

Members present in MDCCCXXVII

I Hugh Morris, President

II Alexander Brown, Croupier, a native of Paisley, an erratic sort of a person, and was a suthfast frien' of Andrew Crawford of Courthill.

III John Smart, Chaplin.

IV Andrew Crawford

V James Steel

VI John Murray

VII James Kenyon

VIII William Hamilton

IX John Hamilton

X John Montgomerie

XI Thomas Smith

XII Malcolm McDougal

XIII John McMillan

XIV John Barbour

XV Hugh Kerr

Members present in MDCCCXXVIII

I Andrew Crawford, President

II Hugh Morris, Croupier

III John Smart, Chaplin

IV James Kenyon

V William Hamilton

V John Hamilton

VI James McNair

VII John Montgomerie

VIII Thomas Smith

IX James Steel

X Malcolm McDougal

XI John Barbour

XII Thomas Shedden, a native of Dalry, a weaver, a good singer, and is a leader of Psalmody in Kilwinning in 1860.

XIII William Shedden, a native of Dalry. He was a weaver, and in the latter part of his life a leader of Psalmody in the parish church of Largs. He was an agreeable companion, and his singing of the sweet simple lyrics of Scotland, such as "Thou hast left me ever Jamie", was most delightful.

XIV Alexander Ritchie, a native of Bannockburn. He came to Dalry a farm servant to Mr. Thomson. He died in 1859.

XV Thomas Gibson, a native of Dalry, a wool spinner, but ultimately a Grocer in Dalry. He subsequently removed to Glasgow, and continued the Grocery. Very clever, and an acquaintance of Mrs. Thomson, the daughter of Robert Burns, The Ayrshire Poet.

XVI Archibald Duff, a native of Dalry. He was for some time employed at the loom; but in 1860 a Tea dealer, and is a man of considerable information.

Members present in MDCCCXXIX

I Andrew Crawford, President

II James Steel, Croupier

III John Smart, Chaplin

IV James Kenyon

V William Hamilton

VI John Hamilton

VII James McNair

VIII John Montgomerie

IX Malcolm McDougal

X John Barbour

XI William Shedden

XII Thomas Gibson

XIII James McDonald, a native of Rothesay. He was some years a Weaver in Dalry. In 1860 a Traveller.

XIV James Munn, a native of Dalry, a Weaver, but for many years a Tenter in the Garnock flax spinning factory, Kilbirnie, at present, 1860 residing at Johnstone. He is active and well read.

XV Robert McArthur, a native of Balfintry, Stirlingshire. He came to Dalry a Weaver, very clever and a most excellent reader of of the writings of the Poets.

James Stirrat, though he never became a member of the Club, yet his admiration for Burns was great; and it would be doing injustice to his memory were his name not recorded herein, for to use the description given of him in "The Contemporaries of Burns, and the more recent Poets of Ayrshire, he was one of the most enthusiastic admirers of the Ayrshire Poet, and who has celebrated his praise in several songs and odes of no ordinary merit, is well known in the district of Cunningham for his poetical taste and genius, several of his songs and minor pieces having appeared in various periodicals. He was born in Dalry in 1781, of which place he was postmaster. He was educated at the parish school of Dalry, and early showed an inclination to cultivate the muse.

When he was about seventeen years of age, he composed several pieces on subjects of a local and personal character, which evinced no small degree of power, and were much admired among his friends. He has written songs to several popular Scottish melodies, which only require to be known to ensure popularity; but, though often solicited, he declined coming before the public, in his own name, as an author."

He wrote the following song for the Anniversary of Dalry Burns' Club of 1829 :-

Air - There's nae luck about the house.

"There's nae bard to charm us now,

Nae bard ava,

Can sing a sang to Nature true

Since Coila's bard's awa.

The simple harp o' earlier days

In silence slumbers now;

And modern art, wi' tuneless lays,

Presumes the Nine to woo.

But nae Bard in a' our Isle,

Nae bard ava,

Frae pauky Coila wons a smile

Since Robin gaed awa.

His hamely style let Fashion spurn;

She wants baith taste and skill;

And wiser should she ever turn,

She'll sing his sangs hersel'.

For nae sang sic pathos speaks,

Nae sang ava;

And Fashion's foreign rants and squeaks

Should a' be drummed awa.

Her far-fetch'd figures aye maun fail

To touch the feeling heart,

Simplicity's direct appeal

Excels sic learned art.

