

JAMES HOGG,

AN ATTEMPT AT A NEW ESTIMATE, WITH AN ACCOUNT OF HIS PLACE AND
IMPORTANCE IN SCOTTISH LITERATURE.

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SECTION 1.

INTRODUCTORY.

The part which Robert Burns played in the re-birth of personality and individuality in English Literature has long been recognised, and his directly inspiring influence, even on so independent a poet as Wordsworth, needs no emphasising at this time of day. But, strange as it may at first sight seem, Burns' poetry by no means represents the distinctively Scottish share in the new poetic development. In his genius, Scottish enough in locality, there is a universal element which brings him definitely into line with English literary progress, makes his work easily assimilated with that literature, and renders him much more British than Scottish. Indeed, his nationality chiefly is apparent in what one might call his democratic attitude to life and to poetry.

But when we come to consider the later men who sprang up, not so much from Burns' example, as from a reacting impulse of the literature which Burns had inspired, we are at once aware of a difference in attitude and effect. These are generally writers who, made conscious of themselves by the stimulus of English literature, turn eagerly to their own country and people, and proceed to explore and discover, to understand and interpret, what otherwise would have lain hidden, unappreciated and unused. They become aware of the value of what they find, they put it at its true price, because they have to a large extent been trained out of their own immediate surroundings. Alert and expert, they know what to expect, and how to use it, and it is from these later men, that the peculiar contribution of Scotland in the early years of the nineteenth century to British literature is conspicuously traceable.

There are many of these men; and springing up rapidly, they formed in their zest for life as well as literature, a notable contrast to the almost rootless circle of writers - philosophers and historians - characteristic of an earlier day. They made Scottish literature notable. More, they made it influential. Some of them, like Dr. Moir, for instance, were as far as Scottish traits are concerned, quite minor men, almost confessedly imitative; others, and the most important, like John Galt, Allan Cunningham, and James Hogg, while obviously debtors for their literature ~~inspiration~~, have something of their own to offer; and in their works, with their strength and weakness, we find opening to our interested eyes much that Scotland alone gave or could give to the full rich life then seeking expression on every side. All alike owed incalculable inspiration to Sir Walter Scott; the best of them gave him much, very much; and there were even those who had what he could never take, and who in consequence offer us traits and characteristics seen only in their true light when considered as complementary to the work of the greater man.

The more one studies the features of the time, the more one becomes convinced of the intermediary position of Scott. He is in the first place the most apparent channel through which educative and stimulating currents flow for the benefit of his obscurer contemporaries; and in the second place, he is the means by which their discoveries and peculiarities/

ities of valuable outlook and study are transmitted to the wider world lying almost beyond their knowledge. He rouses many of them into literary activity, by an impetus which they needed and readily responded to; he is helped over and over again by what they can give him, tapping resources from which by training and environment he was practically excluded. Nor is this a complete account of the relationship. There were aspects he could not assimilate. But the men who knew these thoroughly, inspired by him, were able to make of these unassimilated portions their own small but tangible and good contributions to the literature and poetry of the time. What the master could not use, they made into delicate objects of a beauty that constantly appeals, and of a value that no Scotsman at least will question. Two names stand out in this connection, those of Allan Cunningham and James Hogg, with the latter of whom it is the purpose here to deal more particularly.

That Hogg ought to be chosen for such a study is clear when we think that not only is he the greatest of the satellites, not only is his work characterised by a more original beauty, but the personal connection with Scott was at once more intimate and effective on both sides, than that of any of the others. A study of Hogg with constant reference, by similarity or contrast, to Sir Walter Scott has seemed to me for a long time now to be full of suggestive possibilities. Taken separately, each represents an aspect of what might be called the Scottish Romantic Movement; taken together, they seem to round off, to make complete, the not inconsiderable share of Scotland in the wider and all-absorbing poetical development. Indeed, it is in their differences more than in their similarities, that the student is made aware of the various factors which made the Scottish contribution so potent, and rendered it in some ways the swan-song of the purely national literature, before the final merging into the broad wide harmony that welcomed while absorbing it.

There is little doubt that this final outburst of Scottish Literature was largely due to southern influence, but apart altogether from similarities due to fundamental likeness and constant reaction, there is much in the Northern spirit quite original and therefore powerfully effective in the eventual whole. In many ways, it is to be seen taking its own course, seeking the new interest in quite peculiar directions, with the result that the influential flow is frequently southward. Much of this is due to the varying progress of the two countries, in History and in Literature alike; to the different degrees of educated unity in the two peoples; and, internally, to the wide divergence in Scotland, between peasant and civilian, productive of a curious local interaction, constantly active, and visible enough in Scott and Hogg.

The matter of the persistence of Tradition is a notable case in point; a factor far more obviously at work in the Scottish than in the English literature of the period. It seems more in the life-blood of the Scot. This is due not so much to any inherent national differences of character and temperament, as to historical and industrial conditions. One has the impression, rightly or wrongly, of an English people, early consolidated, advancing unbrokenly through long generations, becoming gradually detached from the old inherited ideas and fancies, and so growing homogeneously more literary. One feels that the popular expression is of the same type essentially as the cultured, that it follows in the same/

direction though continually on a lower stratum, and that consequently, there is a definite lack of what one might call popular inspiration - a fact which may explain the constant dependence of English literary movements on external influences for a new and reviving impulse. In Scotland, there seems always to have existed alongside of any literary circle, a sincere and deep popular feeling, easily embodying itself in distinctive and stimulative expression. This is very evident in the days which elapse between Burns and Scott - an educated society brought after years of "Athenian" isolation into pulsing contact with a latent and half-expressed poetry, the peasants stirred into expression by contact with the professed literary classes, and out of the mutually co-operating influences a literature produced which, always attractive to ourselves, became, when communicated to the Southron through its attainment in Burns and Scott, a very certain element in the movement away from correctness and social morality. Some such sanative medicine the English Romantic poets were instinctively seeking, and certainly without success in the direction indicated by Gray's historical and Norse odes or by Southey's epics. There they found no permanent remedy, for it was an unnatural connection and the result of almost deliberate search, comparable with the critic - inspired suggestions for the revival of modern English music on a basis of ancient folk-song. They did not find it where they sought it, but it was waiting for them, powerful for good, in the Scottish moors and mosses. Alien as it was, it could not all be accepted. But when it had been so transmuted that the highly civilised and therefore, to a certain extent, unsympathetic Englishman could assimilate it, the vast powers were immediately at work; and here is one channel at least through which essentially Scottish ideas and outlook became contributory to the English Revival.

The persistence of this Tradition is all-important in Scottish local literature. It is of the very essence of Highland and preindustrial Lowland life. With it the peasants were quite content, finding in it all the inspiration they needed for the conduct of their daily affairs; and, all the stimulus they desired towards beauty and emotional satisfaction. It did not readily express itself, did not easily find its way into conscious art. It is often so wrapped in the very tissue of their lives as never to be aware of the possibility of a separate existence. Stories were told and ballads sung, but they remained crude and undeveloped, suggestive rather than worked out, and relying for a full understanding on listeners who easily adopted the suggestions, easily allowed their tradition-fed fancies to fill up the obvious gaps. The stories and ballads were little more than hints. And even when the men of the districts, nurtured in tradition more than in religion, grew up to consciousness of themselves, their upbringing was evident more in the resultant character, and maybe in attitude and temperament, than in any actual conscious expression of the old world environment that had nourished them. There was powerful matter, but it was long in finding an outlet.

Edward Irving is an interesting example. He was brought up in a district where all the outward signs of a vigorous if stern piety were visible - and to all modern appearance, singularly destitute of grace and beauty, of ability to inspire. To a stranger, they were absolutely useless/

useless. To a boy, nurtured among them, they were hints, these patriarchal prayers and household psalms, round which the imagination could lovingly linger; on which, rugged and unattractive enough foundation, the very pillars of Heaven could be erected. For every bare rite and uncouth ceremony, every household prayer, every family name, every moor and bog, heathery hill and stony burn, was alike in this - they were imaginative records and relics, for ever suggesting, for ever clothed in an atmosphere of appealing tradition. But it is not Edward Irving who has given us the key to this Annandale life. It was too much bone of his bone, too much of the essential fabric of life, ever to find any expression in him other than the temperament and thrilling personality of the man. His attempts in literature are not many, outside of his sermons, and even these do not become conscious of what was so vital an element in his life. It remained hidden, stimulating no doubt, at work alike in his triumph and in his tragedy, but only once observed, studied, examined. (a.) It was not he, who could set free the vast resources of the Scottish Lowlands and make them an inspiration for a whole people.

Yet he is exactly the man, so born and later projected into new surroundings, whom we would expect not only to become aware in retrospect of his early training, but to provide a channel whereby these influences could become understood of his new associates. But with these Irving was never temperamentally at one. To be an effective interpreter to them was therefore impossible. And it is questionable if the very fact that his mind sought expression always through religious emotion did not shut out any possibility of consciousness towards his past. There was no sudden shock of realisation in his life, no sudden break, no new influence which would startle him and make him look back across a cleavage stirring his mind and stimulating his imagination. He never became aware of his past sufficiently to express it. All through his life, he is being carried from one dream-logic position to another, without ever feeling himself brought up to examine and criticise, to weigh and judge. His early outlook, like his last, is the result of a mind, surrounded by hosts of silent witnesses, to which he actively and constantly responds, but which he never sufficiently submits to the touch-stone of earthly judgments to enable him to give them an embodiment understandable of all men. A portrait to his fellows, a steadily moving undisturbed self-contained soul to himself, he least of all was fitted to make his country, its thoughts, its traditions, familiar to the world.

To these circumstances in the life of Edward Irving there are many parallels in James Hogg, a man stirred by the same environment and caught even by the same tremendous dream-world, who yet became what Irving failed to become, a permanent influence on the thought of his age through the surroundings of his childhood's development. In Hogg we can see, stuttering and uncertain, but definitely present, signs of potency and human value absent from the bigger but more abstract, and therefore feebler individuality of the puzzling Scottish minister. For the Shepherd, sensitive as Irving to grand nebulous visions of immaterial abstractions, was at the critical time in his life, before he had erected a barrier between himself and his contemporaries, brought into vital contact with them and their ideas, made aware of his past from a point whence he could/

could easily bridge the widening chasm, and did so bridge it, with a result not at all fully visible in his own writings. Not only as an interpreter but as an inspirer of other men to interpret; not only as a builder, but as a hewer of stones for others, Hogg comes before the student of literature. In what Edward Irving did not do, there is more than a hint as to what was necessary and what was present in men like Scott and Hogg, to render them channels through which Scottish life and traditions might flow and become greatly stimulating, even to the world which Irving so tragically failed to move.

Herein lies the importance of James Hogg. Brought up in the midst of a traditional religion, he was in no sense over-ridden by it. By his early escape from the stricter family atmosphere, he was quickly into the freer air of the wilds, legend-haunted and so appealing to him, but permeated with stories at the same time wider in outlook and geniality, deeper rooted in the past, and so inculcating a sympathy far more embracing than could otherwise have been his. By virtue of this emancipation, he was enabled to become the interpreter of the generation-built tradition of his district. Not only the martyrs, but the Border raiders, the athletic dalesmen and moormen, the Catholic virgins and witches, all find through the Shepherd a ready rendering into a language and medium easily to be understood.

So it is that he contrasts with Irving. But it is natural, all the more that the comparison is self-sought, to contrast him with Burns. How is it that it is Hogg and Hogg's locality which is the contributing factor to this side of Romanticism? The reason is not hard to find. Burns, brought up in a district already in line with the growing industrialism of the South and of Glasgow, sceptical and critical as is the early attitude of an industrial community, had already lost touch with the traditions of the country-side, primarily because they themselves were dead. Burns knows nothing of the supernatural, and makes no use of it for itself. His "Tam O' Shanter" is confessedly a drunken man's fancy, his "Death and Doctor Hornbook" a mere conventional and unbelieving use of a ghost as a handy satirical vehicle. He could never have written 'Kilmeny'; temperament and surroundings alike forbade it. For Ayrshire was already on the high road of commerce when the Borders were still a remote community, taking no part in through traffic, and having difficult communication even with Edinburgh. It is little wonder, therefore, that the Borders were at least a generation behind the western counties. And when the time came for a conscious attitude to the traditions of Ayrshire, they were already forgotten, approachable, if ever, only through the aloofness of a much later imagination.

Further, Burns, uneducated as he may be supposed to be, was from the beginning in touch with literature. Hogg's nurture was of his district, "Rutherford's Letters", "The Prophecies of Peden", "The Life of Sir William Wallace", "The Ravishing Dying Words of Christina Kerr - aged ten", alone for long modifying the more vital oral nourishment. In a word, Burns was already in an industrial, speculative, and literary society, Hogg still in unbroken imaginative communion with century-old tradition. Burns is of the new time, Hogg in his early days and in the best of his work, is in epic sympathy with all his inheritance, and sees eye to eye with his border/

border fore-bears for many generations.

But Hogg's successful treatment of tradition was not destined to develop to its fullest extent. He was drawn ere long into too close a contact with the literary movements of his day, and under the influence of dominant personalities, lost, in indecision and wavering uncertainty, much of his original strength and promise. He forgot the high seriousness of his calling, played about with ideals of freakishness, inconsistency, and mere clever irresponsibility, and became the nucleus of the Ambrosian Shepherd, sacrificing his worth as an artist to mental dissipation and social notoriety. Fortunately, his inspiration never wholly died. It had power to dictate a mighty form such as the extraordinary "Confessions"; it had power, ever and anon, to rise into momentary but appealing strength; but it could not remedy his prevailing tragedy, the futility of his genius. For his work is not ultimate. It is suggestive, contemporarily inspiring, without any doubt, but lasting only in fragments, and in a minor way. The Romantic age had this great fault that much of what was produced was destined to failure, to a sinking into that class of which Arnold has spoken as important only from the literary student's point of view. We find this futility in many places, not only in the works of minor men, but in the mistaken impulses of the greater:—the laborious student—epics of Southey, the ultra-theoretic exploits of Wordsworth, the German imitations of many a man, Scott included, the frantic novels of Shelley and Godwin, and the sentimental vapourings of Wilson. There was throughout all the wonderful time a frequent lack of direction-sense. There was much feeling for the way, visible in an astonishing series of experimental failures. The tremendous energy resulted in a tremendous waste. And Hogg's dissipation, his blind groping for a way out, is only more evident because he has not the novels of Scott, or the poems of Wordsworth to veil his failure. He was essentially a man who was fighting his way to expression—essentially a man who drew his expression from the influence of his time; but who had this annoying fate before him, to breathe, or rather, to speak and live enduringly only in the atmosphere which by stimulating destroyed him. He became vocal only to be denied speech, only to forget his message.

His abiding work is not universal, but it is beautiful and good, and possible only to him. Greatly to represent his age; greatly even to assimilate and accommodate was not given to him. Hence we must look upon him, not in contrast to, or, in comparison with the Burns whom he consciously rivalled, but as the complement to his friend and benefactor, Scott. He provides Scott with material, at times inspires him, and awakens his sympathy, or clarifies his understanding of alien themes; he even does some things well which to Scott were impossible. As a complement, nevertheless, to the great poet, he must be, on the whole, content to remain, though, in that field which was, after all, his own, the close sympathetic understanding and recording of the life of his own people, he has claims to be considered for himself, without dependence even upon Scott.

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HOGG'S STRONG FOUNDATION.

SECTION. II.

(a) LOCALITY AND TRADITION.

On the 3rd of August, 1814, Lord Byron wrote to Moore: "Oh! I have had the most amusing letter from Hogg, the Et-trick Shepherd and Minstrel. I think very highly of him as a poet, but he and half of these Scotch and Lake troubadours are spoilt by living in little circles and petty coteries. London and the world is the only place to take the conceit out of a man." But Byron was a rebel and a wanderer, cut off by his outlook from perceiving that Scottish and Lake troubadours alike depended almost wholly on their close-knit ties with their own soil. Strength can only come through strong roots, and frequent transplantation will hardly ensure an ample fruitage. The Scottish writers, with Scott at their head, were strong because of their locality. Thence they drew such inspiration as was in them. Yet it is curious to note how unconscious most of them were in this respect. The undoubted minor position of many who had it in them to do abiding work is in great part due to their eagerness to adopt a Southern outlook, to become moderns in their relation to Scottish life and manners. The movement was rapid, and difficult to resist, but they did little to resist it. They were willing to be carried with the current, to become broader in their attitude, to be sharers in the larger world opening before them. They were afraid of locality, became critics, satirists even, of their own environment; they were eager enough antiquarians; but partly by their own doings, partly by rapid and inevitable progression, they were speedily cut off from that which would have nourished them. There is no doubt that "Blackwood's" owed its early popular influence to its innate Scottish, if not Edinburgh character. The "Chaldee" was the most local of all local disturbances. It was the scandal of a village put in print. "Maga" quickly extended its boundaries, cut itself off from its best sources, and lost in depth and richness what it gained in breadth. And "Maga" is typical. Burns, Scott, and Hogg alone seemed to realise the importance of their country and their country's themes. Each was, in different degrees, patriotically eager to do something for his own land, anxious to make it take its merited position; and their primary importance was almost entirely the direct result of their provincialism.

Hogg stands out among his contemporaries because of the faithfulness with which he clung to his best inspiration, and because of the truth and accuracy and hardly recognised success with which he interpreted it. Lockhart, Wilson, Galt, Moir and Cunningham - to select a few names - all speedily left their early love, or were drawn from their slight rooting by their susceptibility to the numerous influential currents. Scott, great in his roots and his development alike, cast a glamour over men, so that they followed, seeking strength where there was no strength for them. At the very gates of Edinburgh lay a world, unconscious of change, still living a life whose remembered ties went back for many centuries; in which not only Covenanting, but Catholic ideas still survived, colouring the outlook and compelling the imagination in a richness/

ness undreamt of by its modern contemporaries of the west and the cities. Echoes of Arthurian story, fragments of Scandinavian mythology, were still at work, potent if obscure. The world that made the ballad possible, out of whose innermost life it arose, was still in existence, waiting to give its richness to a race and time eager for new sustenance. Hogg, of the very blood and bone of the Forest, was able and willing to transcribe all that he could see, clung to the task in spite of many temptations, and much false light that led him astray; and in his best work has given us such illuminating visions of a dying past, that only Scott's greatness and the rapid spreading of the new spirit have prevented a true appreciation. That he could have reached above and beyond even his achieved excellence is a matter of little doubt.

When he was not under the influence of his friends, Hogg was very conscious of his self-imposed and cherished task. Many distractions drew him aside, but nevertheless, he has surprisingly succeeded. Even when assailed by literary ambition, his real power was seldom long hidden from him, and all the time he was impelled to satisfy his need for expression in what was his peculiar heritage. Always, in spite of many wanderings, he comes back to his home. To his Edinburgh friends, to Lockhart especially, it came as an oft-repeated surprise to see him tower head and shoulders above his own people at some Border fair or Tweedside gathering. Such assemblies were a stimulant to him all his life. Many of his best ballads "were produced for the first time amidst the cheers of the men of Ganderscleugh". Scott tried hard in his kind-hearted searchings for something that would benefit 'poor Hogg', to induce him to go to London to report the Coronation proceedings. Hogg preferred a Tweedside occasion, and the Coronation was left to Galt. These are but surface indications of what lay at the very heart of the Shepherd. The tradition he was born to, worked and fermented in his mind; the localities one and all associated with some ancient story, the names hallowed by tale and legend, the beauty of moor and upland, green glen and pleasant knove, became to him a passionate love. He brooded over them, in deep, often unconscious yearning, until their beauty could no longer remain unspoken; and nature, in all her Forest moods became a haunting thing, a presence for ever with him, expressing itself again and again in purest poetry.

At such inspired moments, he penetrates through the everyday life of his people to express powerfully and appealingly the beauty always there. It is no imported emotion, no translated vision that he sees. His material is always the same, the window of the Border life through which he and all his folks looked. Sometimes, often, they see but through a glass darkly. His clarity of vision often fails him. He is so near that occasionally he loses focus, and sees as the village chronicler, rather than the poet-artist, and he lacks the certainty of vision of the great poet. He can produce hum-drum details with almost the same satisfaction as his clearest and most beautiful piercings. "Blackwood's" could think of him, with some justification, as a mere chronicler of small beer, ignoring the illumination which his unsteady gaze at times attained. Nor do we know at what uncertain moment the illumination may come. He can record the external details of the life he knew with purblind accuracy, but he can also, with the same material, the common man's way of looking at the events he describes, flood them with a strange happy light.
Through/

Through it all, dull or clear, he is the vehicle of the country-side and its people. They, no doubt, had their moments of consciousness, when they also saw, and it is Hogg's great praise, that he saw oftener and saw more clearly, the beauty and strange awe of intimacy which forever laid its enchantment on the Forest.

A keen eye he had, too, for the humours of his people, but a sympathetic eye. He is too close to them to be a satirist; is too much of them to hold them up to ridicule; but he possesses in a high degree the art of rendering, and attractively, the laughable matter of their life. In this respect, his kind is not yet dead. We have known a whole village full of concealed merriment at some ploy or other, hidden altogether from the puzzled stranger, until one, in pithy phrase and happy sentence, expressed the feeling of the place. This expression is a very different matter from that which pleases the educated sojourner who hastens into print with his account of easily noted but superficial eccentricities. Hogg impresses us often not as the superior observer recording externals, but as the village inhabitant who can put into clear-sighted words what the whole village is thinking. Of course, there are weaknesses. The story may drift, the portions be disjointed, may progress to no definite goal; but the snatches of humorous realisation are of the best. There is much of the earlier and happier David Wilkie in Hogg's work; before he 'progressed' beyond the invaluable "Penny Wedding" and "Blind Man's Buff". The prose tale of "Katie Cheyne" is a case in point. Told in a queer, and seemingly original fashion, suggested entirely by Hogg's own contact with the theme, it lacks point and cohesion but is supremely good in many parts. It is a humorous extravaganza - the mad squire's marriage it might be called - and suggests having been dashed off, wittily enough, to chronicle a local comedy, with a harum-scarum son and a dignified mother as the persons. He loses hold at times but the local flavour is strong and a source of strength, as in the light-hearted wooing of Katie, the effects of the 'solemn engagement', the scolding of the insulted cousin, the courting of Bell Macara - all done in a way that argues no mean artist, an artist with the insight of Wilkie for the humours of life in a Scottish upland.

His very closeness to his matter often enough produces a blurred effect, but wherever there is an opportunity for local passion and emotion, for deep patriotism, to grip, the welding is complete, and the result striking. Even his songs give ample evidence of his broken vision, but if there be a chance for the passionate love and appreciation of the deep spirit of his own country to speak, it promptly suffuses the whole, and we have what we seek most in Hogg - unity and singleness of aim and expression. About "Lock the door, Lariston", there can never be any doubt. He is aroused, he is alert, keen, and excited. The Border has called to him, and his answer is sure. Even the list of names, which in the weaker Jacobite poems proves such a stumbling-block, is here but the fuel for the flame of war and clan kinship to consume and rise ever higher. He is singing of his inheritance. The poem is a pyre of Border keenness, the blaze of a watch-fire in Liddesdale. Like the metal from the fire, it is firmly welded, solidly fused, and rings true from first word to last, from the wild cry of "Lock the door, Lariston!" to the triumphant closing snout, "Eliot of Lariston, Eliot for aye".

On a lower level, emotionally at least, but illustrating/.

trating the same source of unfailing strength, is much of his "Shepherd's Calendar" work. Notable is "Storms", which, though not actually a part of the 'Calendar' is similar in form and inspiration. It is as close to the life he knew as anything could be, but while the Lariston song is heated by intimate emotion, these papers on "Storms" show keen sympathetic understanding and knowledge, heightened by just sufficient detachment to be aware of the elements of his sympathy. They represent a distinct advance on "Katie Cheyne", simply because he has rendered his observation into real literature and permanent art, and attained a rare beauty and strength. Hogg could evidently do in prose, what Burns did in poetry - cast a light on the ordinary life and surroundings of human nature, and give it a deep poetic interest. All the way through, what ever is human has a call for him, and such incidents as Sparkie and the buried hoggs are full of the deepest understanding. It reflects in his nature, for his attitude is charged with emotional strength, none the less evident for not being expressed. Such work lays stress on the half-way position of Hogg. He is a real seer. With all the sympathy for the popular fancies that the Ballads vaguely render, he has, in addition, the remoteness accurately to understand it, and to render and preserve it entire and intelligible. The life of which the Ballads were the natural expression, lies open to him, and he rises easily to its interpretation, with a sure hold upon all its poetry.

To the excellent raciness of Hogg's work in these prose renderings of a distinctive life, quotation can do no justice; but examples are abundant, and the "Calendar" is full of it. There is no mistaking the genuine ring of inspired transcriptions in the admirable banter of the Master, chaffing Andrew the shepherd about his prayerful impertinence, with Andrew's pithy preaching, and his wife's deliciously comical protest; "Our Master may weel think ye're impudent wi' your Maker, for troth, ye're very impudent wi' himsel'". Wattie Laidlaw, in the "Brownie of Bodsbeck" is a perfect storehouse of true matter truly rendered, but an even more notable instance is to be found in that curious compound of strength and annoying weakness, "The Siege of Roxburgh". The story is as a whole ineffective, its framework the source of irritating pauses and lapses. But in the midst of it, we come across characters and scenes in no way unworthy of the great master himself, with touches that even Scott could hardly accomplish. The minor folks and episodes are frequently striking in their originality and power. Charlie Scott, Ringan Redhough, the Chisholm family, are splendidly done; and no less affective are the taking of the Castle, the fight of the Skinmen, and the temptation of Charlie. True, the motive lacked grip for Hogg; he could not become sufficiently enthusiastic to construct a satisfactory whole; but his convincing strength when the theme holds him is obvious. On these happy occasions, he is engaged in his most congenial task of preserving and interpreting popular Border lore. One may note the interesting and amusing little touches which depict Sir Ringan's worthy character - his oaths, his feudal aspirations, his prejudicial interpretations, and his reverence for the deil. Good old Patie Chisholm! Many and many a hut has heard and chuckled over his exploits, of that we may be sure, before Hogg caught and preserved their inmost spirit for our delight. There's "the boiling in the pan o'", the cunning old niggard's spendthrift directions to another house than his own, his hospitable complaints and his instinct/

instinct for possible benefits. But it is with Charlie Scott that Hogg excels himself, and we cry for more of him, and ask pettishly why Hogg could not have made him the prominent character all through. The story of his temptation is great, and we need go no farther to find sufficient proof that Hogg had it in him to be the writer of the epic of the Borders. Throughout, his best work astonishes, but it is always purely soul-inspired. Often we feel as if we had stumbled across a veritable prose ballad, so strikingly parallel are Hogg's developments from the matter they shared in common. "Tak ye Sandy Pot o' the Burnfit, the queer hairum-scairum devil Tam Oliver, Bauldy Elliot, and Bauldy Armstrong wi' you; and I'll tak Jamie Telfer o' the Dodhead, Jock o' the Delorrin, Jock Anderson o' nae place, and Geordie Bryden o' every place, and good luck to the skintrade." So runs the patriotic catalogue, and it tells. But like ourselves, Hogg is happiest with Charlie Scott. Wherever his name appears, read and reap the reward.

On his own ground, then, he was a giant refreshed. He knew it, but was easily tempted by themes and incidents similar to those that inspired him, but in a foreign setting and sprung from different roots, to leave the sure road. It is a striking proof of the separateness of the Borders, and of Hogg's peculiar homeliness, that even in Scottish traditions and superstitions he was uncertain and weak. The Highlands were full of stories which, superficially, are one with many Border tales. The Jacobites and Covenanters were near enough to his own people, one would think, to ensure a sympathy that was bound to claim success. Yet it is seldom that he can recover the rapture, seldom that he can project himself into a world so slightly removed from his own. His home excellence precluded so slight a foreign excursion. His searches in the Highlands were almost uniformly unsuccessful. His Covenanting sympathy goes only so far as the feeling he was born to will allow him.

Almost any of his Jacobite songs could safely be chosen to illustrate this lack of projective power. He has successes among them, when he has caught the real spirit of infectious enthusiasm for Prince Charlie, or for some limited aspect that has deep-lying affinity with himself; and then his native feeling flashes into brave poetry. But he generally shows all the signs of forcing, and forced work in Hogg is unmistakably bad. In the "Stuarts of Appin" he attempts such a sounding roll-call as we have just noticed in "Roxburgh", and the result is an uninspired list. He cannot work up enthusiasm for the subject, though he tries hard. He piles up adjectives of places and clans, but they fall flat. His most glaring faults are to be found in plenty in such poems. Forced rhymes and forced lines, conventional phrases and unnatural rhythm, - all have to be placed to his discredit in work which is totally unworthy of him. In the opening of Part V. of "Queen Hynde", the absolute nadir is reached. These are verses that any lover of Hogg would eagerly lose; and by what strange myopia he let the last stanza go, we cannot imagine. But the explanation is simply that he is lost, is writing of what he does not know, and so is led to perpetrate such offences. Let Hogg sing in his own tongue, about his own hills, his own maidens, and he is excellent; when he takes upon himself the large and for him impossible task of writing songs for all Scotland, on all subjects, he naturally fails miserably. He never learned to do hack-work. He could never turn out merely respectable verses - never/

never was a journeyman rhymmer. His trade efforts are wretched, but once on his own ground, and speaking in his own tongue, he strings us gems that but kindle desire for more. A poet of local inspiration pure and simple he was, and when that failed, a pitiful babbler seeking in vain the lost temple.

In his prose tales, where the importance of local influence is even more obvious, the effect of foreign themes is shown in the vagueness of aim, the lack of interest, and the wandering drifts of the tale. It is chiefly notable in Highland stories, whither he was drawn by the unfailing attraction of a district strong as his own was strong, in long-descended tradition, in superstition of sacred antiquity, and a supernatural apparently in close kinship with his own. There was even a deeper bond, in that Highlands and Borders alike kept traces of an old and common religion forgotten elsewhere in Scotland. Yet some strange difference there must have been. He seldom succeeds in realising these alien tales. He tells them badly, disjointedly, and where he is successful, it is entirely due to an approximation in human nature where Highlands and Borders meet. The magic of the Celtic land is a closed book to him. He tells the stories, but they are superficial, and the glamour is totally absent. For, in practically all of them, and except where, as in "Nancy Chisholme", a true and deep kinship is understood, he loses his own native insight and becomes instinctively more modern. He tends to be antiquarian, to be a collector, to criticise and hold a certain aloofness - in other words, to adopt the attitude of his contemporaries to things Scottish. He explains and comments; and it is interesting to find Hogg, the laureate of an age whose intimacy with the spirit world was most notable, making such a remark on a Highland story as, "The superstition of that age was such as cannot now be comprehended. People lived and breathed in a world of spirits, witches, warlocks, and necromancers of all descriptions, so that it was amazing how they escaped a day with life and reason". This detachment is in keeping with the spirit which made him a collector of Jacobite songs. He was an ardent student, if you like, of Border tradition, but there the impulse was to preserve by actual reproduction. He was so deeply in touch with the legends in imaginative, if not always in actual belief, that the best he could do was to give them an abiding and sympathetic rendering. The majority of the Highland tales are seen through a glass which spoils his own sight and what he looks at; and indicate the setting free of a contemporary spirit held in subjection by the spell of the Borders.

It is of interest to note that Hogg did not go so far astray in his prose as in his poetry, through this alienation of sympathy and thorough understanding. It may be that as his prose tales are later than his best poetry, he had come to a fuller realisation of his powers. At any rate, the comparatively late years which saw his most consistent renderings of the Border spirit were exactly when his purpose was clearest, - to raise an abiding monument to the life, dying before the Autumn chill at work in the Forest in his day. For, while his best poetry is excellent, in some cases supreme, as a rendering of the passing life, the definite, steady, influential expression is to be found in the 'Calendar' and the many fine tales which his later years produced. It was essential for his work that the matter be entirely of his very soul. Generalised/

alised presentation he does not know; and all his stories, be they of his own experience or not, must have a local habitation. The more intensely this was realised, the better he wrote. He loved his race, and successful or not in the presentation of its characters, he was faithful to a fault to whatever tradition might give him. Truth of transcription was always his aim. Charges of fabrication in connection with the Ballads show only a superficial acquaintance with his abiding love for his heritage. And though he blundered and fumbled frequently before he found his feet, on his own ground he is increasingly powerful, false hardly ever. Indeed, in his earlier prose tales, he often becomes weak, simply because he is clinging to traditional setting and telling, and has not yet learned to trust his imagination. Later, the natural wanderings and tangents are neglected, and his imagination, sincere because responding to its habitual modes, makes of the story an artistic thing without in any way imperilling its absolute truth. Such work as his letter to "Blackwood's" on Gipsies, and his article on Captain Napier's book with its dog and sheep stories are but fore-runners of his maturer excellence, and show conclusively that in his raw material, as in his finished products, he was true to his nurture. Later freedom in no way altered his absolute faithfulness and reverence for all that his loved Forest could give him. It is unquestioned that he was hereby limited, that he could never hope to equal Burns, whose wide alert sympathy, backed by an equally wide imagination, enabled him to enter into all moods and places. But his peculiar boundaries made his work unique; and he has succeeded in giving us moods and motives, deep imaginings and rich fancies, which no one else could give, and which we neglect to our own very serious loss. His locality is his salvation, and our gain. Wilson, in one of his blind moods, could suppose that the author of 'Lights and Shadows' was as intimate as Hogg with the very essence of what he calls the pastoral life. Wilson's intimacy was with Cloudland, where Hogg could not breathe; the Shepherd had his feet solidly planted on honest earth.

The proof is ample of the extrame importance of locality and secluded intimacy in Hogg's worthy work. It remains to see of what nature was the life he inherited, how he was placed in possession, and how he interpreted, as he alone could interpret, this sequestered and long-descended tradition, and made it available to a generation which, even within the boundaries of Scotland, had not only forgotten it, but was cut off from any real understanding. It is a commonplace of Scottish history that the fastnesses of the Southern Uplands, in spite of the close association of the Lothians with the king and court, were as inaccessible to courtly influence and authority, as the Highlands and the Western islands. The progress of Scotland in consonance with the development, wide spread through Western Europe, was very local and circumscribed. Edinburgh early became an island of advancement, and though satisfied with itself, suffered immeasurably from its isolation. The counties at its very gates, the Borders so near that the defeat of Flodden brought the invaders within three days' march of a startled capital, the whole Forest lying in the stream of influence from the south - how did the district retain its inviolate seclusion? The Union did nothing to break it down. The bitterest opposition to friendly contact with England lived there for long unmitigated. Calamities of nature had there the true explanation in England's baneful influence, long after the West/

West had begun to rejoice in the new commercial prosperity. For the Borders had lain in the way of innumerable and harassing expeditions. They had been the scene of innumerable conflicts with the old enemy. Their memories of bitter hostility were too unbroken to admit of any tampering with the hated Southrons. Uninterested in commerce, accustomed to a class system as conservative as the Highlands, to an independence and self-sufficiency that the West could not remember, they remained as aloof as the wilds of Galloway, with which they shared the distinction of being the last of Scotland to yield to any central control. It was to be expected that among such a people, living their own unbroken feudal life, and uninfluenced by a city which thought and worked exclusively within its own walls, the whole imagination should be directed backward. They preserved still many traces of Scandinavian ancestry. The marks of marauding Danes were numerous in face and speech. Like Ireland, they had known the older civilisation of pre-reformation days; like Ireland they cherished the culture that remained to them from the monks who had settled among them. Ruined abbeys reminded them both of their culture and of their hostility to the destructive enemy. Place-names preserved their ancient history; and story, song, and ballad, remembrances of centuries, recorded ancient religion, less ancient battles and feuds, and all-embracing and undying spiritual outlook, with an intimacy and closeness of contact with the past, impossible to any but a tradition-fed race.

The influence of this habitude is best illustrated from the religious side. These Borderers were not fanatics; they produced few of the theological experts so numerous among the Covenanters in general. But they were as determined to keep their faith, to resent outside interference, and died as freely as their Western neighbours. Martyrs they gladly became; yet the religion they died for was strangely mixed, composite of many ideas and imaginings repellent in the extreme to the sterner sectaries. Predestination, the inevitability of punishment for sin committed, the righteous anger of a just God, were familiar to them; but they had been familiar long before Calvin argued or Knox thundered. They were inheritances from Catholic monks and abbots, though they lent themselves to modification, and easily absorbed new colouring. Mingled with these, there were others unknown to the Westland men, for which the martyrs of Ayrshire and Lanark could have had no sympathy. The Border religion was an inheritance rather than an individual faith. Moss troopers and Covenanters shared alike, the reverence of the living, who breathed in the presence of an innumerable cloud of witnesses, the sacred nuclei of all their beliefs. The influence was family, not national, compact of all things, and religious constancy was but a part of their loyalty to all that was their own. There was a large toleration in spite of persecution, but it was for the old and the inherited. Enlightened views had little chance of finding a way, for as this castle and that keep, farm-house and ford spoke of oldtime deeds and doers, so the green knove where a martyr was slain, and the loch-side which had seen a bloody tragedy, told powerfully of men and events that were in perfect concord with older but none the less clearly remembered traditions. To children who bore long-descended names, the recent martyrdoms fitted in with more remote courage and sufferings to complete the picture and enhance the heritage. Religion was thus an expression of their history. To none did they yield in imaginative and intimate contact/

(b). "O Leary, judge, if judge you may,
How stern and ample was the sway
Of these like these, when darkness fell,
And gray-haired sires the tale would tell!
When acres were barred, and eldron came
Plied at her task beside the flame
That through the smoke and gloom alone
On dim and umbered faces shone -
The bleat of mountain goat on high,
That from the cliff came quavering by;
The echoing rock, the rushing flood,
The cataract's swell, the moaning wood, ...
All these have left within this heart
A feeling tongue can ne'er impart;
A wildered and unearthly flame,
A something that's without a name."

