

# FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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## ROBERT BURNS.

### The Centennial Celebration of His Birth.

SCOTLAND, smallest among the nations, exerts, and has long exerted an influence most disproportionate to her size upon the moral, religious and intellectual qualities of the human race. The astonishing mental energy and strength that characterize the sons of that bleak and rugged land have given pre-eminence to the name of Scotland over all there is of heroic and forceful in history. Ever active, beating ever outwards in defiance of the stormy

seas that hem them in, heedless of opposition, careless of danger, intelligently and unconquerably persevering, the Scottish people have left their mark deep scored on the earth's surface, and in the moulding of the minds of their fellow-men. A nation, even now less than three millions strong, has acquired such fame in arts and arms, in philosophy and theology, in poetic and romantic literature, and in almost every department of science, no less than in the more material elements of progress, the advancement of civilization, and the extreme of daring in exploration, that, as has been well said

of late, though "every country would probably claim the first place for itself, all would concede the second place to Scotland—the surest proof, now as of old, that the first is hers."

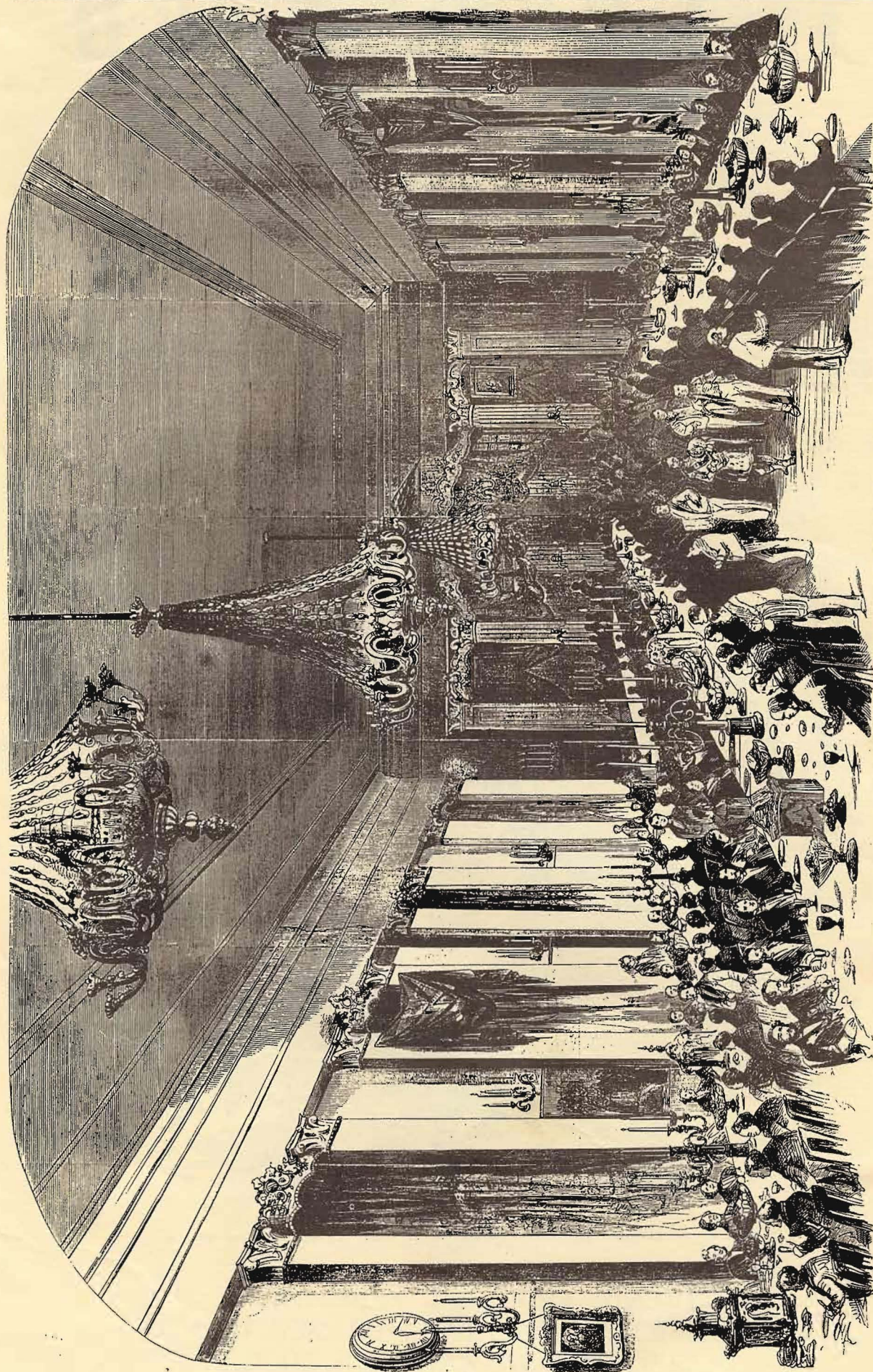
And of this sturdy nation Robert Burns is undoubtedly, *par excellence*, the representative man. The poet is the true cosmopolite, and the name of Burns is known and revered where Bruce, Wallace, Knox, Douglas, Hamilton, and the countless other shining names which cast such lustre on the country that produced them, are but vaguely heard. Wherever the English language is spoken



