

**BURNS IN DRAMA,  
TOGETHER WITH  
SAVED LEAVES**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649132713

Burns in drama, together with Saved leaves by James Hutchison Stirling

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.  
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

[www.triestepublishing.com](http://www.triestepublishing.com)

**JAMES HUTCHISON STIRLING**

**BURNS IN DRAMA,  
TOGETHER WITH  
SAVED LEAVES**



# BURNS IN DRAMA

TOGETHER WITH

## SAVED LEAVES

EDITED BY

JAMES HUTCHISON STIRLING



EDINBURGH ●  
EDMONSTON & COMPANY

1878

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA LIBRARY  
SERIALS ACQUISITION  
300 UNIVERSITY AVENUE  
LOS ANGELES, CALIF. 90024

## N O T E.



THE *Saved Leaves* (it is the Author speaks) are as they name themselves—saved leaves. There is a literary flush in most impressionable young students, from sixteen to twenty-three or so—of such flush these leaves are saved specimens. What is said of the *Ballad of Merla* will, with the dates, sufficiently orient the reader; who, *du reste*,—so far as the collecting is concerned,—will, perhaps, think of an occupation of recess.

It is different with *Burns in Drama*; which, nevertheless, was itself planned, begun, and in large part written in 1855. It is scarcely necessary to remark that, by this piece, no drama of plot or incident is intended, but only a study of character. With this object in view, the matter of concluding (partial) monologues was found unfit for the form of dialogue.

The judicious reader will, probably, perceive that some part of the 'saving' element was consideration of the variety of tastes.

CA 5/5/42

PR  
433  
586



# CONTENTS.



Dawson's JUN 30 1942 English Dept.

I. BURNS IN DRAMA—		PAGE
ACT I.	The Natural Jet—Awaking Youth, . . .	1
ACT II.	Opening Manhood—Young Blood, Young Feelings, Young Bitterness, . . .	6
ACT III.	Life, Love, and Horror of Eclipse, . . .	17
ACT IV.	Edinburgh and After—The Blaze and Ashes,	30
ACT V.	Dumfries and the End, . . .	55
	Note, The Character of Burns, . . .	69
II. SAVED LEAVES :—		
1.	The Novelist and the Milliner, . . .	75
2.	Venetian Madeline, . . .	83
3.	The Novel Blowers ; or Hot-Pressed Heroes, . . .	86
4.	Belshazzar's Feast, . . .	96
5.	The Tale of Aihal, . . .	100
6.	The Ballad of Merla, . . .	110
7.	Sleeping Beauty and Epilogue thereto, . . .	137
8.	The Universal Strike, . . .	161
9.	A Peep into a Welsh Iron Valley, . . .	167
10.	The Blacksmith's Home, . . .	177
11.	On Wordsworth's Great Sonnet, . . .	178
12.	Full Dress, . . .	179
13.	Social Condition of South Wales, . . .	184
14.	The Navvie, . . .	188
15.	Geenemer, . . .	194
16.	Lonely, . . .	196

Q 11/2373

SAVED LEAVES— <i>Continued.</i>		PAGE.
17.	Parted, . . . . .	197
18.	A Thought, . . . . .	197
19.	A Sabbath Thought, . . . . .	197
20.	Le Triste Métier que de Voyager, . . . . .	198
21.	The Lay of the Shuttle, . . . . .	198
22.	Sonnet of the Signora Maratti Zappi, . . . . .	199
23.	The Foreign Country at Home, . . . . .	200
24.	The Enchanted Isles, . . . . .	228
25.	Why? . . . . .	229
26.	On Jane H. S. when a Girl, . . . . .	230
27.	Ogrelike the Body Snatcher, . . . . .	230
28.	'I Am That I Am,' . . . . .	248







## BURNS IN DRAMA.

---

### ACT I.

#### THE NATURAL JET—AWAKENING YOUTH.

#### SCENE I.

*Mount Oliphant—Saturday Night—Burns' Seventeenth Year.*

WILLIAM BURNES. Hawkie dead! Just one thing after another—evil upon evil—cross upon cross—and that hard-hearted man, the Factor—

[*Enter the FACTOR.*]

MRS. BURNES (*with a start*). Gude be wi' us! Speak o' the deil—

FACTOR. Speak o' something nearer hame, mistress, and mair to the purpose.—Are ye a' gyte? Ye glower as if ye saw a warlock.