(c). Take this passage from "Blackwood's" article on Education in America. It is valuable as showing the dim appreciation of the old surviving in the new, but indicates only too clearly that the appreciation was perverted, uneducated, and unseeing. "There is nothing to awaken fancy in that land of dull realities; it contains no objects that carry back the mind to the contemplation of early antiquity; no mouldering ruins to excite curiosity in the history of past ages; no memorials, commemorative of glorious deeds, to call forth patriotic enthusiasm and reverence; no peasantry of original and various costume and character for the sketches of the pencil, and the subjects of song; it has gone through no period of infancy; no pastoral state in which poetry grows out of the simplicity of language, and beautiful and picturesque descriptions of nature are produced by the constant contemplation of her."

contact with the spiritual, yet this was a wider thing than their mere religious fervour. The elders of their church, bearing the names of their martyred ancestors, had a very real authority in the eyes of the living. Was not the place where their fathers had died at their very doors? The bare service of the Scottish Church needed no external symbolism for a people so at one with their past, But the world of nature around was like-wise eloquent. The austere family life, admitting little that betrayed ordinary affection, and crushing visible emotion as an unworthy thing, led to a quietness and placidity of spirit that sought community with the external through the gates of imagination. Religion shared with all other modes of life the richness of the past, and showed itself, in constant story and loved recollection, as another form of the ancestor-worship of the Borders. Abrupt tragedies, and longwinding tales, fascinating because for ever referring to the local setting and environment, told of the heroes of Covenant and of Border foray alike. Reading was a rare pastime, oral stories were the imaginative recreation. Ancient or modern, they were told with the same reverence, listened to with the same delight, and the Border counties of the early nineteenth century were not only a country apart, but a country with an intimate and far-reaching knowledge of its own history, in which remote and recent were mingled in strange, if beautiful confusion - a composite, but a complete and convincing imaginative world. Love of the Covenanters in no way precluded sympathy for the representatives of an older religion, for were they not all Borderers? It was a realisation of this affectionate toleration which made the Presbyterian leaders place a ban upon traditional tales and songs, which were too old and too kindly to heresy for their militant exclusiveness, and which, though they preserved and handed down sacred knowledge, carried in their current that which induced the sterner of the sects to sacrifice all their value rather than run any risk.

To a people thus placed, drawing their soul-nourishment from years unnumbered, rejoicing in a community of feeling and a broad and profound sympathy, poetry spoke naturally through their everyday associations. Educated they were, in a fine and deep sense. Their powers were developed, their capabilities drawn out, in a way we can scarcely now understand. The sounding cataract, the swirling burn, the holm by the stream, and the bare and sombre upland spoke to their inmost soul, and opened its gateways by the magic influence of tradition-hallowed environment. We need go no farther than Hogg himself to find the expression of the effect of such themes on lonely men whose converse was with Heaven alone, in lines written to Lady Anne Scott, because she too could understand. (b). In this, as in most other things connected with the poet's inmost life, his contemporaries, and especially his friends, were but half-seeing. They could not perceive the innermost meaning of such traditions for the Shepherd. Old Stories and customs, ruins and fragments, might be suitable themes for an artist. That they were the only expression of an age's history was beyond them. (c). They were mere 'Romantic' survivals.

Certainly in the Border-Country, there was no lack of Romantic material, for there was no lack of tradition. From this point of view it is easy to understand why to some of Hogg's contemporaries it appeared that he had an easier entry/

(d) . Two of Hogg's poems refer to her in this connection. 'The Last Adieu', in no way particularly striking as poetry, expresses his debt to her.

On! now I would long for the gloaming to fall,
To sit by thy knee, and attend to thy song;
The song of the field where the warrior bled;
The garland of blossom dishonoured too soon;
The elves of the greenwood, the ghosts of the dead,
And fairies that journeyed by the light of the moon.

The reference in "Lines to Sir Walter Scott, Bart." is more explicit, and is, moreover, important evidence in support of Lang's defence of Hogg's reliability in connection with the much-disputed 'Auld Maidland'. There is a further significant light on ~~her~~ outlook towards the end of 'The Marvellous Doctor', which very fully indicates the traditional habit.

"All I can say about these adventures of his is, that when I heard them first, I received them as strictly true; my mother believed them most implicitly, and the doctor related them as if he had believed in the truth of them himself. But there were disputes every day between my mother and him about the invention of the charm, the former always maintaining that it was known to the chiefs of the gipsy tribes for centuries bygone; and as proof of her position she cited Jonnie Fae's seduction of the Earl of Cassilis's lady... by merely touching the palms of her hand, after which no power could prevent her from following him."

entry into the world of poetry than his predecessor Burns. This is quite to overstate and misunderstand the importance to a poet of his environment. It is true that the surroundings in which Hogg lived his life were of the utmost consequence to him, in determining the direction of his development, as they were with Burns; but it was in no sense because they were ready material, suitable for the artist and poet romantically inclined. They were simply his life-blood; and as the Devon sailor of Elizabeth's day expressed himself in adventures on the Spanish Main - a romantic enough theme for the remote artist of to-day - so Hogg found his adequate presentment in the traditions he absorbed as naturally as the air he breathed.

Of what kind were these traditions? In a word, those we know in the Ballads, with the later Covenanting themes added, by their date impossible to the earlier expression. In these his own experience and observation became easily and naturally merged, and such a sum omits little that belongs to Hogg and his contribution to literature. The battle of "Philiphough" is a counterpart to "Otterbourne", the "Fords o' Callum" to the "Wife of Usher's Well," "Kilmeny" to "Young Tamlane," the episodes in the "Siege of Roxburgh" to "Jamie Telfer or "Kinmont Willie". We intend no more than to suggest the undoubted parallelism. Most of his other work can be superficially classed as the result of literary influence or of personal experience fitting in more or less successfully with traditional matter and framework. Throughout, it is the traditional habit that is prominent and vital.

Born in the Forest, and amidst a people so nurtured, he was native to the common inheritance. His mother's influence, early as he lost it, was of great importance in determining and cultivating his natural bias. He was always sensible of what he owed to her, outstanding among a race of intelligent, frank, independent women. According to Lockhart, she "was celebrated for having by heart several ballads in a more perfect form than any other inhabitant in the Vale of Ettrick". There is more in this praise than meets the eye, for we have invariably found, in not a few villages and districts, that the most perfect local knowledge existed in the most intelligent of the natives; in that individual who responded most notably and visibly to the spirit of what was remembered; the one also, who possessed in greatest degree, the power of keen observation and pithy expression of the characteristics of his fellows. The very fact of perfect remembrance by Hogg's mother argues her great sensitiveness and intelligent appreciation. Love is in these things the greatest ally of memory. (d.)

This admirable woman's recollection went far back into a generation, undisturbed in its local seclusion, and through her sympathy and her intelligence, Hogg was enabled to enter into her old, and now dying world, as one of the elect. Removed from her immediate presence, he was by virtue of his occupation, placed in circumstances which fed the initial desire he received from her. Undoubtedly, such a life as he led would, in many cases, reduce a man to a dead level of unresponsiveness, make him one with his sheep in the presence of a numbing nature. But Hogg's mind had been opened, tilled, and sown; and the storied upland on which his flocks were grazing, nourished the seed his mother had scattered with a lavish hand. Unconscious/

Unconscious at first, he gradually found himself forced to expression. He sang natural songs for the amusement of his friends, but alongside was developing an increasing interest in tradition for its own sake. Slowly, by one means and another, his interest and his expression converged, and in his later days we find him consciously the preserver of the tales and characteristic incidents of his country-side. Guided by his early training, he maintained a sympathetic understanding in the midst of his conscious reproduction; and so we find him, in his later work, a sure bridge between the moderns of the nineteenth century and the old forgotten age which still survived in his native environment. His best stories show him entering by the certain steps of tradition into moods and motives which were certainly not a part of his contemporary outlook. The old story leads him along accustomed paths, until at a sudden turn he sees, and seeing, records with a power that holds and compels. He can therefore on his stories, even as his contemporaries would theorise. He can explain that the best-written tale is where the writer selects in accordance with ideas rather than strictly with facts - but this is exactly what he does not do. We question if Hogg could give us a true explanation of his attitude. Once he is in the grip of a story he is little, if at all, self-conscious. He is interested, and his old habits prevail. He will see things as they are, he will pursue truth, and will in no way be indebted to that Romance which consists in throwing a strange light over all, bathing the theme in an atmosphere of deliberate glamour.

With all this tradition, Hogg was made acquainted through one sole form - the story. In all his work, as in all his material, some incident lies at the base, and in story we must look for his best and practically his only expression. His songs one must naturally exempt. Such stories are essentially chronicles, the mirroring of some event that caught the interest and quickly crystallised in form, fitting itself easily into the abundant epos of the district. They are simple and direct, in that they deal with single incidents, and their very meandering is the truest indication of their origin. It is not due to complexity or to subtlety of analysis. It is simply the natural dallying and lingering of a people over their principal imaginative recreation. They love to fill out with detail and digression, until every possible tendril has been traced and noted. Nor is there any mental complexity. The story is repeated again and again by men whose minds are similar. No one adds to it in that way, and when it reaches Hogg, he, like them, is concerned only with the mentalities he knows, and the simple natures who had given the story abiding form. Even in Hogg's most powerful imaginative work, where he approximates most to his psychologically-inclined contemporaries, he is still simple. 'Robert Adamson' and the 'Brownie of the Black Hags' are still plainly chronicled incidents showing elementary if volcanic natures in violent action.

This presents no great puzzle when we remember for whom he was the mouth-piece. Simple themselves, and communal in a very real if immaterial sense, they naturally made their stories straightforward and racial rather than individual. Each man, as he heard and retold the tale, easily found himself at one with its moods and its motives. It expressed an outlook, with which he was thoroughly familiar, in which he had been educated. He became in his turn the ideal reproducer. The story and the teller were in perfect consonance. So was it with Hogg. It was alleged against him by a "Blackwoods" reviewer/

viewer that his tales had often been told with himself as hero: That is exactly what we might expect, and it is as strong a proof as could possibly be adduced that he was in thorough accord with what he told. It was the natural thing for him to do, when orally telling the story. But when he came to writing down, he, as naturally, restored the heroes whose rôle he had in his own mind assumed.

His material he received then, in story; but it must be remembered that the form as well as the matter would be traditional. Frequent retelling would weave the natural expression, until even verbal alteration would be far from easy. The actual words of the original speaker would be largely preserved, and this was made easy by the unaltering conditions that held in the Borders. Where gaps occurred they would fill up easily from the uniformity of speech and outlook. This remembered speech is one of the most significant notes in Hogg's reproduction. He was faithful to it, often indeed in initial efforts is weak and lost without it. But it is in many cases the visible proof of his inalienable succession.

There is no doubt that in the first chapter of the 'Calendar', the conversation of the Master with Rob Dodd, the shepherd, shows how Hogg actually received much of his raw material. Throughout, remembered speech forms a prominent peg on which the tale is hung, and this is reflected in numerous examples in Hogg's own work. As is to be expected, the longer quotations occur in the more clearly contemporary stories, and in those of his own experience, quotation bulks very largely. Even in the oldest of his tales, there are phrases, characteristic sayings, which most clearly are the debris from the original telling. They represent his guide-ropes. They are a kind of lathing into which he builds naturally and easily, and the completed work shows no gaps, so strong is his community with the old. Wherever any remembered fragments exists, he uses it, a practice which illustrates at once his conscious faithfulness to, and his thorough understanding of the work he had chosen; and its recurrence is very often a reliable indication of the extent to which he is producing tradition in any given story. Gradually he evolved a freer method, filling in by means of his skilled vernacular and his strengthened imagination, the framework he received. To this he came with some reluctance for he was keen in general to keep the story unchanged. There is a note in 'Tibby Johnston's Wraith' which enforces this. "David Proudfoot was a very old man, herding cows when I was a tiny boy at the same occupation. He would often sit with the snuff-mull in his hand, and tell me old tales for hours together; and this was one among the rest. He cared for no tale, unless he had some share in the transactions himself. The story might be told in a few words, but it would spoil my early recollections and I could not endure to see it otherwise than as David told it with all its interpolations."

It will not do to suppose that Hogg is a blind believer in all that he heard. He is quite well able to understand how superstitions grow, and in the 'Brownie of Bodsbeck', without comment of any kind, he gives us an example. Kennedy, a young vagrant, stumbled by chance among the hill-men, was carried by them from their discovered resort, and laid near the farm of Chapel-hope. When he recovered his senses, his version, true as to facts, was altogether wrong in idea, because everything was coloured and interpreted/

interpreted by the superstition of his race and time. With such a common process, Hogg was thoroughly acquainted, but he pours out no ridicule, realising that here, in a crude form, the spirit which animated all the old stories, which breathed in his own attitude, was clearly at work. To this, in a way, should be attributed much of his keenness for tradition for its own sake. He was poet enough to have seen visions, to desire again to see them, and by the pathway and steps of tradition, he continually sought to climb once more to Pisgah. So his rational attitude to his material was kept in its proper place, and seldom, practically never, intruded between him and the visions he sought. 'The Laird of Cassway' illustrates this suppressed scepticism, indicated by his comments at the end of the narration, and due to the fact that the tradition in question is older than his usual interest. It is evident that he is sceptical only from his reason, and not from any difficulty in entering into the mood. He has just come short of making it such a thing as 'The Hunt of Rildon'; but yet so near is it to himself that it is an unquestionably powerful story - unconsciously artistic by its sheer grip on him. Doubts assail him again at the close - "If the story was not true, the parties at least believed it to be so" - but they are the doubts of a cool afterwards to an enthusiastic and believing abandonment. "There is an old story which I have often heard related", and the oldness gives him scope; but he remembers fragments, such as Mrs. Jerdan's speeches, which, though we could not claim them to be hers originally, have been given a traditional form by the successive narrators, a form characteristic of the individual and of the time from which Hogg had the story. So it is with his masterpiece of the horrible - 'The Brownie of the Black Haggs' - where he finally says, "I can scarcely believe the tale can be true", but where the story in the actual telling shows him rising to an extraordinary height of intensity and power. A more practised, or more sophisticated writer, less interested in tradition for itself, might have suppressed these doubting remarks; but Hogg's honesty in all things pertaining to that which he had received is transparently clear. Frequently his notes provide his scepticism with a safety-valve, and there, with much valuable material and illustration, he shows himself equal to Scott in illuminating criticism and scientific acumen.

His later work shows an increasing certainty, where his trained imagination, working along the old paths, is in perfect accord with the old themes. But it is always tradition that he follows, that lures him. So, he feels safe, even when the story has no real appeal for him; and, between his active interest, and his faith that by this road he will reach his goal, he quite frequently gives us stories which accomplish nothing, save the bare preservation of a tale. In his earlier efforts, when the path is always the thing for him and when he is quite uncertain whether a vision will or will not greet him at the end, he falters and fumbles, and often fails to attract or arouse. He will tell a tale which has no appeal other than its antiquity or its frequent repetition. Then all the hesitations, turnings, and tangents, are faithfully reproduced, and Hogg is a painstaking servant, not a guiding master. The motive is nothing, the tradition everything; and he merely scratches the surface, as in 'The Souters of/

of Selkirk', without troubling to dig deep. Digressions he follows blindly, out of sheer reverence for his material. In such cases, where the story weakens, halts, loses way and penetrative power, Hogg weakens with it, because his imagination is asleep. At the end of 'Mary Burnet', which has several such lapses, he protests that the story is unsatisfactory - but he never dreams of alteration. His value as a faithful transcriber should thus be obvious. That he was also capable of rising to the height of the best, and realising their inmost beauty in a way impossible to others of his generation, is a cause for deep thankfulness. His concentration on tradition often enough obscures any artistic value in his earlier attempts, but so he learned his craft, acquired his skill, and he had little but his own intuitive sense to guide his schooling. Yet even in his apprenticeship, his imagination at times bursts the bonds, and gives us many a thrilling glimpse of real good, a fore-telling of his later experience - taught strength. At such moments, the clashing of memory and invention, the faulty speech, the hanging fire of the tale are thrown aside, and he tells in natural and convincing vernacular a straightforward clear-sighted version which preserves all the best and most permanent of the old story. And when, as in 'Mess John' he is face to face with an old tradition which has lost its unity in its descent, and we feel annoyed that he has not removed the dual weakness, we must remember that he was still learning his art, and that the story as it stands illustrates his accuracy, and affords us an interesting example of some of the processes to which an inherited tale was subject. It illustrates, further, a factor which helped to make the epic of the Borders impossible. As Christianity cut across Saxon England, and removed the old from the new by a deep gulf, so the Covenanting enthusiasms were poured like new wine into the old religious legends, with the inevitable result. Hogg had the imagination to understand an old legend, to reproduce a new tradition - but when, as here, he is faced with a broken light, he follows each refraction, and quite fails to select and isolate the original elements. But he has preserved it, and he has realised others, so that his value is two-fold. After all, he is seldom uninteresting in traditional themes, for they are his natural expression. Away from them, he is lost, and produces inanities. Within their boundaries, he has matter for deepest thought and lofty imagination, and these in spite of uncertainty and many stumblings, he gives us ever and again, with a power and attraction which are a constantly renewed joy. We know of no one whose failures and successes so call forth our sympathy, and who comes so close to the patient but often delighted reader. We learn to look, even in his most slavish followings, for the telling episode, the convincing speech, which is red-hot reality. Art in the whole may suffer, but the raciness of the parts is sufficient reward.

In all that has been said, the proofs of Hogg's dependence on tradition have been chiefly his own statements, and as certain critics have thought it necessary to impugn these, it may be worth while further to indicate how clearly the traditional basis is established in his work. There is first the themes themselves. We have been unable to find these treated, antecedent to Hogg, in any literature to which he could possibly have had access. Some parallels exist in the Ballads, but in such cases, it is obvious that he is bringing to bear on the Ballad story the traditional knowledge he has otherwise acquired, and developing from the same root a different/

different plant. The majority of his stories are themes, or aspects of themes, he could have heard only from oral sources. Even when he touches on well-known 'literary' subjects - the Covenanters in the 'Brownie of Bodsbeck' or 'Philuphaugh in 'Wat Pringle' - it is to shed a new oral light on a familiar theme, and to present it from a new point of view.

There is the remembered speech of which we have already spoken, in itself a strong indication of traditional origin. It is more in Hogg, for his vernacular is so sensitive that one can almost determine by its character and use in any one example to what extent he owes to his sources. In the 'Brownie', for instance, there are three distinct types, illustrated by Walter Laidlaw, old Nanny Elshinder, and the daughter Kate. Walter's speeches have a quality of dialect and vernacular personality which makes them outstanding. There is no possibility of mistaking their savour, and this is emphasised by Hogg's habit of preparing us for them, clearly indicating that they are Walter's own words, which their very taste would show them to be - unless we can believe that Hogg has so mastered the art of mystification as to conceal guile behind the most obviously simple and straightforward remark. Nanny Elshinder, on the other hand, is a character whose speech has not been preserved, except in fragments. She has, moreover, caught Hogg's imagination, and freed for the moment from oral authority, he is able to express her strange enthusiasm in language which, though his own on a thread of tradition, is essentially good and fitting. Kate is different. She has little to do with tradition, nothing as regards her speech, and her language does not fit at all. This reliance on memory is conclusive, though it makes Hogg's vernacular appear at times a badly woven fabric, when Scott, using tradition merely as the food or spur of his imagination, gives us a less accurate, but a less uncertain rendering. The unmistakable quotations in Hogg are very numerous, but are generally indicative of earlier work, before he fully realised that in imaginative accuracy rather than in literary transcriptions, lay his sure understanding. In the 'Calendar', he quotes from one of Adam Scott's prayers with the comment, "This is the sentence exactly as it was related to me but I am sure it is not correct; for, though very like his manner, I never heard him come so near the English language in one sentence in my life". Another example - we choose at haphazard amongst many - occurs in 'Mary Montgomery', where the old gypsy answers the priest's threats with "Ay, gang your ways, and warn the Earl o' Traquhair. We dinna gae that for him (snapping her fingers). An afore ye winn the Kirk-rigg, we'll mak her she sanna be worth the sending for, nor will she gang wi' ye if ye wad take her" - a genuine relic.

Most important of all as proofs of traditional origin are the evidences given by Hogg himself as to the truth of his story. These are, emphatically to be believed, though it has not so been the custom. Carried away by the known hazing of Scott, and assuming that Hogg was nothing but a humble follow-my-leader, commentators on the Shepherd have made it a practice to slump all evidence together as mystification. His Editor of 1874 says of 'Wat Pringle' - "In this amusing tale the Ettrick Shepherd has quoted one of his usual mythical authorities, and with his best matter-of-fact gravity of countenance; but it will/

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(e) . . "Now I must tell the result in my own way and my own words, for though that luckless battle has often been described, it has never been truly so, and no man living knows half so much about it as I do. My grandfather, who was born in 1691, and whom I well remember, was personally acquainted with several persons about Selkirk who were eye-witnesses of the battle of Philipnaugh. Now, though I cannot say that I ever heard him recount the circumstances, yet his son William, my uncle, who died lately at the age of ninety-six, has gone over them all to me times innumerable, and pointed out the very individual spots where the chief events happened."

will be confessed that he describes the circumstances of Montrose's surprisal not only with minuteness, but with surprising accuracy - the last being a quality too little respected by those authors who write histories in the form of tales or novels". There we have the Romance habit clearly in evidence, and when he goes on, "According to the veritable accounts..", it never seems to strike him that verifiable accounts do, and should, in the first instance, come from such a narrative as Hogg's. The evidence, without a doubt, is sincere. It is more than a mere statement, and consists in scattered hints of time and place, and a wide-spread suggestiveness, which are bound to carry conviction. The farm in this Philiphaugh tale, is Fauldshope, possessed in 1645 by Robert Hogg, whose son William, Hogg's uncle, had often related the incidents in which he had taken an important enough share. So much is gathered from various hints, but there is a more explicit reference; (e.) an important passage, all the more so because it is more or less unconscious evidence, for, curiously enough in this tale, Hogg nowhere sets himself to adduce definite proofs. It is a natural story, carrying its truth on its face.

Such evidences are so numerous throughout his tales that anything like full quotation is impossible. But a negative hint may be quoted. "It is vain at this period" he says in the 'Siege of Roxburgh' "to attempt giving a better description of the scene of that night, for the men that were present in the affray could give no account of it next day" - which is soldiers' truth all the world over. The careful time and place hints of such an obviously traditional tale as 'Mary Burnet' are altogether too straight to be deliberate misleading. "They all set out on the afternoon of Tuesday, the 16th of September, slept that night in a place called Turnberry Shiel, and were in Moffat next day by noon". Such isolated and selected examples may seem slender evidence enough, but their cumulative effect is indisputable. The whole somewhat tangled subject can best be illustrated by an examination of one or two of his stories.

The 'Ford's o' Callum' is an inherited story, well told - exceedingly well told - and sustained till Hogg begins to recount the evidence and authorities. In his sub-title he calls it a story of a mysterious murder and a strange wraith; but the fact of murder is nowhere mentioned, (the very omission is significant of tradition) and the whole telling description is of the wraith. It is short, but it would be difficult to find a more arresting episode; for he is recounting incidents with which he is in absolute sympathy, and his close contact is abundantly disclosed. Old Walter Douglas has had a strange ominous experience, an experience which is not told. But he is sorely puzzled about his daughter, Annie, of whom his old ideas have been thoroughly disturbed and upset. "When did you hear from your daughter, Annie, Janet?" His wife is perturbed and asks if he is ill. "It's only a bit dwam; it will soon gang aff (drinks)", is the answer, suggestive of frequent re-telling and exact repetition of language and detail. Then comes the strange visitation of Annie, of her voice at any rate - "Is Wat Douglas away to the Fords o' Callum", where her body by that time lay dead. The restraint is wonderfully good, so that frequent re-reading but brings out more intimate touches. The atmosphere is appealing, the story/

(f) . "In 1807, when on a jaunt through the villages of Kilm and Annan, I learned the following story on the spots where the incidents occurred, and even went and visited all those connected with it, so that there is no doubt with regard to its authenticity."

(g) . "Yes; there came a great wind on Sabbath day, in the ninety-six, and that raised the shearers' wages, at Dumfries, to three shillings the day. We began the Crookit Hoam on a Monday's morning, at three shillings a-day, and that very day twalmonth, we began till't again at tenpence. We had a gude deal o' speakin' about it, and I said to John Edie, 'What need we grumble? I made see muckle at shearing the last year that its no a' done yet'. And he said, 'An, Tibby, Tibby, but wha can hain like you!'"

"Were there any others that you think your master had marked down wrong?"

"There was ene, at ony rate - the lang field neist Robie Johnstone's march: he says it was clover in the aroutay dear year, and aits the neist; but that's a year I canna forget; it was aits both years. I lost a week's shearing on it the first year, waiting on my aunty, and the neist year she was dead; and I snore the lang field neist Robie Johnstone's wi' her sickle-neuk, and black ribbons on my mutch."

story, so often told, is deprived of all unnecessary and trivial elaboration, and reduced to the bare essentials of dramatic accuracy and effectiveness. "Wha is Annie, Janet?" Then, when the tale is really finished, come the evidences, quoted naturally and sincerely. "Dr. Johnstone, then living in Moffat, and another young surgeon, those name I have forgot"; and again, "I have heard it reported, on what authority I do not know, that this stranger was subsequently traced to be the late Duke of Q.----. And as this unaccountable incident is well known to have happened when the late Mr. George Brown of Callum was a bridegroom, it settles the time to have been about sixty-six years ago."

This curious, but essentially natural, rural way of dating by seasons and domestic events is an important factor in assessing Hogg's honesty, and is still more clearly shown in "Tibbie Hyslop's Dream". It appeared in "Blackwood's" in June 1827, but like most of Hogg's work, was not committed to writing till long brooding over it at length compelled expression. (f). It has all the usual marks of tradition, but in the discussion between the farmer and Tibbie on the years of certain crops, and especially in Tibbie's evidence before the court, the pertinacity of tradition is strikingly brought out, and the importance of the seemingly trivial natural events which fixed the years accurately in the simple farm servant's mind. No one reading the passage in question, and acquainted with the workings of the rural mind in such matters, can possibly doubt Hogg's honesty here, or fail to see how marvellously in touch he is with his race; how fitted he was to be the ideal transcriber and preserver of these records of old manners and thoughts. (g).

From such, and many such evidences, it becomes clear that the usual easy acceptance of Hogg's quoted authorities as mythical, needs reconsideration. No understanding of his work, outlook, or importance, can ever be possible until his honesty is thoroughly established, and treated as the rule instead of the just possible exception. Andrew Lang seems to have been almost the first to make a decided stand for Hogg's credibility, but naturally, he was concerned only with his attitude, as a collector, to the Ballads with which he supplied the Sheriff. We have no doubt at all, after long and careful consideration, that not only are his evidences reliable, but that the whole attitude of the poet to his material, from training, natural love, and permanent affection, was so firmly based on reverence that deception was never considered. The strange obsession that he was a faker of evidence is due to several causes. A carelessness of attitude, a willing relegation of Hogg to mere minority, and a perpetual placing of him under the shadow of Scott - in other words, lack of individual attention, has something to do with it. The literary artifices and mystification so common at the time, as of men revelling in the new freedom of anonymity, and particularly the transparent deceptions of Scott, made mythical authorities appear the commonplace of all writers. Lastly, there is the undoubted intentional deception practised by Hogg himself in work produced under literary influence. To any careful reader, the differences between the evidence brought forward in the two cases are plain as a pike-staff, and admit of no possible confusion. The timenotes, the place-marks, the language, the remembered fragments of speech, the popular current and type of the native story, are as clear proof/

proof of origin as are the fossil pores in coal. The transparent devices and ingenuous Scott-imitations in the purely literary work are of so different a kind as to preclude, one would think, any possibility of doubt.

Of these, several minor tales afford examples, but they are most notable in two of his most ambitious attempts - "The Confessions of a Justified Sinner" and "Some Remarkable Passages in the Life of an Edinburgh Baillie". Widely apart in value, they are both the result of conscious literary effort, are both, though in divergent ways, side-shoots from the main stem, and are instanced here only to show his varying methods concerning evidences. That the authorities are faked hardly admits of doubt, so different are they from his usual unquestionable citations, but they show how deep-rooted the habit was in Hogg. The "Confessions" is too important to be fully discussed at the moment. Suffice it to say that amidst much that proves it to be a traditional theme working long in Hogg's mind and drawing largely - much more than is generally allowed - on inherited material, there are distinct touches of false authority. Tradition is skillfully interwoven throughout, but at the end of the supposed manuscript comes the very transparent remark; "I must now furnish my Christian readers with a key to the process, management, and winding up of the whole matter which I propose to limit to a very few pages"; and he launches into the diary dated July 27, 1712 - most obviously Hogg's own work. It is surely a lapse to imagine a man setting about writing a diary which is to end so fatally, with an account, limited to a few pages, of the winding up of the whole matter. It is too cool by half. One must always remember that Hogg had a distinct incentive to mystification and deception in Sir Walter's early practice, and, in a case like this, where the tone of the whole narrative is not strongly indicative of authenticity, but rather has an opposite tendency, we need not hesitate to believe he was faking. Besides the interdependence of the two stories, one must take into account the extremely circumstantial and unaccustomed detail he puts forward. In general he is but attempting, and does so naturally, to indicate that his story is based on tradition, and so he does here as far as the incidents are concerned. But this story is exceptional; for in it he is busy to prove the literal transmission of his narrative, which brings it more in line with Scott, and completely out of line with his usual authorities. So, though the evidence at the end seems strong, these considerations must over-rule it. The circumstantial finding of the manuscript - a pamphlet "so damp, rotten, and yellow, that it seemed one solid piece" is simply not credible. He found something in the grave-that can be proved. But "with very little trouble, save that of a thorough drying, I unrolled it all with ease, and found the very tract which I have here ventured to lay before the public, part of it in small print, and the remainder in manuscript". Scott never went so far as this. He found many a thing, but never rotten, readable M. S.

With the "Edinburgh Baillie", where all-compelling imagination has not the same hold, the literary deception is more marked, and indicates a conflict in Hogg, preventing him from seeing clearly the road of his promise. There is little doubt about his intentional mystification here. He seems to be attempting, under some strong impetus, to escape from his usual methods/

methods, and to be trying his hand at romanticising actual history - a mistaken and happily transient idea. The whole atmosphere suggests this, but a specific detail is the distinct absence of that reference to traditional speech, so telling a feature of much of his work. There is no dialogue, and no clear suggestion of it. Even the occasion of the excommunication, which would normally have inspired a reference if not an actual quotation, is passed over. He wanders off into unexpected side-issues, as if caught by something in his record; for that he had some literary authority to draw on is clear. He tried to mystify by making this authority the confessions of the Baillie himself, but the work is too like the 'memoirs' of Scott and Galt to be anything but transparent deception. A close study of this tale, and of the Editor's portion of the "Confessions" makes it convincingly clear that they represent a period when external impulses were strong upon Hogg; but, far from impugning the reliability of his usual references to traditional authority, they strengthen them by their obvious explanation.

To tradition, then, and the persistence of Hogg's love for it, we must look to understand his peculiar and valuable work. Contemporary influence might distract him, slavish following impede him, but it is his safeguard always and the mark of his best accomplishment. He attained with difficulty to perfect freedom in its use, and that only at moments. He never was able to mingle his imagination with his material consistently and reliably, and maintain that certainty of purpose and performance which marks the supreme artist. Alike in his verse and his prose, there are constant signs of struggle, of obscurity of aim. Because of its early and undisturbed environment, because of its frequent emotional intensity, his poetry suggests an easier and richer realisation; but though the process is slower in his prose, more obviously tortuous and painful, there is little doubt that he gradually attained, in spite of the itch of emulative writing and the keen desire to record, a more abiding unity of material and transforming imagination, than during his period of poetical activity. He comes to possess a confidence in his new medium, begins to select more and more those older and stranger themes which permit his imaginative power to come into play, demand its activity indeed, and his visions are surer, more frequent, more satisfying. The "Calendar", responsive to his natural fidelity, becomes a certain road for his imagination, and guides it by the strange, unbroken Border unity with the past to perfect sympathy with themes too old for oral accuracy, and a perfect rendering of their abiding spirit. The "Laird of Cassway" loses nothing of the original wonder. The omissions due to its age are filled out without signs of cleft. The pawkiness of the opening conversation of "Wat Pringle o' the Yair" marks a complete weaving with the rest of the story, not easy of accomplishment except where the scene is fixed in an unchanging country-side, and interpreted in absolute sympathy. These show how, under many difficulties, Hogg came to trust to and use fully the power of approximation always latent in him, but often obscured. Gradually, also, he overcame his tendency to write up anything at all, simply because it was old and handed down. Through the "Fords o' Callum" and "Nancy Chisholm", "Mr. Adamson" and the "Brownie of the Black Haggs" he came to realise his strength, and reached a pinnacle of achievement which was still essentially traditional in the "Confessions"/

fessions" - the biggest piece of work he ever accomplished, and that which least doubtfully gives him a definite place in literature.

Finally, this growing sureness of touch reacted powerfully on what may be called his current themes. The traditional training not only enabled his imagination to enter fully into the old and realise it perfectly, but it brought an ability to make masterly art of his own experience, where his early efforts had been mean, confused, and unselected. We know of nothing quite so good in its way as "Duncan Campbell". The story was not in its entirety inherited; there are details in it which have been imported; but there is no failure or weakness. It is the product of a poet's mind bringing to bear on a modern but still kindred theme, the whole art he has learned in his traditional school. We are tempted to place it along with the "Confessions", along with "Kilmeny", as examples of the full harvest of which Hogg was capable. It indicates not only how he benefited by his self-followed training, but how right he was, with "Kilmeny" as a past achievement, in pursuing, amidst discouragement and misunderstanding, the path which was to lead to so fine a result. For it is a masterpiece. For sheer emotional personal strength, it is inimitable. There are many almost involuntary hints in it which make it extremely probable that it is, if not wholly, at least in great part, woven of Hogg's own life. Such beautiful episodes as Duncan's relation with his dog, Oscar, with all its manifest poetry; the friendship of the boys, the idyllic incident of Duncan and Mary, are undoubtedly the perfect weaving of remembered happening and personal experience into one convincing and beautiful fabric. It is full of the marks of authentic authority we have learned to look for in Hogg's honest transcriptions, but the whole is so suffused with deeply felt emotion, so full of intensive personality, that we have little hesitation in claiming it as the outstanding instance of Hogg's prose art, where traditional incidents and personal experience are completely fused and transported into the highest poetical illumination. There is no better justification possible for the rightness of Hogg's instinct than this beautiful story, pulsing with the clearest, purest inspiration and life. The long struggle could result in no higher achievement.

What we have said about Hogg's attitude to tradition, and his constant effective response to it, finds itself fully exemplified in all that can be grouped under the comprehensive head of the Supernatural. Indeed, when one thinks of Border tradition, one's mind almost invariably lights on some remembered incident of fairy or wraith, rather than on the equally important human events. No one ever touches the Ballads without having a great deal to say about the supernatural, and we shall not go far astray in looking upon the old Border attitude to this world outside ordinary experience as the final and deepest separation between their age and ours. We have, of course, a supernatural to-day, just as the writers contemporary with Hogg had one, or what passed for it; but the sensation-seeking appetites of their day and ours are so far removed from the almost natural inter-communion which characterised the old Forest, and Hogg's Forest-trained mind, that by this intense difference we are best enabled to realise the cleavage. Apart from that, the perpetual interest of the supernatural is sufficient to throw all/

all this aspect of the old life into the beam of the search-light.

We suppose that every youth passes through the quasi-poetical stage of developing fancy and emotion, when every aspect of Nature has an attendant and expressing spirit; when his exuberant response to the stirring winds finds an outlet in Hymns to the Storm Fiend. Through this stage the Borders had long passed. Hogg was saved from it by his assimilation of an outlook which was too much an unconscious philosophy of life, the result of too old experience, ever thus to toy with nature or fancifully people her glens with the vapour of mere moods. It was all too real to be played with. It was their religion. Recall that the Border religion was almost barren emotionally, except as it dwelt on some memorable or tragic event. Recall that it was no mystery, that outside its local history, it was a hard intellectual belief rather than an illumining faith, and you will see how inevitable it was that the questing heart should find an outlet, the deep-seated mystery of life its satisfaction, in the old records of intimate communion, in the immaterial presence which for ever spoke from the bare and sombre moors, the lifting curves of the hills, and the wide solemnity of air and sky. As moderns find their emotional satisfaction in music, in art, in evangelical religion; as our populace finds it in erotic tangles; so these lowlanders found their mystery in the open nature that cradled them from birth, that, comforting or menacing, lay always quietly behind them. It is not difficult to judge how the dignity of such a life will compare with our modern civilisation.

This sense of nature ever present as an easily entered world and always closely impinging, is latent in the Ballads. It is there unmistakably, appealing powerfully and suggestively in the oft-repeated phrases of 'wan waters' and 'murky lifts', which seem to be their sole conscious efforts at actual description, and which have lent so much to the colour of the conventional Yarrow mood in poetry. It is there, but the old minstrels and the people who found the minstrels' songs so truly akin to their deepest feelings, saw no necessity to describe; any more than a child would be impelled to describe the face from which emanates the all-absorbing Mother-love. Hogg, sufficiently modern to be conscious, drank in the spirit of the legends, as he lovingly explored each sacred haunt, found in their external aspect the means by which he could most intimately realise the ancient soul, and so adds to his Ballad-like verse a more alert and expressive consciousness of the emotion-charged nature. Far is he from describing what he saw for its own sake. But the green glen and the gloomy tarn become for him the portals by which he enters into the old familiar world, and these naturally find a fuller, clearer delineation than is customary in the inherited Ballads. Nature is for him always the sure means by which he finds his way to sympathy, to realisation of what forever, to him and his fore-runners alike, lay behind her. It comes out at unexpected moments, in songs and poems which claim no merit except in such visions. Yet even the moments are worth while, standing out in their truthful call from work but pedestrian otherwise. Such we find in "The Moon was a-waning", where a poem too long for the emotion it carries, jars because of the clash of deep insight and commonplace realism. The scene has at the first impulse gripped his imagination, and the snowy moor-land/

land, the hill-foxes, and the light of the dead-tapers stir him to powerful feeling. The mood passes, he fails to maintain the vital distinction between a poem and a newspaper report, and we who have been dwelling on a wide moor, watching the fate of the weary lover, who have been in no earthly world, are jolted by the sudden change to untransmuted detail. The poem ends, as it began, with a true note, an awe and a weary hopelessness which show the poet recovering the trailing gleams of the vision. When his mood comes on him, he knows full well how to select, for he but reproduces that which has compelled his own imagination,

"But now the nod of sapling fir,
The heath-cock's loud exulting whirr,
The cry of hern from sedgy pool
.
Came fraught with . . . dread."

