

Members present in MDCCCXXXVI

I Andrew Crawford, President

II James McNaair, Croupier

III William Hamilton, Treasurer

IV John Smart, Chaplin

V John Stirrat

VI James Munn

VII Robert McArthur

VIII Malcolm McDougal

IX John Montgomerie

X John Kerr

XI James Kenyon

XII Thomas Gibson

XIII John Hamilton

XIV Andrew Aitken

XV James Crawford

XVI Peter Colligan

XVII Hugh Allan, a native of Dalry. He was for some years employed at the loom, but in 1860, he is a gas maker, and is a solid sensible man. The song which he always sings at the meetings of the club, is one of Robert Nicol's, entitled "We are Brethren a'", beginning with-

"A happy bit hame this auld world would be,

If men, when they're here, could make shift to gree,

An' ilk said to his neighbour, in Cottage an' ha',

'Come, gi'e me your hand- we are brethren a'!"

XVIII William Marshall, a native of Dalry

XIX John Crawford, Beith, a Weaver and a florist

XX Robert Harvie, anative of Dalry. He is a mason, was long employed at the Duke of Hamilton's Palace

The following song was written for and sung at Burns' anniversary of Dalry Burns' Club, to the air of "Scots, wha ha'e wi Wallace bled":-

Time away like lightning flies,
Clouds evanish from the skies
But a genius never dies

Ever green is he.

Though the mortal parts of Burns
Moulder in decaying urns,
Yet his spirit beams and burns

As a Seraph, free.

By hte Cotter's blazing hearth,
Still he yields the yonkers mirth,
Charms all men through all the earth,

And upon the sea.

At the magic of his lyre,
Love lights up his sacred fire,
Native wit and grand desire-

Powerful kindred three.

When the chords his hands runs o'er,
Every heart thrills to the core;
All the would-bes, form'd by love,

Turn their backs and flee.

Scotia's hills, and mountains strong,
Winding streams, and valleys long,
Consecrated by his song,

Chant and sing wi' glee..

Priestcraft withers when he frowns
Tyrants quake beneath their crowns,
And the lads wi' wigs and gowns,

Turn their heads agee.

On his hallow'd natl night,
Let our cares in air take flight,
Let us quaff till morning light,

To his memory.

Members present in MDCCCXXXVII

I Andrew Crawford, President

II James McNair, Croupier

III John Stirrat, Treasurer

IV John Smart, Chaplin

V Malcolm McDougal

VI James Munn

VII Robert McArthur

VIII John Montgomerie

IX James Kenyon

X James Crawford

XI Hugh Allan

XII William Marshall

XIII John Hamilton

XIV Peter Colligan

XV James Rodger, a native of Dalry. He was for some time a weaver, but ultimately an Engineer in Johnstone, where he died.

XVII Hamilton Anderson, a native of Dalry. He was a Weaver; but in 1860 an Ironmonger in Sydney. He had a good mechanical turn of mind.

XVIII James Wyte, Kilwinning. He is a quiet, sober, excellent sort of a man, and a most enthusiastic admirer of Burns.

Members present in MDCCCXXXVIII

I Andrew Crawford, President

II James McNair, Croupier

III Robert McArthur, Treasurer

IV John Smart, Chaplin

V John Montgomerie

VI John Stirrat

VII Malcolm McDougal

VIII James Kenyon

IX John Kerr

X Hugh Allan

XI Peter Colligan

XII James Rodger

XIII James White

XIV John Crawford

XV James Gillies, a native of Dalry. He was a Weaver; subsequently a Letter Carrier. He is at present, 1860, in Illinois, America.

XVI Hugh Logan, a native of Kilwinning, and sang a good comic song.

Members present in MDCCCXXXIX

I Andrew Crawford, President

II James McNair, Croupier

III Robert McArthur, Treasurer

IV John Montgomerie

V Malcolm McDougal

VI James Kenyon

VII John Kerr

VIII James Crawford

IX Hugh Allan

X Peter Colligan

XI James Rodger

XII James White

XIII Hugh Logan

XIV Robert Harvie

XV Hugh Speirs, a native of Dalry. He was a Weaver; and acted as Librarian to Dalry Library. He was ultimately a Grocer; and took a most active part in the management of the Dalry Olive Lodge of Free Gardeners. He was a most sensible and intelligent man.

XVI John Crawford

XVII Robert Crawford

XVIII Robert Swinson

XIX John Smart

Thomas Macqueen wrote the following verses for this meeting:-

Tears have roll'd on, and with their tide
Did countless generations glide
Like bubbles to the sea,
And millions yet are pressing on
To plunge into that dark unknown,
That dread eternity.

