She drew an angel down.

This was Burns. This was the blended poet and man. What sweetness and grace! What soft, pathetic, penetrating melody, as if all the sadness of shaggy Scotland had found a voice! What whispering witchery of love! What boisterous jovial humor, excessive, daring, unbridled!—satire of the kirk so scorching and scornful that John Knox might have burst indignant from his grave and shuddering ghosts of Covenanters have filled the mountains with a melancholy wail. A genius so masterful, a charm so universal, that it drew farmers from the fields when his coming was known, and men from their tavern beds at midnight to listen delighted until dawn.

It cannot be said of Burns that he "burst his birth's invidious bar." He was born poor, he lived poor, he died poor, and he always felt his poverty to be a curse. He was fully conscious of himself and of his intellectual superiority. He disdained and resented the condescension of the great, and he defiantly asserted his independence. I do not say that he might not or ought not to have lived tranquilly and happily as a poor man. Perhaps, as Carlyle suggests, he should have divided his hours between poetry and virtuous industry. We only know that he did not. Like an untamable eagle he dashed against the bars he could not break, and his life was a restless, stormy alternation of low and lofty moods, of pure and exalted feeling, of mad revel and impotent regret. His pious mother crooned over his cradle snatches of old ballads and legends of which hers and his father, silent, austere, inflexibly honest, taught him to read good books, books whose presence in his poor cottage helps to explain the sturdy mental vigor of the Scotch peasantry. But the ballads charmed the boy. He could not turn a tune, but driving the cart, or ploughing or digging in the field, he was was still saying the verses over and over, his heart answering, like a shell the sea, until when he was fifteen he composed a song himself upon a lassie who drew his eye and heart; and so, as he says, love and poetry began with him together.

THE YOUTH OF BURNS.

For ten years his life was a tale of fermenting youth; toiling and moiling, turning this way and that, to surveying and flax dressing, in the vain hope of finding a fairer chance; a lover of all the girls and master of the revels everywhere; brightening the long day of peat-cutting with the rattling fire of wit that his comrades never forgot; writing love-songs, and fascinated by the wild smuggler boys of Kirkoswald; led by them into bitter shame and self-reproach, but turning with all the truculence of heady youth upon his moral censors and taunting them with immortal ridicule. At twenty-five, when his father was already laid away in Alloway kirkyard, the seed of the old national legend which his mother had dropped into his cradle began to shoot into patriotic feeling and verse, and Burns became conscious of distinct poetic ambition. For two years he followed the plough, and wrote some of his noblest poems. But the farm which he tilled with his brother was unproductive, and at the very time that his genius was most affluent his conduct was most wayward. Distracted by poetry and poverty and passion, and brought to public shame, he determined to leave the country, and in 1786, when he was twenty-seven years old, Burns published his poems by subscription to get the money to pay his passage to America. Ah! could that poor, desperate ploughman of Mossgiel have foreseen this day, could he have known that because of those poems, an abiding part of literature familiar to every people, sung and repeated in American homes from sea to sea, his genius would be honored and his name blessed and his statue raised with grateful pride to keep his memory in America green forever, perhaps the amazing vision might have nerved him to make his life as noble as his genius, perhaps the full sunshine of assured glory might have wrought upon that great, generous, wilful soul to

tak' a thought an men'.

