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MILWAUKEE, JUNE 26, 1909.

NT TO MEMORY OF ROBERT BURNS, SCOTTISH BARD, LED AND FORMALLY PRESENTED TO CITY OF MILWAUKEE.

led to the Music of of James A. Bryden rmal Ceremony.

hould be an incentive to high resolve. That the prosperous men of America are coming more and more to accept this superadded obligation is one of the hopeful signs of the times.

Today it becomes a duty as well as a pleasure to announce the name of another public-spirited citizen who has met the requirement of this unwritten law, James Anderson Bryden.

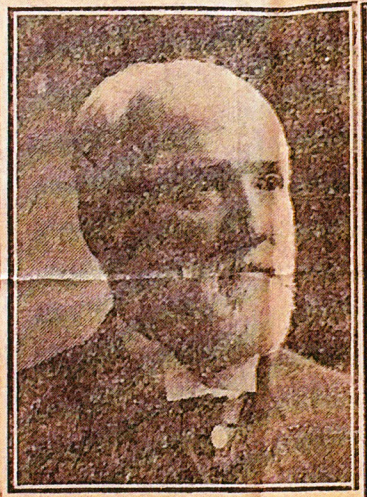
This city has been blessed with noble men and women who have devoted surplus wealth to various charitable and public purposes, to beautify the city, to elevate the taste, to promote the health and comfort of its people. Such names should constitute a roll of honor to be cherished for all time.

The desire to be remembered is at once instinctive and honorable. It is akin to the yearning of the soul for immortality. Some poets, impelled by this desire, rear an imposing shaft at Forest Home; but such a monument simply attests the uninteresting fact that you are dead. There is no distinction about being dead. How much more rational to erect a monument here, and thus continue a living personality with future generations. The man who craves immortality on this earth must write his epitaph on beating hearts. As future generations throng these streets and pass this monument in review, every admirer of Burns will gratefully remember the private citizen who by a single act of noble generosity contributed a splendid work of art to his beloved city and a suitable shrine for his patron saint.

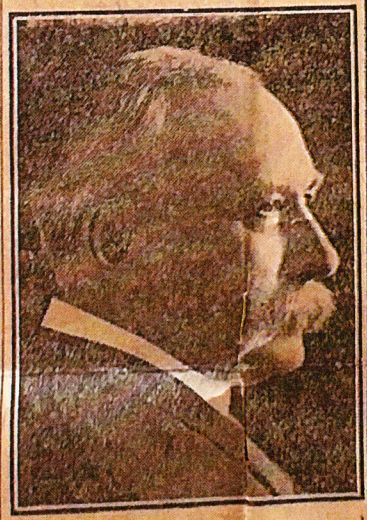
Of all the poets, ancient and modern, there is none so near the heart of the common people as Robert Burns, familiarly known the world over as "Bobbie Burns." A cordial welcome will ever attend him here. The spot that has been dedicated to him here is ideal. It is an oasis in the din and tumult of a great city, approached on all sides by shaded avenues, surrounded by beautiful homes. Trees and lawns and flowers lend their enchantment to the scene. Here he stands, looking out upon a sheet of water whose varied charms rival the blue Mediterranean. Here the rosy fingers of the dawn will daily repeat this ceremony and unveil his figure to the world, while at this blessed signal a myriad of wild birds will make the air vocal with anthems of praise.

The fame of Burns is world-wide; but there are peculiar reasons why his memory should be cherished here. In the first place, he was a staunch friend of our republic in its birth struggle. He was a champion of freedom. He lost no opportunity to instil the love of liberty—

"Be oppression's woes and pains!