Invariably he brings to all he sees a mind ready to respond to the lightest touch of mystery, eager to express it in that medium most akin to himself, most appealing to his fellows - man's connection with the spiritual world. He has a clear sense and a clear expression of the tremendousness of Nature. It was his first inspiration; and the 'Queen's Wake', his first big expression, is full to the brim and running over.

"Each glen was sought for ~~the~~ tales of old,
Of luckless love, of warrior bold,
Of ravished maid or stolen child
By freakish fairy of the wild;
Of boding dreams, of wandering spright,
Of dead-lights glimmering through the night".

These will be his themes, for human life and the life beyond, natural and supernatural, are one to him.

The very ease with which he thus enters through Nature's gateways leads to a tendency to supernaturalise earthly incidents - a fault young poets are prone to indulge. The most important instance is in 'The Pilgrims of the Sun', where the fairy-like maiden, Mary Lee, is deliberately confused with the but lately dead Duchess of Buccleugh. It takes a note, however, to reveal the confusion, and without it, the poem would remain complete and consistent. A worse weakening is an occasional involuntary lapse into allegory, showing the intrusion of a certain critical and doubting mood. Nor is he at all successful with conscious allegory, for his spirits are generally too much alive. The only parts of 'Superstition and Grace' that convince are when he gives us the real supernatural, and the mere allegory is forgotten. "The Carl of Invertine" is another example. It seems to have been written in praise of a virtuous woman, recently dead, which accounts for the change of the beautiful spirit who accompanies the life-worn woman into an allegorised "Hope". The best and the worst instance is in "The Spirit of the Glen", which has Hogg's most prevailing fault of attempted mingling of old and new. There are beautiful moments in it, and much of the old Ballad mood, but the modernising of the watchful Spirit of the glen is fatally mistaken. Hogg is trying to make an old-time supernatural do duty in an ultra-modern fashion, and does not succeed. The Spirit is too matter-of-fact, too masterful, too like a jinn of Arabian tales, to have any chance of conviction. There is a prevalence of the mechanical and an over-frequent entrance into the physical world. The Brownie and the Witch and the demon-lover are all in keeping, but/

but the Spirit is only half supernatural; the other half is allegory pure and simple, and we do object to an allegory handling a distressed maiden as he does.

These are merely lapses, and signs of his too easy response to external stimuli. In his prose tales, he may mention, at the cool conclusion, that such and such a theme might serve for an allegory, but his wonderful rightness of instinct, his sympathy, his imagination, kept him from attempting it, even in those stories which, to our modern eyes, seem most naturally to call for it. Only in his later and practically worthless verse, the verse he turned out at Wilson's call, which contains nothing to remind us of the Hogg we love, hardly even suggests the humblest groom of Pegasus, does he persistently attempt to make fable^{and} a parable out of his deepest and most potent inspiration. In these evil days for his poetry, he had forgotten his priceless heritage, the key to Nature's mystery when "the fairies wakened frae their beds of dew, and sang the night breeze in a swoon".

That he was quite aware of his strength and insight in the supernatural is evidenced by the imitations of Coleridge in the 'Poetic Mirror'. 'Isabelle' has great interest, for in it we have a poet, actually absorbed in the fairy world, imitating another whose attraction is purely imaginative and detached. The careful preparation of the magical atmosphere is quite alien to Hogg, who lived in it, and so he has his senses awake for the over-strain which will reduce all to mockery. This ridicule throws a faint suggestion of artificiality and hot-house air about Coleridge's otherwise satisfactory supernatural, which, though evidently tawdry stuff to Hogg, has still for us moderns, especially when we are apart from the Ettrick poet's clear-sightedness, an undoubted attraction. But it is valuable light on the poet of 'Christabel', and is again notable in 'The Cherub' where Hogg is imitating, by spinning out in a self-conscious mood, a faint supernatural inspiration. It suggests that besides the unquestioned wonder in Coleridge's attitude, there was also a vein of self-satisfied introspection, a weaving for its own sake, and a watching of the threads in the sun, an elongation of strangeness, which to Hogg was unfamiliar, if not distasteful, and certainly useless. The conventional judgment is all for 'Christabel', but we can always feel sure that we more easily appreciate the spiritually later work because it is more akin to our own untraditional interest, and because of our own ignorance of Hogg's intimate book of Nature.

The whole difference may be fitly shown by reference to Wilson, that facile mirror of contemporary traits. "The fairies of the Lowlands of Scotland are a more beautiful and harmless race, and seem to afford a better field of poetry. But we suspect that if Fairyland be attempted by any poet (and we perceive a poem with that name announced by Mr. Wilson, author of "The Isle of Palms"), he must make it a world of his own imagination; for there is so much inconsistency and contradiction, and even so much of what is unhappy and debased in the Fairy-creed of the nations, that unless a poet takes to himself a right to deal with its inhabitants as he chooses, it seems impossible that his poem should be a pleasing one." This plea for fancy is persistent - the right to choose and select and play/

play with the romantic remains; and it lies at the back of the criticism passed in "Blackwood's" on the 'Winter Evening Tales'. "The Shepherd is always at home in the clouds and darkness of superstition". This perpetual insistence on the poetising of the supernatural shows fully how far apart was the attitude of his contemporaries from that of Hogg, who had no choice, nor dreamt of any; but was impelled to reveal and crystallise in his poetry the only possible elements of his whole outlook on life. They were his religion, his philosophy, as they had been of his Forest predecessors; neither fanciful selection, nor quasi-poetic heightening was possible with the sole means by which he entered into and understood something of the eternal brooding mystery which breathes in his most intense poetry.

Moreover, Hogg's fellows were already at the point where the world of fairies is regarded but as a world of dreams, apart from and having no connection with the everyday. No real poetry can afford thus to be cut adrift. It ceases to be poetry, and becomes dreams. Even Fairy poetry can have no place except as an interpretation of human, and important, even imperative, questions and hopes and half-solutions. Yet the living Border supernatural was relegated to that mysterious realm of the conventional artist, with ruined abbeys and picturesque towers, and Dutch pantaloons and sabots, as something for the artistic mind to play with, and weave pretty fancies. So Wilson could advise Hogg to write about the fairies long after the Shepherd's mind had ceased to respond effectively to such inspiration. So Hogg's Editor of 1847 can say that the poet was a lover of the marvellous who, almost wholly excluded from the world of reality, in which he had neither part nor portion, turned with double ardour to a world of his own, where he could create according to his own good pleasure. From this supposed characteristic, the critic points out a great difference between Hogg and Wordsworth. It seems to us that Hogg, instead of being different from the great contemporary poets, was, in ultimate results, the same. He was at home in Fairyland, not because of his separation from the world of reality, but because of that world's mingling with ~~the~~ Fairy; because that world found for him its best interpretation through the old belief. It was no more separate from reality than Wordsworth's solitary observation of nature; for, in essence, Hogg's supernatural was simply an intensely realised nature. Such a dictum as "one to whom the supernatural was worth a whole universe of commonplace realities, and who welcomed fays, phantoms, and wizards as the most congenial of all associates" but reveals a complete misunderstanding. Hogg did not 'welcome' the supernatural. These were in no sense guests, but habitual dwellers, sharing equally in the Border-trained mind of the poet with moss-troopers and Covenanting heroes, with the village smith and the upland herd, as a complete representation of life, satisfying all moods, both physical and spiritual. The world of Hogg's poetry is indivisibly one, and to speak of him descending from his favourite dreams and phantoms to the solid earth and every-day life, and becoming there equally interesting and amusing, is to miss the essential unity of the life he presented.

Hence it is that he will have nothing to do with literary/

erary and picturesque superstitions, dead from their birth, Even 'foreign' beliefs, which come to him as the whole supernatural came to his contemporaries, have their measure of appreciation only where they are in keeping with his own. He is thus saved from all the trivialities and all the forcing characteristic of alien approximations; and, using the means he inherited, he makes his appeal with certainty. He will not superimpose uncanniness. The story will do that for him, or it will not. But the reality of the theme is never for a moment in doubt. Occasionally it is so insistent as to result in a "Mrs. Veal" atmosphere, that is to say, in no atmosphere at all. The "Wife of Lochmaben" is far more literal fact than "William and Margaret", is anything but weird, and escapes being absolute Defoe only in the higher dignity of the spirit's demeanour. But for this one failure, he has many unquestioned successes; and one can be sure that when his supernatural rises to the heights, it is due to a perfect realisation and development of the inherent magic born of a people's and a poet's belief rather than to any fanciful and fictitious attraction. Nothing mars the strength and beauty of his presentations, the natural accompaniments are truthfully and compellingly realised; and his faithful accuracy ensures an unforced appeal. His imagination, trained to thorough comprehension of beliefs whose popular origin and remembrance confirmed their truth, was able not only to understand and represent, but to catch at the permanence behind them, and make his transcription that something more which forces its acceptance as the poetic crystallisation of the past. It saved him also, when, in his prose, he was drawn to an interest in the supernatural latent in the mysterious passions and turbulences that afflict men. His tales of terror are surpassed by none, for they are like his fairy poetry, based on age-old familiarity, which the merely imaginative writers of the German school could never attain. There is no mistaking the native permanent strength of such tales as those of Robert Adamson or Merodach, made all the more impressive, not by piled-up horrors or purely imaginative surroundings, but by the background of every-day doings, sayings, and opinions as real as the main awfulness itself.

SECTION 11.----- (b) RELIGION AS A FACTOR IN HOGG'S WORK.

Very closely bound together were the Supernatural and the Religious in Border Scotland; especially with such a religion as Calvinism abroad, as the recognised faith of the people, its dry aridities and intellectual deserts calling out for some pleasant water-brooks of living belief. We have already traced in some degree the importance of traditional religion in Hogg's country, and the long ancestry that lay behind his sympathies, large and tolerant to the many elements which found themselves caught up in the slow-moving current. The absence of acrimony in religious questions so notable in Hogg is but a reflection of the popular attitude which saw in old Catholics and modern Covenanters differing members of the same family, an attitude entirely due to the inherited character of their faith, unbroken and cherished till the influences and widening outlook of the nineteenth century deprived it of its peculiar isolation.

Of the persistence of older ideas than the Reformation there is no lack of evidence in Hogg's writings. Beliefs survive even as the ancient abbeys, ruined but recognisable, softened by time, venerable and beautifully refined of all harshness, and fitting in harmoniously with all that lies about them. Hogg's Fairy virgins and their ideal paradise, their easy commerce with the skies, unorthodox as it may be, the apotheosis of virginity so often sung in his poems, are a sure survival from the days that approached a distant God and a distant Christ through the familiar human personality of the Virgin Mary and her attendant saints. There, medieval Abbot and modern poetic Shepherd met on common ground, and stretching across the centuries to each other, saw in such maidens as Kilmeny and Mary Lee their ideals of highest human affection, freed from sensual stain, and become a fit gateway from earth to heaven. There are many such living records even so late as Hogg's day, and it is curious to note how persistent is this intermediary idea, a true connecting link with the old persuasion. It cuts the poet off very definitely from the Covenanters amidst whom he lived, and whom he on occasion so ardently defended. Yet with their sterner doctrines he seldom really identified himself. He loved them as Borderers, as co-mates and brothers, but their Hebraic Puritanism, and especially their close sense of intimacy and even familiarity with their God were alien to his quasi-Catholic attitude. His heaven is not at all apocalyptic. He loves to dwell in some place, beautiful and serene, as a glorious and peaceful and purified Earth might be, a transmuted Forest, with all of Nature's strongest and deepest rarefied and made transcendently clear, and situated somewhere in the blue canopy, short of the remote and unrealisable ultimate Heaven. He loves this land in which dwell all his purest and holiest maidens, not so far away as to be beyond the reach of earthly vision and imagination, from which even return is possible. They come back to this earth of ours for a short time, and shed their beneficent influence, even though their whole soul is growing constantly more akin to the land they have left, for whose peace and calm serenity they yearn immeasurably. These holy maids are for Hogg the intermediaries, even as Nature is/

is in all her appealing aspects, and he cherishes them and her, as he cherishes Superstition itself, for their easy contact with One, supreme and unimaginable, who dwelt too far within the innermost to be looked at except by those pure eyes, or to be realised except through the portals of Nature and the beliefs she had planted in men's minds. For Hogg had a meaning for superstition which we can with difficulty comprehend. It was not a mockery, a childishness. It was a true approximation and appreciation - an approach to the hidden beauty, and far from being weak and ridiculous, was the outcome of true religion, and the sure and permanent stay of devotion. He saw the old beliefs vanish under the strong beams of modern scepticism, saw rational outlook and ideas vanquish these precious relics, and could with difficulty reconcile himself to the long past Reformation, because with its advent there disappeared from the minds of his people much, and as time passed, more and more of their old invaluable possession. The Reformers shook the ancient faith, frightened away the lovely spirits that dwelt in every nook; and with them, drove away the old spirit of Devotion. Knox and his fellows were disturbers of the ancient peace, and though Hogg is in full sympathy with all of the new faith that found a lodgment in the Forest, he sees clearly how great has been the loss, and regrets it steadily, constantly. In this he, as ever, not only reflects the attitude of his people, but intensifies and clears it as he expresses it. His lines on 'Superstition' are full of interesting hints on these old beliefs, and of his remarkable attitude of keen regret towards them:-

"But gone is her mysterious dignity-,
And true Devotion wanes away with her;"
- a thought repeated later, in unmistakable sincerity.
"These were the times for holiness of frame;
These were the days when Fancy wandered free;
That kindled in the soul the mystic flame,
And the rapt breathings of high poesie.
Sole empress of the twilight-woe is me!
That thou and all thy spectres are outworn,
For true Devotion wanes away with thee;
All thy delirious dreams are laughed to scorn,
While o'er our hills has dawned a cold saturnine
morn."

Nor can there be any doubt of the deep religious feeling which animates him, as he expresses the worship evoked by Nature, and by Superstition her clear revelation.

"Oh! I have bowed to her resistless sway,
When the thin evening vapours floated nigh;
When the gray plover's wailings died away,
And the tall mountains melted into sky:
The note of gloaming bee that journeyed by,
Sent through my heart a momentary knell;
And sore I feared in bush or brake might lie
Things of unearthly make - for I knew well
That hour with danger fraught more than when mid-
night fell."

Evidently for him, as for the old fathers of the Covenant, God spoke in divers manners, and the new spirit of questioning is but a menace and a disturber,

Of course there is another side to this vanishing superstition/

stition, where it was the expression of ignorant fear, and in its darker aspects, a hindrance, a clog, certainly no encourager of true devotion. Of this, Hogg was perfectly aware, and while eager to preserve all that was good and helpful, showed himself no friend to the beliefs evoked by mere fear. Hints of this are quite visible in "The Witches of Traquhair", where in a splendidly realised story of old-time evil superstitions, without any jarring note of undue critical superiority, we find such comment as this - the obverse of his regret for passing Devotion:-

"The truth is that Popery was then on its last legs, and the devil, finding it (as then exercised) a very convenient and profitable sort of religion, exerted himself beyond measure to give its motley hues a little more variety."

But this apart, the main link between Hogg and the pre-Reformation religion lies in the familiar supernatural interpretations of Border life, in the witch and fairy traditions so eagerly seized upon as romantic material by Hogg's contemporaries, so full of a meaning and value quite beyond their understanding. This deeper significance, Hogg knew well, and the old superstitions are at once a cause and a result of his close contact with the life he so peculiarly rendered. Interested in them for themselves, he was constantly being drawn by his modern attraction into reviving contact with the age-old beliefs they expressed; constantly being brought to ever closer understanding of the race whose attitude was exactly the same, if not so conscious, as his own.

Nor must it be forgotten that even ^{at} Calvinism, as interpreted by the Scottish Borders, was closely allied to, and easily assimilated, many of the ideas strictly belonging to the older religion. It was inevitable that a people so familiar with the Ballads, which whatever their origin and actual date in their present form, bear in them, unaltered, ancient beliefs, should provide in their more modern ideas unfailing evidence of the old constantly at work to mellow and alter the new. It is true that in some of the popular songs and stories we have signs of tampering, attempts to bring the old into more visible touch with the new, attempts to build afresh on the old foundations. But these are not common enough to indicate any wide sense of confusion and conflict. Their comparative rarity only shows that for most of the people, the insensible modification was complete and unnoticed, and the presence of elements that clashed and cut across, unrealised. Hogg's absolute accordance, aided by his wider sympathy, enables him likewise to accept without question or sense of discord, while his uniform respect for the traditional basis prevents reconstruction even where the tampering of modernisation has obviously been at work.

In 'Mess John', where the new belief has been very unsuccessfully mingled with an old legend, he is concerned only with the accurate presentation of a "very popular story about Ettrick Forest....always told with the least variation, both by young and old, of any legendary tale I ever heard....A gentleman of this country with whom I lately conversed strove to convince/

vince me that I had placed the era of the tale too late, for that it must have its origin from a much earlier age." To this he cannot agree because of the many incontestable proofs of the events happening in the "heat of the persecution". Yet there is nothing so evident about the legend as its reconstruction on an older basis, full as it is of references and allusions to a period long before Calvinism or Covenanters. The poem as a whole is weak and unconvincing, because of the mixing in the story of a supernatural and credulity in keeping with a pre-reformation legend, and of a more vigorously imagined personification of the devil, characteristic of Enthusiast times. The effect is much the same as Balfour of Burleigh's struggle at the crags would have if presented in the atmosphere of 'The Monastery' or 'The Abbot'. The older times laid stress on minor supernatural beings, attendant and intermediary; the Covenanting days, for some reason or other - greater life stress, or more vivid imaginations, or an enthusiastic idea of their special election - seem always to have concentrated on the devil. This clashing does not excite Hogg's attention. He is content with reproducing the story as he had heard it and knew it, and as it had formed in the popular mind, with the result that its inherent weakness in the original is in no way removed. He perceives no need for atmosphere, and does not attempt it, but contents himself with powerfully reproducing certain of the incidents serving to show how completely in his mind the old and the new were mingled. The story has the elements of a true terror-tale, but the effect of the whole is of fragments, due to the conflicting visions. He is sometimes in the mood of the Whigs, sometimes obviously hostile to their counter-charms, once beautifully sympathetic with the maid, and again treating the whole thing as a 'Tam o' Shanter' farce. This last touch is significant of an unconscious rejection of the mixture, for while the popular idea would transmute insensibly, and Hogg with it; yet, when the clashing is for once too noticeable, his deeper instinct rejects, even while he clings to the literal tradition, and the result is obvious.

It is not an unfamiliar idea that the fairies were of the old persuasion, and though the Covenanters, because of their very present devil, seized fast hold of all that was pernicious in witchcraft, backed by Biblical authority, they poured scorn on the gentler beings whose interest in human affairs was in itself an expression of a devotion - pantheistic in tendency, may be, but real and potent for good. This may well be but another illustration of a new religion degrading the gods of the old to the level of demons, and it was only natural that the enthusiasts, finding no scriptural warrant for the old beliefs, and seeing in them relics of the tyranny they fought, should spurn them from their minds. Nor with their sense of the nearness of God, satisfying their supernaturally-toned imagination, was there any real necessity for the old intermediaries. "Moreover", says Adam Woodcock, "these were but tales the monks used to gull us simple laymen withal; they knew that fairies and hobgoblins brought aves and paternosters into repute. But now we have given up worship of images in wood and stone, methinks it were no time to be afraid of bubbles in the water, and shadows in the air."

It was only the sterner and stronger minds that could
be /

To face Page 36.

(h).

"for they are blind,
And would, presumptuous, the Eternal bind,
Either perpetual blessings to bestow,
Or plunge the souls He framed in endless woe."

be so satisfied, and with the bulk of the people in the remoter districts, the old sense of presences everywhere not to be put by persisted both by necessity and by long custom, linking them up indissolubly with the elder days, and making them tolerant of Covenanting doctrines rather than vital believers in them, except in so far as Covenanting tradition mingled completely and came to be revered as a sort of Old Testament preserved for its own sake. It is in this lasting reverence for the old familiar channels that Hogg's contact with Catholicism is conspicuous more than in specific dogmas to which he definitely adheres. Even such tangible evidences are not wanting, though they are always that which he had received. His old beliefs are in no way a harking-back, nor does he accept anything except through tradition and the ideas of his people. Can there be any doubt of a survival in the curious theories brought forward in 'The Pilgrims of the Sun' with all the enthusiasm of calm belief inspiring deep poetic visions? The medieval idea of the progression of the soul to perfection, commonly summed up in the popular notion of Purgatory, is there easily recognisable. There is the preparation for entering the presence of God,

"till by degrees

Thy frame and vision are so subtilised,
As that thou mayst the inner regions near
Where dwell the holy angels. . ."

There is the continued progress of the spirits;

"These had sojourned far

From world to world more pure - till by degrees
After a thousand years' progression, they
Stepped on the confines of that land of life,
Of bliss unspeakable and evermore."

It may be that "Fraser's" was right in lamenting the madness of the 'Pilgrims' and the influence of Bishop Burnet, but there is no reason to doubt that this strange remote heaven, where figure finally men of all creeds and persuasions, this far-stretching universe from whose various bounds come spirits "that roam existence", is a poet's vision based on that which was entirely familiar to his people for many generations. Of course the poem is unequal, being Hogg's, and when he leaves the glory of the heaven of heavens, to dabble in a paradise of lovers, his imagination, being no Dante's, plays him false; and as he is fancifully exploiting some half-digested theories, with no fixed basis in actual belief, he ceases to be the singer of imaginative truth, accompanying his wild but far-seeing vision on an earthly harp. But even here, the progression idea asserts itself as a ringing dominant, and expresses itself in the extremely uncovenanting criticism of man's beliefs regarding eternal bliss and punishment. (4). There is very little of Election in it, and a good deal of what for want of a better name we may call Border Catholicism. The fact that he is quite critically aware of the faults of the old religion, gives it no peculiar favour, represents his monk as robbing the dead, and speaks of "the dire mischance of priest-craft and of ignorance" in no way militates against this view. And the passages of the poem where he is uniformly successful are precisely those parts where he is building on tradition. The failure of the third and fourth parts is due largely to his unsupported and fanciful excursions.

This Purgatory idea is not peculiar to "The Pilgrims."

In /

To face Page 37.

(i).

"She has kiss'd my cheek, she has kemb'd my hair,

And made a breast of Heaven my pillow,

And promised her God to take me there,

Before the leaf falls from the willow."

In a poem called "Admonition", which likewise has the restless and unsure touch, the theology of the repentant dame has a queer flavour about it. According to her, the spirit after death

"rises on, or more or less
In knowledge, and in happiness,
Progressing still in purer bliss
That end can never see."

Yet it seems true enough, for it has the essential unity with his customary inspiration. Outside of that, he is always uncertain, if occasionally successful. The monk's prayer in "Polmood" is a case in point, for here he is almost certainly fabricating, and attempting to supply a local colour not given in the story as he had it. He naturally fails, as he fails in other very ancient stories where he catches the general spirit excellently, but has too little antiquarian knowledge to reproduce artistically and convincingly those matters of detail where unbroken tradition or reliable imagination alone could succeed. As a contrast, the more general picture of the monk in "Roxburgh" is thoroughly well done.

We must return here, for a moment, to that never-failing inspiration of Hogg's, the pure unsullied virgin. There, as nowhere else, we have solid proof of the old surviving in the new. It is indissolubly linked with the Fairy superstition, whether, as in "Lytil Pinkie", the maidens are under the Fairies' protection, or, as in numerous legends, they return from the Fairy world to which their purity has transported them, to shed a kindly careful influence on their chosen children. Here is evidence of Hogg clarifying a half-articulate tradition. It is a theme always charged with his fullest emotion, and belief, but it is incredible that it is an idea peculiar to him. It is racy, and must inevitably have found expression else-where - a pure belief lingering in spirit after the grosser forms have passed away. It is like the very rose of Catholic medievalism surviving in its most beautiful form. Yet another rendering is to be found in ~~the~~ "Elen of Reigh", where it should be noted, the dead maiden was adorned with white roses and with a "birch and holly band". It is an absolute reincarnation of the ballad supernatural, so real as to leave the poet hardly conscious of any strangeness. In fact, one need look for no purer rendering of the ballad spirit into nineteenth century poetry than the beautiful stanza in the song of Elen for her late earthly companion. (i) If Puritanism reawoke in its strength with Wordsworth, one feels a reincarnation of the best of Catholicism in such work of Hogg's - a later breath of the spirit of "The Wife of Usher's Well". And it is generally in connection with the maiden theme that this spirit appears, a beautiful, believing, and reverent survival.

These reminiscences are all more or less sub-conscious, but it should be noted that Hogg rarely exhibits anything like hostility to Catholics as such. Indeed, in the outstanding case of "Mr. Adamson", where very plain evidence is forthcoming of the religious feeling of the district, it is quite clear that Hogg himself took a very tolerant view. His apparent difference from the popular outlook is explained by the fact that the story is one of his later versions of a comparatively recent tradition. Patie, the gaberlunzie man, is a Papist, and a masterpiece. He is mild at first, as a remnant of an unpopular faith might well be/

To face Page ³⁸ ~~111~~

~~(111)~~

(j)

"'But yet the Sun of heaven' said he,

'Has been benignant god to me.

'Twas he who reared the roe-deer's brood,

And the young bristler of the wood;

The sprightly fawn, with dappled sides,

And leveret in the fern that hides;

The kid, so playful and so spruce;

And all for poor MacUiston's use.

'Tis he that makes the well to spring,

The dew to fall, the bird to sing;

And gives the berry of the waste,

Its ripeness, and its savoury taste.'"

be. "I'll keep my Christian cracks for other than auld papist dogs, I trow...." says Adamson, and Patie answers "I wad advise ye as a friend, whenever ye hae occasion to speak of ony community of brother christians, that in future ye will hardly mak use o' siccan harsh terms" - an answer in splendid contrast with his conduct at the fulfilment of his curse on the scoffer. His enthusiasm as he sees his invoked judgment come rolling over the hills, and his crowing over the cauldrie Protestant Whige is extraordinary work - in no way suggestive of anything but broadest sympathy. "It is a sublime thing to be a Roman Catholic among sae mony weak apostates; but it is a sublimer thing still to be a deil - a master-spirit in a forge like yon. Ha, ha, ha! Take care o' your heads, ye cock-chickens o' Calvin; take care o' the auld copper-smith o' the Black Cludd",

Then there is Hogg's confession of faith, slight enough but notable from its uniqueness, in his letter to his 'Edinburgh' reviewer. It is all for toleration, accused as he is of Jacobitism. "I and all my kindred have always loved and honoured the Protestant succession; and if you will look into my Brownie of Bodsbeck, you will perhaps see enough to satisfy you that I am neither a Papist nor an approver of persecutions either civil or religious. But sir....I have that about me that makes me feel great respect for the character of a conscientious papist....and that of a conscientious Jacobite also". It was only the feeling of his people, and on the two occasions we can find in his writings where actual hostility is expressed, the explanation is simple. One is an alien story, communicated to Hogg from Highland sources, and referring to the Catholics in atone only to be understood by the foreign origin. In the other, the story of Philiphaugh, the papists are scorned and hated, clearly enough, but it is because they are foreigners and intruders. The references are undoubtedly traditional, but they are unmistakably indicative of bitter opposition not to a faith but to the invading members - "that man wha has murdered more than a hunder thousand good Protestant Christians is come wi' his great army o' Irish an' Highland papists."

Not only are there visible, such traces of Catholicism, sympathetically understood and rendered, in Hogg's work, but there are signs of something even far older, more indefinite, which must have been handed down in the Forest as insensibly and so obscurely as the lingering influence of ancestors in occasional Scandinavian feature and disguised family name. We shall not find Thor or Woden still alive, but somewhat of Paganism surely survives. There is ^{the} little bit of sun-worship in 'Queen Hynde' which, while dramatically and fitly put into the mouth of Mac-Uiston, is yet so sympathetically given as to suggest an awakening of some old rusty chord in the poet's mind. (j.) The excellence is in the unconscious response, for, consciously, Hogg knew as little of articulate Paganism as of any foreign religion or mythology. The weak song to Odin in the same poem has nothing about it that reveals the slightest intimacy, since Hogg, as a romanticist, is not even so advanced as to take an interest in any mythology outside his own immediate surroundings. He certainly rises again in his description of the preparation of the maidens for the human sacrifice, but the excellence is independent of any exact conscious knowledge, and its beauty is of his own traditions. These are but stray and vague suggestions, but when they/

they are coupled with the general drift of Border supernatural, which worshipped with undoubted awe and embodied and revealed Nature rather than any modern conception of God, we are forced to admire once again the strength of tradition in poet and people alike.

Into this supernaturalistic religion, conservative and clinging to old expressions of faith, the new ideas of the Reformation, and more especially of the later Calvinistic developments, were merged with surprising ease. That the new was distinctly modified by its peculiar surroundings goes without saying, for Border Calvinists and Covenanters alike were strangely different from their fellows in the western counties, or nearer the gates of Edinburgh. The difference was still more discernible later, when Ayrshire and Fife led in numerous dissent, leaving the Borders to their placidly mixed and mutually mellowing elements. Further, it must be remembered that Calvinism was in its essentials a theology rather than a faith, and its dry rational appeal stimulated the intellect while it left the imagination to seek its food in the old habitual way, and no difficulty was felt in wedding the two as if they had always been one. Its intellectual appeal was new, but it was just as possible still for the farmer and the shepherd to walk in their old supernatural paths, as for Irving to burst out in his novel heresies; both alike imaginative, both alike independent of the doctrinal points over which all Scotland disputed and waxed exceeding warm. Calvinism lacked a poetry and each supplied the necessary emotional element in his own way, Hogg in his old devotion-at appreciation of Nature's solemn revelations, Irving in his apocalyptic visions, Ralph Erskine and numerous pillars of the Church in vivid dreams of Heaven and Hell with which they enraptured and terrorised their difficult hearers. Most strongly did the Borders apply their own local colouring, and when the persecutors left their trail, the sufferers for the new belief took their place easily and naturally among the country-side's cherished traditions. Nor must it be forgotten that while politically, in Germany, in Switzerland, and in Scotland, the Reformation made a great cleavage, in matters of actual belief the change was slow and gradual, and therefore bound to be modified in the highest degree in a district so conservative as the south-east of Scotland. So it is that certain doctrines and dogmas appear more prominent in Border belief, partly, ^{from} mutual interaction, partly even from a certain kinship between Catholicism and Calvinism most apparent where the relics of Catholicism were strongest. The keener theologians often reached a strikingly familiar result by virtue of very different reasoning. They were as cruel to the child, and especially to the unbaptised babe, as ever Augustine could be. The power of evil, or rather of lost oblivion, over the unchristened is still a familiar idea to Catholics, in spite of our modern humanity, and while the older poetry preserved it in the power of the fairies over such an unclaimed soul, the Erskines and their brethren reached a similar conclusion by sheer dry logic. The babe was without a name, and as it was thus impossible to identify it at the Resurrection, there was at least a doubt as to its ultimate salvation. They avoided anything likethe old ceremonial at burials, partly from fear of the old associations, partly ^{lest} they be tempted into prayers for the dead. But lyke-wakes and dirges, and precautions for the welfare of the spirit and the protection of the living were lingering familiar features in the Reformed Forest.

Not that the Borders were peculiar in this assimilation
of/

of old and new. Calvinism and Catholicism agreed not infrequently in the Scottish temperament, especially in the strange development of Enthusiasm. As the Italian Renaissance produced men of the most contradictory features, the greatest piety and the deepest villainy and rascality existing side by side, and sincerely existing in the same individual, so was covenanting Scotland productive of strange medleys. It can be argued that this is characteristic of all highly enthusiastic religions, and that sanctified scoundrels were common enough in Puritan England. But this is something rather different from the extraordinary hypocrisies engendered by politically dominant intolerance. Catholicism, by its ecstatic visions and its unlimited emotionalism, coupled with the belief in the efficiency of external means of repentance, permitted such characters to live in unquestioned sincerity. Scottish enthusiasm, similarly emotional, overdeveloped the doctrines of Predestination and Election, until all sorts of unspeakable crimes became not only thinkable but actual, as expressions of the varied advancement of the Elect. In addition, there was in both religions, a thorough belief in demonic possession, and nowhere is this concurrency better illustrated than in the numerous tales and legends of which the Border counties were so productive. There especially we find a complete understanding of the phenomenon, and in none of his prose tales is Hogg so successful as in the awful stories of Adamson and Merodach, or in that final masterpiece of the terrible - 'The Confessions'. The stern harsh doctrines, too, so dear to Calvinism, of the irrepressible anger of a just God, the unfailing dwelling on wrath, wrath and judgment, which made Burns' humanity revolt, the useless repentance of the non-elect, are well compared with the old idea of Retribution, only to be overcome by a life-long penance and scarcely even then, which in the more serious Catholic mind was the obverse of the light-hearted repentance of Chaucer's Friars and Pardoners. Again we find an adequate realisation in Hogg, in his picture of the Palmer in 'Mador of the Moer'. He paints the stern doctrine with understanding and with sympathy, but with no idea of revolt. The fact is there, and the poet's mind is preoccupied with its effect on human lives. There is no questioning; only deep interest and a profound acquiescence that can only be explained by his long familiarity and traditional acceptance. The quietism of Hogg is a trait that one is apt to miss.

It should be clear, then, that the familiar doctrines and developments of Calvinism easily enough mingled with the half articulate religion of the Borders, and that neither from the beliefs of the Covenanters, nor from the later and more easily remembered logical heresies of the advanced Dissenters was there any danger of a direct cut, separating even so late a product as Hogg from the material he was so peculiarly fitted to embody and perpetuate. As much of the theory was adopted as fitted in with the older beliefs, and where the enthusiasm of the Covenanters failed to find a credulous response, the mingling sympathy was easily forthcoming by virtue of the assumption of the persecuted into the native legendary lore. It is an extremely important point, this limited approximation. The heresies which found strong expression in Hogg's great stories are the heresies of the "Marrow Men", of whom Ettrick's Boston was the chief apologist, his detachment explains the element of critical attitude which makes them tell, and the same local limitation is visibly at work in his main Covenanting theme - 'The Brownie of Bodsbeck' of/

To face Page 48.

(48). "I suffered unjustly in the eyes of the world with regard to that tale, which was looked upon as an imitation of the tale of "Old Mortality", and a counterpart to that; whereas it was written long ere the tale of "Old Mortality" was heard of, and I well remember my chagrin on finding the ground, which I thought clear, preoccupied before I could appear publicly on it, and that by such a redoubted champion." He returns to the theme later. "I was unlucky, therefore, in the publication of my first novel, and what impeded me still further, was the publication of "Old Mortality"; for, having made the redoubted Burley the hero of my tale, I was obliged to go over it again, and alter all the traits in the character of the principal personage, substituting John Brown of Caldwell, for John Balfour of Burley, greatly to the detriment of my story. I tried also to take out Clavers, but found it impossible."

of which book a fairly detailed examination seems desirable at this stage.

Through a variety of minor accidents, the 'Brownie' has been uniformly successful in appearing in a wrong light, and has come to be looked on as Hogg's deliberate challenge to Scott on behalf of the Covenanters. Naturally it has suffered, for an adequate rival to 'Old Mortality' it most emphatically is not. The average reader has been content to come to the easy decision that it is inferior to Scott's novel, and dismiss the matter as finished. Certainly, that opinion needs no great critical acumen; especially as we are convinced it was never intended seriously to challenge Scott's supremacy, and has an excellence all its own and of quite another sort. Even during the early period when Hogg was finding his full expression in poetry, and was encouraged to continue in that line by Scott's practice and success, he was frequently trying his hand at prose tales where the spirit of his soil speaks to him in a variety of typical incidents and experiences. Among these, Covenanted traditions naturally found a place. He could not avoid it, and there is ample reason to think that the 'Brownie' was actually in shape and ready for printing, like numerous other tales, when Scott's change to prose altered Hogg's idea of the value of the medium. There is hardly any doubt that 'Old Mortality' cut the feet from Hogg's book, and any suggestion of rivalry is posthumous and due to his annoyance at being forestalled. Had 'Old Mortality' been Scott's first essay in prose, we could have believed the easy assumption that the Master's success turned the humble follower's mind for the first time away from verse. The legion of imitators evoked by Scott's work is sufficient proof of that probability, and it certainly convinced Hogg of the suitability of prose for his later snatches at fame. But from many circumstances, it is clear that in the publication and not in the making or intention was there any suggestion of challenge. There is no reason to doubt the evidence of his Autobiography on the point, for in spite of all the contemporary jeering, there is never, as we have noted, any proof of deliberate falsity in Hogg's presentation of facts. His frankness against himself precludes this. (k)

幸 幸. The unfortunate suggestion of rivalry would seem to be due then to accidental accompaniments merely—the time of publication, the unfortunate altercation the book induced between Hogg and Blackwood, and the eager seizing of the Shepherd by partisans as a champion against Scott's presentation of the Covenanters. That Hogg was in any sense a champion of the Whigs in general is extremely improbable; and though he had, on his own statement, made John Balfour the hero, there is much reason to doubt if there had been any more favourable picture of that enthusiast than Scott had already given. Laidlaw is the real centre, and his attitude is exactly what we would expect of a man of Hogg's country, in no way one of the Enthusiasts or in favour of their ideas or actions, except in so far as their common humanity evoked his sympathy. So was it with Hogg. So was it with his countrymen. They suffered from the persecutions, they hated the instruments of cruelty, they dealt kindly and neighbourly with the outlandish victims of tyranny who took up their abode among them, but they by no means followed the west-country fanatics in all the results of their religious and political reasonings. There is the pride of/
of/

(2). "I have heard them myself, when distributing the sacrament, formally debar from the table the king and his ministers; all witches and warlocks; all who had committed or attempted suicide; all who played at cards or dice; all the men that had ever danced opposite to a woman, and every woman that had danced with her face towards a man; all the men who looked at their cattle or crops, and all the women who pulled green kail or scraped potatoes on the Sabbath day: and I have been told that in former days they debarred all who used fanners for cleaning their oats, instead of God's natural wind."