Burns's sudden fame stayed him and brought him to Edinburgh and its brilliant literary society. Hume was gone, but Adam Smith remained; Robertson was there and Dugald Stewart. There, also, were Blacklock and Hugh Blair and Archibald Alison, Fraser Tytler and Adam Ferguson and Henry Erskine. There, too, were the beautiful Duchess of Gordon and the truly noble Lord Glencairn. They welcomed Burns as a prodigy, but he would not be patronized. Glad of his fame, but proud and aggressively independent, he wanders through the stately city, taking off his hat before the house of Allan Ramsay and reverently kissing Robert Ferguson's grave, "his elder brother in misfortune," as Burns called him. He goes to the great houses, and although they did not know it, he was the greatest guest they had ever entertained, the greatest poet that then or ever walked the streets of Edinburgh. His famous hosts were all Scotchmen, but he was the only Scotchman among them who had written in the dialect of his country, and who had become famous without ceasing to be Scotch. But one day there stole into the drawing-room where Burns stood a boy of fifteen, who was presently to eclipse all Scottish fame but that of Burns himself. The poet was looking at an engraving of a soldier lying frozen in the snow, under which were some touching lines, and as he read them Burns, with his eyes full of tears, asked who wrote them. None of the distinguished company could tell him, but the young boy, Walter Scott, timidly whispered the name of the author, and he never forgot that Burns turned upon him his full, dark, tearful eyes—eyes which Scott called the most glorious imaginable, and thanked him. Scott never saw Burns again.

THE DAYS IN EDINBURGH.

The dazzling Edinburgh days were a glaring social contrast to the rest of his life. The brilliant society flattered him, but his brilliancy outshone its own. He was wiser than the learned, wittier than the gayest, and more courteous than the courtiest. His genius flashed and blazed like a torch among the tapers, and the well-ordered company, enthralled by the surprising guest, winced and wondered. If the host was condescending, the guest was never obsequious. But Burns did not love a lord, and he chafed indignantly at the subtle but invincible lines of social distinction, feeling too surely that the realm of leisure and ease, a sphere in which he knew himself to be naturally master, must always float beyond, beyond—the alluring glimmer of a mirage. A thousand times wistfully watching this fascinating human figure amid the sharp vicissitudes of his life, from Nansie Poosie's ale-house in Mauchline to the stately drawing-room of Gordon castle, with all his royal manhood and magnificent capability entangled and confused, the heart longs, but longs in vain, to hear the one exulting and triumphant cry of the strong man coming to himself, "I will arise."

But with all his gifts that was not given him. Burns left Edinburgh to wander about his bonnie Scotland, his mind full of its historic tradition and legendary lore, and beginning to overflow with songs born of the national melodies. He was to see and he wished to see no other land. His heart beat toward it with affectionate fidelity, as if he felt that somehow its destiny were reflected in his own. At Coldstream, where the Tweed divides Scotland from England, he went across the river, but as he touched the English soil, he turned, fell upon his knees, stretched out his arms to Scotland, and prayed God to bless his native land.

His wanderings ended, Burns settled at twenty-nine upon the pleasant farm of Ellisland, in Nithsdale, over the hills from his native Ayrshire,

To make a happy fireside clime
For weans and wife.

Here his life began happily. He managed the farm, started a parish library, went to church, and was proud of the regard of his neighbors. He was honored and sought by travellers, and his genius was in perfect tune. Tam O'Shanter and Bonnie Doon, the songs of Highland Mary, John Anderson my Joe, and Auld Lang Syne are all flowers of Ellisland. But he could not be farmer, gauger, poet and prince of good fellows all at once. The cloud darkened that was never to be lifted. The pleasant farm at Ellisland failed, and Burns, selling all his stock and crop and tools, withdrew to Dumfries. It was the last change of his life, and melancholy were the days that followed, but radiant with the keen flashes and tender gleams of the highest poetic genius of the time. Writing exquisite songs, often lost in the unworthiest companionship, consumed with self-reproach, but regular in his official duties; teaching his boy to love the great English poets from Shakespeare to Gray, seeking pleasure at any cost, conscious of a pity and a censure at which he could not wonder, but conscious also of the inexpressible tragedy which pity and censure could not know or comprehend, and through evil report and good report the same commanding and noble nature that we know. Burns in these last dark days of Dumfries is like a stately ship in a tempest with all her canvas spread, with far-flying streamers and glancing lights and music penetrating the storm, drifting helpless on the cruel rocks of a lee shore. One summer evening toward the end, as a young man rode into Dumfries to attend a ball, he saw Burns loitering alone on one side of the street, while the other was thronged with gay gentlemen and ladies, not one of whom cared to greet the poet. The young man instantly dismounted, and, joining Burns, asked him to cross the street. "Nay, nay, my young friend, that's all over now"; and then in a low, soft, mournful voice Burns repeated the old ballad:

His bonnet stood ance fu' fair on his brow,
His auld ane looked better than mony ane's new,
But now he lets 't wear ony way it will hing,
And casts himself dowie upon the corn-sing.

