

CHAPTER II.—*Beginning of Professional Career.*

HAVING sold his business in Perth and removed his family to Edinburgh, he meanwhile devoted himself to teaching and occasional concert-giving. He had classes in several schools and churches in Edinburgh and Leith, one being Dr. Guthrie's Ragged School. He was greatly liked by his pupils, and the Ragged School laddies in particular used to hang on to his coat tails when they saw him on the street.

He was appointed leader of the Edinburgh Tonic Sol-fa Society, and also formed singing classes in the neighbourhood and in Fife. Many a pupil of those days travelled miles to see and hear their old teacher when years afterwards he was touring in America, South Africa, India, or Australia.

All the time not taken up with teaching was devoted to a diligent and loving study of the "Auld Scots Sangs," and gaining access to the Advocates' Library, he there pored over the "auld beuks" and drank in a love for the anonymous ballads of the Middle Ages that in a manner prejudiced him for life against anything new. Not that he failed to recognize the beauty of such modern songs as Professor Aytoun's "Annie's Tryste," James Ballantine's "Ilka blade o' grass keps its ain drap o' dew," or Mrs. Boyd's "Lang Awa' Ship," all of which he sang; but for an auld sang such as "Tak' yer auld cloak about ye," he had feelings of tender reverence which excluded criticism. He believed that a song could not live for centuries unless it were, on some side, true to nature, and he unceasingly, all through his long professional career, studied the old ballads and turned them over and over in his mind till he had dis-



covered the reading which he thought most forcibly revealed this truth. Many a song was studied, tried in public, found unsatisfactory, and laid aside, only to be taken up again and again with different readings till it finally reach success, as, for instance, "The Weary Pund o' Tow," "The Deil's awa wi' the Exciseman," "Tibbie Fowler o' the Glen," or "The Auld Man's Mare's Dead." What a turning out of the volumes of Herd's Collection, R. A. Smith's Collection, Thomson's Collection, and Johnson's Museum there used to be when we came home on Saturdays from our weekly tours in Scotland! Then the versions in these had to be compared with those in Whitelaw's "Book of Scottish Song," Robert Chambers' "Scottish Songs Prior to Burns," etc. The last named volume was coming out at the time when he was presenting and teaching in Edinburgh, and he has told us that he then had the congenial task of working on it. In this way he first made the acquaintance of Robert Chambers, who remained a warm friend of his through life.

Besides his own teaching and concert-giving, he had many concert engagements, principally through Howard of the Edinburgh Concerts; and in January, '59, the year of the Burns Centenary, he was engaged for the Burns Celebration in St. George's Hall, Liverpool.

It is a significant coincidence that his first important public appearance was at a concert in honour of his beloved bard, and that his last concert, given in the western town of Sarnia, Ont., when the shadow of death was already upon him, was "A Nicht wi' Burns." He was the interpreter of Burns because he loved him; and such was his high ideal of the poet, that he could not give a Burns "Nicht" in the remotest corner of the earth without feeling grave responsibility, and getting into a highly nervous state of excitement.

While on the subject of his admiration of Burns, it may be as well to insert a letter of his to a friend, thanking him for having secured him a copy of the first edition of Burns' poems. It is dated from his house in Edinburgh.

" 8 St. Andrew's Terrace, July, 1876.

" My dear Freen,

" Got your letter, and on Tuesday the *Book*. Thank you very much for the trouble you have taken. I rejoice to look at the page, for example, where ' Green grow the rashes o ' first met the human eye—eye made humid, eye made bright by him whose heart was a boiling fountain of Scottish and manly feeling, and whose brain could clothe the common with the divine."

He used to say of Burns that if ever they elected a parliament of the immortals, Burns would be chosen as the representative of Scotland. " The three names," he said, " that stir to their depths the hearts of all Scotsmen, are Sir William Wallace, John Knox, and Robert Burns."

