

the evening, looking, it must be confessed, rather ludicrous than gay. It encountered the accident of being splashed and rained upon, and so turned out a failure. Nay, even previous to its mishap, there were visible in the getting up of its scene-work certain awkward-looking strings and wires, that did not appear particularly respectable in the broad day-light. Its prepared lightning took the form of pounded rosin; and the mustard-mill destined to produce its thunder was suffered to obtrude itself all too palpably on the sight of the public. People remarked, that among the various toasts given at the banquet, there was no grateful compliments paid, no direct notice taken, of its first originators. No one thought of toasting them. They were found to compose part of the vulgar string-and-wire work,—part of the pounded rosin and mustard-mill portion of the exhibition; and so, according to the poet,

“ What would offend the eye
The painter threw discreetly into shade.”

But it is well to remark that the Burns' festival had an element of actual power and significancy in it, altogether separate and apart from the lowness of its immediate origin, the staring rawness of its rude machinery, or the woeful ducking in which it made its ridiculous exit. It is significant that the mind of the country should exist in such a state in reference to the memory of the departed poet, that a few obscure men over their ale could have originated such a display. The call to celebrate by a festival the memory of Burns seems, with reference to those from whom it first proceeded, to have been a low and vulgar call; but that it should have been responded to by thousands and tens of thousands,—that town and village should have poured forth their inhabitants to the spectacle,—that eminent men from remote parts of the country should have flocked to it,—are matters by no means vulgar or low. The surface of the