O were we young as we ance hae been,
We suld hae been galloping down on yon green,
And linking it owre the lily-white lea,
And werena my heart light it wad die.

DEATH OF BURNS.

Five years of letting his life "wear ony way it would hing" and Burns's life was ended in 1796, in his 37th year. There was an outburst of universal sorrow. A great multitude crowded the little town at his burial. Memorials, monuments, biographies of every kind followed. Poets ever since have sung of him as of no other poet. The theme is always fresh and always captivating, and within the year our own American poet, beloved and honored in his beautiful and unwasted age, sings of Burns as he sees him in vision, as the world shall forever see him, an immortal youth cheerily singing at his toil in the bright spring morning.

BURNS NOT ONLY A NAME.

The personal feeling of Longfellow's poem is that which Burns always inspires. There is no great poet who is less of a mere name and abstraction. His grasp is so human that the heart insists upon knowing the story of his life, and ponders it with endless sympathy and wonder. It is not necessary to excuse or conceal. The key of Burns's life is the struggle of a shrinking will tossed between great extremes—between poetic genius and sensibility, intellectual force, tenderness, conscience and generous sympathies on one side and tremendous passions upon the other. We cannot indeed know the power of the temptation. We cannot pretend to determine the limits of responsibility for infirmity of will. We only know that however supreme and resistless the genius of a man may be it does not absolve him from the moral obligation that binds us all. It would not have comforted Jeanie Deans as she held the sorrowing Effie to her heart to know that the "false lover" who "staw" her rose was named Shakespeare or Burns. Nor is there any baser prostitution than that which would grace self-indulgence with an immortal name. If a boy is a dunce at school it is a foolish parent who consoles himself with remembering that Walter Scott was a dull schoolboy. It was not Scott's dulness that made him the magician. It is not the reveling at Nansie Poosie's and the Globe tavern, and the reckless life at Mauchline and Mossgiel that endeared Robert Burns to mankind. Just there is the mournful tragedy of his story. Just there lies its pathetic appeal. The young man who would gild his dissipation with the celestial glamor of Burns's name, snatches the glory of a star to light him to destruction. But it is no less true, and in the deepest and fullest meaning of his own words,

What's done we partly may compute
But know not what's resisted.

"Except for grace," said Bunyan, "I should have been yonder sinner." "Granted," says Burns's brother man and brother Scot, Thomas Carlyle, in the noblest plea that one man of genius ever made for another, "Granted the ship comes into harbor with shroud and tackle damaged, and the pilot is therefore blameworthy, for he has not been all-wise and all-powerful; but to know how blameworthy, tell us first whether his voyage has been round the globe or only to Ramsgate and the Isle of Dogs."

NOT THE MAN BUT THE POET.

But we unveil to-day and set here for perpetual contemplation, not the monument of the citizen at whom respectable Dumfries looked askance, but the statue of a great poet. Once more we recognize that no gift is more divine than his, that no influence is more profound, that no human being is a truer benefactor of his kind. The spiritual power of poetry, indeed, like that of natural beauty, is immeasurable, and it is not easy to define and describe Burns's service to the world. But without critical and careful detail of observation, it is plain, first of all, that he interpreted Scotland as no other country has been revealed by a kindred genius. Were Scotland suddenly submerged and her people swept away, the tale of her politics and kings and great events would live in histories. But essential Scotland, the custom, legends, superstitions, language; the grotesque humor, the keen sagacity, the simple, serious faith, the characteristic spirit of the National life caught up and preserved in the sympathy of poetic genius, would live forever in the poet's verse. The sun of Scotland sparkles in it; the birds of Scotland sing; its breezes rustle, its waters murmur. Each "timorous wee beastie," the "curie cattle," and the "silly sheep," are softly penned and gathered in this all-embracing fold of song. Over the dauntless battle hymn of "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled" rises the solemn music of "The Cotter's Saturday Night." Through the weird witch romance of Tam O'Shanter breathes the scent of the wild rose of Alloway, and the daring and astounding Babel of the Jolly Beggars is penetrated by the heart-breaking sigh to Jessie:

Although thou maun never be mine,
Although even hope is denied,
'Tis sweeter for thee despairing
Than aught in the world beside.

The poet touches every scene and sound, every thought and feeling—but the refrain of all is Scotland. To what other man was it ever given so to transfigure the country of his birth and love! Every bird and flower, every hill and dale and river, whisper and repeat his name, and the word Scotland is sweeter because of Robert Burns.

But in thus casting a poetic spell upon everything distinctively Scotch, Burns fostered a patriotism which has become proverbial. The latest historian of England says that at the time of Burns's birth England was mad with hatred of the Scots. But when Burns died there was not a Scotchman who was not proud of being a Scotchman. A Scotch ploughman singing of his fellow-peasants and their lives and loves in their own language, had given them in their own eyes a dignity they had never known:

A man's a man for a' that.

And America is trying to make the ploughman's words true. Great poets before and after Burns have been honored by their countries and by the world; but is there any great poet of any time or country who has so taken the heart of what our Abraham Lincoln, himself one of them, called the plain people, that, as was lately seen in Edinburgh, when he had been dead nearly a hundred years, workingmen going home from work begged to look upon this statue for the love and honor they bore to Robbie Burns. They love him for their land's sake, and they are better Scotchmen because of him. England does not love Shakespeare, nor Italy Dante, nor Germany Goethe, with the passionate ardor with which Scotland loves Burns. It is no wonder, for here is Auld Scotia's thistle bloomed out into a flower so fair that its beauty and perfume fill the world with joy.

SETTING THE EMOTIONS TO MUSIC.

But the power thus to depict national life and character, and thus to kindle an imperishable patriotism, cannot be limited by any nationality or country. In setting words to Scotch melodies Burns turns to music the emotions common to humanity, and so he passes from the exclusive love of Scotland into the reverence of the world. Burns died at the same age with Raphael; and Mozart, who was his contemporary, died only four years before him. Raphael and Mozart are the two men of lyrical genius in kindred arts who impress us as most exquisitely refined by careful cultivation; and although Burns was of all great poets the most unschooled, he belongs in poetry with Raphael in painting and Mozart in music, and there is no fourth. An indescribable richness and flowerlike quality, a melodious grace and completeness and delicacy, belong to them all. Looking upon a beautiful human Madonna of Raphael, we seem to hear the ripples cadence of Mozart and the tender and true song of Burns. They are all voices of the whole world speaking in the accent of a native land. Here are Italy and German and Scotland, distinct, individual, perfectly recognizable, but the sun that reveals and illuminates their separate charm, that is not Italian or German or Scotch; it is the sun of universal nature. This is the singer whom this statue commemorates, the singer of songs immortal as love, pure as the dew of the morning and sweet as its breath; songs with which the lover woos his bride and the mother soothes her child; and the heart of a people beats with patriotic exultation; songs that cheer human endeavor, and console human sorrow and exalt human life. We cannot find out the secret of their power. Until we know why the rose is sweet, or the dewdrop pure, or the rainbow beautiful, we cannot know why the poet is the best benefactor of humanity. Whether because he reveals us to ourselves, or because he touches the soul with the fervor of divine aspiration, whether because in a world of sordid and restless anxiety he fills us with serene joy, or puts into rhythmic and permanent form the best thoughts and hopes of man—who shall say? But none the less is the heart's instinctive loyalty to the poet the proof of its consciousness that he does all these things, that he is the harmonizer, strengthener and consoler. How the faith of Christendom has been stayed for centuries upon the mighty words of the old Hebrew bards and prophets, and how the vast and inexpressible mystery of divine love and power and purpose has been best breathed in parable and poem! If we were forced to surrender every expression of human genius but one, surely we should retain poetry; and if we were called to lose from the vast accumulation of literature all but a score of books, among that choice and perfect remainder would be the songs of Burns.