These early concert engagements were very encouraging, but his aim was to take up the work which Wilson's sudden death had left unfinished—to sing the songs of Scotland round the world. So in the winter of '59 he set to work, and in order to prepare a large repertoire and to test songs by public performance, he started a series of Monday night concerts in the Buccleugh Street Hall, Edinburgh, which were continued weekly for three months. Every Monday a fresh programme of twelve songs was gone through, no number ever being repeated, and in this way he tested no fewer than one hundred and fifty songs and ballads ancient and modern. The programmes were varied and interesting, and there were not a few constant attenders at the weekly concerts—Professor Ayton and Robert Chambers being of the number. The following is a copy of one of the handbills :—



*Copy of Handbill, 1859.*

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SONGS OF SCOTLAND.

BUCCLEUGH ST. HALL.

KENNEDY'S  
Entertainment on the  
SONGS OF SCOTLAND.

Embracing specimens from the earliest period to the present time, interspersed  
with Antiquarian, Critical, and Biographical notices.

EVERY MONDAY EVENING.

*The Hall will be comfortably heated.*

SONGS AND BALLADS FOR MONDAY,  
NOV. 26.

PART I.

The Brisk young lassie.  
Helen o' Kirkconnel.  
Hey Jenny come doon tae Jock.  
The Flowers o' the Forest.  
The brisk young lad.  
The Bailiff's daughter of Islington  
(English ditty).

PART II.

The Bonnie House o' Airlie.  
In a garden so green (Aberdeen Can-  
tus, 1662).  
Earlstoun (Narrative Ballad).  
The Rin awa' Bride.  
Bessie Bell and Mary Gray.  
Woo'd an' married an' a'.

SONGS AND BALLADS FOR MONDAY,  
DEC. 3RD.

PART I.

Leezie Lindsay.  
O! Waly, Waly.  
My Wife has ta'en the gee.  
The dowie dens o' Yarrow (Narrative  
Ballad).  
Sweet Kate (Aberdeen Cantus, 1662).  
Saw ye my Faither?

PART II.

There was a Jolly Beggar.  
Hollan', Green Hollan'.  
Ca the Ewes to the Knowes.  
John Grumlie.  
An thou wert my ain thing.  
Allister M'Allister.

Miss PRINGLE will Preside at the Piano.

To commence at a quarter past Eight o'clock. Doors open half an hour before.

In the summer of '60, when the classes were in recess, he made short concert tours in Scotland, and in '61 went as far north as the Orkney Islands. In these tentative efforts he was very successful, and feeling that it was now time to take a decided stand in his profession he turned his thoughts to an appearance in London, for which he had all along been preparing himself. He wisely chose a list, Edward

Land (so long associated with John Wilson), and made his first appearance in the Metropolis in the Hanover Square Rooms in the summer of '62. A very large and fashionable audience gathered to hear the new singer, and he felt that his future depended on his success that night. After the concert was over he was very excited—did not sleep all night—got up early, went out, bought all the morning papers, took them back with him to his lodgings, and there opened them one by one and read his fate. The critics were warm in his praise. The *Daily Telegraph* said :—

“ Besides a rich mellow voice, Mr. Kennedy has a pleasant open countenance which, accompanied by an affable blandness in relating the numerous anecdotes interspersed throughout the entertainment, at once draws his listeners to him ; and with these attractions it need not be said that on Thursday night at the above rooms he was listened to by a crowded audience in those pathetic songs that form the staple of Scottish songs, with rapt attention, whilst at the humorous ditties the same audience laughed heartily. It is no easy task for a vocalist to excite smiles and draw tears alternately. This, however, Mr. Kennedy accomplishes, and laughter holds both its sides at ‘Hame came oor gudeman at e’en,’ whilst Burns’ ‘Highland Mary’ and ‘Wae’s me for Prince Charlie’ almost cause tears to trickle down those cheeks that a few minutes before were bulged out in boisterous glee.”