And nae modern minstrel's lay
Nae lay ava,
Sae powerfully the heart can sway
As Robin's that's awa.
For o'er his numbers Coila's muse
A magic influence breathed,
And round her darling poet's brows
A peerless crown had wreathed.
And nae wreath that e'er was seen,
Nae wreath ava,
Will bloom sae lang's the holly green
O' Robin that's awa.
Let Erin's minstrel, Tommy Moore,
His lyrics sweetly sing;
'Twould lend his harp a higher power
Would Coila add a string.
For nae harp has yet been kent,
Nae harp ava,
To match the harp that Coila lent
To Robin that's awa.
And though our shepherd, Jamie Hogg,
His pipe fu' sweetly plays,
It ne'er will charm auld Scotland's lug
Like Ploughman robin's lays.
For nae pipe will Jamie tune,
Nae pipe ava,
Like that which breath'd by 'bonnie Doon',
Ere Robin gaed awa.
Even Scotland's pride, Sir Walter Scott,
Who boldly strikes the lyre,
Maun yield to Robin's sweet love note
His native wit and fire.

For nae bard hath ever sung,

Nae bard ava,

In hamely or in foreign tongue,

Like Robin that's awa.

Frae feeling heart Tom Campbell's lays

In classic beauty flow,

But Robin's artless song displays

The soul's impassion'd glow.

For nae bard by classic love,

Nae bard ava,

Has thrill'd the bosom's inmost cove

Like Robin that's awa.

A powerfu' harp did Byron sweep,

But not wi' happy glee;

And though his tones were strong and deep,

He ne'er could change the key.

For nae bard beneath the fift,

Nae bard ava,

Wi' master skill the keys could shift,

Like Robin that's awa.

He needs nae monumental stanes

To keep alive his fame;

Auld Granny Scotland and her weans

Will ever sing his name.

For nae name does Fame record,

Nae name ava,

By Caledonia mair adored,

Than Robin's that's awa."

Members present in MDCCCXXX

I Andrew Crawford, President

II Hugh Morris, Croupier

III John Smart, Chaplain

IV James Munn

V Robert McArthur

VI James McNair

VII John Barbour

VIII John Montgomerie

IX James McDonald

X James Steel

XI Malcolm McDoudal

XII Thomas Gibson

XIII James Kenyon

XIV William Hamilton

XV John Hamilton

XVI Robert Brown, a native of Dalry. He was some years a Weaver, but ultimately a Gardener.

XVII John Stirrat, a native of Dalry, where he was for some years a Weaver. He is now, in 1860, a J.P. and laird of Birket, and Birket Street, Ardrossan.

XVIII William Shedden

XIX Robert Crawford, born in the farm-house of Burnhouse, Dalry. He is a Weaver and Sheriff Officer in 1860. He used to keep a singing school, and sang a song very well.

XX John Kerr

Members present in MDCCCXXXI

I Andrew Crawford, President

II Hugh Morris, Croupier

III John Smart, Chaplin

IV James Munn

V Robert McArthur

VI James McNair

VII John Barbour

VIII John Montgomerie

IX James McDonald

X James Dunlop, a native of Dalry. He was some years a weaver, very intelligent, and became an optician and astronomer, and went with General Brisbane to Australia and assisted the General there in his astronomical studies.

XI Malcolm McDougal

XII Thomas Gibson

XIII James Kenyon

XIV William Hamilton

XV John Hamilton

XVI Robert Brown

XVII John Stirrat

XVIII William Shedden

XIX John Kerr

XX Hugh Kerr

The said John Hamilton (XV) composed the following song for this year

" which was sung with great applause ":-

Air - Hey for a lass with a Tocher

" Since last we assembled a year has rolled o'er us,
Wi' its hopes and its fears, wi' its joys and its sorrows,
Tho' little we see o' the path that's before us,
Yet lift up your voices and join in the chorus

Till Time bring the day that shall end us,
May Comfort and peace aye attend us,
May Plenty her blessing aye send us
And aft may we meet ere we die.

While over life's ocean we're manfully steering,
Frae rectitude's course may we ne'er be found veering,
Tho' lashed wi' the waves of misfortune uncheering,
May hope's fairy-land still ahead be appearing.

To lilt o'er the sangs o' the bard we revere,
To crack o' the ploughman whom Scotland holds dear,
To gladden our hearts wi' the landlady's cheer,
This night we ha'e met, and we'll meet ilka year.

This night let our quorum be canty thegither,
Let happiness smile on each son o' his mither,
In friendship we met, and in love we will sever
And a' the year through count each member a brither.

Members present in MDCCCXXXII

I Andrew Crawford, President

II Hugh Morris, Croupier

III John Smart, Chaplin

IV William Hamilton, Treasurer

V John Montgomerie

VI James McDonald

VII James Munn

VIII Malcolm McDougal

IX James Steel

X James Kenyon

XI Thomas Gibson

XII James McNair

XIII John Barbour

XIV Robert McArthur

XV John Kerr

XVI John Hamilton

XVII Hugh Kerr

XVIII James Crawford, a native of Dalry, a weaver, and extremely jovial.

XIX Samuel Slean, a native of Dalry. He was a weaver, but in 1860, a Contractor in Glasgow.