FITNESS OF THE DEDICATION.

How fitly, then, among the memorials of great men, of those who in different countries and times and ways have been leaders of mankind, we raise this statue of the poet whose genius is an unconscious but sweet and elevating influence in our National life. It is not a power dramatic, obvious, imposing, immediate, like that of the statesman, the warrior and the inventor, but it is as deep and strong and abiding. The soldier fights for his native land, but the poet touches that land with the charm that makes it worth fighting for, and fires the warrior's heart with the fierce energy that makes his blow invincible. The statesman enlarges and orders liberty in the State, but the poet fosters the love of liberty in the heart of the citizen. The inventor multiplies the facilities of life, but the poet makes life better worth living. Here then among trees and flowers and waters; here upon the green sward and under the open sky; here where birds carol, and children play, and lovers whisper, and the various stream of human life flows by—we raise the statue of Robert Burns. While the human heart beats that name will be music in human ears. He knew better than we the pathos of human life. We know better than he the infinite pathos of his own. Ah! Robert Burns, Robert Burns, whoever lingers here as he passes and muses upon your statue will see in imagination a solitary mountain in your own beautiful Scotland, Heaven-soaring, wrapped in impenetrable clouds. Suddenly the mists part and there are the heather, the briar rose and the gowan fine; there are the

Burnies, wimplin' down your glens,
Wi' toddlin' din,
Or foaming strang wi' hasty stems
Frae hill to lin;

the cushat is moaning; the curlew is calling; the plover is singing; the red deer is bounding; and look! the clouds roll utterly away and the clear summit is touched with the tender glory of sunshine, Heaven's own benediction.

OTHER CEREMONIES.

At the conclusion of the speech it was announced that Mr. Walker, of Toronto, would sing "Auld Lang Syne," and the audience was requested to join. Mr. Walker manfully began, but unfortunately in a key much lower than the band. The result was not suggestive of good fellowship. Mr. Walker grew red in the face and abruptly stopped. But another trial was more successful. The touching old airrose in a great chorus as the Caledonians, clasping hands, swayed backward and forward, after the custom peculiar to the song. The singing closed. After a parting look at the statue, the Caledonians filed away through the crowd, their nodding plumes marking their progress at a distance. The swarm of spectators then dispersed, and the beaten, dusty grass was soon the only reminder of the celebration.

ENTERPRISE IN THE CATSKILLS.

KINGSTON, N. Y., Oct. 2.—The summer boarding season throughout this famous mountain locality has ended. Indeed, most of the prominent houses have been closed for a week past. The success of the past season is without a parallel in the history of the business here. The profits of the business will in most cases foot up handsomely, and enable owners and proprietors to provide still greater comforts and conveniences to patrons another year.

A large number of new hotels are already projected for another season, and many are now under way. Sweet & Son, of New-York, have just selected a site for an immense hotel on the Ulster and Delaware Railroad about a mile from the Tremper House, and on a more elevated point. The house and grounds are to cost $150,000. A few miles further up the railway, near the summit of Pine Hill, another large hotel, to accommodate 350 guests, is also in process of construction by a small stock company. At Stamford also a fine new hotel will be added to the accommodations already existing. And all along the line of this railway new houses and enlargements are the order. In Green County there is also much activity in the preparations for increased accommodations.

THE OIL-PIPE TROUBLE.