“Hame cam oor gudeman”

The *Daily News* said :—

“ Last night Mr. Kennedy, a gentleman new to London, though having a well-earned reputation in Edinburgh, appeared at the Queen’s Concert Rooms, Hanover Square. Mr. Kennedy makes his selections with taste and judgment, prefaces the songs with as few introductory remarks as possible, and sings them with all the force and finish of a thoroughly



*First Appearance in London.*

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trained musician. His face and manner are pleasing and intelligent ; he has a large share of dramatic power, a good sense of humour and character, and a voice that is rich and flexible. With these rare qualifications for the task he has undertaken, it is not surprising that he was highly successful. The newcomer may consider that he has at once taken a secure position as an illustrator of Scotch ballad."

He gave four concerts at this time, including readings from Allan Ramsay's "Gentle Shepherd" and Christopher North's "Noctes Ambrosianæ," and was at once accepted as Wilson's successor.

In December of the same year he was again in London, this time in the Egyptian Hall, and the success of his entertainments was such that he continued them till May, '63, giving one hundred concerts during the season. A critique from *The Times* reads as follows :—

"Mr. Kennedy possesses the first of all qualifications for the task he has undertaken—he is 'Scotch to the backbone.' Since John Wilson, indeed, no entertainer of the monologue class, more eminently, more exclusively Scotch, has appeared before a London audience. Mr. Kennedy so nearly approaches him as a characteristic delineator of Scottish manners, ancient and modern, through the medium of Scottish song and Scottish poetry, that he may be fairly styled John Wilson's legitimate successor. That Mr. Kennedy's entertainment is a good one, our musical readers—and especially our Scotch musical readers—need hardly be informed. The historical and analytical remarks are interesting, the anecdotes are humorous, well narrated and to the purpose ; and the melodies, if not all absolutely Scotch (as W. Chappell, did it fall in the way of his researches, would more or less successfully establish) are at any rate genial, racy, and inspiring. On Monday night—besides the selections from Burns, Ayton, etc.' including, with other genuine things, 'Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled,' the words of which reflect the very spirit of mediæval (Scottish) patriotism, and that more philosophical ditty, because of more universal application,—'A man's a man for a' that,'—Mr. Kennedy introduced an entirely new feature

into his programme under the heading of 'Noctes Ambrosiæ,' etc.

His professional success in London induced him to make it his headquarters, and he again removed his family south to be near him. He had to break off his connection with Nicolson Street Church, to the regret of minister and congregation, the musical society of which presented him with an illuminated address and a purse of sovereigns. He said good bye to the Choral Society, from the members of which he received as a parting gift, a beautiful gilt clock and a writing desk, and he broke up his class teaching never to resume it.

He made many friends in London among the Scottish artists and others, and Sir Michael Costa, to whom he sang, was very much impressed with his rendering of some of the best known tenor solos from the oratorios. He strongly recommended him to cultivate that branch of the vocal art, and made some very strong remarks on his determination to devote himself entirely to the singing of Scottish songs, and had Kennedy not believed himself born to sing his country's songs, he might have been influenced by the famous conductor in the choice of a career. But he went on with the work he had begun.

His London season had insured his success in the south of England, whether he went on tour, accompanied by Mr. Land, and sang in all the important towns, Brighton among the number. After the concert there, a lady came into the artists' room and introduced herself as Madge Robertson (now Mrs. Kendal), was very warm in her praise of the evening's entertainment, and wished, she said, "to shake hands with a born actor."

The years '63 and '64 were devoted to English and Scottish



tours, and in the winter of 1864 and 1865 we find him again in London, at the Music Hall, Store Street, with fresh programmes, including readings from Scott's "Waverley," and a new entertainment written specially for him entitled "The Farmer's Ingle."

In 1866 he proposed making a tour of the States and Canada, and as his accompanist Mr. Land was averse to "crossing the pond," he commenced training his daughter Helen for the work in 1865. He daily devoted hours to it, and she was patient and persevering, and the result was that in 1866 she was able to play his accompaniments in London, at the Store Street Hall, and the audiences were charmed with the solemn earnestness of the bonnie wee lassie.

In the summer of the same year the home was broken up, the bairns were sent to school, and with his eldest daughter, wife, and son Robert, he started for America.