The open comment and almost indifferent interest shown in the fairly late "Shepherd's Wedding" on such subjects as Patronage and Natural Piety are important in this respect. His is a large human view, untouched by the bitterness of intolerant and persecuted seclusion, and it is obvious that here, as elsewhere, he but reflects his environment. The Cameronian, as such, is evidently not treated with much respect or consideration by the Borderers. "That may be", said Aedie o' Aberlosh, "but I hae come better on than I expectit wi' my Cameronian naig. I never saw him streek himself sae afore; I dare say he thocht that Davie was suld Clavers mountit on Hornie. Poor fellow!", continued he, patting him, "he has a good deal o' anti-prelatic dourness in him but I see he has some spirit for a' that. I bought him for a pownie, but he's turned out a beast." Or Aberlosh again - "I'll try him on my Cameronian whenever he likes; him that beats a Cameronian has but neither to best."

of the clannish folk in their own sufferings under this as under any cruelty, there is the wide deep sympathy with the persecuted and harried, but save in the unrelieved portrait of Claverhouse, there is nought that would suggest a champion of the Covenanters for their own sake, nor any savour of political agitation.

For, as we have shown, Hogg's temperament was alien to the typical Covenanter.. There was little of the Ancient Hebrew in him, in spite of his Hebrew Melodies, and his recorded early love for the metrical version of the Psalms. The deep realisation of a personal God very nigh unto them in all times of stress and trouble, so characteristic of the Covenanters, is not a trait of Hogg's religious outlook, though he can to some extent understand it, and still more their equally intense awareness of a personal devil. Nor has he found frequent inspiration for his lyrics in Covenanting themes. The 'Covenanter's Scaffold Song' is almost unique, and it is utterly unlike the accepted spirit, with such ideas as "friends in Jesus" embodied in it. Nanny Elshinder's songs are different. They fit in with his legends and tales, and show that for Hogg the sympathy was not at all of religion, but of tradition and local circumstance. He can be quite critical of their practices, and his later prose tales of human error presuppose a certain detachment, but his notes to such poems as 'Mess John', and especially a long and interesting comment on 'The Cameronian Cat' prove that he was in no way involved in their peculiar tenets, but was quite aware of the "rather ludicrous extremity" they sometimes attained. (2.) Yet this is the general and unstirred side only. Such was the perversity and 'thrawnness' of his stiff-necked race that when they found themselves united with the Whigs in resistance to external authority, their blood was apt to rise and lead them to all lengths in defence of those who sought shelter among them. Hogg was easily stirred to such championships, but they are evanescent. His best work is inspired by the deeper bond of sympathy with human suffering which knite him close to these generally alien people. 'A Lay of the Martyrs', told straight through on one unbroken inspiration, is a powerful, compelling poem. The pity and the despairing strength which cut through all merely local differences and made the Covenanting stories take their place in the traditional religion of the district are fully understood, and Hogg, in the light of these, has told a beautifully pathetic story, where the words and thoughts especially of the poor stricken girl are so truly realised as to raise the poem high into real art.

His actual community with the persecuted sect was therefore distinctly limited. Anything that savours of challenge to Scott in the 'Brownie' may be accounted for by a not incomprehensible jealousy when the Sheriff trenched on what the Shepherd thought of as his territory. Where he understood them best was exactly where their religion spoke its deepest notes, where it freed itself from the taint of Enthusiasm and politics, fitted in most with the general notions of the Forest, and became a true religion of the soil - the religion of desolate uplands and nature's wastes. The old shepherd in the 'Calendar' shows us exactly the outer traits of such a faith - a sense of the nearness of God, of his personal interest in man's affairs coupled with the hard association of suffering and sin, of which Hogg is quite aware. "He perceived, or thought he perceived/

ceived, ~~or thought he perceived~~, one man's flocks suffering on account of the owner's transgressions, and though he bewailed the hardships.....yet he acknowledged in his heart the justness of the punishment". It is easy to see how hard judgment and censoriousness and pitiless self-righteousness would thus be engendered, with the intense closeness of God as the one belief over all which these dwellers in the bleak and snowy wastes could and did grip fast. And to a persecuted people, what hope was there save in this presence of God, and the immediate earthly reward of sin? The judgment - idea lives and flourishes there - the comfort of many more than acknowledged zealots. "It appears to me that sin^w he roupit out yon poor family yesterday, the Lord has ta'en his guiding arm frae about him".

It was therefore in the nature of things but to be expected that Hogg's Covenanting stories would show a sympathy and understanding quite away from anything that Sir Walter Scott would produce, so different was his outlook bound to be. Claverhouse could have no gentlemanly traits, nor could the canting and almost ludicrous side of the Whigs find expression. The question of Balfour is not raised, for Hogg and Scott were nearly at one in their attitude towards this extraordinary manifestation of the effects of zealotry upon even the stronger minds. Whig mentality interested one as much as the other, Hogg more lastingly; for while Scott is content with Balfour (Robertson and Davie Deans being but subordinate and duplex motives) Hogg returns to the theme again and again, in varying moods, it is true, but deeply and permanently interested. One need but think of Robert Adamson and Robert Wringham to realise this. But that is a special development. The main point is the serious interest his environment evoked, and one small but not insignificant feature should be noted - that he avoids the easy satire of making his Whigs talk snivelling cant. Even in the 'Edinburgh Baillie' where opportunities occur frequently, he very sparingly seeks colour in this direction.

To return to the more particular consideration of the 'Brownie'. Its essential characteristics are its traditional sincerity, mingled with just so much detachment as the theme would lead us to expect; and the complete absence of anything savouring of romance. Its value lies in a totally different direction from that of 'Old Mortality', and it preserves, with epic-like force, the accurate lines of a people's attitude. There is no attempt at presenting an attractive picture, no effort to weave into one framework the varied interests that appeal to the Magician, and make his books so splendid a pageant of past time, possible only to Scott's bridging imagination. Hogg could not do that, need not. His great praise is his faithful and accurate rendering of miniature details invisible in the more highly-coloured picture; but essential to a proper historical understanding. They have much of the strength of contemporary documents, and take, or ought to take their place alongside the Ballads as valuable historical side-lights. Further, we feel, as seldom when reading Scott, that the pageant is not all, that behind all these antiquarian and romantic doings was real life, real suffering and happiness. There is an alertness of touch, a first-hand vision, which brings us away from rich tapestries and imaginative splendours to a close/

close acquaintance with living men. None saw more clearly than Scott the mysterious charm that lies always in the old, for modern men. But he missed the miseries and joys, the pettinesses, the multitude of daily detail which went to make these romantically heightened lives an actuality. He knew that in every cottage was material for a tragedy, and his kindly heart was alive to every sort of good and evil around him; but in his study, ~~study~~, his magic pen in his hand, and the door of his wonderful past invitingly open, he dreamed dreams whose glorious vision stimulated his imagination till they became for him and for us an anodyne, a sweet bane of forgetfulness, and the means of brief and refreshing sojourn in another world. With all this romance Hogg has nothing whatever to do. Led by his friend's example, he may on occasion attempt it, but never successfully, and he always wins back to that which he alone could do - the vivid presentation of the indisputable reality which lay behind. The 'Brownie' shows nothing of romance-weaving. Hogg is most obviously narrating a well known story, and moreover, narrating as he remembers. The plot may consequently suffer, the effective presentation occasionally does suffer through his ignorance of the devices of his art, but the racy reality is there unmistakably all the time.

Of course, Hogg gains greatly in verisimilitude by the accurate use he makes of the vernacular. Of some aspects of this we have already had occasion to speak. His fondness for remembered speech is not only a characteristic of his dependence upon tradition, but one of the qualities which make him valuable in a way quite outside contemporary literary development, and which have ensured his being read and loved in districts cut off from any vital contact with current literature. But it has the further value of being a true artistic medium, consciously adopted. Scott, with his quick ear for peculiarities of expression which he used freely in his compromise speech, has the surer and more consistent practice. His vernacularly coloured English makes for certainty of understanding and quickness of appeal, and for easy transition from vernacular to standard. Hogg is limited in these directions, but at his best he writes Scots, and his close-fitting and characteristic speech is a perfect instrument for his work. He is unaware of any need for appeal to other than a native audience; and we would claim for him, hardly needing to go beyond the 'Brownie' for proof, that, instead of being an imitator of Scott and a mere minor feature of English Literature and the Scottish approximation, he is one of the last representatives, if not the last, of purely Scottish Literature. It is not only his use of the vernacular, but the fact that he practised knowingly the rendering of racy Scottish incidents and character in their only fitting garb and expression. It is a natural thing for him to write it, to let his men and women speak it, and he clings to it and knows it more completely than even Ferguson or Burns; and in an altogether different fashion from the affectations of such contemporaries as Muir and Wilson. We say affectation, for in no sense was Scots their natural language in literature. Hogg's it undoubtedly was, and his prose, while occasionally rising to a likeness to Goldsmith's, but generally uncertain, loose in construction and experimental in vocabulary, no sooner drops into the vernacular than its rare pithy accuracy and deep knowledgable word-power strike home to the reader. He knows of no eccentricities, he is searching for no trimmings. At his best moments and in his best tales, he gives us speech worth volumes of so-called dialect, for the spirit rather than mere provincial idiosyncrasy is in it, and he is using the vernacular for/

(m). The following soliloquy or recollection or whatever one cares to call it could scarcely be bettered. Nanny is going over again some well-remembered event in her life. "Were you at the meeting of the traitors at Lanark on the 12th of January?"

"I never was among traitors that I was certain of till this day. (Let them take that! bloody gruesome beasts.)"

"Were you at Lanark on that day?"

"If you had been there you would have seen".

"Confound the old witch! Burn her with matches, squeeze her with pincers as long as there's a whole piece of her together, then throw her into prison, and let her lie till she rot, the old wrinkled hag! Good woman, I pity you; you shall let go free if you will tell us where you last saw Hamilton and your own Goodman".

"Ye shall hing me up by the tongue first, and cut me a' in collops while I'm hingin."

"Burn her in the cheeks, cut baith her legs out, and let her gae down head foremost her own way."

After this strange soliloquy, the speaker sobbed aloud, spoke in a suppressed voice for some time, and then began in a strain so sweet and melancholy, that it thrilled the hearer, and made her tremble where she stood. The tune was something like the Broom of Cowdenknowe, the sweetest and most plaintive of the ancient Scottish airs, but it was sung so slow as to bear with it a kind of solemnity:—

The kye are rowting in the lone,
The ewes bleat on the brae,
O, what can ail my auld gudeman,
He bides sae lang away!

An' aye the robin sang by the wud,
An' his note had a waesome fa';
An' the corbies croupit in the clud,
But he durstna light ava:

Till out cam the wee grey mouldiewort
Wrae neath the hollow stane,
An' it howkit a grave for the auld grey head,
For the head lay a' its lane!

But I will seek out the robin's nest,
An' the nest o' the ouzel shy.
For the siller hair that is beddit there
Maun wave aboon the sky."

for what it is, the natural vehicle for his purely Scottish incidents and episodes.

With this artistic closeness to his original, and his natural sympathy with many of the intimacies of the Covenanters it is little wonder that he has given us in Nanny Elshinder an arresting picture. Her speech is a constant delight, not as Mause Headrigg's, because of the way in which her language accentuates the comedy of contrast, but because it is the only medium clear enough and characteristic enough to reveal the strange life of the old suffering woman. She could not appeal in Scott's modified vernacular, because her thoughts and her speech, the speech that Hogg gives us, are absolutely wedded. And the sympathetic language is the full indication of the deep sympathetic understanding Hogg enjoys of the recesses of Nanny's soul. She has been cruelly treated, is half-mad at times with the recollection of her sufferings and bereavements; but Hogg is content to picture her as he had heard of her, without any effort at exploiting her peculiar fate. Her curious half-delirious conversations, recollections most of them, her strange songs, show Hogg at his very best, painting on tradition's inspiration a powerfully appealing picture, free from taint of prejudice, and convincingly real. She must have been a living record and preserver of age-old stories and songs, but her sufferings have given them all a terrible bent, and her memories are the source of her tragic power. Naturally, Hogg, unconscious of all she might become, has tried no heightening, and very little selection is necessary to make of her something great, tragically great. As she is, she is attractive and compelling, and a striking instance of the power that arose from Hogg's unity with his theme. Her Covenanting outlook is an accident, her humanity and reality are the source of the strength of Hogg's presentation. (m).

Nanny's songs are no less attractive than her speech, and make an interesting collection. They are on varied themes, sometimes of the fairies and other old superstitions, sometimes an expression of Whig contempt for the persecutors, but most frequently haunting memories of sufferings and of bitter wrongs. Unequal they are, for there are certain aspects of Covenanting emotion which even Hogg could not understand; but, as elsewhere, wherever the element of tradition is present, there he excels.

"Is there blood in the moorlands,
Where the wild burnies rin?
Or what gars the water
Wind reid down the linn?
O billy, dear billy,
Your 'boding let he,
For it's nought but the reid lift
That dazzles your e'e".

What exactly was their immediate inspiration, it hardly boots to inquire. Some of them suggest that the rhythms of the Jacobite Relics were already ringing in his ears. His only comment on them is in a note: "It seems necessary to premise that all the songs put into the mouth of Old Nanny relate to events of that period". The best of them show Hogg imaginatively very near to the spirit which croons through them.

Nor is the picture of 'Clavers' any weaker. It is not the portrait Scott has delineated, it is almost unrelieved black, and/

and, yet, had we no knowledge of the hard but cavalier-like Dundee, we would have no difficulty in accepting Hogg's altogether different conception. As it is, we can still, in the 'Brownie', thoroughly understand and appreciate the essential truth, for there is never any suggestion of animus or political misrepresentation. Indeed no other idea of the hated persecutor would accord either with the spirit of the book, or of the life that inspired it. "On the publication of the first edition," says Hogg, "I was grievously blamed by a certain party, for having drawn an unfair character of Clavers. I can only say that it is the character I had heard drawn of him all my life, and the character of him which was impressed upon my mind since my earliest remembrance, which all his eulogists can never erase.....If, through all the histories of that suffering period, I had discovered one redeeming quality about Clavers, I would have brought it forward, but I found none. He had the nature of a wolf, and the bravery of a bull-dog." If, by histories, he means such chroniclers as Wodrow, the acknowledged origin of some of his matter, we can hardly wonder that he found no redeeming trait; but it is doubtful if that term means anything more than his usual oral groundwork. In any case, it was the point of view to which he had been accustomed, the only point of view he could put forward with any claim to sincerity, or hope of success. The success is undoubted. His portrait may not be so romantic, nor so elegant as that which Scott's admiration for "Bonnie Dundee" has produced, but Clavers certainly loses nothing in sheer blood-and-bone strength by his nearness to tradition and the earth of his exploits. For ourselves, there have, rightly or wrongly, always existed two Claverhouses, the bloody-minded, persecutor of the tales of the districts where he left his awful trail; and the heroic and independent Dundee, the Dundee of Killiecrankie. Whatever be the ultimate truth of the matter, we cannot deny to Hogg the right we accord to Scott of presenting the character as his habits and prejudices, as well as his knowledge, determined. Each is convincing in its own way, and throughout, the episodic appearances of Claverhouse in the 'Brownie' are of the very soil, all the more that he mixes and is seen mixing with the people, instead of being the half-alooof hero which Scott makes of him, whose actual intercourse with his victims is left unnarrated and barely suggested. It is an acute difference, this altered setting in the two books; and Clavers quite fails to keep up his heribic attitude in face of the rebuffs and defeats he met at the hands of his resolute victims.

Even Wat Laidlaw, who is no Covenanter, treats him with scant ceremony, and because the story is very truth, we are conscious of no strain, nor of anything but the most natural narration. Wat is the great success of the book, and is the real hero, in fact and in fiction. Whether the original good-man of Chapel-hope, whose adventures are the nucleus of the tale, was really called Laidlaw is of no importance. It would be quite in keeping with Hogg's practice if he were, but Hogg makes no claim, though there is ample proof that Laidlaws for long dwelt in Chapel-hope. ~~At~~ At any rate, there is little doubt that these wonderful vernacular speeches of Laidlaw's are matter of tradition; and while we may have difficulty in realising the possibility of such memory nowadays, the telling character of the speeches, the manner in which they are introduced, and their consonance with Ballad-country habits mark them as being in absolute/

(16). "Then he began a long serious harangue about the riches o' free grace, and about the wickedness o' our nature; and said that we could do naething o' ourselfs but sin. I said it was a hard construction, but I couldna argy the point ava wi him - I never was gude at these lang-winded stories. Then they cam on about prelacy and heresies, and something they ca'd the act of abjuration. I couldna follow him out at nae rate; but I says, 'I pit nae doubt, callants, but ye're right, for ye hae proven to a' the world that ye think sae; and when a man feels conscious that he's right, I never believe he can be far wrang in sic matters. But that's no the point in question; let us consider what can be done for ye e'en now. Poor souls! God kens, my hert's sair for ye; but this land's mine, an a' the sheep around ye, an ye're welcome to half-a-dozen o' the best o' them in sic a case.'" The hunted men protest at the danger he runs for "Clavers is on the one hand, and Lag on the other, and they're coming nearer us every day."

"Na, na, lads, let them come - let them come their ways; gin they should take a' the ewes and kye on the Chapelhope, I can stock it owre again. I dinna gie a bawbee about your leagues, and covenants, and associations, for I think aye there's a good deal o' faction and dourness in them; but or I'll desert a fellow-creature that's oppressed, if he's an honest man, and lippens to me, or, I'll gie them the last drap o' my heart's bluid."

absolute accord with Hogg's usual practice. They are all in keeping with the character of Laidlaw, and set the tone and course of the story, so that Hogg has evidently built the tale around them; and an analysis of Walter's attitude to the Covenanters reveals exactly what we have gathered from other sources, of people and preserver alike. He has no liking for the Westlan' Whigs or for their doctrines, but his hill-blood is stirred by their wrongs, and far from understanding them or concurring in their views and actions, was yet impelled to run the risk of serious injury by his human sympathy. His attitude is like that of Hogg in the introductory chapter - especially when describing the feelings of the country, and is one of natives towards aliens and foreigners, not sympathetic appreciation so much as aloof wonderment, until close contact with their sorrows breaks down the barriers. Laidlaw's version of their beliefs is an interesting illustration not only of Border feelings but of the unfailing excellence of his speech in Hogg's hands. (n.).

There are weaknesses in the tale, due to inexpert mingling of "local", and "literary" information, but the detachment of Laidlaw's attitude to the Covenanters is so much at one with that of Hogg and his people that the unquestioned unity of spirit of the book tells continually. At this particular period Covenanting themes were much in his mind. He was brooding over them, a condition which, as we shall see, went always to the production of good work. So Hogg was rightly indignant at the accusation of partisanship. Indeed, there is never any question of defence, or of anything so self-conscious. The story's great and enduring excellence is the clear realisation and expression of a mood and frame of mind shut off from would-be apologists, the perfectly transparent and powerful rendering of the life of a peculiar people, strangely modified by a new and potent influence, alien at first, but irrevocably become a portion of their long history. It has claims upon us who would strive to comprehend our fathers; and to lovers of Scottish Literature for its own sake, Wat Laidlaw and Nanny Elshinder will always appeal.

The interest Hogg displayed in the Covenanters through out the 'Brownie of Bodsbeck' was to arise later in a new and wider form. There he is looking backward, recording in necessary expression and permanent form the result of that which had long fermented in his mind. But we must not forget that, besides being the unexcelled and supremely comprehending poet of a vanishing age, he gradually evolved, while still preoccupied with traditional matter, an increasingly critical and artistic attitude. The 'Calendar' bears abundant witness of this dual aspect; for, whether the primary cause be its appearance in "Blackwood's" or not, there are signs of freer treatment, greater detachment, and easier skill even in his ~~own in his~~ old accustomed themes. Alongside of this, there is noticeably developing a tendency to make one peculiar theme his own - the extraordinary phenomena of Possession. Here he seems to be gliding insensibly from tradition for its own sake to an artistic breadth which brings him into a closer companionship with his literary fellows. Of course, he retains his peculiarities of outlook, but in what we may group together as his "Tales of Terror", his share in the wider movement in progress around him is more clearly marked. The transition is very gradual, and tradition is still of the utmost/

of most importance in his methods and subjects alike, but it is not for nothing that from tales like those of Adamson and Merodach, where all the old authority quotations are clear and credible, he advances in the 'Confessions' to invented authority and literary make-believe. Some critics profess to see in this a sign not only of external influence but actually of external help. The real truth seems to be that, responding more and more to widening sympathies, he tends to drop the merely parochial in his work and outlook, and comes forward into the full sweep of the contemporary imaginative current.

These 'Tales of Terror', are one and all full of the idea of possession, and owe their tremendous strength to the fact that while tradition is still their most vital element, Hogg has attained to such a stage in his development as not only to select his themes, but the particular traditional features he wishes to preserve. There is now no suggestion of a fence-bound path from which he dare not deviate. Freedom of presentation, artistic selection, are their new features, while still undeniably and firmly built on that which he has so long known. Further, they treat of growths, logical and illogical, of Calvinistic ideas not strictly of the innermost life of the Borders. In the 'Brownie', his Covenanting sympathy is not a matter of theological faith so much as a keenness of fellow-feeling for those whose trials had made them humanly one with their chance neighbours. In the 'Terror Tales' the detachment is more open. The extraordinary developments, nurtured in Enthusiast minds from the Calvinistic germs, were thoroughly familiar to Hogg's people, but never were really a part of the every-day Border religion. Interesting always, but hardly very vital they were, except in the one particular instance of demoniac possession; and it is from this, and on this, that his stories develop. 'Adamson' and 'The Brownie of the Black Haggs' are more closely traditional, because in them the visible haunting of an actual devil is the dominant theme; but ^{these} tales lingered in Hogg's mind long after they had found expression, and his now growing alertness was led to compare and contrast, to brood upon further instances of Fanaticism and error, until there was born his seemingly paradoxical offspring, a great imaginative tale, which has but slight foundation on actual legend, and is that rarest of all things in Hogg's work, a successful romantic product compound from many sources, bearing evidences of reconstructive imagination; and showing a responsiveness to themes which, while still allied to those of his legends, are outside his usual scope.

'Mr. Adamson of Laverhope' which forms the second chapter of the 'Calendar' marks the beginning of this newer mood. In it we have almost his most perfect rendering of a traditional tale, and it bears in it as well the signs of the wider outlook we have indicated. It is a story of a man handed over to Satan, a perfectly familiar idea both in the Borders and in the strongholds of the later Calvinism, but it is treated throughout wholly from the traditional point of view, freely, finely, and with a restraint, a sympathy, a freedom from intrusive scepticism which stamp it as altogether excellent. What "Blackwood's" thought of it we do not know - it appeared there in July, 1823; but they probably put it down and passed it over as but another of Hogg's queer yards, without paying it any serious attention. Yet it is a story no student, and no lover of literature can afford lightly to pass over. Apart from its intrinsic excellence, the ideas involved are of supreme importance in tracing Hogg's/

Hogg's progress towards the 'Confessions'. Of the vengeance and judgment idea which lies at the bottom of it we have already spoken; but Hogg's account of the man in the early sentences shows us his familiarity with another factor - the extraordinary duality of character permissible in those days. "This Adamson is represented as having been a man of an ungovernable temper; of irritability so extreme that no person could be for a moment certain to what excesses he might be hurried. He was otherwise accounted a good and upright man, and a sincere Christian; but in those outbreaks of temper, he often committed acts of cruelty and injustice for which any good man ought to have been ashamed." From a simple case of debt and rousing, the story grows in accumulating strength to the climax of Adamson's death in a terrible thunderstorm, apparently an answer to the curse of Patie, the gaberlunzie, suffering from the final paroxysm of the farmer's inexplicable and maniacal passion - "altogether left to the influence of the wicked one." No paraphrase can adequately reproduce the effect of this masterpiece, for masterpiece it assuredly is; and the extraordinary way in which Hogg mingles his terrible story with the pastoral episodes, keeping the fear and terror of the tale always in the realm of reality, makes one wonder how his skill has ever succeeded in being overlooked. Quotation seems imperative, but adequate quotation is impossible. Hogg cannot fully believe the story, but with rare restraint, he succeeds in telling it without a hint of friction. Patie is supreme, and the suggestion that the gaberlunzie was the devil himself, appointed to execute judgment upon the man whose conduct could be explained only by Satanic dominion, is conveyed truthfully in the talk of the rustics who witnessed the awful happenings.

The theme remained active in Hogg's mind, and Chapter VIII of the "Calendar" is the fruit. It also appeared in "Blackwood's", but considerably later, for it was not printed until October 1828. Unfortunately, this is no guide to the date of the actual writing, but as the "Calendar" was published in 1829, there is nothing external to disprove the internal indications that the Adamson and Merodach tales were anterior to and led up to the crowning achievement in this kind, a sombre but splendid result of his brooding imagination, for once widely and freely at work.

"The Brownie of the Black Hags" is even more powerful than the Adamson story. In no place we know of can it be excelled for awful fear. It is not frantic lunatic imaginings, which in their unreality can have no true artistic effect. It is not crude ravings striving at all costs to make the reader writhe. It is restrained, true. It has the traditional atmosphere, and so told, loses none of its power, and gains immeasurably in credibility. Hogg "can scarcely believe the tale to be true" - this is his final cool judgment. But as he tells it, he is in the grip of it, and so are we. It is again a story of demoniac possession, though the demon that haunts is made visible all the way through, in the legendary attitude towards Merodach. Marvellously well done it is - this suggestion, through the eyes of a people who saw the events, of an evil spirit visibly at his fell task, without the slightest attempt at forced supernatural. In a way, the story goes back to Hogg's Covenanting interests, for the victim is an enemy to the persecuted; but it is far removed from 'The Brownie of Bodsbeck'. It is the beliefs of the sect, their extraordinary mental traits, which are occupying him now, and though tradition is still the dominant note, the imaginative appeal of primarily/

primarily alien ideas is growing. Parallel to some extent to 'Adamson' it is infinitely more horrible, and is impregnated with all the intense belief that characterises an intensely Puritan and Calvinist cast of thought. To no one of his contemporaries, scarcely to anyone at any time, was such powerful treatment of such a theme possible. Stevenson in some of his moods might have done it; but more modern, less real, it would almost inevitably have become in his hands. Hogg's extraordinary responsiveness which proved often his undoing has here raised him to a supreme height, with a theme religiously alien. Intensity and powerful conviction of the violent Covenanting kind he did not know, yet a more perfect rendering would be well-nigh impossible. Reading it, one is irresistibly reminded of Heathcliffe, yet there is something diabolic about Merodach of which Heathcliffe knows nothing. The hero of 'Wuthering Heights' is abnormal, but in the end, human. Merodach grows gradually from a mere earthly instrument of outwitting the termagant into a fiend, a Brownie, who brings her to her destruction. The almost insensible way in which his evil nature is gradually suggested, skilfully done, and though the actual traditional element is not so strongly evident throughout as in the 'Adamson' story, the basis is still clear, apart altogether from the claims made by Hogg himself.

There are unmistakable signs of Covenanting origin, and it is not difficult to guess how the story had arisen. The Lady of Wheelhope was noted far and wide for her persecution of all who were in any way religious, and this grew to such a pitch that "the poor persecuted Covenanters were obliged to unite in their prayers against her". Throughout, there is the same flavour of Covenanting birth. She escapes for her evil doings long enough, for "provided a man or a woman was a real anti-Covenanter, they might kill a good many without being quarrelled for it." Finally, her body was found "by a party of the persecuted Covenanters that were in hiding there, some of the very men whom she had exerted herself to destroy." Now, as the story was told to Hogg by Adam Halliday "whose great-grandfather, Thomas Halliday, was one of those that found the body and buried it," the mood which characterises the story, the mood which diabolised Claverhouse, is easily explained. But that does not explain the keen interest and skill with which Hogg enters into the conception, and the working up of the horror of the woman's fate. It is clear that his interest is deepening in that idea of possession which was to find yet greater expression.

Yet the theme was at first somewhat difficult. Hogg does not get to grips with the story all at once; but there is no mistaking the hold he establishes, as soon as Merodach appears on the scene, and from merely foiling the woman's evil intentions, comes to exercise a terrible and finally fatal fascination. "She could not stay from the creature's presence, or, in the intervals when absent from him, she spent her breath in curses and execrations, and then, not able to rest, she ran again to seek him, her eyes gleaming with the anticipated delights of vengeance, while, ever and anon, all the ridicule and the harm rebounded on herself." The awful relationship goes on step by step, its real diabolic nature becoming clearer by hardly noticeable but skilfully suggested touches. Finally/

Finally, Merodach is dismissed, and what extraordinary words express the ravings of the disappointed woman. "O could I but snap his nerves one by one, and birl among his vitals....!" We read amazed; and fully appreciate the art which puts the final scene of all into the mouths of Wattie Blythe, the shepherd, and his wife, as if from an instinct that dramatic and indirect presentation, dwelling on effects rather than on visible action, alone could make it bearable. It is here that the judgment atmosphere also comes in as a veil between us and the catastrophe - not to lighten, but to darken and hide it and make it possible for human understanding - for truly, in its nakedness, it is a world for fiends, not men, to move abroad in. "They hae been a wicked, a wicked and degenerate race, and aye the langer the waur, till they hae reached the utmost bounds o' earthly wickedness, and it's time the deil were looking after his ain." The very placidity of the shepherd's language, the calm acceptance of his elopement idea, - "run away after a scullion" - are in themselves a relief, in their lack of appreciation of the full horror which still, as behind a barrier, rages and roars at us. For Wattie cannot even look for any supernatural explanation of her running away," without help either frae fairy or browny".

Wattie's calm introduction of his morning's experience with all its horrible dawning possibilities, is still the same shield and accentuation. All this part is splendid. And Merodach's insistent remark: "Close that book and I will tell ye, goodman" is but a momentary breaking through into the tempest, admirable in its suggestive restraint. "They buried her like a dog at the Yetts of Keppel, and rolled three huge stones upon her grave."

It is a true tale of terror, mingling with much of the skill which characterised 'Adamson' more of the freer imaginative aspect. The horror of the deeds enwraps them, and elevates them from mere bloody happenings to something on a higher plane, by virtue of the stern implacable idea of judgment which everywhere is breathed in. It is art, none the less for having no theory, a different matter from being unconscious and fortuitous; and it prepares for and makes possible the strength and scope of "The Confessions of a Justified Sinner."

Not content with his presentation of traditional aspects of the possession theme, Hogg was led on by the intense interest it aroused in him to seek yet further expression. Whatever be the date of Merodach, it is certain that the burdened imagination was not yet relieved, and it sought ~~an~~ outlet in a story whose greatness, in spite of many characteristic faults, is undisputed. The only questions which have been raised around it are with regard to Hogg's authorship, the main criticism being that it is so exceptional as almost certainly not to be entirely his. That this is a mistaken view we hope to make quite clear. But as in the 'Confessions' the mind of the writer is taking a wider sweep, and has progressed beyond the first attraction to a consideration of various errors which grew out of Calvinistic teaching, it is advisable to indicate briefly some of the extraordinary developments of that extraordinary religion. Not all the heresies interested Hogg - only those which may be called variants of the possession idea - a most important point in connection with the question of his authorship. It nevertheless happens that the main tendency of Calvinistic extravagance is in this direction, and Hogg's attention, once drawn to phenomena that/

that lay just outside his usual scope, found much to fascinate, much that was near enough to his familiar material to admit of easy progress into sympathetic and artistic treatment, the only atmosphere in which he could successfully work.

There is nothing more difficult for modern men than to attempt comprehension of the religious environment of our fathers in the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries. In our childhood, we heard echoes of the tremendous controversies that raged round Predestination, Election, and Effectual Calling; but they were merely echoes. The reading of sermons such as the Erskines produced seems like a plunge into some far-off world whose kinship with ours is of the very slenderest, a welter of mad syllogisms, whose only outcome could be madness and contradiction of all the saner facts of life. Yet our fathers lived in it, throve on it, and by it attained here a certain grim satisfaction, and doubtless a stern salvation. At its best, while the gentler affections suffered, it produced an uprightness, an earnestness, a seriousness beyond our expression. At its worst, it starved and wilted, where it did not excite and madden. The stronger minds wrestled, and rejoiced as they wrestled, with the multitudinous evils their imaginations evoked; the weaker bent under the yoke, lived lives of the utmost duplicity, or ended their sane mental existence in horrors of anguish. The cruelties of Election, coupled with a conception of God that left the jealous God of the Hebrews far behind, must, so we think, have made life an intolerable burden, were it not that death opened up more terrible realities. Joy, happiness, human affection - all things that are pleasant and desirable would appear to have taken their flight from a stern, suffering Scotland.

Evil flourished. It could not but flourish. Men's minds were forever turned to it. It was the ever-present fact of their existence. Deprived of their old imaginative delights, banished as popery-stained, they turned with avidity to a visible Devil, whose efforts they must continually be thwarting, whose strength was strained to its utmost against them. We cannot realise how near Satan was to them, how in every set-back, every defeat, every failure to live by the law under which no man can live, the agency of the Evil One was openly acknowledged and confessed. The very importance of Election in the current theology drove men to explain their own human lapses by the active hostility of an enemy of theirs and of God's; and there was more than enough warrant in old Scottish habitual belief, from which neither preachers nor disciples could free themselves as they would, to give this potent spirit a local habitation and a name. The knowledge of their sure calling, coupled with their unwontedly serious attitude to life, made such an incarnation a very natural happening, and their legends made it easy. God was very close, and this nearness along with the idea of Fore-ordination made every event a personal matter, every personal matter a thing of Divine intention, every accident or mischance a visible thwarting of God's purpose. So the devil grew and prospered exceedingly. Men wrestled with him openly, and even triumphed over him. Men were overthrown by him. Men sold themselves to him. And outcasts from the congregation, stiff-necked rebels, questioners and unbelievers, were publicly denounced and handed over to the powers of Evil. The Non-Elect proved their outlawry by Satanic dominion patent in their actions, the Elect could but have their lapses explained by momentary devilish obsession. Backslidings of all sorts, in Elect and Non-Elect, were punished inexorably by/

by a God who in his zeal and in his 'judgments' approximated more and more to their conception of Evil by his stern implacability, and his cruel delight in punishment. When Thomas Boston of Ettrick conceived that his daughter's hare-lip was sent to punish him for his own shortcomings, he quite failed to imagine that he was exaggerating his own importance at the same time as he immeasurably degraded his God.

Naturally, one must take care not to confuse the themes of such main literature as survives, principally in sermons, with the whole life of the people. It is in most cases the most advanced, even the most fanatical views, which find expression, and it would be a mistake to suppose that such expressions adequately represent the complete outlook of the average man and woman. Yet there is ample evidence that what the literature lays bare had a full response in the ordinary mind. There, the reality of the devil, interfering with disastrous effect in all things, both fundamental and trivial, was a vital belief. To be delivered to Satan was not only to be excommunicated, but to be actually laid open to fleshly destruction. The minister believed, the people believed, and the power of the Church was enormous. Such obvious existence of the Devil made the presence of his instruments a fore-gone conclusion. Whence witchcraft flourished and became an essential part of life. The ministers thundered against the poor dupes, the people alternately used their powers, and cruelly persecuted their bodies for the exercise they had encouraged.

The idea of the devil is never far away. "Ye're waur than any deil that's yammering and cursing i' the bottomless pit" is a late but by no means rhetorical realisation. The wickedness apparent in individuals was explained by their being obviously given up to the influence of the Enemy. And the outcast profligate alternated between emotional despair and open rejoicing in his fate; at moments of supreme exaltation boasted of his bondage, or even imagined himself as a very incarnation. Witch formulae and spells were common knowledge, and deliberate banding with Satan no obscure experiment. Dual personality, and the haunting by one's proper demon is a familiar idea, continually merging into the notion of actual co-habitation of the same body.

Along with these flourished, as popular expressions of the cardinal doctrines of Election and Predestination, the manifold variety of belief in Eternal Punishment, in Judgments, in the interpretation of natural calamities, as visitations by God, with which the study of many primitive religions has made us familiar, but all with a distinctive touch, which one has learned to recognise as characteristic of Scottish Calvinism. But by far the most important aspect of the subject is the extraordinary heresies which developed out of these early roots by the constant and increasing logical madness that marks the outstanding exponents. It is with these in their fullest and unrestrained fruition that the early nineteenth century, and Hogg with it, is most deeply concerned. The fascination of the doctrines themselves, their appeal to a serious minded people, coupled with the intellectual keenness of theologically-bred Scotsmen, and the freedom of individual thought and speech accorded to the humblest of ministers and men in a Presbyterian republic, led on one hand to an unprecedented growth of schism and dissent, in many involved and subsidiary circles; and on the other, to/

to a crop of heresies astounding in their variety and their fantastic reasonableness. The dominance of religious government ensured them wide propagation. And this alarming harvest became most notable towards the end of the eighteenth century. New influences were at work, but their first effect seemed only to increase the grip of the dying theology, and to cause it to rear its head in numerous and bizarre forms. The barrenness of it all, in spite of its deep hold, had its inevitable result, too, in the emotional heterodoxy so frequently noted in the church annals of the period, reaching at once their highest and most extravagant expression in the dreams of Edward Irving; while the teaching of Campbell of Row Heresy fame brought scandal to a strict General Assembly by its reactionary insistence upon Free Salvation and the Love of God. In such a soil, the intellectual aspect seemed to take but deeper root, and the end of the century is full of strange growths and almost frantic theories of the Spiritual, which but too often contributed no small share to mental unbalance and produced, as they were produced by, the spiritually mad. Heresy and the accusation of Heresy were everywhere, and about the time of the '45 we find a pamphlet published, which, by strictly reasonable deductions seeks to prove that prayer is nought but blasphemy, inasmuch as it is an impious attempt to interfere with God's foreordained ordering of events. The author begins by calling it absurd, and finishes by proclaiming it blasphemous, vain, and superstitious.