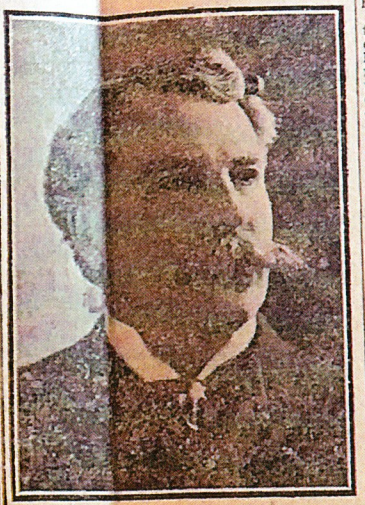


JAMES ANDERSON BRYDEN.



OGDEN H. FETHERS.

JAMES A. BRYDEN'S GIFT TO THE CITY.



JUDGE JOSEPH V. QUARLES.

LIEUT. GEN. ARTHUR MAC ARTHUR.

to honor the name of one who has been in his grave for more than a hundred years?

Rising far above a mere literary festival, this is not simply an honor paid to a literary man; to merely such an one this honor would we withhold; by him such feelings could never be awakened. Nor is the honor merely to the wondrous poetry of Burns. Sweet and beautiful and tender, it is, after all, the limitless humanity of the man, and his intensely human themes, that kindles all this feeling. It is this that lifts him to the forefront of the world's great teachers of democracy. His loving heart took in and sent out an ocean-tide of sympathy and compassion almost divine; and for that mankind will always feel respect and reverence; and as it writes the epitaph of a great heart, vanished are all short-comings. Some day the belching of cannon will stop—forgotten will be all nationalities—and in the glow of that awakening one great human brotherhood will respond to what Burns uttered, for it surely is at once the cry of the human heart, and the promise of peace to the troubled soul.

Effacing time will overthrow this bronze—but the keeping of his memory green will be a sweet and gladsome task to all who know his honest worth. He surely has our love, and will have that of those who walk the earth when we are gone. While the dust of his sacred heart sleeps in the land of the leal mankind will bless him evermore.

And now, in the name of lovers of Robert Burns throughout the world, I thank you, James Bryden, for this splendid memorial to an immortal, and your own devotion to his memory.

Committees in Charge.

The advisory committee in charge of the arrangements for the presentation of the statue and its unveiling was as follows: Andrew D. Agnew, chairman; William J. Grant, D. McK. Sinclair, John G. Gregory, William Gardner, Alfred C. Clas. The committee representing Scottish societies was composed of the following:

John Picken, chairman; David W. Howie, marshal; William Currie, William D. Gray, H. T. Ferguson, James Currie, James McLeod, Hugh G. Maxwell, Thomas McMillan, John Jolner, David M. Sneddon, Robert Henderson, George H. Reid, Robert P. Fairbairn, C. L. Dalrymple, R. Bruce Douglas, W. J. McElroy, John M. Niven.

The Burns monument given to the city by Mr. Bryden is of granite and bronze and rests on a concrete foundation weighing thirty tons. The statue was designed by William Grant Stevenson, R. S. A., of Edinburgh, the Milwaukee bronze being an exact replica of the original designed many years ago by the famous sculptor. The height of the state is almost twelve feet and it weighs 2200 pounds. The pedestal of Nova Scotia pink granite is eleven feet high and weighs twenty-six tons.

Inscriptions on Pedestal.

This pedestal was designed by Julius

"By oppression's woes and pains!
By our sons in servile chains!
We will drain our dearest veins,
But they shall be—shall be free.

Lay the proud usurper low!
Tyrants fall in every foe!
Liberty's in every blow,
Forward! Let us do or die!"

Our hearts go out to him when we remember that at a public meeting, where a toast was proposed to Pitt, he moved to amend by substituting the name of George Washington, a greater and better man. He had to pay dearly for this indiscretion, but the fact only makes us love him more.

Furthermore, this monument may justly serve as a continuing reminder of the rich contribution that old Scotland has made to the intellectual stamina and moral fiber of our composite civilization. Her sturdy sons have taken high rank in every department of human activity. Give them a dash of Irish blood, and the blend is superb, as can easily be proven by the confession of any and every one of them. Burns as a patron saint of such a race, is entitled to the highest honor.