They embarked at Londonderry on a miserably wet day, the gloom of the weather being deepened by the sight of hundreds of heart-sick Irish emigrants who, like themselves, were going to try their fortune in the New World. An old fiddler was standing playing in the rain. Just as the steamer moved off, Mr. Kennedy threw him a shilling. "Ah, God bless you," said the fiddler, with characteristic Irish gush; "I knew you were a gentleman all the time!!"

He had always a fellow-feeling for the wandering minstrel brotherhood, and gained much knowledge of human nature through "crackin'" wi' a' the auld singers and fiddlers and tramps of every kind that he came across. The following instance of this is in his own words, and from the letter already quoted anent the book of Burns' poems:

"A crookit, shrivelled, crackit-voiced auld mannie was singing



'The Maid of Llangollen' near our house last night. I gae him something, and said, 'Hoo auld are ye?' Answer, '67.' 'Ah,' I said, and cocked my eye, 'you've been going it, eh?' Look in answer indescribable. 'Ach! (half a cough—recovered his breath with a wheeze—a merry gleam shot across his yellowish-white eyes)—Ach! it's a' ower noo.' The recollection of his days of devilment had no touch of repentance—regret he could sin no more."

After a fair voyage they entered the St. Lawrence on a beautiful Canadian summer day, landed at Quebec, and travelled on to Montreal. Here he commenced the singing to the Scots abroad that formed such a prominent feature in his professional life for the next twenty years. He never afterwards required professional aid outside the family circle, and this gave a freedom and domestic atmosphere to his life that was its chief charm.

The concerts in Montreal proved a decided success, and from there he went to Ottawa, Kingston, Toronto, and Western Ontario, getting a warm welcome from all the Canadian Scots. In the States he visited New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Washington, Baltimore, Richmond, St. Louis, Cincinnati, Chicago, Detroit, and many smaller towns. He left no place of interest unvisited, for he was impelled as much by the ardour of the traveller as by the enterprise of the public singer. In the summer of 1867 he travelled through the maritime provinces, and when singing in Quebec, visited the grave of John Wilson, who died there in 1849. He caused photographs to be taken of the tombstone, and made arrangements that the grave should be tended and cared for in perpetuity.

A letter of this period from his old friend and accompanist, Edward Land, may be interesting. It is dated from London.



“ 26th August, '67.

“MY DEAR KENNEDY,—Since receipt of your letter I have been so much occupied with various provincial engagements and conducting and arranging Sims Reeves' Ballad Concerts at Exeter Hall, that I have not had the opportunity of writing you till now. We are all greatly pleased to hear of your continued success, and trust you will have the blessings of health and strength, and go on and prosper. You must indeed require a little repose after the severe labour you have undergone. *Husband your resources whatever you do*, for in such a climate a large amount of bodily strength is indispensable. I have reported your graphic description of the entertainment you gave at St. Louis under stormy difficulties to many of your friends to their great delight and admiration. Sims Reeves was so delighted with what little I did for him, that he has induced me to accept an engagement to conduct his National Ballad Concert provincial tour, and specially requested me to play Burns' Recollections [specially arranged for playing at our father's concerts], and include in the programme the ballad I wrote for Madame Patey, 'When night is darkest, dawn is nearest.' . . .—Believe me, Yours sincerely,

“ED. LAND.”

The above advice to “husband his resources” was quite in keeping with the attitude of the two friends to each other. “Land” was always advising “Kennedy” to economise his strength. “Remember, Kennedy, you have to sing again tomorrow night,” he would say, but “Kennedy” could never give less than his all: his motto was “Do or die.” Another matter upon which they disagreed was the attempt at any original reading of the songs. Land always shook his head and said, “You mustn't do that, Kennedy.” “Why not?” “It has never been done before.” “But it is in the song, is it not?” “Oh, yes, but it has never been done, so it won't do.” The result was that the Kennedy of 1860-66 was a conventional singer. But on his very first appearance in Montreal he left the safe shores of conventionality and sailed into the sea of originality. For the next twenty . . . the songs as he con-