Mayor Lane, of Centreville, N. J., has mustered out of service the one hundred special policemen who were sworn in lately, when it was feared that there would be trouble between the pipemen of the Standard Oil Works and the employes of the Central Railroad of New-Jersey. The Standard men guarding the Centreville Bridge have also been withdrawn, the railroad company having promised not to molest the pipes laid across their bridge as long as the oil traffic is not given to the Pennsylvania or Erie Railroad. The pipes have been laid across the Hackensack River in spite of the opposition of the Pennsylvania Railroad.

SOMETHING LIKE A RIDDLE!—Why is an Irish cabin after an eviction like that confounded Cochin China that crows so loud in the early morn? Because, don't you see, it is a shanty clear. Eh?—Judy.

—A young lady at an examination in grammar was asked "why the noun bachelor was singular." She replied immediately, "because it is very singular they don't get married."

TRAVELLING IN EUROPE.

OBSERVATIONS ON THE GUIDE SYSTEM.

THE TRIP FROM DIEPPE TO PARIS—ADVANTAGES AND DISADVANTAGES OF THE GUIDE-BOOK SYSTEM—INCONVENIENCES OF THE EUROPEAN METHODS OF TRANSPORTING BAGGAGE.

[FROM THE REGULAR CORRESPONDENT OF THE TRIBUNE.]

PARIS, Sept. 1.—A journey from Dieppe to Paris cannot be rightly described as an exciting episode of travel. The railway, it is true, passes through a charming country, certain views of the Valley of the Seine—of which glimpses may be had from the window of your carriage—are full of beauty. They are, indeed, so fine that no real notion of their loveliness can be had in this rapid way. The approach to Rouen and the departure from it are, perhaps, exceptions. Scenes appear and disappear with the suddenness of a magic-lantern; but each slide discloses a section of country that may be called complete in itself, and each is unlike the other, so sharp are the curves of the road and so abrupt the transformation. They provoke a great desire for a more leisurely study, but I doubt whether the most intimate familiarity with the valleys and nooks and hills about this famous city would entirely satisfy the curiosity which these swift glances at their more conspicuous features provoke. A detailed examination is too much like a view of stage scenery from the wings. The materials of its composition become plain to you, but the charm is gone. Nature is an artist of a different sort. She can better afford to let you into her secrets. In thousands of cases she is more admirable when seen and known in the strictest intimacy than when hurridly beheld from a distance. In others, as here, the first impression upon the retina is worth all the more minute knowledge which follows.

A GLIMPSE AT ROUEN.

Rouen itself, indeed, is a place worth more than the few hours usually given to it by the impatient American. Thirty years ago, before the Empire laid hands on it, the older parts of the town contained some of the finest bits of street architecture in the world. The engineers of Napoleon III. who thought of nothing but making broad avenues for cavalry and good drainage, swept much of this away, and their pitiless utilitarianism has vulgarized Rouen as it has Paris. Enough remains, nevertheless, of early work to repay all the attention it is likely to get in these days. The cathedral and St. Ouen and the statue of Corneille and the other well known lions of Rouen are far from being its only attractions. I have not seen the place for years, but I assume that the recent march of improvement has left most of what Bonapartist Prefects spared. In which case I would advise a man who cares for domestic architecture in some of its finest periods to pitch his guide-book into the Seine, and go and lose himself in the most obscure streets and passages and courtyards he can find.

The same advice has been given before now, with respect to Rouen and many other places. But it is as good as ever, and the need of it surely not less. The number of travellers who pass their lives in consulting their handbooks does not diminish, but increases, and the use of one's own eyes is more than ever postponed in favor of other people's eyes. It is, after all, so convenient to have one's opinions supplied ready made; and the assortment of them now purchasable in double-columns at $2 a volume is greater than ever before. I will venture to say for myself that there are no towns in Europe I know so well as those which I have explored without any other help than a moderate knowledge of their history acquired before I set out to see them. The more intricate the place the less you want a guide. You never really know, for example, such a city as Cordova till you have threaded its labyrinths without a clew, and made a map of it in your own head. I should say the same of Venice, except that in Venice you must employ a gondolier; whom, however, you will find perfectly ready to trust himself and you to the guidance of chance, and who will follow your own whim the more readily because he has none of his own. His utter indifference and your own utter ignorance of the place will prove infinitely better guides to you than the most skilled of Mr. Cook's conductors.

