

ON AN EVENING VIEW OF LINCLUDEN ABBEY.

Ye holy walls that still sublime
Resist the crumbling touch of time, &c.

Mr. Scott Douglas says—"We are assured that these verses were composed about the year 1813, by Mr. W. Joseph Walter, tutor in the family of Maxwell of Terregles."

TO THE OWL.

Sad bird of night, what sorrows call thee forth,
To vent thy plaints thus in the midnight hour?

This piece, first published by Cromek, is said to have been written by an unknown person of the name of John M'Creddie. It was found in Burns's handwriting, with occasional interlineations, and probably had been submitted to him for his opinions and corrections.

THE VOWELS: A TALE.

'Twas where the birch and sounding thong are plied,
The noisy domicile of pedant pride;
Where ignorance her darkening vapour throws,
And cruelty directs the thickening blows:
Upon a time Sir Abece the great,
In all his pedagogic powers elate,
His awful chair of state resolves to mount,
And call the trembling vowels to account.

This also was first published by Cromek, being found in the poet's handwriting among his papers. The same may be said of it as of the foregoing: we can hardly believe it to be Burns's own.

TO MY BED.

Thou bed, in which I first began
To be that various creature—*Man!* &c.

This was originally published in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for May, 1759 (the year of Burns's birth), with the initials "R. B." attached, hence, probably, the error of attributing it to Burns.

LAMENT,

WRITTEN WHEN ABOUT TO LEAVE SCOTLAND.

O'er the mist-shrouded cliffs of the lone mountain
straying,
Where the wild waves of winter incessantly rave,
What woes wring my heart while intently surveying
The storm's gloomy path on the breast of the wave!

Written by John Byrnt, who in 1814 was a schoolmaster at Kilmarnock, and who emigrated to the United States two or three years

later, having first published a little volume of poems called *Hours Poeticae*. A notice of him is given in the *Contemporaries of Burns* (1840).

HAPPY FRIENDSHIP.

Here around the ingle bleezing,
Wha sae happy and sae free;
Though the northern wind blows freezing,
Friendship warms baith you and me.
Happy we are a' thegither,
Happy we'll be yin an' a', &c.

First assigned to the poet in the 8vo edition of Cunningham's *Burns*, but on no sufficient grounds. Certainly Burns never wrote "yin" for "ane."

THE TITHER MORN.

The tither morn, when I forlorn
Beneath an aik sat moanin,
I did na trow I'd see my jo
Beside me gin the gloaming, &c.

Often attributed to Burns, but Mr. Scott Douglas says: "We are satisfied that every word of it was written before Burns was born. It is given, with the music, in old English collections, under the title of 'The Surprise, a favourite Scots Song,' verbatim as in the *Museum*." It also appeared in *The Goldfinch*, Edinburgh, 1782.

TO THREE LOVED NITH.

A poem by Mrs. Walter Riddell, published by Cromek as a fragment by Burns. It will be found complete in vol. iv. p. 242.

SHELAH O'NEIL.

A humorous song written by Sir Alexander Boswell. Strange that anyone should ever have thought it Burns's.

EVAN BANKS.

Slow spreads the gloom my soul desires,
The sun from India's shore retires:
To Evan banks with temperate ray,
Home of my youth, he leads the day.

In the *Museum* it is said to be "written for this work by Robert Burns," but it is really the composition of Helen Maria Williams, a well-known authoress contemporary with Burns, and who had also some correspondence with him. See vol. iv. p. 140.