ROBERT BURNS.  
FROM AN ENGRAVING OF THE ORIGINAL PICTURE, PAINTED BY ALEX. RAMSAY IN 1787. PUBLISHED BY T. LITCHI, 65 & 67 NASSAU STREET, N. Y.

SOUVENIR PROGRAM, FEBRUARY 2, 1991  
ROBERT BURNS REMEMBRANCE DINNER  
SCOTTISH ST. ANDREWS SOCIETY  
OF GREATER ST. LOUIS





THE BURNS FESTIVAL—BANQUET AT THE ASTOR HOUSE, NEW YORK, JAN. 25, 1859.



### STAR SPANGLED BANNER

OH.. SAY CAN YOU SEE, BY THE DAWN'S EARLY LIGHT  
WHAT SO PROUDLY WE HAILED AT THE TWILIGHTS LAST GLEAMING  
WHOSE BROAD STRIPES AND BRIGHT STARS THROUGH THE PERILOUS FIGHT  
O'ER THE RAMPARTS WE WATCHED WERE SO GALLANTLY STREAMING  
AND THE ROCKETS RED GLARE, THE BOMBS BURSTING IN AIR  
GAVE PROOF THROUGH THE NIGHT THAT OUR FLAG WAS STILL THERE  
OH... SAY DOES THAT STAR SPANGLED BANNER YET WAVE,  
O'ER THE LAND OF THE FREE AND THE HOME OF THE BRAVE

### GOD SAVE THE QUEEN

GOD SAVE OUR GRACIOUS QUEEN  
LONG LIVE OUR NOBLE QUEEN  
GOD SAVE OUR QUEEN  
SEND HER VICTORIOUS  
HAPPY AND GLORIOUS  
LONG TO REIGN OVER US  
GOD SAVE OUR QUEEN

### THE FLOWER OF SCOTLAND

O FLOWER OF SCOTLAND  
WHEN WILL WE SEE  
YOUR LIKE AGAIN  
THAT FOUGHT AND DIED FOR  
YOUR WEE BIT HILL AND GLEN  
AND STOOD AGAINST HIM  
PROUD EDWARD'S ARMY  
AND SENT HIM HOMEWARD  
TAE THINK AGAIN

THOSE DAYS ARE PASSED NOW  
AND IN THE PAST THEY MUST REMAIN  
BUT WE CAN STILL RISE NOW  
AND BE THE NATION AGAIN  
AND STOOD AGAINST HIM  
PROUD EDWARD'S ARMY  
AND SENT HIM HOMEWARD  
TAE THINK AGAIN

## PROGRAM

Welcome, Introduction of Master  
of Ceremonies . . . . . President Agnes Stirratt  
Master of Ceremonies . . . . . Bob Richards  
Invocation, Selkirk Grace . . . . . Rev. Dr. Thom Hunter

### Selkirk Grace

Some ha 'e meat and canna eat  
And some wad eat that want it  
But we ha'e meat, and we can eat  
Sae let the Lord be thankit

Piping in the Haggis . . . . . Pipe Major William Henry, III  
Address to the Haggis . . . . . Jim Duffy

### Dinner

Haggis  
Scotch Broth  
MAC Tossed Salad  
Shrimp and Chicken Champagne Beurre Blanc  
Melange of Fresh Vegetables  
Capellini  
Coupe o' Porto (MAC Specialty)  
Coffee-Tea-Milk