SIGHT-SEEING IN CHARGE OF GUIDES.

I met yesterday in the Rue des Pyramides in this city of Paris a party of men and women in the act of being "personally conducted" about the town. The reader must give himself the trouble to form an image in his own mind of a large van or omnibus open to the air and sight at the sides and covered at the top with ten rows of seats arranged crosswise, each seat holding at least six persons; the whole machine drawn at a quick trot by four iron-gray, heavy-maned horses gayly caparisoned and filling the street with the music of bells; their driver not less gayly apparelled in a uniform of blue and red enlivened by innumerable brass buttons of small size but great brilliancy. The vehicle was quite full. There must have been sixty persons in it. The majority of them in ordinary circumstances would have passed readily for persons of ordinary intelligence, though with peculiar views in many cases, about dress. Herded together as they were, in charge of a keeper who counted them, I don't doubt, as they entered and again as they descended, they had very much the appearance and expression of face to be seen among a company of animals voyaging for purely commercial purposes in a railway truck. I do not know to what engagements a tourist of this sort binds himself on being first shipped off to the Continent, but I apprehend it was legally in the power of any one of this load to quit the omnibus and resume the independence he had parted with, and go and look at something, no matter what, by himself. If they had this right they had not used it, and their faces indicated they were fast losing the power of coming to any resolution for themselves, or making any use whatever of the natural senses and faculties they had once possessed. One and all, they wore a look of shame; they were already conscious of being themselves objects of curiosity; they had a sheepish sense of being humiliated, which some of them tried to hide by laughing and bravado; without success. They had probably come direct from England—for they were all English, whether of the cockney or the provincial type—and this was their first experience of the kind, and they may have had no clear notion at the start that they were to be thus paraded in an open wheeled vehicle and in mass about Paris. Their shame and real distress were creditable to the poor creatures, making them objects of sympathy instead of ridicule. There were, in fact, two loads, one closely following the other. They had just been conducted to view some monument, and were about to view another; and were doubtless expected to acquire a knowledge of the topography and physiognomy of Paris in the interval, and by virtue of this process of transportation on wheels. As night drew on, they would be driven back to their hotel, where they would dine together at the same table, off the same dishes, at the same price, and sleep in rooms all on the same floor, of the same size, and all to be paid for next morning by coupons of the same value; after which they would all be conducted to the same station, travel by the same class to the same town, whatever it might be that came next on the way-bill; and so on for as many days or weeks as the programme of their excursion had previously provided. They were a party of "Cook's Tourists," and each summer scores, and I suppose hundreds, of such parties are taken abroad in the same way; and if the keeper in charge of them happens to be a shrewd fellow he probably persuades some of them that they have seen the Continent; and they in turn impart to their friends and families the same delusion. Thousands of such Englishmen are living at this moment who can talk to you of the Arch of Triumph and the Church of St. Peter's, and who really believe they have beheld Paris and Rome, and have a knowledge of France and Italy and of the inhabitants thereof, and who do not mean to deceive the hearer when they assert that they have travelled abroad; and not one in a thousand of these amiable lunatics suspects that he would have done better to stay at home and read a book by somebody who had taken the trouble to go and see Paris and Rome by himself and for himself. Compared with the woolly notions these folk have brought home, the pictures of Europe in Mr. Mark Twain's volumes of travels are photographic in their fidelity.

TRUE USE OF GUIDE-BOOKS.