XX William Brown, born in Courthill, Dalry in 1785. He was some years a weaver, but subsequently a Gardener. He is at present, 1860, employed with the Glengarnock Iron Company, and is handy and generally useful. It frequently falls on him at the anniversary to sing "There was alad was born in Kyle", which he executes with much animation.

XXI Hugh Manners, a native of Kilwinning, and is Butler at Blair in 1860.

Members present in MDCCCXXXIII

I Andrew Crawford, President

II Hugh Morris, Croupier

III William Hamilton, Treasurer

IV John Smart, Chaplin

V John Montgomerie

VI James McDonald

VII Malcolm McDougal

VIII Robert McArthur

IX James Munn

X Thomas Barr, a native of Beith, a Cotton Spinner, but ultimately a Weaver in Dalry where he died in 1845. He was clever.

XI James Kenyon

XII Thomas Gibson

XIII James Crawford

XIV Samuel Sloan

XV William Brown

XVI Hugh Manners

XVII Andrew Aitken, Overton, Beith, of whom we read on his tombstone in Beith Auld Kirkyard, raised to his memory by the companion of his youth, Wm. Patrick, Esq. W.S. Edinburgh; thus,

Andrew Aitken, Farmer,

Born at Langside 1 March MDCCLXXX;

Died at Overton 11 September MDCCCL

He was aman of extensive reading and considerable literary attainments. His tracts on Agriculture are highly useful and practical. His essays and other writings instructive and purely moral. He was strictly honest and honourable in all his dealings, and lived and died highly respected and esteemed by his friends and neighbours.

XVIII John Stirrat

XIX Thomas Robinson, a native of Beith.

Members present in MDCCCXXXIV

I Andrew Crawford, President

II Hugh Morris, Croupier

III William Hamilton, Treasurer

IV John Smart, Chaplin

V Samuel Sloan

VI John Stirrat

VII Thomas Barr

VIII James McNair

IX James Munn

X James McDonald

XI Robert McArthur

XII Malcolm McDougal

XIII John Montgomerie

XIV Andrew Aitken

XV John Kerr

XVI James Kenyon

XVII Thomas Gibson

XVIII John Hamilton

XIX John Stevenson, A native of Kilbirnie, He was farmer in Lochend, a curious body, and sang "O Willie brew'd a peck o' maut" with peculiar glee.

Members present in MDCCCXXXV

I Andrew Crawford, President

II Hugh Morris, Croupier

III William Hamilton, Treasurer

IV John Smart, Chaplin

V John Stirrat

VI Thomas Barr

VII James McNair

VIII James Munn

IX James Kenyon

X Robert McArthur

XI Malcolm McDougal

XII John Montgomerie

XIII John Kerr

XIV Thomas Gibson

XV John Hamilton

XVI Andrew Aitken

XVII James Crawford

XVIII Peter Colligan. He was many years landlord of the King's Arms Inn, Dalry; as also a Teacher of deportment and Callisthenics.

XIX James Steel

The following verses were written by Thomas Macqueen for the Dalry Burns' Club in 1835. He was many years a stone mason in Kilbirnie, but removed to the farm cottage of Barkip, near Beith. He emigrated to America, and is at present, 1860, proprietor and editor of the "Huron Signal", Hamilton, Canada West;-

'Tis sickening to the soul to trace

The annals of the human race

In ev'ry clime and age

To mark with philosophic eye

The dismal depths of misery

That dim historic page.

'Tis sad to see untutor'd man
Govern'd on Nature's equal plan,
Ere science is unfurl'd
Basely degraded to a slave
By some dark-foul'd designing knave,
That pants to chain the world.

But how redeeming 'tis to see
Some mighty mind that would be free,
Soar with gigantic flight,
To break the chain, to burst the gloom,
Dark superstition to illume
With intellectual light.

Indignant for the dire disgrace
That throws o'er his injured race,
He spurns prvailling power
Explodes the mystery that shrouds
Kings, popes, and priests from vulgar crowds .
That 'neath appression lower.

He flings the stagg'ring truth abroad,
That man the image of his God,
Should bow to none but heaven,
So loud his song, so dense its power
It shakes the despot in his tower
He sees his fetters riven.

Such was the mind that roused, erewhile,
The mental energies of Kyle
And echoed o'er the world
Till pageantry and titled clay
And sacred mum'ries of the day
Say openly unfurl'd.

Hypocrisy received a shock
That half her sanction'd credit broke
In ev'ry Church around
Formality was almost dead
Ev'n yet she hings a guilty head
And festers at the wound.

Rear grim Intolerance thy front
And fret and foam as thou art wont
Around the poet's name,
Blind Superstition, rise! and rave,
Thy maledictions o'er his grave
Give laurels to his name.

When stern Appression's day is gone,
And Bigotry's unhallowed groan
Howls through oblivion's urns,
When Kings and priests have ceased to reign,
Proud Scotland in enlighten'd strain,
Shall venerate her Burns!