Honored Guest . . . . . Hon. Val Lammert, British Consul  
Toast to the President . . . . . Robert McCallum  
"Star Spangled Banner" . . . . . Winnie Shirreff  
Toast to the Queen . . . . . Jim Colvin  
"God Save the Queen" . . . . . Winnie Shirreff  
"Flower of Scotland". . . . . Pipe Sergeant John Mackie  
The Immortal Memory . . . . . Hugh McLaughlin

### Toast to the Immortal Memory

A last request present we here  
When yearly ye assemble a'  
One round, I ask it with a tear  
To him the Bard that's far awa'

The Star of Rabbie Burns . . . . . Assembled Company

## INTERMISSION

Concert of Scottish Music . . . . . Alex Beaton  
Toast to the Lassies . . . . . James Brewen  
Reply for the Lassies . . . . . Denise Duffy

## INTERMISSION

Pipes and Drums . . . . . St. Louis' Invera'an Pipe Band  
Keyboard . . . . . Dee Uebel  
Announcer . . . . . Kathy Leonard  
Script . . . . . Linda Williams  
Highland Dancing . . . . . Dance Caledonia

Director - Sandra Brown

Dancers - Jennifer Caffray, Kimberly Campbell, Katie  
Dickson, Darla Douglas, Lara Douglas, Annie  
Glasgow, Genevieve Harrison, Katriona Harrison,  
Cathy McCallum, Tara McCallum, Kerion McCaughan\*,  
Tracy Mitchell, Beth Schlanker, Susan Stark

## The Music of Dee Uebel

Auld Lang Syne . . . . . Piper Mary Aubuchon

\*Kerion McCaughan is recuperating from surgery but is with  
us in the audience.

SCOTTISH ST. ANDREWS SOCIETY  
OF GREATER ST. LOUIS

EXECUTIVE BOARD

President . . . . .	Agnes Stirratt
President Emeritus . . . . .	Bob McCallum
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Ticket Chairpersons . . . . .	Martha Steinbrueck, Agnes Stirratt
Electronics and Keyboard . . . . .	Rick Uebel
Keyboard Artist . . . . .	Dee Uebel
Piano Accompanist . . . . .	Winnie Shirreff
Publicity . . . . .	Peggy Flynn
Programs . . . . .	Rev. James McCaughan, Mary Aubuchon

The Society wishes to express its thanks to  
Mrs. Hazel Craig for her preparation of the Haggis

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If you would like to join the Society,  
please call Etta May Eagle at 965-7362





THE BURNS FESTIVAL—GUESTS, HEADED BY PETER WM. CLELLAND, ENTERING THE DINING HALL.

## ROBERT BURNS.

(Continued from page 144.)

Not until the summer of 1786, when the poet was in his twenty-seventh year, did his first humble volume issue from the press of Kilmarnock, and only ten years later the author was already in his grave. Within ten years were compressed all the misery of a noble mind struggling for recognition amid a generation incapable of rightly appreciating its greatness, all the agony of the struggle between poverty and genius, all the partial fame which was so much like insult, all the semi-approbation which rounded in the tones of reproach. In 1790, Robert Burns, at that mysterious age of thirty-seven which seems the allotted term of the greatest minds, was removed from his earthly existence.

As usual, when the grass grew green above the poet's earthly resting place, the world burst forth in canonizing praise. The truth and nature of his poetry, recognizable by the Scotman in every line of his writings, and plain to those unfamiliar with the Scottish dialect in the poems less nationally worded, were fully acknowledged when the admission could no longer be of benefit to the author; and the many failings of the man were no longer opposed as a bar to all recognition of grandeur in the poet. With every year, too, since his death, the love for Burns has increased, nor among his own countrymen alone; and thus we find, that when the proposal for commemorative festivals, to be held in the United States on the hundredth anniversary of his birth, was promulgated, it met with the readiest response and was most enthusiastically followed out. In many cities of the Union, Burns Festivals were held on the 25th ult., and in New York the occasion was fittingly celebrated by a banquet at the Astor House, under the auspices of the New York Burns Club. The Honorary Chairman for the evening was Wm. Cullen Bryant, and the Vice-Chairman, Edward M. Archibald, Esq., her British Majesty's Consul at this port.