It is a distinctive feature of Burns' writings that his themes were familiar subjects which, when tinged with his poetic fancy, whether humorous or pathetic, met an eager popular welcome in every cottage in the land.

It requires genius of a high order to tinge with beauty the common things of life; to lend dignity and interest to the tasks that are commonplace. Burns was the only man who could impart a flavor to "parritch" which would make it compete with "nappy." With rare ingenuity his precepts were adapted to people of every age, sex and condition, with a moral or a word of comfort for each. He had a message of good cheer for the milkmaid, the plowboy, the jilted swain and the hen-pecked husband. He had a salve for every wound, an antidote for every sorrow. As Lord Rosebery once said, "There is something for everybody in Burns." With his broad sympathy he established a protectorate over the weak and helpless. He also disinfected and reclaimed many of the old popular songs that had lapsed into vulgarity. Somebody has aptly said he sweetened the breath of Scotland.

The infant caught snatches of his song from the crooning voice of the mother. Every lad and lassie revelled in his love songs; while the aged and decrepit, passing with lingering step down the western slope, were refreshed by his kindly ministrations. His minstrelsy stole into every troubled soul like a sweet strain of music.

Burns had an intense love of nature. As he expressed it he "shared in each bird's careless song." He pointed out undiscovered beauties in familiar flowers, in hedge and moor, and charming spots among the rough crags. He interpreted the song of the purling brook and the carol of the thrush.

"Oh bonnie was yon rosy brier
That blooms sae far from haunts of men."

As a poet Burns was a prodigy, considering his meager advantages. The rude hut in which he was born disclosed the indigence of his family. He had slender opportunities, while poverty clung to him like the poisoned shirt. The development of such rare poetic taste under such adverse conditions, seems miraculous. He was not the finished product of the school. He never enjoyed that elegant leisure that is supposed to promote literary growth. He was a poet because God so ordained. It was as natural for him to sing as for the lark when she rises from her dewy nest to greet the rising sun. His style was limpid and natural, betraying none of the earmarks of labor. Every bird-song and flower awoke melody in his heart.

Every Scotchman, wherever found, has a warm place in his heart for Bobbie Burns. A love so passionate and all-pervading, is unique. No writer before or since has so fascinated a whole people. The ability to inflame the ambition of the learned and the lowly is something unparalleled in the history of literature. He remains the only poet since Homer to furnish a national folk-lore.

Mr. Lowell, speaking in Westminster Abbey, once said, "The fame of those who have shed luster on our race is an undivided inheritance." On this basis we predicate a claim to share in the fame of Bobbie Burns.

But Burns was more than a poet. If his renown rested simply upon literary excellence, he never could have won such universal esteem. He was the "guide, philosopher and friend" of a proud-spirited people who were writhing under the heel of

OGDEN H. FETHERS.

welfare. Like Lincoln, he emerged from obscurity, and had a hand to hand struggle with poverty.

"I am a bard of no regard wi' gentle folk
and a' that,
But Homer-like the glowan byke
Fra town to town I draw that."

Mr. Lincoln had the inspiration of the poet, although he wrote in prose. The Gettysburg address is a poem to all intents and purposes. Both were men of broad sympathies. Both were masters of mirth and pathos, and by vastly different means they vindicated the nobility of common manhood.

If one of our latter-day reformers had undertaken to uplift the Scotch peasantry, he would probably have fomented a revolution. But Burns was essentially an optimist. He strove to inoculate his people with good humor. If he aimed the shafts of ridicule at the idle rich, it was generally in a playful mood, calculated to provoke a smile rather than a scowl. He was like the honey-bee that gathers sweets from every common flower, but he never used the sting. He preached frugality rather than revolution.

"Wi' sma' to sell and less to buy,
Aboon distress, below envy,
O' wha wad leave this humble state
For a' the pride of a' the great?
Amid their flaming idle toys,
Amid their cumbrous idle joys,
Can they the peace and pleasure feel,
Of Bessie at the spinning wheel?"