ceived them, hence his power. We remember an amusing story he used to tell on the platform, how, shortly after singing in Montreal for the first time, he got into conversation with an old Scotch lady on board a river steamer. She happened to mention that she had heard Kennedy in Montreal; and when he informed her that he was that Kennedy, "Ah, na!" said she, looking straight at him, "that canna be; for the man I heard singing there was fell guid lookin'." When he at last convinced her, and asked her how she had liked the concert, she continued, "I was gae weel pleased, but I said to mysel' after every sang, 'Eh, wadna it be grand if that man wad gie us the words a wee thocht braider!'" The old lady's remark went deeper than perhaps she thought, for it snapped the last tie binding him to the conventionality that Land had fostered.

The following letter of the year 1868 is from his father, who was much interested in and proud of his success. We may remark that Scotch is the language of the affections in Scotland, and that his father, who made a practice of speaking English, always wrote in the Scots dialect to his son:

"Auchterarder, Aug. 15, '68.

"MY DEAR DAVIE,—Whaur are ye? Hoo are ye? An' what are ye doin'? A' body aboot Perth was speerin' for ye when I was there—speerin' when ye were comin' hame. Many said to me, 'Man, he'll get a big house in the City Hall when he comes back.' I said, 'Do ye think it?' 'Ou, aye,' says they, 'for a' body's wearyin' to hear him again.' 'An he'll be hame wi' a mickle fortune,' a' body says, an' I just keep them the way they are goin' by saying, 'It looks very like it just now.' I am aye glad when ye say ye're thankfu' to God for all his goodness to you and yours. Continue so.—Your loving father,

"D. KENNEDY, Sen."

His life in the States and Canada was very varied, and



would have proved trying to any but a very strong constitution. Travelling at all hours of the day and night, in the greatest extremes of climate, by boat, rail, coach, or sleigh, they made the tour of all the large towns in the States three times over, and made one exhaustive tour of the smaller towns of Canada. They had some adventures of a kind. The boats that plied for the summer traffic were frequently behind time, and they had to resort to many a shift in order to keep faith with the public. Going by canal from Ottawa to Smith's Falls the locks proved so tedious that they had to hire a gig and drive across country to their destination, where they arrived at 8:15 p.m. The audience fortunately was still in good humour, and as the piano arrived half-an-hour later the programme was gone through successfully.

One night after a concert in Dundas, Ont., they had to drive back to the town of Hamilton, by a road leading for about seven miles through a lonely and hilly country. They sent the piano off ahead by waggon, and after supper they followed in a carriage. But they had not gone half way when they were suddenly stopped by four policemen, who spoke in whispers to the driver. They were naturally alarmed, and were none the less so when they heard that the policemen had been sent from Hamilton by the driver of the piano to warn them against a band of robbers who had stopped him to search the waggon, and finding nothing there, were waiting to plunder the rest of the party. However, they must have scented the police, for nothing more came of it. A kindred incident occurred after singing in Moneyunk, Pennsylvania, some ten miles out from Philadelphia. They had intended driving back to the city the same night, and the carriage was waiting for them after the concert, but the horses refused to move. After re

forward, they had to give in and remain in the hotel over night. Next morning they heard that the road to Philadelphia had been rendered impassable by floods, and that had the horses gone forward they might all have been drowned.

These variations are more interesting in the recital than pleasant in the experience, but there were occasional breaks also in the professional routine. Twice, at least, Mr. Kennedy sang the tenor music of the "Messiah" for the Toronto Choral Society, and once in Boston, in 1867, he sang at a benefit concert at which Madame Parepa Rosa also sang, and Mr. Carl Rosa played a violin solo. Everywhere throughout the States he was called upon to sing "The Star Spangled Banner" (the American National Anthem), while his singing of "Scots! wha hae wi' Wallace bled," stirred equally Americans and Scotsmen. After he had sung it to the boys of a large public school in New York through which he was being shown, General Colpax, who was present, came forward and thanked him most cordially, saying, "Would to God! Mr. Kennedy, we had songs such as that to sing to *our* children!" "Ah," was the reply, "but we had to wait nearly 500 years after the battle of Bannockburn before Burns was sent to us." "Indeed! then we will be quite content to wait 500 years." "But," said my father, "it is not certain that even then you will have another 'Scots wha hae.'"