More notable, and more germane to our purpose, is the widely spread and evilly potent development of Justification which found fruitful soil in what one can only call spiritually diseased minds. Briefly stated, it is this. A man being of the Elect is sure of ultimate salvation whatever happens. He may sin, he may fall; but such lapses are only the working of original sin, the old Adam reluctant to be overcome. So expressed, it sounds harmless enough. But soon such errors are explained as the active resistance of the devil himself, wasting his strength in vain and malicious attempts to clog the path of the chosen. Even the elect might falter at times in his assurance of salvation, and such a theory was obviously of use to comfort and bolster up the wavering. Gradually, it grows more dangerous. No sin can invalidate the Effectual Calling, and laxity creeps in, restraint tends to go. A man may even rejoice in such slipping as evidence that he is among the chosen, since otherwise the devil would scarcely attempt to thwart his progress. Then comes the final delusion. Since none of these sins is fatal, and since he is a man marked out and chosen by God - justified, in other words - it is surely obvious that these inspirations to evil, these evil deeds, are not what they seem, but are actually intended by God, who is making his servant his instrument. So it comes that blackest thought finds black expression in deeds which are no longer sins, but actual virtues, since to a man so chosen nought that is evil can come. So might a man murder his mother, and account it as good, since it was to him, the Justified, that the divine message had come.

It is no unfamiliar growth of enthusiasm and intense conviction. The Renaissance knew it in Italy, the Puritan Domination in England, but it was left to Scottish Calvinism to give it a full logical backing and statement. It may explain much in conduct that has frequently been attributed to mere duplicity and hypocrisy. There is the well-known story of Lord Grange, who coupled/

coupled the strictest public orthodoxy with the wildest secret orgies. An elder of the church and a correspondent of Wodrow's, his reputation was that of a saint. His manner of disposing of his inconvenient wife savoured much more of the devil. When such instances grew too terrible for the popular mind, there was always devilish obsession ready to step in as a complete explanation. The 'Confessions' illustrate the process only too well.

Horrible as this may seem, it is stern reality, and though nowhere expressed in full in the voluminous Scottish theological literature, is in no uncertain way glanced at and indicated in many places. That it was never a popular belief is probable, that the sense of the Church at large condemned it is evident; but the heretics are often the spokesmen, and the belief was but too common in individual minds. Over and over again one finds this tendency to look on the instincts and impulses as well as the actual deeds of the justified as beyond question, an attitude in no way hindered by the scornful reception of moral teaching, the mocking contempt for the filthy rags of righteousness. For one gospel of straw, the Calvinists seem to have substituted still another.

What is the connection of Hogg with all this? It is hardly necessary to show further how much the idea of demoniac possession had impressed him, in view of the two tales we have already examined. But it is imperative to recognise its importance as a basis of the 'Confessions', and still more the importance of the growth we have just outlined. For in that book it is an ever-present belief, realised with a completeness which is astonishing. Indeed, it seems to break down much that has been argued for the all-pervading traditional nurture of Hogg, and lends a support to those who would deny his authorship. But if we thoroughly appreciate the fascination by which the Shepherd was led from Adamson and Merodach and their familiar demon-theme to a notion apparently outside of his experience, yet in reality strongly and deeply connected therewith, we should have no difficulty in establishing that not only was the book by him, but could be by nobody else.

Calvinism, especially in such developments, was not at all strong in the Forest. Such theories troubled it not a whit, and are almost wholly the work of the more active intellects farther west and north. As has been said, their understanding and adoption of Covenanting doctrines and theories are strongly prescribed, and limited, and it is a notable fact vouched for by Wodrow's full references and quotations, that in the Border district generally, the list of proscriptions, fines and other what may in irony be called legitimate punishments, is singularly bare of victims compared with west and north and east. Yet in spite of a constantly critical attitude, both in Hogg and in his folks, there were decided points of contact. The devil-idea is clearly one; and Hogg, as we might expect from his comparatively detached position, carries his interest farther than his mere traditions. There was also, to him at least, in his character as exponent of the Forest, and in his approximation to the aloofness of his contemporaries, a further link in the prominence of Boston in heretical controversy. Not that there is much direct evidence of Hogg's interest in that worthy, but a passing time note in the "Calendar" is an indication - "When the great Mr. Boston came to Ettrick". Again, in speaking of famous characters, he mentions that Daft Jock Amos lived/

(Q). The "Marrow of Modern Divinity" was written by Edward Fisher and was published in 1646, but had another venture in 1718. In this form it was never well-known in Scotland, and is chiefly notable from the effect a chance-discovered copy in a Berwickshire farmhouse had upon Boston. He repeatedly states his obligations to it, and when the Assembly had banned it, he, with eleven others, drew up a representation in its favour. He was, by this time, minister of Ettrick, and such action was bound to draw attention to the 'Heresies' the book supported. These are sufficiently indicated in the five main heads and numerous sub-heads of the Assembly's arraignment. They were as follows: 1. That assurance was of the nature of faith. 2. That the atonement was universal. 3. That holiness was not necessary to salvation. 4. That the fear of punishment and the hope of reward were not allowed to be motives of a believer's obedience. 5. That a believer is not under the law as a rule of life.

The minor indictments involved such paradoxes as - "A believer doth not commit sin". "The Lord can see no sin in a believer". "The Lord is not angry with a believer for his sins." and finally "Nor yet, as touching your justification and eternal salvation, will he love you ever a whit the less, though you commit never so many or great sins." The obvious connection of many of these potentially dangerous theories with the "Confessions" is arresting.

lived in the time of the far-famed Boston, though here as formerly, nothing is said of Boston's doctrines, but enough to show his place in the story-cycle of the district. His sermons fall short in fantastic dreams and scathing denunciations only when compared with those of the redoubtable Erskine. Their effect was accentuated by his "Four-fold State", well known in southern households, and prominent in Hogg's own library. It was published in 1720, and was followed by an edition of the "Marrow of Modern Divinity" in 1726, so that Hogg could not miss knowing the disputable matter of both books, which caused stir enough in the Church of the day. Many of the conclusions in the "Four-fold State" are heretical only by hair-breadths, but stated as Boston and the "Marrow" state them, their danger to logically keen minds is obvious: and between the heresies of the Marrow Men and the "Confessions", there is a close if possibly long dormant relationship, as plenty of cumulative evidence exists to show. (O.) It must be remembered that in Hogg's mind, early reading and much reading was easily assimilated, so much so that he is unconscious of influence where influence is undoubtedly at work. His greedy mind readily stored material, which, when it did find expression, unless accompanied by strong circumstances of place and time, betrayed little sign of its origin either to him or to us. He read, absorbed, and mingled the read with the heard until the two were inextricably mixed, and he was hardly aware of his literary authorities. There is no difficulty, therefore, in assuming that through Boston, Hogg was made familiar with certain developments which were hidden from his people as a whole. Nor should there be any trouble in explaining by this vital connection how the poet, by natural upbringing and environment averse to Calvinism and nice theological growths, and immersed in tradition, should be able, speaking only from his absolute experience, to produce in the "Confessions" material that suggests at first sight something quite alien and acquired. It was not absolute tradition, but it came to his consciousness through the accustomed channels and as easily as his oft-heard stories, when once his mind had been arrested by the Possession-ideas in his Terror Tales, and his thoughts used to long brooding over that special growth of fanaticism connected with devilish influence, and the freakish madness of Election.

So far the interest is the theme. There were other minor influences at work to determine the issue of the pre-occupation - mere guiders of the current, or to vary the figure, agents in the crystallisation. It seems certain that the 'Confessions' were slow of growth, slow in finding their final form, principally because of their comparative severance from a complete traditional basis. Hogg was thrown very largely into the realm of the imagination for the structure of his work. The story had to be built up, and for this his previous practice and experience gave him little apparent help. The double version, the tacking on at the end of the expedition to the grave, the diffident quotation of authorities so unlike his usual practice - all point to an initial tentativeness of effort, an uncertainty of aim. Luckily the theme has all, and more than all, the usual imaginative grip of him in the telling, and it is only in these excrescences that the wavering appears. Two or three little hints are available showing how the form for the seething material was found - and, ironically enough, these are mainly due to the poet's connection with "Blackwood's".

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we know that Blackwood was thinking of giving the Chronicle Department of the Magazine to Hogg, not at all with Scott's approval. Whether he actually kept this post very long is not clear, but his interest in it is undoubted. In the magazine for October 1817, a time when Hogg was still very much in the foreground, under "British Chronicle" we find the following 'Curious Discovery', the importance of which concerning the 'Confessions' warrants full quotation.

"On the farm of Easton, parish of Dunsyre, a tradition has been handed down from father to son, in a family who, as shepherds have resided in the place for many generations back, that a certain rude stone set up on the adjoining moor, marked the grave of one of the Covenanters, who.....died on his way home, and was buried by the great-grandfather of the person from whom we have the tradition. Accordingly, a few days ago, several persons, desirous to ascertain the truth of this story, went to the place, and having dug about two feet below the surface, found the remains of a decayed skeleton. A medical gentleman who was on the spot could distinguish the thigh bone which was almost entire in shape, though reduced nearly to the consistence of the mossy soil which surrounded it. The scalp was found complete, covered with very long hair, of a whitish colour, nearly as fresh and as strong as in life. Several fragments were also found among which some leather buttons were plainly discernible.

"In addition to the above, were found two silver coins, weighing about an ounce each, bearing the date of 1620.....From the state of the coins, there was reason to believe they had been sewed or tied up closely in some part of the wearer's clothes. It must be upwards of 138 years since the body of the poor covenantant was committed to his lonely grave."

It is well-nigh twenty years since I spent a long summer in the district of Dunsyre, and had ample opportunity of visiting the spot. The grave lies in the bosom of billowy heather uplands on the southern slope of the long hill called Craig-an-ghar. The scattered inhabitants of the district cherish the grave as their visible claim to historical importance; and the impression the story has made on the people must have been profound, for not only have they replaced the rude stone by a decent and fully inscribed memorial, but their talk was ready and full about the incident. The Covenanter had escaped from Rullion Green, took refuge with Adam Sanderson of Blackhill, and was given shelter by his shepherd at Oaken Bush, a remote shieling far up the burn, still surviving in a few stones, a dry-stone dyke, and two or three trees. There was a local ballad on the subject; and the position of the grave, looking through a gap in the hills towards Ayrshire (for he was an Ayrshire man, the story goes) is still sufficiently appealing to claim the attention of the modern visitor, and to account for the wonderful hold of the tale on this sequestered spot. That the grave had twice been opened, by the sons of a neighbouring farmer, is also told as an integral part of the tradition, but answers to questions regarding the time of the opening were vague and indefinite.

But what of the 'Confessions'? The 'explanation' which is no explanation and transparently fictitious so far as the manuscript incident goes, and is tacked on to the 'Confessions/

~~is~~ by Hogg, has many surprising verbal coincidences with what has been quoted. He first adduces and quotes in full "an authentic letter published in Blackwood's Magazine for August 1823" about the grave of a suicide on Eaw-law. This letter regarding the "Scots Mummy" was almost certainly by Hogg. There are many suspicious points about it. But in any case, its date precludes its having any bearing on the origin of the 'Confessions' in Hogg's mind; and suggests ground-bait for the book itself. The locality note "at the top of a wild height..... where the lands of three proprietors meet all at one point" fits exactly the Dunsyre Covenanter's grave; and suggests that the author was making up evidence to defend his coming explanation, and with the old story of 1817 still in his mind. Such phrases as "He had fine yellow hair about nine inches long; but not a hair of it could they pull out till they cut part of it off with a knife... They also cut off part of his clothes, which were all quite fresh. . . On searching his pockets, nothing was found but three old Scots half-pennies" - recall still more clearly the original version. But these are not in Hogg's professed account of the expedition at all. It, involving Lockhart and Laidlaw, is narrated next, i.e. at the end of the 'Memoirs;' but the deduction seems clear that Hogg is busy, aping his old traditional ways, at concocting evidence to prove what after all is a minor point - the preservation of the M.S. He need not have taken the trouble. The device is transparent, and the difficulty does not effect the story, but only draws attention to a hardly noticeable weakness. There are other coincidences in this second portion which, knowing as we do how read material persisted, mingled, in Hogg's mind, still further emphasise the importance of the first extract from "Blackwood's" "We first found a part of the scalp, with the long hair firm on it; which on being cleaned, is neither dark nor fair, but of a darkish dusk. Soon afterwards we found the skull, but it was not complete I have likewise now got possession of the bonnet ... Before we got them (the limbs) returned into the grave, they were all shaken to pieces, except the thighs, which continued to retain a kind of flabby form". Then comes the extremely improbable finding of the M.S.

The great point of all this is not directly to prove Hogg's authorship of the 'Confessions' though by a side-glance it more than hints there at, but to show how a reported incident of 1817 - the date of the "Brownie of Bodsbeck" - was hanging at the back of his mind, already attracted by the demon and heretic theme, and gradually drawing to itself as a basis the material lying in suspension. We have no doubt at all that the 'Confessions' had to wait for the growth of some such nucleus; and the tacked-on explanation is but the indication in Hogg's after-coolness of this half-forgotten story rising fresh in his mind, and being seized upon to afford a quasi-traditional evidence.

This becomes yet clearer, if clearness can be postulated about so confused a matter, from a consideration of the article from "Blackwood's" quoted by Hogg in support of his story. He refers in his account of the expedition to the 'Scots Mummy' which is actually the title of the August article. We have/

(p). In "Peter's Letters to his Kinsfolk", Letter 44, a story is told in explanation of the name Gabriel's Road, which has points of comparison with some of the incidents in the "Confessions" — notably the Editor's Narrative and its account of the embittered spirit of the "Professor", Robert Wringham Colwan; and which probably has its place as a portion of the nucleus. Lockhart's account is as follows.

"The street, or lane, in which Ambrose's tavern is situated, derives its name of Gabriel's Road, from a horrible murder which was committed there a great number of years ago. Any occurrence of that sort seems to make a prodigiously lasting impression on the minds of the Scotch people. You remember Muschat's Cairn in the 'Heart of Midlothian', The story... is one that ought to be remembered, for it is one of the most striking illustrations I have ever met with, of the effects of puritanical superstition in destroying the moral feelings, when carried to the extreme, in former days not uncommon in Scotland. ... The idea of having been detected in such a trivial trespass [kissing the maid] was enough to poison for ever the spirit of this juvenile presbyterian, his whole soul became filled with the blackest demons of rage, and he resolved to sacrifice to his indignation the instruments [two boys, his pupils] of what he conceived to be so deadly a disgrace. ... The tutor sat down upon the spot, immediately after having concluded his butchery, as if in a stupor of despair and madness, and was only roused to his recollection by the touch of the hands that seized him. ... Gabriel was hanged within an hour after the deed was done, the red knife being suspended from his neck, and the blood of the innocents scarcely dry upon his fingers. I fear the spirit from which these horrors sprung is not yet entirely extinct in Scotland. ...".

have seen that there is presumptive evidence of Hogg's authorship and it is followed in the Magazine by a letter signed "James Hogg, Altrive Lake, Aug. 1. 1823". The article is certainly his. The letter is unimportant, being more or less 'Balaam'. North tells him to write something about the phenomena of Nature, but he can get nothing new until "at length the curiosity of two young shepherds, neighbours of my own, furnished me with a subject that hit my fancy to a hair; and the moment that I first heard the relation, I said to myself 'This is the very thing for old Christy'". Then comes the story appended as proof to the 'Confessions', with some minor variations in text. The ground-bait theory is thus considerably strengthened. He manages the business very clumsily. He quotes the article in support after the story, and yet inspired by it, he goes to the body, and finds the 'Confessions', which, published in 1824, are either prepared for by this undoubtedly touched-up tale, or the August article is an abortive attempt to bring forth the theme of his brooding. In any case, that the matter concerned Hogg and Hogg alone grows clearer, and the nucleus value of the chronicle seems established. (p.)

We have dwelt at length upon these suggestive parallels because of their cumulative importance in indicating how Hogg, trained far otherwise, essentially local, and almost tradition-bound, at last and with difficulty and after long gestation, found expression for a theme that had imaginatively obsessed him. Herein lies the great apparent miracle of the work. It is an acknowledged masterpiece of imagination, and if we but give due weight to the process just outlined, we shall have no difficulty in seeing how Hogg had at last reached his destined goal, and set himself free from the mere shackles of tradition; and still actively drawing from that source his and its strength; had produced a wonderful study of an aspect of Scottish life possible to him alone. He did not further expand in this direction. His liberation was not complete. Any other success lies for him back in tradition, from which only such an outstanding theme could have drawn him; and his failures in a would-be emancipated vein are numerous. Following his broad native path, he had been tempted by this dark winding way into the murky glen, had pursued its twistings hesitatingly but fascinated, until for once he saw clearly and pictured for us a gloomy prospect in all its terrible grandeur. It was a development of his powers, the grand climax of his work, but it was an offshoot, an approximation to the detachment which was never fully his - and carried out with strength and knowledge he alone possessed. Thereafter, he sank back exhausted, and kept to his familiar trodden way, or left it but to lose himself in useless tangles. The vision for which his training had peculiarly fitted him had come to him. The road to great imaginative interpretation of a passing and passed life was to this extent opened to him; then he returns to recording, transcribing, with numerous gleams which reveal his momentary insight, but with no more clear steady lights.

Even in the actual vision there are signs of uncertainty. In a way, he tells the story twice. Under the inclusive original title - "The Confessions of a Justified Sinner" changed later because of murmuring objections, to "The Private Memoirs and Confessions of a Fanatic" - there are two portions which to some extent overlap and repeat. Not that this in itself is

self a weakness. It is right and fitting. The first portion is "The Editor's Narrative" which speaks of the incidents from the outsider's point of view. The second portion - the 'Confessions' proper - while depending slightly on the Narrative for the elucidation of minor details, is in no sense weakened thereby, and is immeasurably the more powerful and convincing of the two; is, indeed, the masterpiece. But the Narrative is the link that binds this new aspect of Hogg to the old and familiar. It represents the difficulty he has in leaving the traditional method, might almost be considered as another abortive attempt at relief on the accustomed lines, till, finally, the full inspiration took the law into its own hands, and expressed itself in the actual Memoirs in a steady if strangely coloured light, of which we have had but flashes before. At first he tries to tell the big story in his old way, filling out a somewhat bare tale to the dimensions of his mood, but he soon cuts adrift, gives up the attempt, ostensible enough, of bolstering the main story, and produces what is in effect a rehearsal, from a different point of view.

We may here be accused of inconsistency in denying to Hogg in his great effort that traditional accuracy which we urged as essentially his, in earlier and smaller writings. But the whole purpose of our analysis of the prose stories from 'The Brownie' onwards has been to show the growth and fruition of an unusual plant; and that fruit is undoubtedly the 'Confessions'. Nor does its externally untraditional character in any way invalidate the strict transcriptional nature of his general work. In a word, the 'Confessions', with some differences, is as much imaginative transmutation of tradition as was Hogg's earlier poetry; and psychologically may quite well be a similar, though later and long-delayed harvest.

About the artistic value of the book there can be no doubt. It is the most impressively consistent piece of work Hogg has ever turned out. It is an awful story, and by its natural treatment, its unquestioning imaginative faith, and by its suppression of anything but the ^{baric} realism, avoids the pitfalls that lie in the way of the slightest suggestion of allegory, or of a stand-offish treatment of its supernaturalism. These traits are in keeping with his methods elsewhere; so that there is nothing startlingly ^{new} in that respect. 'Adamson', but especially 'Merodach' illustrated to the full his masterly use of reality in depicting horrors. The 'Confessions' but carry the usage to a fuller artistic practice. The criticism of its supernaturalism, likewise, is left, or rather, is forgotten, till the concluding note with its cool atmosphere brings it out. There he comes back to modern times, and allows his imagination to unwrap itself from its dreadful contemplation. There, too, he bethinks himself of evidence, and hawks about for it.

The story itself can be briefly indicated. In the first part, the repulsive possibilities of fanatical Calvinism are the chief theme, and were it not for the 'Memoirs' that follow, there would be little more to it; and it would fall in naturally with the Terror Tales. But we are not far into the 'Memoirs' when something different appears. The heresies and the crimes are still due to maddened doctrinal developments; but they are at once brought closer to the under-current of popular belief and made ^{more} terrible, by the presence of a companion under/

under whose potent influence and by whose arguments, the heresies grow, burgeon, and blossom into horrible and unnatural crimes. Very slowly, very impressively, the pleasant companionship develops into an incubus; the terror deepens as the two individuals seem to grow together; and the final step is taken when it becomes clear to the unfortunate victim that there can henceforth be no separation between him and his tormentor. Two spirits in one body are now visibly at work. 'Jekyll and Hyde' has its prototype. And the horror of the identification of man and devil, the changing of the attendant spirit into obsessing demon, is the final catastrophe, cloaked, as Hogg instinctively knew how, by the realistic accounts of ordinary people, servants and old crones, who let the puzzled and finally terrified victim know what his body has been doing.

The old hostility to Calvinism is everywhere apparent. The references to current heresies are frequent, for on these the action depends. Over and over again we come across phrases, sentences, arguments, which send our minds hurtling back to "The Marrow of Modern Divinity". The intellectual genesis of the book is thus made perfectly clear, and its direct line of descent from the 'Brownie', through the Adamson and Merodach tales. But, this apart, the tremendous imaginative grip of the story upon Hogg and upon us is the outstanding attribute. We are never allowed to get away from it, to go outside of it - neither in the first-told traditional tale which in ordinary circumstances would have been the end of the matter; nor in the actual 'Memoirs' which are at once the sign of his reluctance to let the theme go, of his dissatisfaction with its first telling, and of his absolute preoccupation and sympathy. Such a work drives home mightily the conclusion that for Hogg at this later stage prose was the natural medium, that in it, he reaches at length, by long and arduous routes, the height and strength which long before had been his in poetry. But in this, the masterpiece of his later days, he shows no signs of the uncertainty of aim or lack of grip which irritated in many of his poems. Clearer aim, more skilful shaft, could hardly be, and it has a concentration and economy which not even 'Kilmeny' can claim; and only some of his prose tales show in anything like the same excellence. The whole theme is so startling, especially to a modern mind, unprepared by reading either in Hogg's contemporaries or in his earlier work, that it may well seem an unexplained miracle. But we have shown how his mind was led up to it, how even his traditional training prepared him for it. Undoubtedly he waited and brooded until some channel of expression could be found, some traditional story, that would afford him an accustomed basis. Such a story came along, in a slight form it may be, in the unhappy marriage of George Colwan of Dalcastle. This the Editor's Narrative presents with quite a number of the usual authorities, but it is obvious from the freedom of treatment that this tradition was a very skeleton compared with the full flesh of Hogg's immediate clothing. His charged mind seized with avidity on the slight structure offered, and the evidences he adduces support only a very small portion of the complete tale.

The keynote of evil possibilities is sounded right away in the extravagant notions of the daughter of Baillie Orde of Glasgow, whose ill-fated marriage with Colwan was the root of all the ill. "Hers were not the tenets of the great reformers, but theirs mightily overstrained and deformed She had imbibed her ideas from the doctrines of one flaming predestinarian/

arian divine alone; and these were so rigid that they became a stumbling-block to many of his brethren, and a mighty handle for the enemies of his party to turn the machine of the state against them". Throughout there is abundant reference to Re-generation, Election, Justification, and all the hideously potent growths therefrom; but never once is Hogg merely flippant. He never makes a jest of the Zealots. There is no satire, nor hint of it, for he sees too deeply, is overshadowed entirely by the latent tragedy, and is concerned only with the artist's passion for expression and truth.

The Bridal Night with its conflicting shades^{27/5/19} out of the incongruity of the Laird and his wife is happily drawn. She would pray, but the same man protests. He has been enjoying himself in his unregenerate way, is in no mood for prayers, nor deems it a fitting time. "It would be like reading the Bible and the jest-book verse about". There is grim comedy, too, grim in recollection and in keeping with the spirit of the book in his waking from his sound sleep to miss his wife and call for her. "But there was no voice, nor any that answered or regarded" is Hogg's echoing phrase, too seriously ironic to be sarcastic. The smile comes again for a moment with the Laird's "God save the King - I have lost my wife:" but soon, except when the good Baillie administers a thorough whipping to the truant wife, all relief vanishes, and the story settles down to its growing seriousness.

Robert wringham, the Predestinarian Divine, is effectively presented. He knew of eight kinds of faith, the lady of five more, and their hot argument is interrupted only by the suggested interference with the sinners below, the Laird and his housekeeper. The indictment is masterly. The minister's confidence, his impudence even, is drawn to the life, and strongly as it is outlined, there is no extravagance, nor any attempt at what would have been easier and more alluring - burlesque. Boldened by the "sweet and comfortable saying" that to the just all things are just and right to which he gives vent before his devoted disciple, Wringham descends to accuse the Laird. It is in Hogg's best manner. The self-righteousness, the earnestness almost inhuman, the rapid and wrong conclusions are richly and intelligently painted; and though Hogg says that the "shackles of modern decorum" prevent him from giving the accusation in full, known as it is to many in Scotland from oral sources, we are conscious of no loss in his summary of the rebuke.

This hint at tradition makes still clearer the relation between the two parts. As we have noted, the first portion, a traditional story, is the long waited for excuse for the tragic burden it must carry. He is, as often before, the perfect transcriber, and the fact that an interdependence between the parts exists - that, for instance, the haunting of George by his justified brother needs the 'Memoirs' for explanation - shows up the preparatory nature of the Editor's story, written to clear the way, but with involuntary betrayal of the real book behind. It has a value, too, in that it enables Hogg when he comes to his big task, to be free of all excrescences, all questions and criticisms, all explanations, and to give the heady current full swing and force. But he has very obvious repressions. His description of George's desperate persecution by his brother, the unaccountable/

unaccountable knowledge he has of all George's movements, is powerful; but no hint of the explanation - too clearly realised in the later portion, too realistically stated almost to be called supernatural - is allowed to escape. A simile is used whose force is appreciated only on recollection stimulated by the 'Memoirs' themselves. "The attendance of that brother was now become like the attendance of a demon upon some devoted being that had sold himself to destruction; his approaches as undiscerned, and his looks as fraught with hideous malignity". It is no mean tribute to Hogg's skill that we come upon the explanation, terrible as it is, with a kind of mental relief, that adds immeasurably to the truthful appeal of the story.

Throughout there is frequent evidence that Hogg was bringing to bear all his resources in this final expression of his strength, laying hold on and forcing tribute from an accumulation of material. Lightly holding to tradition, he fills in from his experience with a freedom only shadowed hitherto, clearly still preparing for the story yet to come. Take the apparition on the hill, familiar enough to us as the "Brocken Spectre", its potency suggested to Hogg not only by his own experience, but, it may be, by some recollection of the really strong use of it in 'Frankenstein'. He gives it a traditional setting - "Such was the description.... that George gave to his father, and Mr. Adam Gordon that same day", - but it is, in effect, a rewriting of his experience, as narrated in 'Nature's Magic Lantern'. Further evidence, too, of the preparation for a story actively approaching its deliverance in his mind is to be found in a direct anticipatory statement. "We cannot enter into the detail of the events that now occurred, without forestalling a part of the narrative of one who knew all the circumstances, was deeply interested in them, and whose relation is of higher value than anything that can be retailed out of the stores of tradition and old registers; but his narrative being different from these, it was judged expedient to give the account as thus publicly handed down to us". Such a statement has important bearing on the idea that the long-meditated theme lay germinating till a suitable traditional story came Hogg's way, and, bearing with it in its transcription many of the mere trimmings of the tale, let the main artistic expression have its full imaginative scope in the 'Memoirs'. The earlier portion is indeed quite like Hogg's general transcriptions, and, as we have mentioned, he manages to suppress any hint of the underlying tragedy - the tragedy of religious mania, which has full and unforeshadowed sway in the 'Confessions' proper. It is not a frequent feature of literary workmanship, to see a poet and artist give us not only the imaginative structure but the raw material also on which he has so successfully built. Something like it is, of course, visible in Scott's notes to his novels, but the difference with Hogg is remarkable. Here it is not merely a note, a dry bone waiting the touch of the master to vivify it and fit it into the complete creation; but the material is of great interest itself, and is transcribed so as to rank quite as high as most of his work. Of course, it is coloured with anticipatory suggestions from the coming expression. Yet it is in essence a traditional story and from whatever cause, unsatisfactory to Hogg, so that he was forced to give the matter yet fuller outlet. For tradition was content with the dull drift of the story, and with little more of the suggestion of the devil in it than is contained in/

in Mrs. Calvert's description of Robert Wringham Colwan. "I never in my life saw any human being whom I thought so like a fiend. If a demon could inherit flesh and blood, that youth is precisely such a being as I could conceive that demon to be. The depth and the malignity of his eye is hideous. His breath is like the airs from a charnel-house, and his flesh seems fading from his bones, as if the worm that never dies were gnawing it away already". Hogg saw much more in it, and the accumulated thought hovering over the Dunsyre story and many other minor suggestions, and last of all the Colwan tradition, found a vent for its heavy brooding on Calvinistic fantasy and tragedy in this final proof of his genius.

One feels that the whole matter puzzled Hogg as well as absorbed him. The Narrative offers no real clue, and there is an air about the main portion, of Hogg's bringing to bear a wide knowledge of the extreme characteristics to explain to himself an abiding mystery. There is no jesting, no sneering, only a careful and wondering putting-down of the strange eccentricities of religious attitude and reasoning which have so turned a world upside down, and made all evil possible, as bare and hideous reality. It all grows out so naturally. There is Robert Wringham's unending anxiety for his adopted son. "I have prayed for these talents to be bestowed on him from his infancy; and do you think that Heaven would refuse a prayer so disinterested....But my dread is that he is yet in the bond of iniquity.... I have struggled with the Almighty long and hard, but as yet have no certain token of acceptance in his behalf". The boy has the gifts, and these make way for him to become even at school a malicious fiend; yet all with a plausibility of argument and attitude in which he finds unerring support. He lives for long with his eyes unopened. Then comes the joyful day on which his 'father' announces the receiving of the sign. That very day he meets his strange companion, who has the chameleon-like power of assuming face and character, who carries Colwan's own arguments to greater lengths than he had dreamt of, and with whom, as he gradually discovers, he never prays. So the accumulating tragedy is finally launched; the gradual approximation of devil and dupe is strongly painted; and the misery of both, one in harassing effort, the other in the gradual realisation of his fatal unity with the spirit of evil, is so wonderfully and sympathetically suggested, that one marvels at the even dramatic excellence of the whole composition. To such a pitch had Hogg's training and his powers led him. And when the final horrors come upon the victim, the hand of Hogg is unmistakable in the refuge he takes in realism, making his simple country farmers and cotters tell the story in their unconscious straightforwardness, their vague perception of the evil roaring at their doors, and their ironic reference to possibilities that are but too true.

There are points in this second portion which show Hogg carefully constructing. The swing and rush are for the moment past, the road does not lie clear; and he has recourse to the traditional narrative for guidance. In the second of the attempts at George's murder, there is such a parallelism; in fact there is all but a clear reference to the first part. The same thing occurs when the brother is actually slain, in the account Robert gives of what he has been told, though "I will not deny that my own impressions of the affair differ in some/

some degree from this statement". Points like this, especially in connection with an incident upon which tradition would dilate, still further emphasise the curious relation existing between the two versions and help to strengthen the belief that both were by the same hand.

But if there be this recurring parallelism in the incidents, there is little of it in the character of the victim as it is developed. In the 'Narrative', he is a mere irritating puzzle; in the early portion of the 'Memoirs', an equally irritating prig and scamp; but, as the story progresses, Hogg relies more on the natural growth of his imagination and we gradually pass to a powerful conception of a worn and wearied demon-haunted man who certainly does not so repel us as to lose our sympathy. We are fascinated witnesses of a terrible tragedy, which yet never becomes impossible, and seems unreal only when we close the book, or rather when we stumble across the unfortunate concluding remarks which are Hogg's apology almost, and concession to current scepticism. There is no pause in the development. Up till the very end, so complete has been the victim's self-deception, he is bit by bit realising his absolute damnation; and we cannot but admire the restraint with which Hogg lets the realisation grow - from companionship to haunting, from haunting to duality and occasional obsession, then to possession and increasing unity of human and diabolical, till at the very end, the devil, about to seize his prey, becomes once more completely external to the victim; who yet in the eyes of those he meets, is confused, half in earnest, half in grim jest and suspicion, with the outcast who is his real enemy. Only a reading of the story can make these matters clear, but the servant's explanation to the puzzled Colwan at one comparatively early point is illuminating. "They say, the deil's often seen gaun sidie for sidie wi' ye, whiles in ae shape, and whiles in anither. An' they say that he whiles tak's your ain shape, or else enters into ye, and then ye turn deil yoursel". Here is the traditional view, the popular view, coming alongside Hogg's imagination with powerful effect. It serves to strengthen it at a critical juncture when the tale threatens to pass beyond all probable bounds; and the discovery of the murdered bodies, the evidences of Colwan's crimes when 'out of the body', and the accumulating terrors are thus given in skilful external narration. The welding of tradition, of popular lore with a far-seeing imagination is most cleverly accomplished; and it becomes increasingly evident that such work was possible only to a poet imbued with all the outs and ins of popular devil-knowledge - in a word, to Hogg. His instinct is sure, when he puts these crime-narrations into the dialect of the serving-man. The popular idea is at this stage a source of strength, allowing fresh energy from the tradition to flow in, for which the vernacular is at once the only sure artistic medium, and gets at the root of the matter in a way impossible to any amount of mere literary writing round the theme.

It may be argued that this intrusion of the tradition works against imaginative consistency. It is possible, but there is little sign of it; and in any case, the result is life. Had the artistic basis been all, there might have been more consistency, more rigidity, but the life-like character of the 'Memoirs' would have suffered. Hogg's strong anchor to tradition saves him from producing a merely literary German-like supernatural.

supernatural on the one hand; from a mere allegory on the other. No one can look on 'Jekyll and Hyde' as anything but a story. This is real life, real tragedy, and draws from repulsive beginning to piteous end, on so thorough a mingling of imagination with popular lore and vital possibility, that it makes all other endeavours in a similar vein unreal and might-marish. His suggestion of insanity, a perfectly legitimate development, is kept with fine restraint till the very end when the pitiable sufferer pens his final words. Such an ending it is too",..... And what I am now, the Almighty knows". It is all perfectly done, with the gradual approximation to suicide, apparently to the victim the only relief, and yet all the outcome of his long temptation and unflinching though unconscious descent. The devil has worked well, for suicide, the grave of all hopes of salvation to the fanatical Calvinist, not only comes, as it seems, from himself, but is actually the only way out. Yet it is the final result, the awful climax of the association of devil and man, at last become absolute ~~identity~~. identity.

Hogg went no farther in this direction. The thoughts that had so long weighed upon him had at last found satisfactory outlet, but "Some Remarkable Passages in the Life of an Edinburgh Baillie" may here be referred to briefly, not for its value as literature, but as evidence of a lingering interest in the Whig character, and as proof, on the other side, of the continuity of the outlook which had produced the "Confessions". He had there, to all appearance, successfully widened his scope, and led on by his interest in Calvinistic mentality, he went farther afield in a vain attempt to escape from his saving narrowness. The feeling of apparent freedom, of a wide view is present; of a casting-off of traditional and local influence, but the failure is obvious. The "Baillie" is an aftermath of the "Confessions", and the gleanings are poor.

To some extent the book may be an antidote, as if Hogg felt he had gone too far, and wished to present another aspect of the mind he had been meditating. It is a common enough rendering of the queer mixture of this - and other - worldliness existent in the typical shrewd Scottish enthusiast, and suggests a deliberate change of view, using certain historical reading as a basis. All through, in spite of the interest of the picture of Argyle, of Montrose, and of the peculiarly vital hatred of the Baillie for young Huntly, the main motive is the curious 'Divinity' that pervaded the mind and intellect of a Whig - the confidence in his own righteousness, and the righteousness of his cause. The pondering on what had already so intrigued and puzzled Hogg is clearly evident. It is not impossible that his interest had led him to a reading of the history of the Scots Kirk. In any case, many of the traits of the Baillie are reminiscences of the "Confessions", perhaps the fruit of researches undertaken as a corrective to the unhistorical, traditional point of view of the latter work. In fact, he seems to be keeping clear of tradition altogether, an additional support to the idea that this is an experiment in freedom. At any rate, the somewhat tottering freedom he is led into, and the direct echoes of the "Confessions" are the most notable points in the treatment of the story. These last are fairly numerous. "True, it was a sin to break my vow, nevertheless it was a sin of necessity, and one of which I was compelled to be guilty every day" is almost a quotation. But the main parallel is a more important business, and shows Hogg practically unaware of the unexhausted strength of the subject he had handled so well already, now that the enthusiasm has passed/

passed, the imagination been dulled, and the theme itself obscured by multifold impulses. We refer to Enzie Gordon's antipathy to the Baillie, which very strongly recalls the relations between the brothers Colwan. The motive has little importance at its first appearance, savours of the casual, and seems gradually to have grown up in Hogg's mind, as the story progressed, and as the echoes from the 'Confessions' are successively awakened. Had he been Stevenson he would have retraced his steps and rewritten the whole tale to suit the new conception. As it is, he lets it gradually predominate, until it appears a motive and theme quite in keeping with the earlier treatment, but never quite realised in its full significance. "I was impressed with a notion that Providence would not suffer any man to escape with impunity who had wronged me and inherited my curses and malison". Later there is the effect on Huntly of the mention of the Baillie's name, and again it crops up with "I felt assured, even in the most inward habitation of my heart, that I was decreed and directed from above to be a scourge to Huntly, and an adder in his path, until I should bring his haughty brow to the dust".