The dialogue put into the mouths of the "twa dogs" sharply contrasts the comfort of the wage-earner with the wretchedness of the lazy rich.

He furnished a word-painting of the sweet domestic comfort of the cottage as contrasted with the lonesome grandeur of the palace, and concludes—

"And certes in fair virtue's heavenly road,
The cottage leaves the palace far behind."

It would be equally unfair to enroll him as a professional reformer. He lacked system and method; but all through his writings there ran a definite, ulterior purpose, and this is the point I wish to emphasize. With him the literary production was a means, not an end. It was not his ambition merely to furnish the simple folk with reading matter to while away an idle hour, but rather to instruct them how to make their dreary lives worth living.

With Tennyson, for instance, the poem was the finished product, a polished gem whose ultimate value lay in its beauty. The momentary flash of the diamond delights the eye, but it lacks warmth. Burns was an apostle of sunshine. He had mastered the alchemy of light, and practiced it like a wizard. The tear, touched by a single ray of sunshine, will cease to be a badge of sorrow, and will kindle with all the radiance of the rainbow—the emblem of hope and promise. This was the secret of his necromancy. He held the mirror of his genius where it would reflect God's sunshine pure and simple into the dark places, to warm the hearts of men, to restore color to the pallid cheek and luster to the tear-dimmed eye.

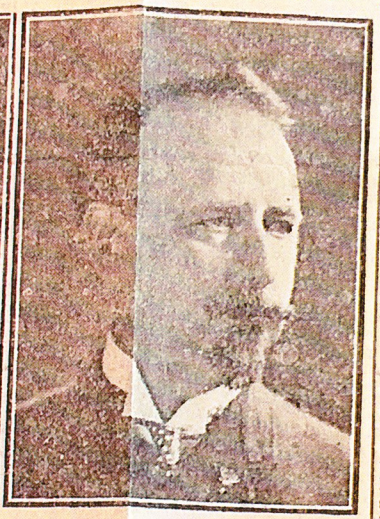
Regret has often been expressed that the moral level of his own life did not rise to the standard of excellence inculcated in his writings; but every human being is more or less a bundle of contradictions, and genius seems to have a strange affinity for eccentricity. But it is safe to say that no straight-laced divine could have done this work. Shakespeare with his mighty genius might not have undertaken it. Being himself a jolly, rollicking fellow, Burns met the men of his day on their own level, and was thus able to gain the ear and confidence of the people. He adopted the rough dialect of the country in preference to classic English because it brought him in closer touch with the simple folk whom he wished to reach. In a crusade against the prevalent evil of intemperance, he did not denounce the drunkard as a brute, and thus drive him beyond the reach of his influence; but he wrote the parable of "Tam O'Shanter," which was a more effective warning against the wiles of John Barleycorn than all the sermons of all the clergy combined. Everybody remembers the closing lines:

JAMES A. BRYDEN'S GIFT TO THE CITY.

LIEUT.-GEN. ARTHUR MAC ARTHUR.

JUNEAU THEILINE M'GEE.

ANDREW D. AGNEW.



MAYOR DAVID S. ROSE.

ter family gathering, the poem concludes with this eloquent sentiment:

"From scenes like these Old Scotia's grandeur springs,
And makes her loved at home, revered abroad,
Princes and lords are but the breath of kings,
An honest man's the noblest work of God."

To rebuke conceit and affectation, how happy and effective his poem—

"Oh wad some power the giftie gie us,
To see oursels as ithers see us."

No vice or folbie escaped his wholesome reproof; but it was always administered in good nature. To idealize the simple life he throws open the cottage door and presents to us that sweet old couple who figure in that beautiful poem, "John Anderson, My Jo," whose pathos has touched the sympathy of the world in every language and every clime:—

"We clamb the hill thegither,
And many a canty day, John,
We've had with ane anither.
Now we maun totter down, John,
But hand in hand will go,
And sleep thegither at the foot,
John Anderson, my Jo."