He sang for the benefit of churches, for St. Andrew's Societies, for the poor, and in New York for the funds of the Wallace Monument on the Abbey Craig. Everywhere he made warm friends, and the Scottish Societies signalized their esteem for him by the presentation of gold medals and handsome volumes. The medal prepared by the Caledonian Society of Montreal was of most elegant design, and enclosed the portraits of Burns, Scott, Campbell, Hogg, and Kennedy. The Caledonian

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Societies of New York and St. Louis did him equal honour ; whilst the St. Andrew's Societies of Toronto and Kingston contributed volumes of Aytoun's Lays and Burns' Poems respectively. One interesting memento was a silver cup in the shape of a bullet supported on stacked rifles, which was presented by the officers of the 78th Highlanders in memory of a concert given to them by him in Montreal. His little daughter Helen was not forgotten on this and other occasions, the Caledonian Club of Chicago having made her the gift of a gold watch set with diamonds and emeralds.

In his wanderings he made many interesting acquaintances : in Listowell, Ontario, the brother of Dr. Livingstone ; in the town of Galt a sister of Hugh Miller ; and in Hamilton, one of Carlyle's sisters, who introduced herself and presented him with her brother's autograph. In Ottawa, Darcy M'Gee, the brilliant Irish-Canadian politician who soon after met such an unhappy fate, wrote a poem on Kennedy, one of the numerous tributes of enthusiasm, which, if collected, would themselves make a good-sized volume. One of the most interesting towns in the whole tour of the States proved to be Richmond, Virginia, which then, in 1867, bore traces of the recent war. Here he met Crouch, the little-known composer of the well-known song "Kathleen Mavourneen." Crouch was sitting among the audience listening to the auld Scots songs, and after the concert introduced himself in the artists' room. In the town of Albany, in New York State, Mr. Kennedy was asked to attend a certain church, that he might form an opinion of the singing of a young lady who led the choir there. That was before she went to Europe to study. Need I say that she is now Madame Albani. And in New York in 1867 he gave a lesson on the singing of Scottish songs to Miss Antoinette Sterling, now so well known in this country.

The following letter, from Toronto, is to his old friend Mr. David Hay of Edinburgh, with whom two of his boys were boarded at school :—

“Toronto, Ont., 22nd Nov., '68.

“MY DEAR MR. HAY,—A beautiful sunny morning, ‘Oh day most calm most bright,’ air pure, radiant—the lake quiet as a mirror, one or two distant, very distant, sails—harbour hushed—people well dressed going or coming from church—I am at home to-day although announced in the papers to sing in two churches—when a body gets notorious in this country everything they do is in the papers. Had a visit from three clergymen yesterday, I am rather a favourite with the cloth, I know them pretty well—have been giving selections from Ramsay’s “Reminiscences” lately—mostly about the clergy—brought down the house. When I come home I’ll gi’e a nicht exactly as I do here—it may not please a’ body, it will please some. I am more hearty, more at home here, strange tho’ it may sound (I mean in my public performance). . . . I feel that my mission is more to the Scot abroad than at home. . . .”

In the spring of 1869 he sailed from New York for San Francisco, *via* the Isthmus of Panama, in those days a three weeks’ voyage. The journey is now accomplished in six days by rail, but the Pacific Railroad was not then quite completed. It was opened during his stay in San Francisco, and he was asked to sing “The Star-Spangled Banner” at the monster demonstration in celebration of the event.