But this powerful aspect of the story never gains undisputed sway. It is confused and mingled among such things as the battle of Inverlochy, the characters of Argyle and of Montrose, and many excellent episodes, all good but all undeveloped, suggesting a mind tossing uneasily in too great a freedom among the multitudinous suggestions of a literary and insufficiently defined source, and unable to trace out a certain path for itself. His safety lay in the hate-motive between Huntly and the Baillie, and though he catches it at times, the absence of a familiar and local definite story on which to build securely leaves him hopelessly free and hopelessly drifting. The grand strength of the 'Confessions' is due to his imaginative freedom in a theme profoundly and essentially local, with its roots deep in his native soil, the weakness of the 'Edinburgh' Baillie' must be attributed to a false liberty, a Jack o' Lantern leading him into bogs and marshes. Once again tradition and locality are visibly Hogg's salvation, the sure path along which he, and almost he alone, could walk securely.

SECTION 111.

HOGG'S LITERARY DEVELOPMENT AND PROGRESS.

In the preceding chapter we have tried to indicate where lay Hogg's original strength, and whence he derived such power as he had, of contributing influentially to the literature of his day. The "Confessions", as a culminating point, brings us very definitely to a consideration of how he became vocal, and of the lines on which he was made to progress. Such a study will show how his responsiveness and his persistent individuality worked together at first to develop his talents, and to carry him no small way towards a true realisation of his calling. But it will show also how these same features, in conflict, were fated to clog and hinder his steps.

There is but little doubt that Hogg began his interest in literature, and even to write, without any conscious literary outlook or endeavour; and it was long before he had any thoughts of public notice. Born in 1770, in spite of his claim to ~~be~~ 1772, he had certainly read the 'Gentle Shepherd' and Blind Harry, with Burnet's 'Theory of the Earth's Conflagration', before he went to work with Laidlaw in 1790. Thereafter, having access to Laidlaw's library, he became familiar with Milton, Pope, Thomson, and Young, as can be shown from distinct echoes in his more formal poetic exercises. Yet these books and what else he read took a place much more important as part of his general education than as direct or consciously-felt incentives to composition. He had his mother's old ballads and stories, he had the airs with fragments of old songs which at fifteen he learned to play on his fiddle, but even this more vital matter remained practically inactive and dormant, till in 1797, a decisive impulse came. In that year he became acquainted, through 'Tam o' Shanter', with Burns. The queer mad poem delighted him, and in spite of its different outlook, we can easily understand how its theme would appeal to him. Later, the knowledge of the work Burns had done for Thomson in collecting old songs made the contact complete. Here was a matter he could understand. Here was a poet in similar circumstances, dealing with things which he too knew. The example was contagious. "He had much more time", he argued, "than any ploughman could have, and could sing more old songs than ever ploughman could in the world." Prior to 1797, he had composed words to well known melodies, and was content with the pleasure their local fame and frequent singing afforded him; but the knowledge of this other peasant's accomplishment at once enlarged his horizon and encouraged and quickened his expression. Nor did he delay, and once aware of the possibilities in these surviving fragments of the old literature, he found it easy and natural to progress, in a line independent of any further influence from the Ayrshire poet. For beyond the early and important impulse of "Tam o' Shanter", and the stimulus to increased and more orderly activity in song-writing and recovery received from Burns' connection with the "Scots Musical Museum", there was no question of following, even though his friends delighted to call him Burns' only true successor. It is true that at a later date, under the direct influence of contemporary literary movements, he deliberately imitated, by himself collecting and editing. But a combination of circumstances, pecuniary and literary, set him on this really foreign ground, and it is not accurate to say that Burns was responsible even in any considerable part. The great Scottish poet had done his work so far as Hogg was concerned in first stirring him to the importance of his gifts; and though the fondness of his literary contemporaries for lumping them together as peasant miracles; and the constant comparing and contrasting practised by the writers in "Blackwood's" have produced a vague feeling of similarity, and an assumption that Hogg's debt to Burns is considerable, the contact is really and curiously slight. The

The line of development of Scottish poetry from Ferguson to Burns was quite apart from the Ettrick poet, who was in touch constantly and naturally with a life outside their experience. This his contemporaries by no means understood, and so they interpreted as mere expressions of jealousy those unfortunately phrased remarks in which the Shepherd claimed his originality and independence. Emulation of Burns there certainly was; but the point to be insisted upon is the inevitable divergence which showed itself as soon as the latter poet began to progress at all, and his innocence of any response that savours of imitation. His spirit pricked on over fields which were lying already open to it, and were assuredly not the fields Burns had explored.

Of even greater significance in Hogg's awakening consciousness of what possibilities lay around him is the publication of the 'Minstrelsy of the Border'. It is extremely interesting and important to note how the man who knew most about Border lore - 'knew' is hardly the word - lived in it, breathed it, absorbed and grew by it, nevertheless depended almost entirely on the imaginative understanding and appreciation of a comparative stranger for his realisation of what was near him and what could be done with it. It shows up very clearly the true relation of Scott and Hogg - the skilled and learned student, admitted to sympathy with the past at his doors, teaching the possessor of that past the value of his inheritance. So much is generally allowed. What seldom is understood is that once awakened, the smaller man was able by virtue of his nativity to record passions and beliefs which lay hidden from the sight of the great poet, who, however keen and alert he might be, was still deeply separated from the life he for a time so eagerly regarded.

Scott's meeting with Laidlaw and incidentally with Hogg in one of his raids is the actual beginning of the matter, though the publication of the 'Minstrelsy' was the forged link. Lockhart's account is not too clear, less from lack of knowledge than from a blindness to the significant change in Hogg's work and its new orientation. It is an easy blindness to explain, for even at this distance, Hogg's uncertainty and lack of knowledge of aim and powers make him flicker to and fro, from good to bad, from valuable to worthless; so that it is not easy to focus accurately and see clearly what exactly is part of his progress.

Yet, Lockhart's note is not without some value.

"The/

"The Shepherd no sooner read the third volume of the "Minstrelsy" than he made up his mind that the Editor's 'Imitations of the Ancients' were by no means what they should be. 'Immediately' he says, in one of his numerous memoirs of himself, 'I chose a number of traditional facts, and set about imitating the manner of the ancients myself'. Naturally, it seemed absurd in Hogg to think he could do such things better than Scott. Apart from the question of technical skill, the whole theme was new, and Scott's way of looking at it seemed thoroughly and unquestionably right - for the fashion was his. In the second place, Hogg had a knack of making himself misunderstood, partly because he only half understood himself. Yet, he too, was perfectly right. His native instinct saw that Scott's imitations were not what they should have been. Excellent they are still as experiments in romantic poetry; but as real expressions of actual life they often reveal their bareness, and it is here that Hogg can excel the Master. Nor can the importance of this half-antagonistic impetus be over-estimated. It in no way detracts from Scott that he drove a smaller man to opposition and expression. The value of any artist is estimable directly by the expression he evokes, and disagreement is not the least important of the means. The first contact produced friction, but the copy of the "Minstrelsy" would be read and reread by Hogg, and that copy which Scott directed Ballantyne to send to "James Hogg, Ettrick House, care of Mr. Oliver, Hawick-by the carrier - a complete set". His first hostility, his eager defence of his 'ain things' called jealousy by those who failed to understand, soon merged into a delighted realisation of what lay at his feet, considered worthy by Scott, and more accessible to himself, as he must speedily have appreciated, than even to the great poet. From this time on, there is an increasing amount of really valuable and progressive poetry among the heterogeneous matter he could produce at all times with dangerous facility.

The publication of the 'Minstrelsy' only clarified and strengthened the effect produced on Hogg's mind by the intercourse between Scott and himself when his help in collecting was being freely offered and freely accepted. What exactly their relations were in these circumstances is fortunately preserved for us in the correspondence round 'Auld Maitland'. It is not our purpose here to cover the ground of the debate between Colonel Elliot and Andrew Lang, since there seems no reason at all to doubt that the latter has successfully vindicated both Scott and Hogg from the charge of forgery in connection with that much discussed ballad; all the more as Hogg's apparent actions in this/

this case were thoroughly in keeping with what we believe to have been his consistent attitude and methods regarding traditional material of any kind. But the letters which passed between Scott and Hogg, and especially that which was published with the third volume of the 'Minstrelsy' give an excellent picture of the mutual relations, and suggest very clearly the yeast that was working in Hogg's mind. They, coupled with the allusions in Hogg's poetry to this period of equal friendship, reveal an enthusiasm and interested excitement which can well be understood when we think of the wonderful revelation it meant to Hogg. No wonder he admired Scott. No wonder he looked at him as at a master; and no wonder he extracted from this splendid time of real companionable interest an inspiration which lasted him long. In this was the best of Scott's influence on Hogg, stirring him to what was peculiarly in him to do, and repeating itself at intervals all through his career; not imitation primarily, but a renewed impulse to follow in his own path.

It is with the third volume of the 'Minstrelsy', published in 1803, that Hogg has chief concern. In the spring of 1802, Scott met Laidlaw, and through him, Hogg; and the volume of 1803 included ballads obtained by means of these two in the preceding spring. 'Auld Maitland' is the most interesting because of the circumstances which throw it into high relief. Laidlaw's account of how Hogg came to be included is important in many ways, especially in the light it throws on Hogg's attitude to the old stories with which he was in habitual contact, and the awakening is not obscurely hinted at. Laidlaw applied to Hogg for a version that Scott wanted and Hogg replied on 20th July, 1801, to the effect that he could only obtain fragments. He could, he said, make good songs from traditions he knew, but refused to do such a thing in this case without a definite order from Scott. Later, Laidlaw heard a servant girl repeating stanzas of 'Auld Maitland' and finally obtained a well-supported version from Hogg. This surprised Scott greatly, and along with Laidlaw, he went to visit 'the poetical shepherd'. So the momentous friendship arose, and we can imagine with what enthusiasm Hogg read the third volume, with what kindling, almost startled interest, dipped into the wealth of the others, which drew from sources beyond his knowledge, and opened to him a Cortes-like vision of achievements hitherto undreamt of. Some of the interest and wonder is reflected in his letter of June 30th. "I have been perusing your Minstrelsy" he says, "very diligently for a while past, and it being the first book I ever perused which was written by a person I had seen and conversed with, the consequence hath been to me a most sensible pleasure My mother is actually a living miscellany of old songs. I never believed that she had half so many until I came to a trial".

Had he been more modern, no doubt he would have gone to the collecting himself. That did not seem to strike him at the time. It is more an awakened sense of the beauty he has dwelt amidst, that affects him; and the general and immediate result is an illuminated impulse to render in verse, and in the true spirit, the stories he knew so well. He transcribes, he/

he broods, and between his newly conscious sense of the old, and his more intelligent understand of its significance, his poetic spirit received a stimulus that lasted long and was productive of much good. He is eager to help Scott, but it is in himself and his own development that the effect is most apparent. His enthusiasm is plain, his knowledge from the literary point of view obviously increasing, but there is no hint of his thinking of doing other than help Scott. Yet the harm is working. In a letter, probably of 1805, he sends what he can "get of Otterbourne". He has been compelled to take much of it down in prose. Lines and half lines are the most he can obtain. "These I have been obliged to arrange somewhat myself as you will see below, but so mixed are they with original lines and sentences that I think, if you pleased, they might pass without any acknowledgment. Sure no man will like an old song the worse of being somewhat harmonious."

These extracts are sufficient; and the value of the friendship, of the knowledge and stimulating information that Hogg received from the intercourse hardly needs further stressing. Slowly the seed matured, but gradually we find him working towards the method and aims which were to prove peculiarly his. In song, in Ballad-like verse, in his prose tales most of all, the transcription of the stories of his native Forest becomes increasingly his strength; and it is no extravagant claim to make for the period of close intercourse with Scott, marked for us by the "Minstrelsy", that it contained the germ and provided the favourable soil for what we believe to be a very precious, if neglected plant.

The difference between Hogg the Shepherd, with his fiddle, producing songs to suit popular tunes, even if in emulation of Burns, and Hogg the poet, inspired by his entry into a new world, and connecting almost for the first time his gifts with their strength-giving source, is but too visible when we compare the "Forest Minstrel" with the "Mountain Bard". The gap is extraordinarily great, not so much in general level, though that, too, is appreciable, as in promise and possibility. The "Minstrel" is the earlier, though the later published, and its inferiority is not only patent to the reader, but was acknowledged by Hogg himself. His methods of publication are thus early peculiar, and chaotic as regards the date of composition; and this confessedly inferior volume he cheerfully puts forth at a moment when his judgment and his enthusiasm alike might have been expected to condemn the earlier efforts. But this is to give altogether too literary a consciousness to Hogg. He was, more than any poet of his class whom we know, liable to half-understood inspiration, and the work once done, his critical ruthlessness was lulled to sleep entirely by the pride of paternity. Full of very mediocre matter indeed, and quite obviously the work of an inexperienced, unskilled, and frequently not very inspired rhymester, the "Minstrel" is still important as showing how his mind was working, and indicating the standard which satisfied him in playing at being the Burns of the Forest, before Scott taught him the sound of true poetry, and made the echoes of his own native harp linger unforgettably in his ear. For the influence of Scott is very notable in the "Bard", which saw the light just prior to the "Minstrel", and Hogg's references in the Autobiography are clear in support of the internal marks of response./

(r).

"Wad Bonaparte land at Fort William
Auld Europe nae langer should grane;
I laugh when I think how we'd gall him,
Wi' bullet, wi' steel, and wi' stane;
Wi' rocks o' the Nevis and Gairry
We'd rattle him off frae our shore,
Or lull him asleep in a cairny
An' sing him - Lochaber no more."

response. There is first the passage quoted by Lockhart, in which Hogg states his dissatisfaction with Scott's imitations and indicates his method - "selecting a number of traditionary stories, I put them in metre by chanting them to certain old tunes". The method of composition is therefore still the same, for throughout the "Minstrel", the air is religiously given at the head of each song. It was in the material he was to weave into poetic warp and woof that he needed enlightenment, and it was through the enlightenment shed on matter available and familiar, that the "Minstrelsy" so greatly influenced him. If any doubt be left - reading leaves none - of the interdependence of the two works, the "Minstrelsy" of 1807, and the "Mountain Bard" of 1807, Hogg's later note should be conclusive. "It was while here (q.) that I published the 'Mountain Bard' consisting of the above-mentioned ballads. Sir Walter, then Mr. Scott, had encouraged the publication of the work in some letters that he sent me".

Are there no signs at all then in the "Minstrel" of the later excellence? Scott's influence would be quite phenomenal were it conceived as making Hogg a poet by a coup-de-main; and among much poor stuff, there are blinks and gleams of real poetry, and occasionally a full-length piece of sustained merit. If we exclude the contributions of his friends, we find the mere bulk of the volume still considerable. There are nearly sixty songs divided by the author into four classes - Pathetic, Love, Humorous and National - an ingenuous enough classification both in method and name. With most of them, one has the feeling that sincerity is lacking. They are without the first essential of songs. They are, as Carlyle says, but from the mouth outward. In reading them, one **observes as unusual when a true note is** sounding, and the most frequent criticism is the absence of clearness and inspiration, and adequate emotional justification. Inexperience and lack of skill explain this to some extent. But they are frequently made to order and made to a tune, a method, which, however successful in supplying a channel for a mood or a passion, will never adequately take the passion's place. Insufficient in expression, unsatisfactory in rhythm many of them are, and nearly all are unequal. As with Burns on occasion, so with Hogg often - the first stanza is by far the best. It has the inspiration. The rest is hack-work. He feels at times that a song is required of him, and he forces feeling and metre both, with no result but total failure. Most of all is this notable in his 'Pathetic' class, where there is hardly one good complete song, and few excellences at all.

" The mavis ceased his music wild

And wond'ring what her plaint could mean"

is welcomed as an oasis; and only 'The Moon was A-Waning' has any claim to real merit. Indeed, it stands out from its company with an appeal frequent enough in Hogg's best and later work, but very rarely found in these early and undeveloped productions.

Almost equally unsatisfactory are the 'National' songs, a class Hogg was the least fitted to deal with adequately. The much-talked of "Donald M'Donald" is certainly well above the average level, has spirit and swing about it, and had the merit of hitting by no means unpoetically, a popular mood. But there is no projection of sympathy, no Highland truth in it, and its success was due mainly to the Napoleon stanza (γ). It is not national; and even of that real local fire and enthusiasm which, to a Border poet, may well take the place of ~~n~~ nationality, there is very little. There are ~~no~~ local poems among these National songs, written for birthdays and such-like for the Duke of Buccleugh, but they are not spontaneous, and only the refrain of one is worth remembering. The one really good song is 'By a bush/

bush on yonder brae', which is the fruit of local love, is musical and unbroken, and almost alone of these "National" efforts, shows signs of the poet who was to sing the haunting sweetnesses and lore of the Forest. It has a real lilt about it. The summing-up of Yarrow's history is good and there is a strange bare Scottish phrase in the last stanza, among four lines which are honest and expressive, and which deserve mention among so much that is bleak and barren.

" Flow my Ettrick, it was thee
 Into life wha first did drap me;
 Thee I've sung and when I dee
 Thou wilt lead a sod to hap me".

Here Hogg is speaking out of himself, and refinements are forgotten.

That the Love Songs and the Humorous songs both reach a certain fair level of mediocrity shows us exactly what is the matter with the "Minstrel", Poems pathetic and national cannot be turned out to a recipe; though in Scots minor verse, owing to the existence of a wide-spread canon, love phrases and jocularities string themselves together with a deceptive ease and surface prettiness. In the poems Hogg has here published, an arresting phrase, a strange point of view reveal occasionally a personality with possibilities, but the same criticism must be applied practically to all. They are superficial - their fundamental emotion is inadequate, their expression low-pitched and often commonplace. Their ease deceived him and he was lulled to unworthy content. Naturally this suits humorous songs admirably; whose excellence lies in putting trifles and trivialities in costly frame; but Hogg's are not better than half a hundred local Scots poets did and do write; and occasionally they are worse. One and all give the impression of a man with a knack of easy response to the surface feelings and of easy expression without being very much up or down in the process. An occasional felicity, an odd song in light vein, and two really good local songs, with a kind of foretaste of his peculiar and passionate response to the spiritual appeal of his country-side, are the sum total of this treasury. Luckily, we do not need to judge Hogg's song power by the 'Forest Minstrel'. He has written plenty more, in days when his inspiration was clearer, fuller, and when he knew better where to turn for his themes. But we have thought it desirable to dwell at some length on the volume if only to indicate what a step forward he had taken in the work for the 'Mountain Bard'; though at the time of publication he seemed hardly to be aware of its significance, nor any more than his contemporaries, to dream that a peculiar field was opening before him. The shadow of Scott was too big; and it was as accompaniments of Scott "on a lower key" that current criticism regarded his work.

We question if Hogg himself would subscribe to this explanation - which is none. As a matter of fact, it argues too much self-consciousness. The verses and poems of the 'Mountain Bard' are no deliberate accompaniment to Scott's greater melodies. They are the natural response in a poetically inclined mind with abundance of half-understood material, to a powerful stimulus profoundly interesting him by virtue of the/

the new direction in which it impelled him. And in them, for the first time, we find it possible to see more than mere hints and scattered fragments of the Hogg we have come to know. The 'Bard' is really the first publication that admits, nay demands, serious criticism, and fragmentary and unequal as the poems are, we can see quite plainly many of the traits which characterise even his best work. He does not attain his highest level, and he has a difficulty in sustained flight, never an easy thing for him. The unity of some of the tales is uncertain, and the attitude of the teller variable. He fails to maintain a steady outlook, he allows realistic scepticism to intrude, he fails to perceive or create a unified time-background, being drawn hither and thither by conflicting interpretations, and he does not at all realise in what directions and with what themes and aspects of themes he will best succeed. But all this is no strange criticism of Hogg. Most of it can be said of him in some degree at all times. The sustained and permanent excellences are also present, so that with the 'Bard' we are fairly launched into the real beginning of his work. The inequalities are salient, but they by no means prevent us from seeing the strong possibilities, and in not a few cases, the strong accomplishment. Even in those tales where the cleavage between varying aspects is most noticeable, the appeal when he strikes the right note is as potent as in any of his later works. He can still disappoint us in the matter of rhythm, and taste, and diction; but there is no mistaking that in this collection Hogg has arrived. His progress from now on is a gradual realisation of what he could most fittingly deal with, in a growing power to select that which belonged to his own world, and in a more reliable instinct limiting him to his own people and to their peculiar outlook and expression.

Of the conflicting moods and impulses which played through Hogg's mind at this the period of his first conscious study of his country's tales, the 'Pedlar' is the best illustration, and will serve to show exactly how he versified and where he failed and where he succeeded. The local feeling, the profound interest in the life and the legends of his own district, are at once apparent. But his initial attitude is somewhat superior, and shows how gradually he came into touch, from the literary side, with what belonged so vitally to him. "This ballad is founded on a fact "he says", which has been magnified by popular credulity and superstition into the terrible story which follows. It is here related according to the best informed old people about Ettrick, as nearly as is consistent with the method pursued in telling it. I need not inform the reader that every part of it is believed by them to be absolute truth". It opens with four stanzas whose atmosphere is brooding and menacing:

" 'Twas late, late on a Saturday's night,
The moon was set an' the wind was lown;
The lazy mist crap down frae the height,
An' the dim blue lowe glimmered laigh on the ground".

That 'lown wind' is suggestive and finds an echo in Stevenson's strange story of 'Thrawn Janet'. Indeed, it is in Stevenson, so late, that we have to look for anything like an approximation to much of the natural power over real fear which Hogg possessed. At any rate, it has full sway in this poem, and though it fades out ultimately in a too literal rendering of local and uninspired report, that is due to his yet unpractised ear and mind; and to the fact that his imagination is/

is not yet certain, cannot always fly, and sometimes takes to a painful picking of its way across the desert rather than trust its untried wings. This explains the descent from the keen fear of the opening to the mundane meanness of the dialogue between the lady and her maid. The unity of the tale suffers in consequence, and the poem as a whole, is rendered unsuccessful. He is not sure of himself. Several times we feel he has started on a new tack; several times he spoils his work by responding to a new mood. From the desert suddenly appears such a stanza as describes the vision of the murdered pedlar; and again in a totally different spirit, the incident of the revealing of the murderer by means of the "wee heel bane". All this uncertainty is irritating, but it is almost always visible in these early experiments. They all point in the same direction. It is never in faithful transcription that he fails; but in an understanding very gradually growing deeper and surer, of the poetry and true feeling which lie behind and illuminate his stories. Certain aspects he responds to from the beginning; but there is no doubt that as his eye grew clearer to distinguish this light, he came more and more into his permanent calling to interpret the runes of the Borders. When he is lost in the theme, he succeeds; when, Chaucer-like, he is but recording incredible legends without Chaucer's alert and mischievous humour, he fails hopelessly. That is why things like the 'Laird of Laristan' and the 'Fray of Elibank' fall to so low a level. They are not much above the broadside, and are what almost any man could turn out. There is no vision. Yet there is promise; for, on occasion, when he feels the mood changing, he simply stops and leaves the tale unfinished. "Lord Derwent" is a good example, and the poem ceases very soon after the inspiration begins to flag, which it does immediately the 'fear' atmosphere Hogg breathes so naturally has vanished.

This atmosphere, however, he cannot always recover when he will. "The wife of Crowle" - "a traditionary story put to rhyme without any addition" - shows Hogg failing completely and unexpectedly. He begins finely:-

" And aye she sat by the cheek of the grate,
Pretending to shape and to sew;
But she looked at all that entered the hall,
As if she would look them through".

But the merely literal asserts itself at once, and swamps all the poetry. The theme suggests comparison with "The Wife of Usher's Well", but there is no haunting mystery; its narration as the wife would tell it suggests Wordsworth, but there is no transfiguring human passion. There is no atmosphere in Hogg's mind, and the poem reveals its skeleton literalness at the expense of throwing away its supernatural robe. The environment, too, is unnatural, and it is quite obvious that Hogg, playing with the subject, and sinning deliberately in over-elaboration, has completely missed the power latent in the story.

Nevertheless, the tale serves to accentuate the inspiration which was gradually winning its way into Hogg's consciousness. He was already interested in the stories of his country-side. Experience, training were necessary; and these he was to obtain in large measure from a study of the ballads with which he was coming into more and more appreciative contact. The 'Wife of Crowle' shows him quite unable to understand how the effects were produced, labouring in fact, in the wrong direction altogether/

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(S). "The first stanza of the song", he says, "as well as the history of the event to which it refers, is preserved by Hume of Godscroft.The author, having been successful in rescuing some excellent old songs from the very brink of oblivion, searched incessantly many years after the remains of this, until lately, by mere accident, he lighted upon a few scraps which he firmly believes to have formed a part of that very ancient ballad. ... The first verse is from Hume, and many other single lines and couplets that are ancient occur, which are barely sufficient to distinguish the strain in which the old song hath proceeded."

altogether - a somewhat strange failing when one remembers how easily, when untrammelled, he can attune himself to the supernatural. This Ballad education shows itself in two ways. He learned from actual transcription and filling - in how these masterly unknown poets obtained their economically sure results; and he gradually, by means of these time-worn but beautiful channels, made a way for his own inborn spiritual sympathy with their dominant themes. 'The Death of Douglas' is an illustration of the apprenticeship, and if we are to have reconstructed ballads, there would be no better than this. It is splendidly done - if one could but know which are the ancient fragments embodied in the poem. Hogg himself, throws little light on the matter, not being scientifically interested in it. He is content to give us harmonious composition on motives fragmentary and barely surviving, and very well he does it. (S) Modern editors would prefer the first stanza and the debris of the original, but it is to be counted as righteousness in Hogg that he so succeeded in recatching the old mood; and the poem shows how he is developing and responding in the old school where his instincts were at home. Such schooling made him more able to turn his old stories satisfactorily into verse, and send them to sea with their sails properly trimmed. Already in 'Gilmanscleugh' the effect is quite visible. Much of the traditional ballad phrasing is in evidence. Sometimes, it is true, it clashes with modern sentiment; more often it is a distinct source of strength, and plays a notable part in guiding Hogg's somewhat uncertain steps. And he builds upon the ballad mood. He is never long content to be a mere slavish follower, or merely to put new wine into old bottles. He is too responsive to nature to draw from the model always. He watches how his predecessors expressed what they saw in line and colour, and he uses them, but makes them alive again in their renewed contact with his surroundings, giving them new values.

" Her skin the drifted snaw
That's drifted by the wintery storm
On lofty Gilman's-law".

He is quite adept too, at the old suddenness, as in the telling of Jean's betrayal, and especially in the death of Harden, which are both very near to the kingdom. Such a training to a responsive mind, already responsive to the abundant material, was bound to tell; and in this poem, and in "Willie Wilkin", Hogg shows in no uncertain fashion what were his capabilities, could he but clearly realise them, and turn aside from tempting, but unprofitable issues. Such is the excellence of the 'Mountain Bard', a sign of his schooling and of abundance of promise. Scott had shown him where to go, and the volume proves amply, amidst much uncertainty, how apt a response he was ready to make.

As far as Hogg's most valuable and potent work is concerned, he was now fully launched on his voyage. Practically without other external impulse, he was made free of the whole province he was to control. Realising the possibilities in Ballads and in the stories of his country which are in essence ballads, he speedily entered into their world. He studied, imitated, and gradually breathed into his choice of material, his outlook and his expression, not only their phrases, but their very spirit; so that, in his best songs, in many of his poetical tales, and in his later prose versions of local feeling and passion, he was able to reincarnate the ancient traditions as/

as no other man has done. There were, unfortunately, other impulses. Yet throughout, in the good and peculiar work, he managed to return to constantly, in spite of all distractions, it is not at all difficult to see the powerful influence which we conveniently call 'Ballad'.

As he naturally began with reconstruction of fragments, we are not surprised to find actual verbal imitations, and examples can be quoted freely enough. Part is due to direct imitation, part to inheritance, but the distinction in its early stage is hardly worth making. When he says in 'Gilmanscleugh'

" An' aye he heaved the mournful sigh
An' the saut tears fell atween"

or in 'The Haunted

Glen' the fairies threaten Lu with these words,
"We'll pick these bright eyes from your head,
And there we'll fix two eyes of lead.
We'll pull the heart from thy breast-bone
And there we'll lodge a heart of stone".

we can hardly question the imitation. In the first case, it is more a reminiscence; in the second, practically a weak transcription. The same fragmentary play provides us with another vaguer but still recognisable remembering of an already known ballad, when the Knight explains the blood on his basnet in words which inevitably recall 'Edward, Edward'.

Hogg very speedily passes beyond this elementary stage, and entering into his inheritance almost at once, he uses phrases and a diction which are not so much imitation as a natural and easy speaking of the idiom which is common to him and the Ballads alike. Everywhere it meets us, and it amounts to no more than saying that Hogg found in these fragments he so keenly studied, his own speech, selected, purified, and crystallised. He had, therefore, a poetic language ready to his use, and had no need to require any other. Such he did acquire in some measure - the speech of his literary contemporaries - but it is not generally a source of strength, and we feel glad always when he comes back to a language not only more familiar to him, but naturally and unforcedly beautiful and expressive.

In a still deeper sense, his poems and prose writings, both, are full of Ballad reminiscences. 'May of the Moril Glen', written practically in the first zest of the new impulse, is notably full of them. Line after line has an echoing phrase, but it is in the easy appropriation of the properties of the Ballad world that we find the influence most. The May was of mysterious origin. " She never was blessed in holy church, Nor christen'd in holy name", and "there was a rainbow behind the moon, That night she first was seen" - a suggestion which can be paralleled probably in no known ballad, but is nevertheless artistically fitting and convincing. The extraordinary power of the maiden over men, producing results both laughable and sad, is of the same kind; as is the threatened burning if she prove to be a Fairy, a distinct recalling of a far older time when Fairies had been gruesomer things than in Hogg's stirred imagination they ultimately came to be. The details of the hunting, and of the lady's dress/

dress are worked out with the colour and variety, yet economy of description which characterise many a valuable fragment, and the final stanzas, which describe the strange maid's departure, if modernised slightly, are still in thorough keeping with the old spirit already so familiar to him.

" But aye the ship, the bonny ship,
Outowre the green wave flew,
Swift as the solan on the wing,
Or terrified sea-mew.

.....
And away and away went the bonny ship
Which man never more did see;
But whether she went to heaven or hell
Was never made known to me".

It is not to be supposed that fragments of so highly-developed an art as Scottish Ballad writing would work invariably for good in Hogg. That they did so in general is matter for some surprise, explicable by his natural and expectant sympathy with their material and treatment. For there are not many who can respond to the real poetic strength of these old poems without in some way perverting their purpose, and fewer still who can, inspired by them, transcribe the events and cherished recollections of a country-side in a medium so apparently easy, so really difficult to manage. Even Hogg is at times led to over-supernaturalise the life before him, and the apparently meticulous detail of the Ballad deceives him on occasion into thinking of detail as the method of an artistic incident, important, doubtless, but still (instead of an incident. The action seems slowed down, and the old poet's fancy to be weaving in multi-coloured threads for their own sake, when in reality he is giving the story a stately progress by the omission of all that is in any way unessential, and using the time thus saved to build up an emotional effect by the most economical of means. It is not to be expected that Hogg would at first see this, familiar to us only through long study of the literature; and on occasion he deliberately slows down his action, not by suppression, not by economy, but by minuteness of detail both in incident and description, by digressions, and what we must call literary intrusions. Yet though such traits are not Ballad traits, there is little doubt that they are due to Hogg's response to Ballad influence.

'Earl Walter', the Twelfth Bard's song in the 'Queen's Wake', is a case in point. There are many other excellences, but the detailed description is so much in evidence as on occasion to threaten the loss of momentum, and even of balance. Epic similes, or something of that kind, are deliberately hauled in, in response no doubt to other literary ideals and models; and a tendency to replace the elemental feelings of the old world by tender romantic sentimentalism - fortunately not common in Hogg's local work - will make itself visible here and there, producing a touch of 'Lady Clare' atmosphere. These are, however, mere misapprehensions, and the effect of the Ballads Hogg knew and studied, as of the fragments of Ballad material he inherited and learned, was almost wholly for good. And, remembering that it was from Scott he first learned to look upon them as literature one feels surprised that he did not follow close in his friend's footsteps, with regard to the re-rendering of/

of the old stories. In his verse, he did so to some extent, but in his prose and in his best ballads, his native sure knowledge and touch upon the well-known keys keep him far closer to the original spirit than his master ever succeeded in doing, infinitely greater though Scott's literary knowledge of the material was, and much greater his skill as a poet.

What then, did Hogg make of this Ballad - education? How did he profit by it? His appreciation of the worthiness of his own native traditions, and his realisation of the wealth of the store accessible, were the most important results. His keenness for literary fame, his proneness to drift at the mercy of stray currents would have led to his complete destruction, had it not been for this strong anchor. Throughout it persists, pulling him again and again from useless distractions and enabling him to produce, amid much that is worthless, his own imperishable renderings of his people's vanishing life. That is the supreme thing he learned from the Ballads. They taught him to grasp at tradition, and if his judgment was sometimes at fault and allowed him to preserve what had nothing but locality to recommend it, that can easily be forgiven in face of the valuable treasures he has preserved for us. Border life, passion, religion, spirit - we owe our knowledge of them to Hogg and to the Ballads from which he learned their value. Once aware of it by their means, and he needed the external stimulus to make him aware of what lay so subjectively close to him, his early training, his sympathetic response to his environment did all the rest.

Naturally, there were incongruities at first. The complication of impulses led him to deal uncertainly with old, or to lose himself in the puzzle of a mixed tradition. But he soon learned to deal efficiently with these problems when there was enough in his material really to grip him, and to make his current flow steadily until the story had found its satisfying expression. At times, too, the exigence of scepticism troubles him, and this he attempts to escape from by tacked - on comments; but he speedily has recourse to a more attractive expedient. Induced, doubtless, by a recollection of "Tam o' Shanter", he attains a temporary reconciliation by treating the old theme in a distinctly humorous style. The most notable examples are the "Witch of Fife" and the "Gude Greye Katte", poems in which he makes his most decided approach to the satirical and whimsical outlook of Burns. Now this comic treatment of the old is possible only when the beliefs are really passing from men's minds, and losing all vital hold; and we can hardly question that the extravagance and drollery of "Tam o' Shanter" found expression in Burns only because of his and his people's unbelief in a rapidly crumbling tradition. Hogg had a whiff of this air, but he never travelled so far. He illustrates fully the case of a poet coming at the end of an epoch, seeing the past in a completeness that makes its imaginative rounding-off and satisfactory presentation a matter almost of instinct; but not yet so detached/

detached and advanced in scepticism as to render the old beliefs a vehicle for satire, or to use them as a fit frame for extravagant whimsies. So, however, he may have responded to the 'Humoresque' quality of Burns' poem, he speedily proved his originality both of material and attitude by developing in a totally different direction. It showed him for a moment, a possible reconciled medium, but he soon discovered he had no need for it; and merely glanced at the attractiveness of a burlesque treatment. If this were not so, then the "Witch" and the "Gude Greye Katte" would have represented Hogg's farthest progress with old themes. He would have gone more decisively toward burlesque, and lost all in imitation of a poet who was certainly not of his world.

Yet it is a mistake to think of these two poems as burlesques. Certainly they have a smack, but their excellence is of another sort than that of "Tam o' Shanter". They have more imagination, more reality too, once the atmosphere has been deeply breathed. In other words, they do indeed transport us. No doubt the appearance of the "Katte" in the "Poetic Mirror" has laid its sincerity open to question, and the occasional almost Ingolds-by air of the "Witch", due to a freakishness often visible in Hogg, makes us inclined to treat it as a mere mocking phantasy. But it is not without significance that the "Witch" appeared in the same volume as "Kilmeny", and despite its humorous intent, asserts its sway over Hogg as obviously as the more serious expression. His imaginative response to the Ballad-world, in things like the old woman's description of her joyous night-journeyings, saves him from mere following into a mood, dangerous because he could not understand it; and the manifest pleasure he finds in plenty in his retelling is a further safe-guard. Moreover, we should recollect that Hogg's dearest theme, to which he brought all his powers, and which was his most precious link with far-off days, stirring him as could none other, was also the basis of some of these lighter efforts. The maiden purity which reflects so wondrous a light on "Kilmeny", is present likewise in the "Gude Greye Katte" and "Lyttill Pynkie"; and though the treatment is light, the seriousness of the main thought is never in question. Both poems are thus far more a serious recalling and adequate approximation to the Ballads than at first sight appears. Hogg has very quickly broken down the modern barriers that would separate him from a realisation of his theme, and lost his tentative efforts in a full abandon. Humorous renderings of life are difficult unless that life be contemporary, but in these lightly touched poems Hogg came quickly to see that his world, his companions in the Forest, were still in essence the same as those older in whom he delighted. So whether he was writing of a time apparently long past, or of the whims and comicalities of his own day, he found little difficulty in presenting them satisfactorily since they responded to the same treatment. He can touch a manifestly old theme without satire, or risk of making it a fantastical incredulity, and he can recall the folk-art of the Ballads to throw light upon, and give pulsing life to his studies of the comedy of the Border. And in imaginative dreams of pure maids, in mad whimsies of witches, and most especially in the power he had of realising his/

his contemporaries as simply the old over again, he shows a sympathy with and ease of understanding of the old literature which is amazing, enabling him to catch perfectly what many better poets missed.

His humour is of the grimmest and baldest description, with a gruesome directness which suits the theme absolutely. The 'Byschope of Blain' is the unwilling hero of the "Katte".

" He wase ane wyce and wylie wychte
Of wytch and warlockyre,
And mony ane wyfe had byrnit to coome
Or hangit to ane tre".