To promote good fellowship, he wrote the poem which has been adopted the world over as a fit doxology to close every convivial assemblage:

"Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never bro't to mind?"

It is probably true that no other English poem was ever rendered in so many languages.

Finally, after lightening every burden under which the poor peasant bent on his toilsome journey, Burns offers him a final solace. It may be a stretch of poetic license to administer extreme unction; but he hesitates at nothing that may comfort the unfortunate class that so engaged his sympathy. He actually undertakes to gild the gloom of the grave, to strew flowers in the path of the death angel, so that the rustle of his dark wings may inspire joy instead of terror.

"Oh, death, the poor man's dearest friend,
The kindest and the best,
Welcome the hour my aged limbs,
Are laid with thee to rest.
The great, the wealthy, fear thy blow,
From pomp and pleasure torn,
But oh! a blest relief to them
That weary laden mourn."

Burns had a brief and checkered career. As might be expected, he failed miserably as a man of affairs. He was handicapped by his poetic temperament. This fact, coupled with the failure of his efforts to all his writings. As a patriot, he "rang true."

"Long may thy hardy sons of rustic toil
Be blest with health and peace and sweet content,
And O! may Heaven their simple lives prevent
From luxury's contagion weak and vile.
Then howe'er crowns and coronets be rent,
A virtuous populace may rise the while,
And stand, a wall of fire, around their much loved Isle."

He was in his thirty-seventh year, in abject poverty, neglected and heart-broken, when death came as a deliverance. It seems inexpressedly sad that one who had spent his life fanning every spark of hope in broken hearts, should himself be doomed to fathom the depths of despair; but such is the irony of fate. When he passed away, however, he was shrouded in the warm affection of the common people. Like Shakespeare, he did not live to see the glorious sunrise of his literary fame. Like Moses, he was not permitted to enter the land of promise. Even the bright orb of day is sometimes obscured by cloud and mist as it sinks to rest in the western sky, but only to rise again in the bright effulgence of the morning. The affection of the people for the poet has grown, even as the poet's love for his "Highland Mary"—

"Time but the impression stronger makes,
as streams their channels deeper wear."

A great orator once stood in the hut where the great poet was born, and there dictated this beautiful tribute:

"Though Scotland boast a thousand names
Of patriot, king and peer,
The noblest, grandest of them all,
Was loved and cradled here.
Here lived the gentle peasant prince,
The loving cotter king,
Compared with whom the greatest lord,
Is but a titled thing.

'Tis but a cot roofed in with straw,
A hovel made of clay,
One door shuts out the snow and storm,
One window greets the day.
And yet I stand within this room,
And hold all thrones in scorn,
For here below this lowly thatch,
Love's sweetest bard was born.

Within this hallowed hut I feel
Like one who clasps a shrine,
When the glad lips at last have touched
That something deemed divine.
And here the world through all the years,
As long as day returns,
The tribute of its love and tears,
Will pay to Robert Burns."

And now Mr. Mac

acteristic address. The distinguished army officer's address was up to the high standard of the talks for which he has become famous in several countries and particularly among his home people. Gen. Mac Arthur pointed to the sterling qualities of the poet and spoke particularly of the poetic temperament, urging that it be cultivated by the student and business man alike.

John G. Gregory then recited the following original poem:

ROBERT BURNS.

Lines for the Unveiling of the Monument to Scotland's Poet Erected by James A. Bryden in Milwaukee.

A ploughman taught the poet throng
To learn anew their trade.
The people's speech was in his song;
His soul was unafraid.

He felt the beauty in a hedge,
The ugliness of rant;
He plucked the beard of Privilege,
And slapped the face of Cant.

He loved the heather on the hill,
The fieldmouse in its hole;
The daisy gave his pulse a thrill,
The tempest stirred his soul.

His sympathy, with smile and tear,
Through all the gamut ran,
A note resounding full and clear
The Brotherhood of Man.

Till love of truth—of poetry—
Of right—of life—departs,
The memory of Burns shall be
Enshrined in human hearts.