Yet of this great unnumbered mass,
But few are noticed as they pass,
And fewer when they're gone,
They melt away and leave no trace,
Their labours and their names give place
To others passing on.

Even some whose intellectual rays,
Have borne them down to other days,
Encircled with their fame
Have lost in more enlightened times
Their virtues and applauded crimes
Their honours and their name.

But time may roll and customs change,
And mind may ransack nature's range,
With fearless step and free,
And soaring from her dark disguise,
With elevated views may rise,
To native dignity,

Yet in this bright unclouded sphere,
Shall Coila's ploughman still appear
The favourite of all
With equal welcome shall his strain
Be hail'd in Cottage of the swain,
And pageant's lordly hall.

Or should, by time's convulsions sway'd,
The march of mind turn retrograde
Far back to ruder days
Yet even here the ploughman's name,
Enshrined in never-fading fame,
Would animate the mare.

Yea, time's revolving wheels may cause
New creeds, new governments and laws
And man may sink or soar,
Yet must the lyre of Burns be heard
With Kindred sympathy's regard
Till Nature's reign is o'er.

Yet his was not the flowery song
That lures us as it leads along,
Like Syren's witching theme,
'Tis not the war-song's piercing call
'Tis nature's voice that speaks in all
Eternally the same.

To local legends unconfined
He paints the subtle human mind,
Through all its varied turns
And long shall honour'd Ayrshire boast
Her ploughman bard- then let us toast
The memory of Burns.

Members present in MDCCCXL

- I Andrew Crawford, President
- II Hugh Morris, Croupier
- III Robert McArthur, Treasurer
- IV John Montgomerie
- V Malcolm McDougal
- VI James McNair
- VII John Kerr
- VIII James Crawford
- IX Hugh Allan
- X Peter Colligan
- XI James White
- XII Hugh Logan
- XIII Robert Crawford
- XIV Robert Livinson
- XV Peter Anderson, a mason, and belongs to Dundee.
- XVI David Patrick, a native of Dalry. He is Factor to Blair of Blair; as also surveyor to the Road Trustees, and is pretty clever. He is fond of hunting, and is often judge at the Ardrossan Greyhound Courses.
- XVII Thomas Ferguson
- XVIII Robert Harvie

Members present in MDCCCXLI

- I Andrew Crawford, President
- II Hugh Morris, Croupier
- III Malcolm McDougal, Treasurer
- IV James McNair
- V John Montgomerie
- VI John Kerr
- VII Robert McArthur
- VIII Peter Colligan
- IX Hugh Allan
- X James Gillies
- XI Robert Crawford
- XII Robert Livinson
- XIII David Patrick
- XIV James Law, born in the farmhouse of Kamehill, Kilbirnie, a Mason, a Vintner in Johnstone, 1860.
- XV Alexander Taggart
- XVI Adam Anderson
- XVII Robert Montgomerie, Inspector of the poor in Dalry in 1860, an active intelligent man.
- XVIII Robert Pollock, a native of Dalry, a mason.
- XIX Thomas Morris, a native of Dalry, and is an agent for Weavers.

Members present in MDCCCXLII

I Andrew Crawford, President

II Thomas Morris, Croupier

III Malcolm McDougal, Treasurer

IV Hugh Morris

V John Montgomerie

VI John Kerr

VII Peter Colligan

VIII Hugh Allan

IX James Gillies

X Robert Crawford

XI Robert Livinson

XII David Patrick

XIII James Law

XIV Adam Anderson

XV Robert Montgomerie

XVI James Crawford

XVII Andrew Aitken

XVIII John Crawford

XIX Alexander Leichman. He was Cashier at Glengarnock Iron Works, Kilbirnie, was a jolly pretty-looking man, and sang an excellent song. There could scarce be anything finer than to have heard him sing "The Banks of Allan Water".

XX James McNair

Andrew Aitken, Overton, Beith, recited the following verses at this meeting.

Time soon slips awa' for its saxteen lang towmonds

Since our social Burns' Club did begin;

And we've annually met on this night most auspicious,

In Johnny Montgomerie's Inn.

We have sung o' the Bard, in his fame we've rejoiced,

And drunk to the health o' his kin;

The poets deceased and alive we ha'e toasted

When met in Montgomerie's Inn.