That third line is of a devilish clearness, and it is only one of many equally arresting re-renderings. In the cat's journey with the Bishop to the mouth of hell, and in the Bishop's varied feelings, there is much that Hogg could not have gained save from inheritance and no man else from anywhere. For there is a nothing of Whig or Covenanter in its Church criticism. It harks back to Chaucer and to Dunbar. Two stanzas must suffice to illustrate its other excellences. There is first the 'Kilmeny' glamour where Hogg approaches so near to Wordsworth's ultimate earth-kinship, by means so different:

" And by her sat ane lettill sterne
Quhan all the laife wa'gane,
It was lyk ane wee fadying geme
In the wyde worryld its lane".

Externally again, there is the successful recapture of the old in such lines, as,

" The Lairde of Blain he walkes the wode
But he walkes it all alane;
The Lairde of Blain had seuin dochteris,
But now he hethenot ane".

Almost throughout, the ballad is an example of the sardonic humour which was part of Scotland's heritage from the days of James IV, strangely understood by Hogg; but towards the end there is a perceptible change of direction, far better managed in the 'Mountain Bard', and only just appreciable. It is the 'Kilmeny' spirit asserting itself above the cynicism and giving a special reading to the old story. This culminates in the Laird's vision of his daughters, saved by the Katte from a world of sin, and now inhabiting that strange middle-world Hogg dreams of so much, in unearthly beauty and not yet altogether removed from their father. The mood naturally finds an outlet into personality and self-expression, to which Hogg, however akin racially to the impersonal tone of his Ballads, was frequently impelled, and which marks his approximation to that lyrical song-story where Scott, much more than in set imitations, showed his Ballad response.

Finally, 'Jock Johnstone the Tinkler' will serve out of many as an example of what Hogg could do in reconciling the older and the later aspects of the one unbroken life; and of what he might have done consistently had he recognised his calling. Here he brings the Ballad metre and spirit to an/

an aspect untouched by the older bards, for though the mystery is cleared up by the tinkler's confessing himself to be Lord Annandale, the whole strength lies in his fighting as a tinkler, not as earl disguised. It is therefore much more of Hogg's day; and it is of his surroundings - true and sympathetic, a good story well told, and a perfect marriage of old form and new matter, which is not so very new after all. There are many such in Hogg, but 'Jock Johnstone' will suffice.

So much for the tales, the real ballads. We have hinted at Scott's excellence in the song-story, a form more suitable to the Romantic age than the stricter, more restrained and economical Ballad. Here lay Scott's best understanding of the old spirit so dear to him, and we need go no farther than 'Jock o' Hazeldean' for a fine example. This Hogg could do on occasion almost as well, though he seldom caught the grace and stateliness, the delicacy of movement which makes one think of polonaise and minuet even amid the wild rush of the lovers across the Border. Rather is it in shouts and enthusiasm that he excels when some potent slogan has roused him, and he weds the old Border moods to a form that is modern but sufficient. There are hints of it in 'Loose the Yett', but there Hogg is trying to adapt an old Ballad subject to a modern theme with which it has really little to do. He comes nearer still in "M'Kinman". He is seized by the mood and the enthusiasm, and carried on the wave far out into the deeps. He has no hesitation, no groping for thoughts and words, but boldly he is in the midst of it, none the less exultantly because of the touch of pathetic tragedy which lies enshrouded in the lyric. He shows the Ballad fervour of Scott, is with him in producing the modern song-ballad with its directness, its energy, its passion coupled with sweetness and music and personality which capture ear and heart. Far ahead it is of any popular 'Donald a' Donald'. The crowning instance of its successful achievement in Hogg is 'Lock the door, Lariston', but another example in a different vein, may be cited to show that this ability was no flash with him, that he could recapture the ecstasy, though dependent on a momentary inspiration for complete success. The 'Laird of Laminaton' is not so boisterously happy, not so ridiculous in its appeal as 'Duncan Gray', but there is a daring about it, a verve in its description, and a pawkiness in its unobtrusive surprises that is distinctively attractive. It too, is a Ballad, rather a Ballad-moment seized and crystallised.

Yet, when all is said, one can never better express Hogg's response to the Ballads than by saying that in all things he entered completely into the world they had sung. He moved about in it as not realising it, but once the cloudy curtains of his eyes were lifted, he saw so clearly and understood so fully that there was seldom any doubt as to the lawfulness of his succession. This perfect understanding of the life before and around him is therefore something that goes much deeper than any mere imitation, of the old songs. There is no externality in the matter with him, unless it may be some slight affair of phrasing and idiom which caught his ear when first he heard. He made the world his own in a way impossible to his abler, but more remote contemporaries. This can best be seen in the supernatural elements - for on no point so obviously did old and modern differ. The supernatural of/

of the new men was rarely more than a passing emotional stimulant. With Hogg it was different. It was a belief, no chance-caught inspiration from this or that mythology. He took it not even from the Ballads, but from the life around him; and so he supplemented the Ballad supernatural, even developed it to fit with the slow undistinguished growth of time in the Forest. We will not find chapter and verse in the older poems for all Hogg says about fairies or witches or wraiths of the dead. He went to and interpreted the same life as they; he lived in sympathy with it, old and new. Consequently he was accused by his friends of inventing traditions to please himself, as if only what the 'Minstrelsy of the Border' had made known was to be taken as authentic. He supplemented, understanding the old, and insensibly moulding its already known expression to suit the new which grew so naturally from it. So that in this question of the supernatural we come back to what has already been said - that Hogg is more a reincarnation than a copier of the older poets, looking at life through similar if younger eyes, and seeing it as they saw it. Whenever he touches on the strange and mysterious world of the spirit, he is in a perfect accord with it. He can suggest it without elaborate description and detail and machinery such as his fellows used and sought for, because it is so familiar. It is natural. He can perfectly record the conceptions of his forebears when the story is old, he can as perfectly suggest the changing ideas of his day. Content for the most part with his inherited witches and wraiths, which, as more seriously wound up with every-day life, remained unchanged with a fundamentally unchanging attitude, he chronicled their activities as common to old times and new. The fairies, more properly belonging to the emotional side of life, he developed and nourished into a poetic conception of power and beauty which is at once a real contribution to the new literature, a deep and constant appeal to unchanging humanity, and a natural growth from his own inherited outlook. Herein lies most deeply and truly Hogg's response to the influence of the Ballads.

Unfortunately, almost as soon as Hogg had found his Ballads, he was in touch with other more modern influences; and a long period of conflict ensued. This is reflected in the "Queen's Wake" of 1813, which shows a curious combination of fully realised Ballad expression and of much less satisfactory response to new moods. It was followed in 1815 by the "Pilgrims of the Sun", in 1816, by the "Poetic Mirror", and in 1818, by the "Jacobite Relics" - a succession which emphasises the double pull visible in the "wake"; the last two volumes suggesting, indeed, in their obviously contemporary character, that his original poetic impulses were fast dying out. All alike lay stress on a characteristic feature in Hogg's development. External influence of any kind, superficial or penetrating, rarely affected him at once, as far as visible expression goes; and it would appear that while answering immediately to a new stimulus, he retained it quite subconsciously, for a long time before it succeeded in colouring his written thought. From this, we can understand how he was able to produce obviously early and immature matter at the very moment of his enthusiastic first contact with the literary Ballads/

Ballads; and how, through all his career, he was liable to hark back, with a somewhat confusing result when we attempt to trace his progress. It explains also how what are known to be early influences fail to show themselves clearly until many years have elapsed, and consequently how slow and deliberate his development was bound to be. Finally, it makes comprehensible the long delay in attaining to anything like a full understanding of his powers and of the direction in which they should be exercised.

So it is that the "Wake", not published till the poet was forty years old, is the culmination of what we may call his first period. It marks a standing - still time, a looking back and forward, almost as if he had exhausted the powers called into being by the Ballad inspiration. So it is that the volumes which follow are no advance. The "Pilgrims" owes its main theme to a period of influence now long past in Hogg's life. The "Mirror" and the "Relics" are mere marking time, showing the barrenness of contemporary impulse, the hesitation and uncertainty of the poet, and excelling only in their imitative aspects. They are signs of the temporary eclipse of his powers, awaiting a new medium before they could again find expression.

But it was scarcely possible for Hogg's contemporaries to see this final aspect of the poem which made his reputation. It was as the author of the "Queen's Wake" that he was known when he came into prominent association with Edinburgh literary circles, as the author of the "Queen's Wake" he is generally known even now. His name was already established in that respect by the time "Blackwood's" appeared, and it was on the lines of the "Wake" that his friends expected him to develop. His apprenticeship was complete and they wished an advance or even a repetition. The latter might have been possible, the advance was not at all probable; for, by advance, they meant Hogg to follow in the steps of the contemporary poets whose work had been the immediate stimulus.

They did not notice that the 'Queen's Wake' was really a gathering together of the fruitage of earlier years; and that Hogg, now under new influences, was passing beyond the stage when such work was possible. There is little hereafter of the real poetic ballad, for his ballad strength now runs to prose. What poetic power remains to him finds an outlet in vigorous song, or in vain attempts to recall his earlier successes, on the lines laid down for him by his friends. The year 1813, then, obviously marks for Hogg a change in orientation. Unfortunately, he was not left to fight it out himself. Left alone pretty much after 1803, he had struggled to no mean measure of skill and accomplishment; and we are convinced that, left alone again, his later progress would have been ^{even} more notable. As it is, the uncertain years following 1813 were hampered by the pull of various associates and friends, by his financial worries, and by the growing tendency to look towards literature as a financial solution. Consequently there follows upon the 'Wake' a period of pronounced shallows and miseries, and it is but hardly he wins through to such expression as he does ultimately find in his new medium/

medium.

The poem has a double interest. The early inspiration of the really valuable portion is made quite clear by the themes and their treatment as well as by Hogg's account of their composition, and the introductory and linking portions undoubtedly represent contemporary work. There is little outstanding in this frame-work, but it is always interesting from the personal point of view, and not infrequently is very happy, though it never attains the magical fitness which characterises his finest work. In such points as the training of the Bards, the description of Mary and of the half fanciful environment - Scotland transmuted into one of his strange landscapes - or the numerous references to his own unceasing love of poetry, he is far above mediocrity, and not seldom attains real beauty. Nor does it clash with the tales, for the kind of historical setting allows Hogg to use it for narration, free comment, or explanation, as the mood takes him, and gives him a responsive medium where he can exercise his discursiveness and generally clear himself from influence which might disturb the tale.

Each story is prefaced by an account of the poet who tells it, and some have professed to see in these, half disguised descriptions of his contemporaries. Hogg was quite capable of it, but there is really very little warrant for such an assumption. Occasionally there is a glimpse, but no more. Most of it is himself, and different aspects of his own upbringing and training seem quite clearly referred to in his remarks on the various bards. This idea has stronger support when we consider that, following the ninth bard's song of the 'Spirit of the Storm', he introduces himself in unmistakable form, but makes no reference whatever to ballads or old songs, or to the supernatural to which he knew himself to be keenly responsive. The first omission is comprehensible, for he is identifying himself to some extent with one of the old nameless minstrels, the singer of the very ballads he so loved. But he omits the second, and contents himself with the Nature surrounding the poet, and his deep heartfelt response. It is happily done, but has no more of the personal about it. Other aspects he has divided among the other bards, and when we find 'Kilmeny', the most characteristic poem in the collection, sung by an apparent stranger, who has also some of the Shepherd's traits and experiences, the matter is clenched. Externals certainly do not agree, but it is obviously Hogg who muséd

" Of the eternal throne sublime;
Of visions seen in ancient time;
Till his rapt soul would leave her home
In visionary worlds to roam.
Then would the mists that wandered by
Seem hovering spirits to his eye;
Then would the breeze's whistling sweep,
Soft lulling in the cavern deep,
Seem to the enthusiast's dreaming ear,
The words of spirits whispered near".

This personal note is the dominant feature of the contemporary portions of the poem. It appears in his frequent references to his own development, in his repeated expression of his love for poetry, for the old tales and legends, for the Scotland/

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"Light on her airy steed she sprung
Around with golden tassels hung.

.....
How sweet to see her ringlets pale
Wide waving in the southland gale,
Which through the broom-wood blossoms blew
To fan her cheeks of rosy hue!
Whenever it heaved her bosom's screen,
What beauties in her form were seen!
And when her courser's mane it swung,
A thousand silver bells were rung."

Scotland where they had been so happily sung; and in his breaking out ever and anon into passionate enthusiasm for the ancient harp he looks upon as so dear an inheritance. In such places Hogg comes as near as ever he managed to shedding his merely local patriotism and becoming national. Yet how unchangingly local he is, is shown by his attitude to Queen Mary. She would provide a distinctly and broad enough Scottish theme, but Hogg cares little for history unless it be of his own district. He has 'Kilmeny', the climax of the song-contest in his mind. He may or may not have realised its supremacy, but Queen Mary is coloured from her first introduction by reflections from that apotheosis of virginity. She is evidently to Hogg just such another Forest maiden as those whose purity had so often stirred him. His first description of her is not at all difficult to read in this light, and very difficult to associate with any historical portrait (?). So it is with the land, as Hogg deemed it appealed to the Queen. No word is there of clouded skies and weeping rain. It is the background of his faery dreams, and seen with a landscape - sweeping eye, penetrating a long way farther than Leith would allow.

" She thought the isle that gave her birth

The sweetest, wildest land on earth".

Not as an historical setting he sees the circumstances, but as a background for even such a poem as 'Kilmeny'. What he has done is sufficiently clear from the note where he quotes Dufresnay's account of the Queen and her company riding "upon the wretched little hackneys of the country, and as wretchedly caparised; at sight of which the Queen began to weep, and to compare with the pomp, and superb palfreys of France." Hogg will have none of it. He creates circumstances for himself, and Mary becomes one of his own loved Forest maidens who responds at once to the "notes of Scottish song" that fell on her ravished ear

" Like dew of heaven at evening close

On forest flower, or woodland rose"

It is but natural that she should announce that only "legends of our native land" be sung at the forthcoming festival; and when the poets are summoned into the presence of the Queen, she is still for Hogg akin to his lovely half-supernatural maidens, astonishing the bards who saw their dreams

" Of virgins, pure as opening day,

Or bosom of the flower of May"

their visions of "Being free from stain" thus gloriously realised. It is very clear that whatever inspiration as to form or subject Hogg had derived from contemporaries, he certainly gave the theme his own peculiar turn and scope. Whether that scope included anything in the nature of a Scottish tale in verse is another matter, but in such fragments as the Introduction and the framework generally allow, he is still the poet of the Forest and of nowhere else. He attempts universality by a would-be catholicity of choice from his available tales, but attains it by an intense deep realisation of his own land; and 'Kilmeny', deep rooted, towers and satisfies, where half-deliberate breadth of aim quite/

quite fails to convince.

There is undoubtedly a sense of disappointment when we pass from the enthusiasm of interlude to the frequent weakness of the songs. Hogg's poetry is successful only when the mood is strong and persistent, carrying everything in triumph on the broad unbroken sweep of the one great wave. It is inspirational, flashing, and he is in no way fitted for the calm steady production which characterises what one may call the professional poet. Obviously, then, the scope of the 'Wake' is too big for him, calling for too sustained an effort. Yet, had there not been other intrusive elements at work, he hit on the right form, of tale and interlude, to suit his powers. He has widened his field, has aimed at singing Scotland's and not the Forest's songs, and his failure to get to heart-grips, as he can get, is sufficient indication of the limitations of his strength. He had understood a great purpose calling him, but his powers were unequal to the task in all its scope, and his tactics were wrong. That unfortunate economy of his in using up tales he had beside him goes near to spoil all. On the technical side it is very clear, for in some cases he has made no advance upon the experiments of the 'Mountain Bard'. The same clashing, the same inability to reconcile conflicting attitudes, the same momentary flashes and periodic glooms are all to the fore. Of course, some of this is unavoidable in Hogg's poetry at any time, and coupled with his attempts to interpret tale and legend derived from a broader Scotland than he knew, keeps the 'Queen's Wake' on a much lower general level than its sincere admiration and personality, and its supreme successes at all merit. At any rate there is in the poem plenty of convincing proof of the limitations which must be set to Hogg's progress as a poet.

It is unnecessary to study the songs in detail. Most are good, even very good in parts; a number show lack of experience in welding ancient and modern, or in keeping one steady outlook throughout; and some few deal with 'foreign' legends whose supernatural he does not fully comprehend, or finds too alien to arouse his imagination. They are literary, and therefore for him artificially conceived, a point made clear by the contrast between "The Bride's Tale", which is deliberately staged, and the spontaneous and natural "Witch of Fife" which immediately follows, and is the enthusiastic justification of the forbidden joys of witchcraft, of the non-moral elation in unholy adventure, told with the fullest glee, and needing no external proof to convince us of its traditional basis. With it, two are outstanding, "Kilmeny" and "The Abbot M'Kimnon". Of "Kilmeny", little need be said. It is in every sense one of the world's poems, a perfect blending of tradition with poetic insight and expression, and the high-water mark of Hogg's production in prose or in verse. Like the 'Witch of Fife' it marks the culmination of an outlook upon inherited beliefs. Hogg is at his best and simplest here, and has much more than a casual resemblance to Blake, with whom he attains in some measure to pure unstained romanticism by the mere innocence and "silly soothness" of his lay. The poem is charged with the truth and beauty of inspiration/

inspiration - an expression of adoration and worshipful reverence. The words impress as God's own words, spoken through His servant in a moment of exaltation thoroughly attuned. Seized as he is by passionate worship, his halting speech vanishes, and all he touches is transmuted. Even his irregular metre, which, at other times, and places, would have assuredly played him false, is here satisfying and inevitable.

Hogg's complete entering into what can only be called an inherited religious attitude is at the bottom of his success in 'Milmeny'. None other than a Border man could have looked at life through eyes which still had something of the old, old religion in them, eyes that in Reformed and even in Covenanting days were but little different in essentials from those of monk and nun of Melrose or of Dryburgh. The same element, though in nothing like so pronounced a degree, is seen making for success in 'Abbot Mc.Kimmon'; which while not on so high a level as the other two - it is not a native story - is still by virtue of its unity and unswerving treatment, as well as by its deep glimpses, and happy moments, entitled to a high place. Hogg's sympathy with the old is obvious in the dignity with which he approaches and handles a theme liable to vulgar treatment - the frailty of abbot and monks. The unhappy affliction of the Abbot, the secret love, are in the main sketched lightly, even barely suggested; and there is no slightest hint of ribaldry. The concentration is made on the punishment of Mc.Kimmon and the monks who likewise had sinned, and though the catastrophe is not quite so impressively managed (words are the immediate difficulty) as it might have been, the Abbot's dream of sacrificial rites to be performed, the journey to Staffa, the gradual growth of fear over his heart as the impressiveness of the cave acquires a supernatural majesty culminating in the strange echoing voice, "Greater yet must the offering be" - all exercise an increasing influence over the reader, until the underlying power, of the tale and its telling, becomes evident. Some foreign legend it probably is, but one which Hogg, by virtue of the undoubted impression Staffa and Iona have made upon his mind, and of the inherent unity of the tale with his own local thoughts, has treated without any suggestion of faltering. The Mermaid's Song jars at the joining, but that is momentary, and the strokes by which Hogg paints the real terror of the old man who sat on the boat as they launched it again are powerfully reticent. They savour distinctly of the Ballad, but it is the faintest shadow of an echo. Hogg has simply succeeded in conveying the Ballad impression by means, not copied, but instinctively at one with those of his forerunners.

" His beard was long and silver grey,
 Like the rime that falls at break of day;
 His locks like wool, and his colour wan,
 And he scarcely looked like an earthly man
 The Abbot stood pale, with terror o'erborne;
 He tried to be jocund, but trembled the more,
 For he thought he had seen the face before".

With the 'Queen's Wake' a very definite stage is reached in Hogg's literary development. He has spent much time in looking back, and given us work which is evidence of past activity. It is not in any sense a rebirth of an earlier mood, for he develops too much on the instinctive side to be aware of the various artistic stages his progress has experienced. A contemporary might deliberately hark back to an earlier manner; with Hogg, a stage once past could not be recovered, though his slowness in fundamental change produces the feeling that it can. Apparent earlier echoes are due either to a similar inspiration working once again on old material; or simply to his collecting from his desk the products of the earlier time. Of this, there is much evidence in the 'Wake', and it contains little promise of anything new. It achieves the very height of his poetic production, but about these heights there is a feeling of completion, as if they were the summit level of their kind; and one has difficulty in seeing where they can lead. Only repetition seems possible - a consistent re-rendering of old tales in 'Witch of Fife' or 'Kilmeny' vein; a process, which however common in painting, seems hardly feasible in poetry. Hogg's poetry has a curious static feeling. Once he has yielded rapturously to his great inspiration, there seems nothing more to do, no advance to make, and all his excellent work - song, ballad, ancient story, - are but the peaks of constant, often unavailing effort, at the same mountain range.

new Paragraph [For in poetry, Hogg goes no farther. Already signs are not wanting of what was ultimately to destroy his ballad power. He is becoming too alert to what lies outside his scope. He aims at telling Scotland's moods in his stories, and even his supernatural responsiveness will not save him. He loses sight of the bard, whose successor he would be, in the multitudinous airs and drifts about him. He could not quickly assimilate or quickly reproduce; his poetry lay too deep for that. He was too original, and yet could not trust to that alone. Thrown more and more into publicity, his less worthy ambitions became more active and he looked to poetry to feed these, both poetical and worldly. He begins to imitate superficially, and gives his new ideas no time to sink deep, to mature. Desiring success, he conforms to current habits, and becomes a versifier, with as little or as much success as in his early days. His metrical skill and training count for little; they seldom mattered much with Hogg. But the white heat of transforming imagination has gone, and the modern cut across his development, nigh fatal because of his extraordinary surface and immediate responsiveness, makes any successors to 'Kilmeny' an impossibility. No doubt all would yet have been well, had he taken time to absorb and make personal all that came to him. But spurred by ambition, and unable to see clearly, to see beyond the immediate, he yielded to his fatal weakness of easy response to externalities and speedy and ill-ripened expression. From that time, poetry, nay literature, was almost a closed book to Hogg, until turning to prose, he gradually worked his way, with many lapses, many moments of blindness, towards the old mood, the old appeal which kept calling to him, like rays of light not hopelessly attempting to pierce his blindness. There his ballad-moods reasserted themselves, and there he again became the teller of the tales of his folks, in the new Covenanting aspect of the same old continuing spirit, showing fitfully but strongly his/

his imperishable gift.

We know from Hogg's Autobiography that, immediately following on the 'Wake', there were written 'Madoc of the Moor' and two tales ~~were~~ intended to form part of a volume entitled 'Midsummer Night Dreams'. These were 'Connell of Dee' and that which finally appeared in an expanded form as 'Pilgrims of the Sun'. This is but a selection from a fair bulk of verse, and would appear to contradict the assertion that the 'Queen's Wake' represents the real final stages of his worthy development as a poet; especially in view of the fact that several years after "at the earnest entreaties of some literary friends" he finished the epic begun somewhere about 1817 - the epic of 'Queen Hynde'. But it need hardly be mentioned that bulk is no guide to value, and Hogg, had he only known, had much weightier reason for abandoning the practice of verse than that which he put forward - the uniform lack of success with the public. "From that day to this, save now and then an idle song to beguile a leisure hour, I determined to write no more poetry". He had made the vital mistake of writing in accordance with popular and contemporary fashion, of attempting to follow in the wake of poets not only of greater powers, but of different outlook. He wrote much besides these more ambitious works, and nearly all, in spite of moments recalling his strength, is essentially weak and wrong. His swaying to vagrant airs and to breezes that blew him from his course is fatally in evidence, and even the much-lauded epic, acclaimed as signalling the coming back of the old Shepherd, is anything but a reviving of the strength in the 'Wake'.

As he had been slow to recognise where lay his strength, or at least slow to set to work in his true and valuable vein - so was he blindly quick to leave it. When we consider not only the good work he was able to accomplish in old tale and legend, but the evident joy and enthusiasm the opening of the treasure aroused in him, we are puzzled to explain his so-called progress. Yet it is obvious enough. There is no need to search for signs of this fatal tendency to drift in the direction imposed by external contemporary and necessarily alien influence. Sometimes, but rarely, it is good; generally, it is all too patently bad and misleading. It produces confusion in his poetry, long after the comprehensible difficulty of reconciling old and new had been quite overcome, in that he is seldom artistically sure in aim, and is drawn hither and thither into alien and diverging moods. It shows itself also in a kind of intellectual restlessness, touching on thoughts and on aspects of his theme which he does not develop, but cannot altogether repress. It is primarily manifest in attempts to do what lies quite out of his scope, a weakness which persisting long, makes him always discontented, always uncertain of himself. Byron wrote Hebrew Melodies of a kind, which if not Hebrew, are at any rate not unlike poetry. Hogg followed suit, though in a way he is hardly to be blamed for yielding to the temptation of a guinea a stanza. Yet, Hebrew Melodies were almost the last thing he was fitted to sing. The so-called 'Greek Pastoral' is an even worse example of the same fatal tendency.

These are of course somewhat superficial. Another
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and more important manifestation, the real source of weakness apparent in the 'Lake' and more and more visible in the succeeding writings, is the laudable but altogether mistaken effort to widen his field. He would be the poet of a broader land than his own, and while certain themes have still power to call out his strength, the general result is a growing feebleness, and finally, almost a complete loss of all that had made his poetry worth while.

'Mador of the Moor' shows it very plainly, all the more as the disease is in its early stages, and has not yet succeeded in strangling him. It is the fruit of a three weeks' sojourn near the Tay, was meant to be an example of a new form of Spenserian stanza, the other having "always offended his ear"; and he claims for it that "his highest and most fortunate efforts in rhyme are contained in some of the descriptions of nature in that poem". That may very well be, but excellence in Nature description will by no means compensate for the faults thrust upon us by the ambition of the poem. He makes confession at the beginning that the many stories which have found a home near the Tay are not for him to tell, that he must cling to the wild and the mountains, but he hardly realises that practically all stories native to the Tay or to any one part of Scotland are by that identification cut from his adequate treatment. He has a glimmering of the truth at the end, when he apostrophises his harp, warning it not to attempt the echoes of Ossian's song until "son inspired is born their native hills among". It is an almost unconscious stumbling, not appreciated sufficiently to have any definite practical result. For 'Mador' remains a foreign theme, not altogether redeemed even when Hogg finds something akin in his favourite supernatural. There, if anywhere, he will penetrate deep down to understanding, and in the first canto, though the tale is ineffective in that we are prepared for a denouement which does not materialise, yet it is full of the real atmosphere, strong and telling. The outstanding part, however, is where, in canto IV. he comes across a subject which appeals to him most deeply - the description of the Palmer and of the story he tells, with its roots deep in immemorial Forest tradition. The spirit world is alive and convincing, the strange old religious outlook completely absorbed. There is never the slightest hint that the elves and the spirit-like happenings are anything but matters of absolute faith, and the whole presentation compares more than favourably with Scott's picture of Brian in the 'Lady of the Lake'. But the very strength of this long waited-for success emphasises, if emphasis is needed, the absolute raciness of Hogg's genius. He does not realise it, and in the 'Pilgrims of the Sun' we find him painfully elaborating a "virgin" story into something so widened, broadened, and uprooted, that it has lost all its merit. It is true that this particular expansion was due to the advice of a friend, but there is the whole quarrel with Hogg opened up again - his fatal subservience to influence of all kinds, good and bad, informed and ignorant. The opening portion, the story of Mary Lee, is quite good, and only wants concentration round a very definite narrative nucleus to be excellent, a rival to 'Kilmeny'. But he loses hold, dabbles with half digested theories superimposed upon the local foundation, pays

a sop to his wavering faith by playing with allegory, grows weaker and weaker as he expands the theme, until the third part has become a catastrophe. It should never have been written, for there is scarcely one redeeming feature in what has become a mere medley, a jumbled chaos. He fails entirely to produce any appearance of faith, finds some unappeased rationalism always troubling him, and finishes with the lamest of apologies. His vision has faded, and he is busied merely with the unwelcome task of bringing his poem to some kind of conclusion, and the final words are a very stammering confession of a sorry faith. It is more than evident that the disease has taken firm hold upon him.

That Hogg was dimly aware of some such poetic death is evidenced by his immediate occupations. He grows busy with the 'Poetic Mirror', his ostensible activity, while quietly he is at work upon his 'Domestic Tales', and later, upon the 'Brownie of Bodsbeck', seeking experimentally an outlet in another direction. Such an explanation may seem fanciful, but has more than a little warrant, and it is not without significance that his two attempts in his old province - the 'Mirror' and the 'Jacobite Relics' - are in reality but appendages to poetry, a selling of doves in the portals of the Temple. They show more openly, depend indeed upon, the very elements which mark his falling away. Both argue a growth of modern consciousness which is essentially a contradiction of his genius. Close to his inheritance as he had to be before he could at all adequately realise it, and peculiar in that respect among his fellows, it was at all times, a losing of focus and a waste when he failed to retain the local relation. Deliberate romance, allegory, satire, picturesqueness, collectiveness - all features of a modern race trying to get into touch with an ancient mood - were characteristic of his contemporaries but signs of Hogg's losing sympathy with his best attitude, and weak followings of the fashions. Receptivity, responsiveness, were his salient traits throughout, and while he was locally horizon-bound, they assured him success; but once his eye had caught and kept searching for light from an outside world not his own, these very qualities prove his undoing. They show themselves in mere imitativeness - no high human quality - and all the strength and native genius have gone from him. In the 'Wake' the signs that he was leaving his own garden are already visible, they are clamant in the poems which followed, and in the 'Mirror' and the 'Relics' he has frankly left the fields of poetry to play with profitless parody and to collect - an occupation which, however desirable it may be for literary history, has little to do with a poet's unrestrained expression. He was, in other words, ceasing to be original, and following where his weakness must become apparent, his lack of apparatus evident, and his work second-rate where so many excelled. The financial side is of course, prominent. The curse of the want of money has more than a little to do with Hogg's seeming perversity, and between that and his imitative tendencies, it is not difficult to explain the death of a poet, especially of a poet with gifts so peculiar as his.

The "Poetic Mirror" is the text of a somewhat irritating chapter in Hogg's life. As usual, it involves him in literary squabbles and financial sloughs, and the comparative newness of the idea of collecting a poem from every living author in Britain was a complication. Very soon it was to be common enough, and Friendship's Offerings, Keepsakes, and Souvenirs/

Souvenirs were to flood the publishing world; but that it was a novelty, an upsetting novelty to some to whom Hogg applied, is plain from R. R. Gillies' account of the birth of the "Mirror". This lasting friend of Hogg's supports the story of the "Autobiography", and substantiates Hogg's claims with regard to Wordsworth's and Byron's promised help; but it is important to note that he credits Hogg with mischievous ideas almost from the start. At any rate, while Byron was, in September 1814, interesting himself in the project of a series of volumes illustrating the work of the living poets with Hogg as editor, the Shepherd quite characteristically burned his boats by producing his collection of parodies; which, like the later "Chaldee", excited quite a deal of interest, and played its part in effectively labelling the poet.

There is sufficient evidence of one kind or another to show that the "Mirror", by virtue of its novelty or excellence or what not, was somewhat more than the usual still-born product of Hogg's poetic skill. In that respect it was unfortunate that its comparative success should follow a spell of financial difficulty and so encourage him in what was no reliable outlet for his genius. The thirty pounds and a sale of round about 1500 copies in a comparatively short time, coupled with the "glee" with which he wrote it were likely enough to be dangerous attractions. Not that he repeated the experiment, but it encouraged his already patently alert modernism. Thomson, his editor of 1874, states that a desire to keep faith with the public was at the root of his determination to go on with the project. We may be sure that there was more of mischief in his mind - mischief which very definitely, in its critical, satirical aspect, is symptomatic of the change in Hogg's outlook on poetry, especially evident in his quite open delight in scoring off Wordsworth.

The author's "Advertisement" to the work is very serious and quite unusual in its restraint and concealment for the joke's sake. It defies all probing to discover any hint that would betray the secret, and is on that account, all the more discouraging. It indicates a Hogg who will parade his personality, his external attractions for the pleasure of his friends, who will become temporarily famous for quite unimportant social characteristics, but who is sacrificing his best instincts, his deeper excellences, for a meretricious notoriety. In other words, it is a definite step in his encouraged deviation from his true calling. The volume opens with a substitute for the 'Lara' of which Moore had deprived him, and following Pringle's satisfactory poem, goes on with imitations of Scott, Wordsworth, Hogg himself, Coleridge, Southey, and Wilson. The Wilson effort is not quite so clearly marked, probably because externally, the resemblance between original and parody is too close. At any rate, the favourite is Wordsworth, about whose supposed work there is much more sting and mockery. Wordsworth was not in Hogg's good books at the moment. The Shepherd had just returned from a holiday among the Lakes, when presumably the "Poets!" incident had occurred, and this may explain the more obviously satirical tone in the three extracts from the 'Recluse', and in 'Peter of Barnet'. Hogg has little mercy on Wordsworth's banalities, and betrays signs of his powers that are often to seek in his own serious work. The passage in/

in 'James Riggs' which begins,

" While thus I spake
With wisdom, that industrious blind old man

hits off Wordsworth's idiosyncrasies with astonishing neatness, and really attains a very high level of parody. There are here glimpses of a man whose existence we had little reason to suspect in any of the rest of his work; and while the Shepherd of the 'Noctes' is generally supposed to show in this pawky witty side of James Hogg, the happy parodist of Wordsworth is by no means the same as Wilson's creature. There is abundant evidence before us at this point of the wit and power which lay in the man's mind, stores that wanted only a full knowledge of himself to bring to light and use.

The points Hogg picks out for caricature in Wordsworth are at first sight merely external, and such as anyone with literary skill would seize upon. But, obvious as they are, he shows extraordinary keenness in sizing them up, and a real native terse wit in the skill with which he performs the operation. Yet there are other phases. He sometimes penetrates quite beyond the externals and gives us passages which show a strange fundamental similarity, and one feels as if the imitation of Wordsworth were leading Hogg into places he would not have reached unaided. He is seen coming under the sway of the greater poet. He has been hitting hard, but gradually the excess of imitation brings out a unity hitherto hardly suspected by Hogg, and he catches something of the sincere spirit one looks for in Wordsworth's poetry. This appears in strange places; for after the passage, bitterly ironic, describing Rigby's blindness, Hogg is caught by real emotion speaking in almost unconscious sympathy with the man he mocks. The irony concludes with three beautiful lines, followed immediately by a passage of absolutely satisfactory Wordsworthian verse, which is certainly not mockery. Only one jarring note is sounded, where Wordsworthian baldness finds too faithful expression. It is curious to find this mixture in the presentation of a poet Hogg thought he had little reason to like. At one time, he is really wicked, at another, highly delighted and managing to delight the reader with clearly caught tricks and mannerisms, and then again, he and Wordsworth seem to speak with but one voice the realities of nature and of men. We are very sure that Hogg in such places intended no mockery, and is for a moment speaking sincerely in unexpected realisation of profound sympathy through the simplicity of the poet whose garb he has for a time borrowed. But he will not remain serious. He reacts strongly against this finding of himself at one with his victim in the personal human aspects upon which he touches; and we reach the climax in the parlour-bell incident, so wonderfully good, and reading as if Hogg, having somewhat slackened in his mirth, had buckled up his sleeves, and gone indetermined to have no more nonsense and finish off the enemy without mercy.

Similar features are visible in 'Isabelle' and the 'Cherub' where Coleridge is in his mind. There is little mockery here, the personal animus being absent. But Hogg is again/

(2a). ~~But more important light is thrown on his editorial attitude than by his ineradicable racial jealousy.~~ "I have in no instance", he says, "puzzled myself in deciding what reading of each song is the most genuine and original, but have constantly taken the one that I thought the best; judging that in ten instances the song loses by the abridgement and interpolations of those who sing it, for once that it is improved. For that reason, though I have often got a great many copies of the same song, I have not always taken the best, but the best verses of each, as far as I could judge." Again, concerning the title of a song - "Willie the Wag" - though his conjecture may be right, his reason certainly is not. "It is there called 'Willie the Wag', which I judged to be a mistake and downright nonsense; however, I suspect it to have been some other term than either that or the one substituted. I once heard a country fiddler play a tune which he called Willie the Wag; and this was the reason why I changed its name from a conviction that they must have been originally the same." We find quite in keeping with such methods and reasoning the remark that a certain song was "one of those that was meant to have been published in Volume I." but was lost in the printing-house. Further, some of his statements in the notes to the individual songs are so reckless as to invalidate his trustworthiness altogether. In speaking of the popularity of the air, "The King shall enjoy his own again", and the strenuous endeavours of the Whigs to enlist it on their own side, he quotes a song which never on this earth could be sung to any such tune. So with his history. "The Heughs of Cromdale" has an awkward gap in it which Hogg explains by means of some hypothetical anachronistical blackguard who accounted for a defeat by tacking on a description of a victory forty-five years before as the work of the succeeding day. A much more probable explanation is that some verses had been omitted, or perhaps there was an actual fusion of two songs either in the writing down or in the oral tradition - a not unlikely happening, and one which Hogg would quite well have understood had it been matter of his own land with which he was dealing.

again led into half-unconscious sympathy with the man he imitates. Indeed, it is worth noting here that in most of the poets he chooses to copy, Hogg gives expression to aspects of their outlook with which he himself is familiar. There is the natural knowledge of Wordsworth, the fairy atmosphere of Coleridge and more external supernatural of Wilson, the Border enthusiasm of Scott, and, finally a recapturing of his own all but lost realisation of the ancient Ballad. As the playtime expression of a great poet, sure of himself and his powers, and in this recreative exercise deliberately unbending, one would see nothing to cavil at - so excellently is it done - only something to take pleasure in as the sport of a man whose serious work we could turn to and enjoy whenever his sporting palled. With Hogg, it is the final discouraging symptom. He is losing such self-knowledge and expressive power as he possesses, is failing to develop it, and is depending upon similar moods in other poets to raise fainter and fainter echoes. The 'Poetic Mirror', clever as it undoubtedly is, is the death knell of Hogg as a poet. External responsiveness is here rousing him once again to something like his old skill, and the 'Gude Greye Katte' is as good and true as anything he ever wrote; but the motive, the purpose is wrong, and the poetry misapplied. There can be no development, no promise of power in such dependent exercises; and away from his models, he loses both bone and shadow, is denied henceforth, even the power of recapturing the excellences of his original true inspiration.