Ogden H. Fethers Speaks.

Robert Burns was the subject of a poem by John Goadby Gregory which was read by Mr. Gregory himself. At its close the pipe band played another air and then Ogden H. Fethers of Janesville made the closing address, speaking as follows:

In the heart of a great continent, far from the land he loved so well, we are met to honor the name and fame of that poet of humanity, Robert Burns, the Scottish plowman. And with you, James A. Bryden, the giver of this princely gift, we share the joy, the pride, the reverent affection, you feel for the great poet, and for the grand old nation that nourished him in her bosom and gave him to immortality.

Every man, as he loves a good mother, loves the land of his birth. We know that you are proud of Scotland, proud of her

The state is almost twelve feet and it weighs 2200 pounds. The pedestal of Nova Scotia pink granite is eleven feet high and weighs twenty-six tons.

Inscriptions on Pedestal.

This pedestal was designed by Julius E. Heimerl of Milwaukee. Inscriptions are found on the four sides of the monument, bronze reliefs adorning the west and east sides. On the front, or south, is the name "Robert Burns," while at the south is the inscription, "The Gift of James Anderson Bryden, a Native of Scotland, to the City of His Adoption, 1909." The panel on the west face of the pedestal represents Burns at the plow, while the one on the east side represents "The Cotter's Saturday Night."

MAC ARTHUR IS NAMED.

Milwaukee Man Will Assist in Arranging for Commodore Perry Celebration on Great Lakes.

MADISON, Wis., June 26.—In accordance with joint resolution No. 70, adopted by the Legislature at its recent session, Gov. Davidson on Friday appointed a state commission to arrange with similar commissions of Ohio and Michigan for a suitable celebration of the victory of Commodore Perry at Put-in-Bay. The members appointed on the Wisconsin commission are Gen. Arthur MacArthur of Milwaukee, Senator John M. Whitehead of Janesville, Senator A. W. Sanborn of Ashland., Assemblyman George E. Scott of Prairie Farm, and Assemblyman Ole A. Buslett of Northland.

Gov. Davidson appointed the following delegates to represent Wisconsin at the seventeenth national irrigation congress to be held at Spokane, Wash., August 9 to 14 inclusive: A. Decker of Grand Rapids, Alec Corban of Madison, Dr. Clarke Gapen of Madison, Prof. E. F. Griffith of Madison, R. C. Fulds of Abrams, C. J. Seamans of Reedsburg, F. F. McDemitt of Rhinelander, W. W. Patten of Chippewa Falls, W. W. Strickland of Superior, W. E. Lewis of Racine, G. E. Newman of Ladysmith, and Elmer A. Peirce of Madison.

The members of the state commission on uniform legislation were also appointed. The purpose of the commission is to secure uniform legislation in the different states on general subjects of legislation, such as divorce, protection of fish and game and other matters. The members of the commission just appointed are Judge E. Ray Stevens of Madison, E. W. Cross of Milwaukee and Dr. Charles McCarthy of Madison.

FIREMEN END TOURNAMENT.

Fort Atkinson Carries Away Honors in the Last Hub and Hose Race.

LADYSMITH, Wis., June 26.—The firemen's tournament closed on Friday. The hub and hose race, 220 yards, was won by Fort Atkinson, with Portage second, the time being 33 4-5 seconds. In the same contest with two companies making the second best time the previous day Ladysmith won in 36 4-5 seconds.

In the hub and hub hook and ladder contest between Horicon and Rice Lake, 220 yards, Horicon won in 30 3-5 seconds. In the same event between the two companies making the second best time the day before, Barron and Cameron, Barron won in 32 2-5 seconds.

In the single man's coupling contest, 100 yards, Will Whipperton won in 4 seconds, equaling the world's record.

In the firemen's and assistant firemen's race, 100 yards, Olson of Rice Lake won in 10 3-5 seconds.

In the championship relay coupling contest, 100 yards, Fort Atkinson won