Thousands were gathered in the pavillion. Mr. Kennedy was seated on the platform among the speakers, and the brass band which was to accompany the song was stationed at the opposite end of the building. The signal to begin was to be the waving of a white handkerchief. But in the crowd so many handkerchiefs were waved and white programmes lifted that the band commenced playing at the wrong time, and the singer, making the best of the mistake, joined in and carried it through triumphantly.



After visiting other towns in California and Nevada, he made for Salt Lake City. Here he appeared in the Mormon Theatre, was invited to the house of Brigham Young, and saw much of the home life of the Latter-Day Saints.

Among them he found many Scotsmen occupying prominent positions in the church. They were sincere believers in their new faith, although in after years he met one at least, Mr. Stenhouse, who, becoming disillusionized, had left the church in bitterness of heart. They warmly welcomed Kennedy in their midst (for, though Mormons, they were still enthusiastic Scotsmen), turned out to all his concerts, as did Brigham Young himself, entertained him in their homes, and took him, so to speak, into the bosom of their families. The fact is, they did not despair of converting him to their own creed. One clear, moonlight night, an enthusiastic young Mormon walked with him till two in the morning expounding to him the Mormon faith and trying to enlist his sympathy in the cause. An old Scotch wife, too, did her best to convince him, but it was labour lost. He found here, as elsewhere, opportunity for the study of human nature. One evening, at the house of a Scotsman, he presented one of the three wives of his host with a small hand-book of Scottish Songs. "Give each of them a book," said a kindly mentor, tapping him on the shoulder, "or there will be a row!"

After an absence of three and a half years he returned to Scotland in the autumn of 1869, making Edinburgh his home. For the next three years or so he remained in the old country, singing again in London and all the principal Scottish towns. He paid a flying visit to Cork in January of 1870 to assist at a Burns celebration there. In whatever part of the world he chanced to be, Burns' birthday was always the occasion for a special outburst of the *perfervidum ingenium Scotorum*, and



small and large halls alike were crowded to do honour to the bard. The following list of Burns' Anniversary Concerts may therefore be interesting :—

Liverpool,	-	England,	-	Jan. 25th,	1859
Chicago,	-	America,	-	"	1868
Seaforth,	-	Canada,	-	"	1869
Cork,	-	Ireland,	-	"	1872
Melbourne,	-	Australia,	-	"	1873
Dunedin,	-	New Zealand,	-	"	1874
Launceston,	-	Tasmania,	-	"	1875
Montreal,	-	Canada,	-	"	1876
Kilmarnock,	-	Scotland,	-	"	1877
Glasgow,	-	Scotland,	-	"	1878
Glasgow,	-	Scotland,	-	"	1879
Agra,	-	India,	-	"	1880
Edinburgh,	-	Scotland,	-	"	1881
New York,	-	America,	-	"	1882
Glasgow,	-	Scotland,	-	"	1883
Dunedin,	-	New Zealand,	-	"	1884
Glasgow,	-	Scotland,	-	"	1885

During the three years which followed the first American tour, he was perhaps more at home in Edinburgh than at any later period of his life. In 1871 he was present at the Scott Centenary Festival in the Edinburgh Corn Exchange, and sang a song specially composed for the occasion—the poetry by James Ballantine, the music by George Croall. In the spring of the same year, on the occasion of the Marquis of Lorne's marriage, he got up, by special request, a Gaelic version of Bonnie Prince Charlie, and sang it in the Industrial Museum at a conversazione given by the Edinburgh Inverness Ross and Nairn Club.

When at home he sang a great deal in connection with Nicolson Street U.P. Church, towards which he always had the tender feelings of old association. He sang at many of their social meetings, gave a concert for the funds of the con-



gregational library, and with the help of his family, several of whom he was now training to assist him in his professional work, he gave many concerts to the poor in the mission district of the Potterrow. He did not forget to provide oranges and bags of cookies for the bairns, and tried to cheer the hearts of the auld wives by speaking to them from the heart in a familiar friendly way. He said there was no audience to equal one composed mainly of auld wives, so quickly sympathetic, so keenly appreciative, and so experienced in the varied feelings of the heart.