But the fame o' our Burns has extended already
As far through the earth as't can win,
Sae we can add naething thereto by our meeting
This night in Montgomerie's Inn.

On our ain account, then, we assemble this e'ening,
And, though cynics may count it a sin,
We get happy, at least, aye ae night o' the season
On the best in Montgomerie's Inn.

It's just theeket wi' strae, an' but laigh o' the ceiling,
That we scarce can stan' up straight within,
But there's aye something quid baith for eating and drinking
To be had in Montgomerie's Inn.

Frae the women folk, first, we derive our existence,
And maist o' the quid that we fin';
Sae, if happy just now, thank the care and attention
O' the wife o' Montgomerie's Inn.

O' the wife o' Dalry' much has been said an' written,
But there's wives in Dalry, more than ane,
That are 'crowns to their husbands' - Guid bless them a' halesale
Wi' the wife o' Montgomerie's Inn.

There are wives that can bear, and can nurse up braw bairnies,
Bake scones, sew, mak Kebbocks, an' spin;
But there's few that can mix up a haggis sae nicely
As the wife o' Montgomerie's Inn.

Burns sang o' a haggis - its ample dimensions,
Ingredients rich, an' clear skin;
But ne'er 'Chietain pudding' deserved a 'bethanket'
Like ours in Montgomerie's Inn.

May he beg for a scone, or a cauld boiled potato,
Wha was saucily toss up his chin
At the hamely substantials o' life thus prepared
By the wife o' Montgomerie's Inn.

When the landlord comes up wi' a smile on his visage
Wi' the stoup fu' o' whisky or gin,
Inspired we become, sing, recite our effusions
Wi' birr, in Montgomerie's Inn.

An' its natural we should, when the wind-bag's distended
The drone-pipes commence making din;
An' we're whyles somewhat loud, but we're never discontent;
When met in Montgomerie's Inn.

Some chaps we aft see, wi' sic plenty to guxxle,
Are neither to haud nor to bin',
But wad swear, fight, break jugs, an alarm a' the neebours,
Far an' near roun' Montgomerie's Inn.

Sic fools should gae join Father Mathew's teetotals,
And evermore keep in the pin,
Or come down to Dalry, an' learn mair wiselike conduct
Frae our Club at Montgomerie's Inn.

We ha'e met aye weel pleased, wi' regret we ha'e parted,
An' gif I be na crippled an' blin',
I'll mak shift, my guid frien's, whyles to crawl down an' meet ye
In far-famed Montgomerie's Inn.

Our tried trusty chairman, wha lang has stood by us
Untired. through thick an' through thin;
We owe much to his guidance - his seat he well merits
This night in Montgomerie's Inn.

Old time, year by year, brings about mickle changes -
At twice rail-road-speed let it rin;
We'llaye hope for the best, an' perhaps taste the haggies
Neist year at Montgomerie's Inn.

But distress stalks abroad, and increasing privation,
An' a' body's fa'ing behin';
An' much wemay see, to the warr or the better,
Ere we meet in Montgomerie's Inn.

At this period, the inhabitants of Paisley, and several other manufacturing towns and villages, were nearly in a starving condition.

Members present in MDCCCXLIII

- I Andrew Crawford, President
- II Hugh Morris, Croupier
- III Malcom McDougal, Treasurer
- IV John Montgomerie
- V Robert McArthur
- VI James McNair
- VII John Kerr
- VIII Hugh Allan
- IX James Gillies
- X Robert Livinson
- XI Robert Montgomerie
- XII Thomas Morris
- XIII John Crawford
- XIV James White
- XV Hugh Logan
- XVI David Longwill
- XVII Mr. Somerville



Andrew Crawford

*Member of the Society of the Friends of the
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Society of the Friends of the*

Adopted 1843

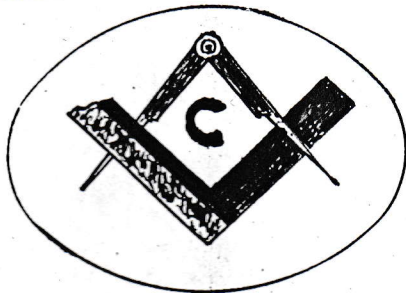
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Up where ...



Andrew Crauford,
A native of Dalry, Ayrshire, Scotland,
who died at Liberty Prairie, 9th Sept. 1853,
Aged 81 years.

Amiable and beloved husband, farewell!
Thy years like thy virtues were many:
They are recorded not on this perishing
Stone, but in the Book of Life, and
In the hearts of afflicted friends.



Of whom see page 111.