W. BURNES. You have certainly taken us by surprise, sir; but come to the fire, and seat yourself.

FACTOR. I doubt it's no worth whyle sitting, for I daur say your answer is no very pat to this bit paper.

W. BURNES. The arrears again!

FACTOR. Just that same; and no ony shorter, you'll see.

W. BURNES. I see it, sir—I know it well. But what can I say? I fear my answer must get shorter: I cannot pay.

FACTOR. But that answer I canna ony langer tak, William Burnes: I must have the money.

MRS. BURNES. But listen, sir! Surely it's no the bread o' idleness that's eaten in this house; surely it's neither what we put in us, nor what we put on us, that keeps us in your debt. We sleep little, and we work meikle. We strive and we strain; we ha'n and we kain; and we scrimp ourselves o' the very necessars o' life that we may be burthenless and blameless before God and before man. Oh, sir, sir, we mean to pay you, and we will pay you. Give us but time. Surely, surely, we do the best we can.

FACTOR. It's no for me, mistress, to say what you dae or what ye dinna dae: I'm just here to get what's awin.

MRS. BURNES. But you ken yoursel how things have gone against us—you ken yoursel what kind o' seasons—

W. BURNES. Agnes, Agnes, it is no use speaking—all has been said: I am wearied o' words, and money I have not.

FACTOR. But money you must have—money I'll mak you have, or there's na a spoon in your haun, nor a luggie on your table but 'll gang to answer for't.

MRS. BURNES. We have lost crows—we have lost cattle. This very day, Hawkie, the best o' the hale byre, is dead. From first to last it's been a bad bargain.

FACTOR. And wha made ye tak the bargain?—were you forced to it?—was it na your ain doing? And what business had a *gardener* wi' a farm at all? I suppose naething less would serve him than makin' lairds o' his sons, and leddies o' his dochters.

W. BURNES. You are not likely to understand my motives, so—

FACTOR. O ay! you are a great gentleman, are you? You could run into debt, though, and egg ithers to run into debt, and a' to get tutors, and teachers, and schoolmasters for your twa coofs there. It's a' education, education—books, books—writing-masters at Dalrymple, and French anes at Ayr, and honest folk canna get their ain aff' ye.

W. BURNES. Go on, sir, go on! I despise your meanness, and can keep my temper.

FACTOR. What business had a *gardener* body to tak a farm at all, I ask? But I maun humbly beg your pardon; it's no a *gardener* we maun ca' ye, but a great man in dis-

guise, a great man frae the north, that keepit a sword ance, the Lord preserve us! and gaed out wi't.

W. BURNES (*rising*). Sir, sir, sir!

MRS. BURNES. Dinna heed him, William: he's just wanting to anger ye.

W. BURNES. Just so! Well, sir, well? O, I can still listen.

FACTOR. Listen and pay, listen and pay. What have I to do with your losses and crosses, your bad seed, and your wat harvests, your age and your aches, your granes and your pains? It's what you deserve: it set you weel, an auld man like you, to marry a young wife, and bring a smytie o' brats into the warld ye canna provide for.

W. BURNES. Man! will ye have done? It's hard, but if we receive good—! tell ye, man, I will work these old bones bare, I will deny this old frame all—And these young things, we will wring, with the blessing of God, we will wring your money out of our thews for you. If that content you, go—take yourself from our sight. If no', then you must even do your worst. I am old, and I am spent, and I have those that need me, but I stoop no more to beg your mercy. I trust in Him who has heed even of the fowls of the air and the beasts of the field.

FACTOR. Oh, man, your airs o' resignation but mak me sick, and a' your canting but hardens me: you're just a d——d auld hypocrite, and if you don't pay, by——! I'll——

BURNS (*who suffering from headache, has been holding his head, now springing up and seizing Factor*). Silence, sir, silence! Another word from out your mouth, and I'll send your pitiful soul straight to the father o't.

FACTOR (*struggling*). Tak aff your hands, let me alane—let me alane, I say!

BURNS. No, by the Lord! I'll grip ye harder. Must we listen to such language? Did ye think I could sit thowless by and hear my father insulted and bespittled by such a slaving wretch as you? Get out of this—out with you! Out, you mean low cent-per-cent rascal you, you paper-pens-and-ink naething—out with you, or by the saul of David I'll throttle you on the door-step. (*Flings Factor out and shuts the door.*)

FACTOR (*at door*). Rook and stook, thack and rape, ye