All this does not mean that guide-books are useless, or that Mr. Cook does not worthily fulfil the mission he was providentially designed to discharge—far from it. It means, rather, that people do not always make a wise use either of guide-books or guides; Mr. Cook being, if you look at him closely, only a guide on a rather larger scale than usual. Murray and Baedeker and Cook are surely not permitted to cumber the earth without a purpose, and their well meant labors do bear fruit of a certain kind—some of it green, and all needing to be eaten discreetly. A guide-book, like some other conveniences, is an excellent servant and a bad master. Of Mr. Cook the same thing may be said. His system has good features; it is the very worst of them, perhaps, on which I have dwelt. If he would suppress absolutely his conductors and his parties, and confine himself to the selling of tickets—by way of good nature I will even add hotel coupons—his usefulness would not be diminished, but increased. Mr. Cook's scheme is, however, a commercial one, and he doubtless conducts it, as he has a right to, with a view to his own profit; and finds his account in the weakness and general helplessness of the human race. He has perceived, with earlier conquerors and with the political philosophers—of whom Mr. Carlyle is now the chief—that the thing men most want and will pay highest for is a master; and he supplies the article he conceives to be in demand.

TIMIDITY OF TOURISTS.

There certainly are large numbers of adult English who attend to their own business at home, but who like to be taken abroad as little children are taken abroad; to be led by the hand (I do not say by the nose) all over what they call the Continong, to be dry nursed, and to have the pebbles picked out of their path; to have the spending of their hours and minutes arranged for them; to be allowed twenty minutes for a cathedral and forty in which to acquire a good knowledge of a thousand pictures. It may be said, nevertheless, that a great deal of the development Mr. Cook's system has taken is due to a kind of nervous terror which befalls the Englishman about to travel in strange lands the language of which he does not speak. Cook is a phenomenon who must be accounted for somehow, and I account for him on what seems the simplest theory. I take it, Mr. Cook's tourists are people who go abroad for the first time. The second time they become aware—if the discipline they endure permits them to become aware of anything—that the difficulties of foreign travel are much exaggerated by the imagination. It can be only the most timid, the most indolent, the most submissive of human beings who would consent to wear Mr. Cook's collar for a second time.

I have myself seen a good deal of this timidity, and I had my own share of it when I first set foot on the Continent. The prevalence of uniforms, and particularly of buttons, is well adapted to strike terror into the traveller unused to seeing industrial and fiscal servants arrayed in what appear to him the habiliments of war, and discharging essentially peaceful duties with a more than martial sternness of bearing. The tone in which the first porter you meet at Calais asks to carry your dressing-bag is that which you have heard on the stage of your native land from the mouth of a highwayman. The ragged tout of a second-rate hotel is equally peremptory; the railway guard far more so; and as for the first custom-house officer you have to do with, it is difficult to resist the impression that he regards you as a criminal and that he will presently have you in custody for defrauding the revenue. For the first ten minutes the most courageous of Anglo-Saxon mortals may be excused for thinking his freedom in jeopardy. After an hour a day of such encounters they become amusing, and the gentlest of her sex may not unreasonably be expected to recover from her agony, and perceive that no harm is meant by this hectoring deportment. Essentially, most of these officials are polite and helpful; though disposed to exact from the foreigner a degree of ceremonious attention to details of manner which the foreigner has not always been wont to bestow on the best of his own people. Between this administrative austerity and the unravelled Briton, Cook comes in as a buffer. He saves the nervous system from a shock; or from a succession of small shocks. The Custom House officer excepted, no functionary on the Continent, I imagine, would for a moment concern himself about any one of the human entities who compose a Cook's party. The functionary would deal with their conductor, who is the numeral at the left hand indicating the value of all these ciphers, whose benign influence again is probably exerted quietly with the inspectors of revenue themselves. A smuggler is no more to be looked for among Cook's companies than a wolf in a flock of sooty sheep feeding in Hyde Park. If I have the honor to number a smuggler among my readers, I trust this may not se