Among the guests were Fitz Green Halleck, Henry Ward Beecher, James T. Brady, Horace Greeley, Dr. Francis, the Rev. H. W. Bellows, Mayor Tiemann, Major General Saxford, and the Presidents of all the different national benevolent societies of our city.

The banquet-room was draped with tartans and national flags. On one end of the wall hung portraits of Burns, Washington and Franklin, on the other a large painting of Burns at the plough, when

the genius of poetry threw her mantle over him; while on the other sides of the room were paintings illustrative of Burns' Saturday Night, and Tam O'Shanter, and many deeply interesting relics of the great poet. The hundreds of guests marched into the banquet-room to the music of Scotch bagpipes, and taking their places, partook of a faultless and most abundant repast. The edibles having been discussed, the real business of the evening began.

The President of the Burns Club introduced Mr. Bryant, and expressed the thanks of the club for the tender by Swain, and other telegraph proprietors, of the use of their lines for the transmission of messages from and to the Burns Club celebrations in other cities. He concluded by reading letters from Washington Irving, President Buchanan, the Rev. John Thompson, the Rev. G. W. Bellows, Rev. Dr. Chapin, the poet Longfellow, Holmes, the Autocrat of the Breakfast Table, Governor Morgan, the Honorable Edward Everett, Lord Napier, and many other distinguished men, expressing their deep sympathy and their regret at not being able to attend. These elicited loud cheers. Mr. Bryant then rose and made a very happy speech, which was loudly applauded.

The usual toasts were given, and responded to by the appropriate individuals. "Scotland and America" were enthusiastically received, and were followed by the "Queen of Great Britain and the President of the United States," by Edward M. Archibald, Esq. "The Poets and Poetry of America," by Dr. J. W. Francis, in an eloquent speech, full of recollections of the past. "The Heroes of Scotland," by Mr. Nicholson. "The Memory of Washington," by Gullian C. Verplanck, Esq. "The Press," by Horace Greeley. "The Ladies," by Richard Bell.

During the evening, songs were sung by Messrs. George Simpson, A. S. Eadie, Jun., Miller, Hart, Robinson, Park, Mirandas, Clelland and Marshall. Between the regular toasts and speeches, and following the eloquent responses to volunteer toasts, were songs and recitations by Messrs. McLean, Clirchagh, Burns, Meldrum, Gow, Mollic, Nicholson, Rutherford, Vair Clirchagh, Jun., R. Cochrane, Burnett and Parker, which, with telegraphic dispatches received from celebrations at Washington, Boston, New Haven, Detroit, Philadelphia, and other places, added much to the pleasures of the evening.

Mr. William Clelland officiated as piper at the banquet, and attracted much attention by his scientific handling of the bagpipes and the picturesqueness of his costume.



REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER.





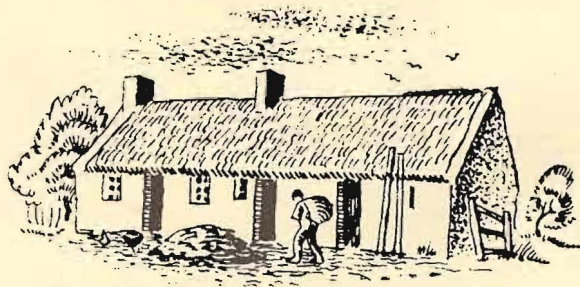
#### THE STAR OF RABBIE BURNS

There is a star whose beaming ray  
is shed on every clime;  
It shines by night, it shines by day  
and ne'er grows dim wi' time  
It rose upon the banks of Ayr  
it shone on Doons clear stream  
A hundred year are gane and mair  
yet brighter grows it's beam

#### REFRAIN:

Let kings and courtiers rise and fa'  
This world has many turns  
but brightly beams abune them a'  
The star of Rabbie Burns

Though he was but a ploughman lad  
and wore the hodden grey  
Auld Scotland's sweetest bard was bred  
a-neath a roof o' strae  
To sweep the strings of Scotia's lyre  
it needs nae classic lore  
It's mither wit and native fire  
that warms the bosom's core.



Earth, and the snow-dimmed height of air,  
And water winding soft and fair  
Through still sweet places, bright and bare,  
By bent and byre  
Taught him what hearts within them were:  
But his was fire.

SWINBURNE, Burns: An Ode