Unimportant though it was, we may as well finish now with his poetical activity. There were numerous short efforts, few of them flights, and none sustained; and there were the 'Jacobite Relics' and the epic 'Queen Hynde'. The 'Relics' undertaken at the instance of the Highland Society, is interesting, but that is all. He had not the knowledge nor the apparatus to make him a worthy editor. (u.) The men who collected and edited in his day came far short of modern standards in scientific accuracy, but their collections are much above Hogg's, whose work was entirely superseded by theirs as soon as it was produced, and is, as judged by the criteria of to-day, well nigh worthless. So it need not detain us long. What is decidedly interesting about it is the sort of casual way in which the carrying out of such a task by Hogg is viewed by his fellows. There is little hint of inquiry as to whether he can or not, but simply a feeling of congratulation that some bread and butter has fallen to the lot of a man who needed it. Along with a great enthusiasm for poetry and literature in these early nineteenth century days, there existed a delightful Trade Union and Co-operative spirit among the literary circles - a close corporation, not worrying much about the fitness for the work of any one of their colleagues so much as anxious that it should not pass each one of them by, and go to some other circle, or worse still, to a mere outsider. This spirit, this sense of Guildry may have helped Hogg to a footing in the literary world, helped him to such crumbs as this 'Relics' enterprise, but its influence upon him generally is another affair.

In any case, the matter is to be viewed almost entirely from the business standpoint, and is but a farther step in Hogg's losing contact with the realities of poetry. Parody/

Parody first, and then collecting - he was coming into line with his contemporaries with a vengeance. He had only to construct a novel round a careful selection of garnered anecdotes to reach the very pinnacles of the temple of Hangers-on. Luckily he was saved from that, and his prose tales never so degenerated, for his anecdotes, each a theme in itself, were something more vital than to serve as carefully arranged spontaneities in a Scottish Romance.

For the mood in which he collected, we have to look to the prefatory address to the Highland Society of London, a piece of fluent humdrum verse, with some personal points of interest. It is there quite clear that he is drawn ostensibly by the scope of the subject and the call to his ambition to leave locality; but in reality, the attraction is powerful because of the very spirit, still visible in these Remains, which made him a lover of his own country-side. And any strength they have is local, for neither in national feeling, editorial strictness, nor historical elucidation, does he show any signs of fitness for his task.

History, certainly, is not his strong point. He is easily confused, loses his way among documents, betrays his lack of equipment and training. And whenever the opportunity arises, the local strength appears. "Killiecrankie" gives him a chance, and he reads a different man in his comment on the song, diverging into a long illustrative note to which he gives a characteristic turn in the story of the Covenanting servant who, it is alleged, took occasion to fire the bullet which killed Claverhouse in that battle. "From my youth, I have heard a tradition that he fell by the hand of his own servant; and I have heard it so often and with so many attendant circumstances, that I believe it. This servant is said to have been a Covenanter of Lanarkshire, whose whole kin Claverhouse had murdered on account of their tenets" and so on, with much real interest and careful circumstantial detail. In a similar way, and attractive as an oasis, his notes on the Border rising, celebrated in "Benmure's on and awa", show him an accurate, painstaking, and earnest local chronicler. He may have no philosophy of history, nor does he pictorialise it, but he is interested in local detail.

Very soon, too, the original Jacobite foundation disappears, and Hogg, letting his enthusiasms carry him wide, seems to be collecting not Jacobite relics, but what is generally more congenial, song relics of any kind. Moreover, a suspicion arises that some of the examples are really his own, and this is confirmed beyond a doubt in the later pages of the collection. At first, they are obviously what he had beside him, fruits of an earlier Highland tour, and thus conveniently given the dignity of print; but when he reaches the comparatively modern and valuable productions which marked the period of the 'Forty-five', he introduces songs which, very clearly his own, show an imitative attainment, and a not unsuccessful response to the immediate environment of the moment. In fact, by his pre-occupation with the song poetry of the later Jacobite time, when the personal relation-ship and the concentrated emotion of the Prince Charlie episodes had made the appeal of the popular lyrics comprehensible to him/

him, he recovered for a brief hour, the art he felt himself to be losing.

The "Relics" become valuable, therefore, almost wholly from the light they throw upon Hogg's personality. We figure a man passionately fond of poetry, passionately desirous of doing something worth while; all the more eager as he becomes conscious of his fading strength. Besides the business side of the proposition, there existed in Hogg's mind, some idea of recovering the old zest, and the old impetus to poetic expression. He has remembrance of how the "Minstrelsy" once brought forth satisfying fruit, and he would fain repeat the experience. There is a promise of light, a flicker at least of a new hopeful dawn, and once more in close contact with something new and strange, he responds and produces what is not all unworthy. But it is a forced growth. He thrills to the Ossianic beauty of the Gaelic phrases and Gaelic emotion, as he penetrated briefly to the outlook of his fellows whom he imitated, but there is no soil with him in his transplantation. He makes no permanent recovery. His experiment has failed, after seeming to promise success, and what is not of an earlier time is good only while his responsiveness feels the current stimulus, is good as parts of the "Poetic Mirror" are good. He presents an appearance of healthy activity, so long as he is in close contact with his immediate models. Yet it is soon seen to be of no steady stock; it withers speedily into the weaknesses of uninspired imitation; and there is nothing to shake the opinion that Hogg's period of free untrammelled work as a poet is over.

The last of Hogg's ambitions in poetry found publicity so late as 1824, having given him occupation by fits and starts from the time when the 'Relics' were completed. He was reluctant to leave poetry altogether, even though it had more or less abandoned him; and though much prose appeared between times, he still kept at his poetical exercises. Apart from his own inclinations, he was pulled two ways. The public reception of his work had been discouraging, and though he was, considering his aims and circumstances, remarkably free from over-sensitiveness to mere immediate popular success, this had its effect in turning him more assiduously to prose, where Scott's recent experiences held out much promise. On the other hand, 'Blackwood's' continued either to ignore, or to mention with indulgent scorn, his prose efforts, and continually called to him for more 'Kilmeny' - a sheer impossibility for Hogg, saturated now in poetical conventions alien to his whole spirit. The truth is that the best in Hogg was hardly conducive to contemporary success, and we may be thankful that his personality was strong enough in its unique gifts not only to maintain him in essence unspoiled to the end, but to make him constantly home back to his own original inspiration. His efforts were therefore two-fold, and from inclination and a mistaken resolution, he hammered out 'Queen Hynde', while satisfying his right instincts, and forging a new instrument, in his prose tales.

The poem is certainly not Hogg's masterpiece, though/

though its length would give that appearance, and it is markedly literary in origin, a growing and none too pleasing feature in Hogg's work at this time. The 'Jacobite Relics', with their Gaelic fragments, had turned his mind towards Ossianic themes and pieces, literary facilities were not wanting, and Selma and Beregon figure strangely in the Ettrick Shepherd's work. His notes have a different tone. Few in number, they are no longer traditional tales and incidents richly illustrating the theme, but learned accounts of the ancient Pictish capital, with much reference to learned authorities - Boethius, Harrison's Chronologie, MacCulloch's Letters and such like. He has turned to reading up material, and frankly, the antiquary's robe and spectacles sit on him none too becomingly. We quite fail to see the Hogg we admired. Old themes have lost their grip. Legends of St. Columba are suggested at times, but we look in vain for the atmosphere so strongly apparent in 'Abbot M'Kinnon'. The general feeling is that he is quite out of his depth, swimming in waters whose currents, whose very nature he does not know. He cannot tell the story, drops continually into the very nadir of the commonplace, and even when he stumbles upon a supernatural suggestion, his imagination continues to sleep and the mystery remains unawakened. The verse is, in the main, prosy and pedestrian, with no sustained power whatever, though, poet as he had been, he cannot but burst out at times into beauty. He aims at width of vision and of sympathy, and loses all sense of proportion.

"Old Beregon, what soul so tame
Of Scot, that warms not at thy name"

he tries to cry out. Wallace we know, and Bruce we know, and Perth and Scone and Edinburgh can stir us, but who and what are these? While he is thus attempting a forced enthusiasm, he misses opportunities where of yore his imagination would have soared. He goes on and on, stumbling from bad to worse, till at the opening of Part V. we come upon what must surely be his very lowest.

We are glad to turn from these disheartening features, glad to turn to the gleams showing the old fire not yet dead in him. Much of the poem is taken up with Odin and pre-Christian religion and though he knows little about it, he does manage to make moments of it alive, where he touches an old sympathetic chord, and he speaks out manfully, if but briefly. The race, too, is quite obviously home matter, and it is good, though whether it is in keeping with the rest is another question, and his following comments are well nigh hopeless. But these and one or two pleasing echoes of his ballad manner notwithstanding, the poem is not good. Much of it is anything but poetry. It has long tiresome tracts over which the keen traveller journeys footsore and weary. One little gem there is, which must draw attention. It is just a momentary lyric, with the quaintest savour of Elizabethan love-langour about it. It is a prelude to a further confession of Hogg's attitude to pure virginity, and is well worth quotation, though whence it comes, or of what it is an echo, is a puzzle, so strange and unusual is it.

" Why should I tell of that I rue,
Or sing, deluded flowers, of you?
Of seven fair sisters in a bower,
Each lovelier than the opening flower;
Chaste as the snow of winter storms

Or stream that bathed their lovely forms;
 And they were pure as they were fair -
 So deem'd we all - and so they were .
 The spoilers came - their toils were few!
 How can I sing of that I rue!"

With 'Queen Mynde', we finish with Hogg's ambitious attempts to recover his poetical powers. On it his fame certainly does not rest, and though he is made to say in the 'Noctes', that he has another bigger venture on the stocks, we take leave to think it was Wilson's wishes and not facts which led him to the statement. It is his prose that now claims our attention, and ~~even~~ if we wish amidst it to recall Hogg, the poet of Ettrick, it is easy to cast our minds back to the 'Witch of Fife', or to 'Kilmeny'- achievements which, despite his later falling away, will not easily let themselves be forgotten.

The difficulty of accurate dating which meets us in Hogg's verse is considerably increased in his prose. His habit of keeping work long by him, as with the songs, is evident in his tales. He published without respect to date of composition, and the collections made at various times, principally for the sake of making money, are bewildering gatherings of old and new. Further, in his Autobiography, he concentrates on the poetry as if he deemed it alone important. One feels that he, no more than his fellows, appreciated these varied tales at their true worth, either as material for a knowledge of a passed time, or as completed valuable literary renderings. He consequently gives us little detail, and in any case, publication is insisted upon with scant reference to the actual date of writing.

His first prose work published was the volume containing the 'Brownie of Bodsbeck', in 1817. From the fact that Blackwood was unwilling to print with it either 'The Bridal of Polmood', or 'The Wool-Gatherer', it is clear they belong to the same time. Two other tales were produced specifically for that volume. "I had nothing else for it but to retire to the country, and there begin to write two other tales in the place of the one rejected".

With the 'Brownie' we have already dealt fully, but as we are upon the subject of literary influence, it may be as well to show whence Hogg had his information and what use he made of it. Whether it was an imitation of Scott or not, it was undoubtedly a response to his influence and example. Scott had turned to prose, and with immediate success, in 1814, and though his attempt was anonymous, 1816, which saw the publication of the 'Black Dwarf' and of 'Old Mortality', was time enough to let Hogg know what lay in the hitherto despised field. Scott certainly did not acknowledge his authorship till 1827, but the matter was an open secret long before, and there is something approaching conclusive proof in Hogg's Reminiscences. He records a conversation between the Shirra and Mr. Brydon in 1801, on the occasion of Scott's first visit. The discussion was about long sheep and short sheep, and Brydon's explanation is quoted word for word. " When I saw the very same words repeated near the beginning of the 'Black Dwarf', how could I be mistaken of the author? It is true, Johnnie Ballantyne persuaded me into a nominal belief of the contrary for several years following, but I could never get the better of that and several similar coincidences". In addition, it is hardly necessary to recall that the 'Black Dwarf' was/

(v.)

WOLROW'S ACCOUNT.

"James Brown, in the parish of Coulter, was very barbarously treated about the middle of June this year, of which I have before me an attested account. When fishing, he was discovered by Claverhouse, when ranging up and down the country, and apprehended. A powder-horn was found upon him, and that was fault enough. Claverhouse declared he was a knave and must die. Accordingly, six of his dragoons dismounted and he is set down before them to be shot. By the intercession of the laird of Coulterallers, providentially present with Claverhouse, his execution was delayed till next day, and James carried away by the soldiers to the English border, and from thence to the tolbooth of Selkirk, being all the while bound with cords. After some time's imprisonment there, he happily escaped."

HOGG'S ACCOUNT.

"James, his third son, always kept by his father, until taken prisoner by Clavers as he was fishing one day in Coulter Water. Clavers ordered him to be instantly shot, but the Laird of Coulteralloe being present, interceded for him, and he was detained a prisoner, carried about from place to place, and at length confined in the jail at Selkirk. By the assistance of his father and friends, he effected his escape, but not before being grievously wounded; and by reason of the hurts he received, and the fever that attacked them in the cave, when Katherine was first introduced there, he was lying past hope, but by her unwearied care and attention, he, with others, was so far recovered as to be able to sit up, and walk about a little. He was poor Manny's own son, and this John Brown was her husband, whom she had long deemed in another and happier state."

was an invasion of Hogg's own country, and 'Old Mortality' no less a call to his emulation. This does not entail a confession of the 'Brownie's' being an answer to Scott's book, except in regard to the determination to publish. There is no reason to doubt Hogg's statement on the matter.

By 1816, Hogg was very much among literary currents, and doubtless the length and ambitious form of the 'Brownie' are an indication. Superficially, however, it shows its literary response in an apparent awareness of authorities, and a reading-up of the subject on the part of Hogg - the acquirement of material for his novel. The 'Relics' and 'Queen Hynde' both afford sufficient evidence of the growth of this attitude in the poet, and it is only natural that we should look for it in the 'Brownie'. "The general part is taken from Wodrow, and the local part from the relation of my own father, who had the best possible traditionary account of the incidents". So he states; but a close examination reveals the fact that by far the greater portion is traditionary and that his work generally supplements rather than is indebted to the historian of the Persecution; and that the apparent indebtedness is more an awareness, a tendency to comply with a literary fashion, than any very tangible borrowing - a point of view in no way impugned by the unemphasised statement of Hogg.

The most obvious place to search for a parallel, and for deliberate borrowing, is in the incidents surrounding the intended hero, John Brown of Caldwell, the Brownie himself. But the story centres round Laidlaw, an entirely local and traditional personage, and the Brownie sinks into a mere presence and an undetailed instrument, instead of an actual clearly-cut character. Consequently we are not surprised that this particular John Brown is not mentioned in Wodrow, and we are led to infer that in this case also, Hogg was drawing on other sources of information. There can have been little real difficulty in substituting Brown for Balfour, so insignificant is the part he plays in his own proper person. One sentence remains which applies very distinctly to Balfour at any rate. "He was again at Bothwell Bridge with the remaining three sons where he was a principal mover of the unhappy commotions in the army that day, owing to his violent, irreclaimable principles of retaliation". but Hogg mentions what befel the third son. Here, we have a direct point of contact, and for the purposes of comparison, we give the two accounts side by side. (✓)

They are close enough to suggest actual borrowing, and we may at once admit that there is inconsistency somewhere. Either John Balfour was not the original hero, or Hogg has been guilty of some arrangement to connect this James Brown with the 'Brownie'. It certainly looks as if he had seized on Wodrow's version, and manipulated the relationships. The variations are very slight, and, contrary to custom, Hogg really adds nothing, but seems rather to be remembering what he has read. Wodrow suggests that Brown belonged to Coulter parish, of which Hogg says nothing, but simply that he was fishing in Coulter Water. It seems that the explanation based on the relative unimportance of the Brownie's actuality as a personage would cover the matter, were it not for Nanny Elshinder, who cannot be explained away. The evidence would then point to Hogg's being guilty of an exaggeration, to say the least of it, when he said Balfour had been his hero. If not, he must have rewritten the book, and/

and included Nanny, which is unthinkable; or he invented the relationship. This would be unusual, but it is a venial offence, and in no way detracts from Hogg's general credibility and his sincere attitude to tradition. We take it then, that in this case, and it is the only one we have been able to find, Hogg, finding himself in somewhat of a dilemma, rewrote the explanatory chapter - a mere after-thought, and having as little to do with the story, as his so-called explanation of the 'Memoirs'. He retained the above quoted sentence, which applies particularly to Balfour, seized upon Wodrow's story of James Brown as colourable evidence, and made Nanny Elshinder the wife of John Brown. It is not cleverly done, but Hogg seldom troubled much with what he deemed minor matters of this kind.

The important point is that he is caught between transcription and fiction; and the join is by no means carefully concealed. He is aware of his contemporaries and of their methods, but is too securely held by his anchor of popular knowledge to launch out into frank and confessed fiction. The hesitation tinges him with untrustworthiness, but it is passing, and throughout the book we find no further instance. It was a way out of a difficulty - not good, but a way.

In all other points where he is in contact with Wodrow, he is either filling in general facts, usually so much a part of himself that there is no verbal parallelism; or, much more commonly, supplementing Wodrow by local knowledge. MacKail is mentioned as the Covenanter whom Laidlaw succours, and he speaks impassionedly about his son and his death at Edinburgh. Now Hugh MacKail was one of the most notable of the martyrs, and his torture by the 'boot' notorious. Hogg ignores this and all other details of his death, gives the father a long, natural, and convincing speech, and makes no attempt to draw either upon Wodrow or the 'Cloud of Witnesses' using one phrase only which can in any way be compared. MacKail speaks of "my beautiful son" - a known fact - and Wodrow puts it more fully. "He was a youth of twenty-six years of age, universally beloved, singularly pious, of very considerable learning. He had seen the world, and travelled some years abroad, and was a very comely, graceful person".

Similarly dealt with is the case of Johnstone of Wester-raw, a noted apostate and persecutor. Hogg mentions his cruelties, hints at his story which is fully supported by Wodrow, and gives an instance obviously local and with full local detail, an instance merely mentioned without names or particulars in the History. The account of this example of Wester-raw's cruelty follows immediately in Wodrow upon the long description of the Wigton Martyrs, yet Hogg says nothing of this last. He is sedulously careful, it seems, to pick out those incidents only which concern his district and are in keeping with the local nature of his theme. Rather it would be true to say that the book has been long absorbed into his general knowledge, and only those incidents referring to his own people have found a permanent hold, because of their correspondence with what had been already his, through other channels. Further evidence/

(W). "While the blood of these first ten is scarce cold, the advocate is ordered to intent a process against other five of the prisoners - Mr. Alexander Robertson.... John Nielson of Corsack, George Crawford in Cumnock, John Lindsay in Edinburgh, and John Gordon in the parish of Irongray.... I do not find they gave themselves the trouble of hearing advocates, but make short work, and go upon their confession, and condemn them to be hanged at the Cross of Edinburgh, on Friday the 14th of December; which was accordingly done, only John Lindsay was delayed." Then follows an abstract of the sufferings of Nielson, whom, in some respects, Wodrow seems to have confused with Lindsay. "...he is taken a prisoner at Pentland, and when a prisoner in Edinburgh tolbooth, Sir James Turner used his interest to get his life spared, because Corsack, out of his truly Christian temper, saved Sir James.. both at Dumfries and afterwards... This went farther than Sir James his interest could go, and so he was executed. (Vol. II. p. 50) Later (II. p. 53) there is the completion but without adequate explanation. "Upon the 21st of December, I find the council supersede the execution of the sentence of death upon Robert MacMillan, William Peden, ..and John Lindsay formerly reprieved, till further orders. As far as I can guess, these four got off after some imprisonment and partial compliances: probably the reason for this was the King's letter formerly mentioned, for sisting execution."

evidence in the same direction are Nanny Elshinder's frequent references to the "meeting of traitors at Lanark on 12th January," amply corroborated by Wodrow's full account of an affair only less important than that other at Sanguhar; and the murder of the priest at Corsephairn, a notorious incident, is again a locally detailed version of a matter with which Wodrow deals at full length but differently. More direct still is the instance of Claverhouse's avarice narrated by Hogg, and probably the case of his own grandfather; while over and over again we have incidents generally related in Wodrow, taken up by Hogg without any consciousness of their literary origin, and filled in with exact dates and names and local circumstances absent from the authority. On such he is constantly throwing new light; and so lays some claim to be himself an original contributor to the history of the Sufferings - a claim which might be pressed with more confidence had his eye been consistently single, his aim undistracted. One difference between them is very notable. Hogg augments and strengthens his local colour by speeches which, often confessedly traditional, are always natural and spontaneous. Wodrow writing, and collating documents, has, expectedly, nothing at all of this. It is clear, then, that the History must have been well known to Hogg in its first edition of 1721-2, but he can never be proved to have had it actually before him as he wrote. The only direct derivative is the clumsy last chapter, and this is so exceptional as to weigh rather for than against the argument. Nevertheless, he is conscious of the literary side, is aware of current custom, and quotes Wodrow as his authority more to be in the swim than through any real consciousness of debt.

The matter is clinched by a consideration of his other Covenanting stories, which, published in the "Winter Evening Tales" of 1820, belong to nearly the same period as the 'Brownie'. They are, at any rate, written in the same spirit, for the traditional Covenanting element is dominantly strong, so strong as to reduce the literary awareness to minute proportions. In 'A Tale of Pentland', he tells a powerful story, with coherence and motive, and ample success. "Wodrow", he says "mentions the following story, but in a manner so confused and indefinite that it is impossible to comprehend either the connection of the incidents with one another, or what inference he wishes to draw from them. The facts seem to have been these". We quote Wodrow's account, which certainly lays itself open to Hogg's strictures, in that there is no story or explanation, but a bare mention of bald facts (w.) One other point about the story, another link with Hogg's 'Justified Sinner' and our supposed location of the inspiring incident at Dunsyre, is that the John Lindsay tale is placed at West Linton, and near Craig-an-ghar, the hill on whose side the excavated grave lies.

Again, in 'A Tale of the Martyrs' of which John Weir is the hero, we have Hogg once more supplementing and correcting the general account in Wodrow with his own particular tradition. The historian describes the Eaterkin Pass rescue, but mentions only the leaders, and none of the rank and file. In both, Closeburn Parish is the scene, and/

and though John Weir is Hogg's, Thomas Harkness figures in both, in Hogg as Red Tam Harkness, and only as the starting-point of the tale concerning Weir and Agnes Kilpatrick whose vision of her dead husband is the main theme. So we could go on, finding in each of the tales, a like experience. Hogg is responding to the fashion of reading up and quoting authorities at this period, but in the 'Brownie', and more particularly in the other Covenanted tales, tradition has easily the strongest hold, his acknowledgment of literary authority is very incidental, and the pull towards external influence, so notable and destructive in his poetry, has but little effect on him as yet, except in these superficial references and concessions to fashion.

Of the two tales intended to be published with the 'Brownie' little need be said, though as they are less deeply rooted, they betray more signs of response. They are more conscious literary efforts. They are nevertheless local, the 'Bridal of Polmood' ancient, the 'Wool-Gatherer' of much more recent date. Neither is of Hogg's best, because they belong to a transition period, and from internal evidence of manner and style, should be placed very near the proposed date of publication. The 'Wool-Gatherer' was actually published in the 'Brownie' volume, and along with it the 'Hunt of Eildon', the story Hogg wrote to take the place of the rejected 'Bridal'. This comes as a surprising exception to his general traits at this time. Was he put on his mettle by "Blackwood's" rejection of the other? At any rate, we have here a tale, literary enough in outlook and in purpose, yet going back to old old tradition, and for the moment, completely and successfully realising a happy marriage of old and new. It is one of the most consistent of supernatural stories, and the sure ground on which he stands is one explanation of the successful rendering. It is evidently real old tradition, into the spirit of which Hogg has thoroughly entered, and made a real beauty of the main motive - the transformation of the maiden. It is his favourite 'Kilmory' theme, and every detail is in accord. He is so thoroughly in the mood that we accept his minute accounts without question, and it would be difficult to match it as a consistent powerful story. We do not think that, in this case, any of the dialogue could have survived. The speech is Hogg's own, artistically true, and very good indeed. Crowdy (and the 'fable' name should be noted) talks naturally and pithily all through; and, so convincing is he made, that one feels sorrow and a sense of injustice at his final enchantment. The only points at which Hogg inartistically intrudes himself are when he feels tempted to quote literary authority, most probably fictitious, but he merely glances at the temptation; and when he tries to bring the mystic and beautiful fairy world into contact with trivialities of this, in speaking of Crowdy and of the moorfowl. Note his pretended accuracy of date - 20th October 1817 - where he is either having a gibe at someone, or intruding himself through lack of self-criticism; or again, simply reproducing tradition down to its contemporary degradation, and showing an absence of artistic selection. It is, however, the one sign of the cloven hoof of two-fold aim in the story, and can safely and wisely be ignored. The tale is a beautiful collection of fairy lore, well worth study on that/

that account alone.

But the responsiveness is present even in this special effort, and the 'Bridal of Polnood' and the 'Wool-Gatherer' show it potent and unfortunate. Hogg is playing with sources, amplifying history by tradition, and not too carefully mingling them, with the inevitable result of unnaturalness in some of the speech and a crack where the two should join. He is uncertain, and though these and most of the stories about this time are full of brilliant little lights, the general trend is weak, the telling double-edged and failing to cut. This was to continue practically until the time of the 'Shepherd's Calendar'. He does break out, of course, and between times there are wonderful little stories where imagination, catching fire, transfigures the carefully transcribed tale into a thing of lasting appeal, but there is no sureness. Of this, the 'Three Perils of Man', because of its ambitious length and design, is the most conspicuous. Its excellences and defects are as good an illustration of Hogg at his best and worst as one can find. It appeared in 1822, and was followed by the 'Three Perils of Women' in 1823, a medley of so-called Domestic Scottish Tales which one is perfectly justified in ignoring, so banal and trivial are they, so unlike Hogg in any of his admirable moods. Throughout this period, literary influence and traditional inclinations are struggling for the mastery; and it is only when the story grips him finely and fully that the external pull is mastered and forgotten. The best of them are those published in 1820 as 'Winter Evening Tales', many of them written down long before, as Hogg acknowledges. They are frequently dull, because he transcribes all that come to him, but no less frequently telling and rendered with a spirit of imagination all alive to their beauty, and with an inner knowledge and understanding peculiarly his own.

Had the 'Three Perils of Women' been his final word, one would have despaired altogether of him, and seen him absolutely overcome and mastered by his fatal responsiveness and ignorant attempts to bring himself into hopeless competition with men whose outlook and skill in their own line were so much beyond all he could accomplish. The very next year saw the publication of a book which should have done much to show the literary men of the day what powers lay almost unsuspected in the Shepherd, a book which was the product of tradition and long brooding on a vitally interesting theme, and which betrayed, as nothing hitherto had betrayed, a powerful combination of old knowledge and new outlook revealing itself in a masterpiece. We refer to the 'Confessions of a Justified Sinner', published in 1824.

In our previous remarks on this book, while primarily occupied with its literary value, we indicated to some extent its probable growth in Hogg's mind. The final expression of an idea long germinating, it seemed - a haunting theme suggested multifariously by his experience, his local knowledge, his interest in Calvinistic temperament, and his contact with contemporary movements in literature, all waiting for a traditional impulse which would give an outlet to the strength surging in him. The tales of the 'Brownie'

'Brownie' of the Black Hags' and of 'Mr. Adamson', most patently lead up to the 'Confessions' and while the Adamson story is purely traditional, the 'Brownie of the Black Hags' freer, but only slightly so, the 'Confessions' is a fine example of that rare thing in Hogg, an imaginative rendering and development of a slight traditional basis with the imaginative side in strictly artistic keeping through the local truth of the ideas, if not of the actual facts. There is no question but that it is the result of Hogg's coming into contact with literary ways of thought, and we may look upon it as an astonishing fusion of the two generally warring elements in him. The main reason is that for once his pre-occupation with what was essentially a traditional theme coincided with the main interest of current development. Perhaps it would be more accurate to say that out of the many literary interests, there was one dominant taste and manner with which he found himself in no uncertain sympathy. The so-called German mood with its Wertherism, its strange supernatural, and its morbid psychology, is undoubtedly largely responsible for the successful artistry of the 'Confessions' at the very time when the new powerful external elements were working his poetical destruction. It struck a chord in harmony with Hogg's own interest in Calvinistic obsession, and so we have him who, as he answered to current influences, fell generally away from his native strength, rising in HIS form of the tale of terror to unexpected and surprising heights.

The early years of the nineteenth century saw the Germanic influence in full swing, and, as usual, the minor men reflect it most. There is ample evidence in "Blackwood's". It reveals itself primarily in the predominance of what is best called 'confession' literature. It was natural that men of a new time should feel a paramount interest in their own mentality, and to this the study of German literature had given a strong impetus. Soon this impetus becomes more visible, as fiction steps in, and the confessions are preoccupied more and more with abnormal mental states. Thus in "Blackwood's" for August, 1819, we have a "Translation of a M.S. found among the Baggage of a French Officer killed at Waterloo". There is no great attempt, beyond the setting, to claim it as fact, and, though not without force, it is chiefly interesting as exhibiting all the marks of the class to which it belongs. "Whether the lines I now scrawl may fall into other hands besides my own, I know not. If not, the knowledge of my crimes and misery will go with me to the grave; yet I should wish it otherwise, because a relation so fatal as mine, might be of use to others, who, like myself, are the slaves of passion". Then come the usual straws which authors of this kind of work are prone to scatter liberally. "Would to God he had bound me apprentice to the meanest mechanical trade O, that I had died before I reached it, and thus escaped the guilt and wretchedness which were my lot ... O, that I had gone without seeing her ... Would that I had died before that week came .. Oh God! Oh God! my friend was dishonoured". Their collocation in this way enhances their artificiality, but the marks of the tribe are in nearly all cases the same. It is always the morbid side of the introspection that is developed. From Byron's 'Lara' to 'Melmoth the Wanderer', or the general work of the once-famous Maturin, we have everywhere this pre-occupation with the darker side of man's nature. Always there is the prevailing note of the first person singular, but the tendency to morbidity is overwhelming. De Quincey had made it literary. In the hands of the smaller men, the sensational side of the individual personality was developed to its fullest and least edifying possibilities.

It is questionable if Hogg was really in full touch with all this curious literature at first hand, but there is more than enough of it among his various friends to postulate a sufficient knowledge. In November 1820; for example, we have "Blackwood's" reviewing Galt's 'Earthquake'. It is not so powerful as 'The Omen', but it is exactly on the lines we have been following, and was sure to come to Hogg's notice. More immediate in their contact are the efforts of Wilson and Lockhart. The former has his 'Tale of Expiation' which, though probably later than the 'Memoirs', is still a product of the prevailing mood. 'Adam Blair' is more to the point, as it was published in 1822. Its appearance, in all probability, gave a definite stimulus in Hogg's mind to the slowly maturing 'Confessions'. Further influence than that, we need not seek. It is but a powerful part of the numerous factors at work upon the humble Shepherd.

Then there was Scott, to whose lasting overlordship and constant relations with Hogg so much of inspiration can always be traced. His Germanic efforts in his earlier ballads left Hogg untouched, primarily because of their date, but when in 1819 he showed a tendency to dabble in the current characteristics, we can hardly avoid tracing to Robertson, the gloomy fanatic, some direct effect upon Robert Wringham. "Adam Blair" has been cited as evidence of Lockhart's participation in the "Confessions", but with much more reason could Scott's help be argued from the "Heart of Midlothian". The truth is, naturally, that both books influenced Hogg, and influenced him to a successful issue, because of the fortunate consonance of drift and intent; and it is only what we might expect that the stimulus of Scott's novel should lie apparently unproductive for the space of five years. At any rate, the connection between the two fanatics is quite surprisingly close at times. There is the influence which Wilson assumes and exercises over Robertson, the wild exaggeration and the self-consciousness of the latter's moods, the diabolising in his diseased imagination of himself and of the other actors in his drama, and the super-natural effect he has and desires to have upon Effie and Jeanie. Many parallels tempt quotation, showing how Scott was here responding to a current fashion, because it served a purpose. The likeness to Hogg's work is unmistakable, and there can be little doubt that through the 'Heart of Midlothian' of 1819, and 'Adam Blair' of 1822, Hogg was brought into touch with an attitude and a study which slowly but surely permeated the matter so deeply working in his own mind, and gradually provided him with an adequate channel and form for the thought so urgently demanding expression. Imitation of Scott it may be called, though we are not aware that particularly concerning the 'Confessions' has the accusation been preferred; but it is decidedly more than imitation, and is as different from those numerous slavish copyings of Scott which flooded the literary world, as are his poetical versions of the ancient tales inspired by the 'Minstrelsy'. Most of the imitators contributed nothing in their servile followings. Hogg made a worthy fabric of his own.

own./

Through still another channel was Hogg brought into touch with the Germanic influence. We have said little hitherto of a good friend of his - R. P. Gillies, whose 'Memoirs of a Literary Veteran' is an interesting and pleasant record of some of the by-ways of the time, and throws some independent light on matters pertaining to Hogg. He became acquainted with Hogg after the publication of "The Queen's Wake", which attracted him greatly, and of which he gives a genuinely critical appreciation; and he has many other signs of rare understanding of the Shepherd scattered through his book. These, and the fact that he was in uninterrupted intimacy with Hogg from 1817 till he left for London in 1827, make it certain that his own work was familiar to the poet. He was responsible for a series of articles extending over a considerable period (1813-1827) in "Blackwood's" on German and Danish Literature. In 1817, he translated Mullner's "Schuld", which he called "Guilt; or the Anniversary", and this caused a considerable sensation in the Blackwood circle, and even so far afield as London. There was thus, forty-five years after the advent of Werther, a certain newly aroused interest in things German, and as it remained stirred for some time in Hogg's immediate environment, it was bound to have some effect. How close this atmosphere was to the general spirit of the 'Confessions' is clearly shown by the theme of the second Gillies' translations, which appeared in "Blackwood's" in December 1819, just when the effect of the 'Heart of Midlothian' was at its freshest. Of this work, "The Ancestress" Gillies says, "we have already hinted that the German poets of the present day are very fond of the doctrine of Fatalism; indeed very few of them seem to think it possible to compose a powerful tragedy without introducing the idea of some dark impending destiny, long predetermined - long announced imperfectly - long dreaded obscurely - in the accomplishment of which the chief persons of the drama are to suffer miseries for which their own personal offences have not been sufficient to furnish any due cause". Further and more closely parallel still, is a translation of Hoffman's 'Devil's Elixir', which, though it appeared so late as July 1824, was still in conception early enough to have played no mean part in the final crystallisation of Hogg's story. "There is one particular idea on which this author, when in his horrible vein, is chiefly delighted to expatiate. This is the idea of a doppelganger; that is to say, of a man's being haunted by the visitation of another self - a double of his own personal appearance ... The superior excellence of the 'Devil's Elixir' lies in the skill with which its author has contrived to mix up the horrible notion of the double-goer with ordinary human feelings of all kinds", which is exactly where Hogg excels in his Terror Tales. "The horrors of the monk Medardus affect our sympathies....because the victim of everything that is fearful in the caprices of an insane imagination is depicted to us as living and moving among men, women, and scenes, in all of which we cannot help recognising a certain aspect of life and nature, and occasionally even of homeliness". The Elixir itself is such "that if any two persons drink of it, they will not only become equally victims to these horrid influences [all impurest thought] but be constrained to bear in the eyes of men a more than twin-like resemblance to each other; while, at the/

the same time, every evil deed of the one shall unconsciously and mysteriously tend to the evil, not of himself merely, but of his guilty double. That these translations became very common, and set free a flood of imitations is shown by a petulant review of Gillies' volume in 1826, which has no further value, except that it criticises most as without reality, that is to say, without traditional basis. Yet, at the reviewer's very door, there was a man who could most skilfully weave supernatural and tradition, who had done so most successfully, and who yet was passed over practically unnoticed in this vein.

Quotation has necessarily bulked largely in these remarks, but the evidence is overwhelming, and with such immediate influence as Scott and Gillies thus clearly exercised we need hardly examine the possible effect of knowledge on Hogg's part of 'Helmoth' or 'St. Leon', of 'Frankenstein' or of the numerous German-inspired stories, all in the manner, but not nearly so intimately connected with Hogg as was the work of his friends. They all point to the unique character of the 'Confessions', in its successful combination of traditional insight and literary response; and when we remember that this was the period of his barrenness in poetry, we recognise the peculiar conditions of dual sympathy that made of the 'Confessions' so great a success. It could not always be thus happy. Obviously such an exceptional agreement could hardly be sustained, and the 'Edinburgh Baillie' which probably was not much later, and has distinct reminiscences of the earlier tale, is a failure as a whole because the Shepherd is maintaining the literary side without the necessary accompaniment of a sufficient local basis. He is more or less rewriting Baillie's Memoirs, but as the tale belongs in a way to those published collectively as 'Tales of Montrose' in 1835, the year of Hogg's death, it may be as well to consider them altogether, and turn meantime to the hopeful work produced at intervals from 1827 till 1829, and collected as the "Shepherd's Calendar".

Of the tales and sketches contributed irregularly to "Blackwood's" during these years, it is unnecessary to enter into detailed examination. Suffice it to sum up here their importance and their literary relationship. They owe something of the form, something of the material chosen to the Magazine, for the earlier contributions undoubtedly acquired a colouring from the kind of self-consciousness imposed on the author by his awareness of the medium for which he was writing. Nevertheless, their main features, both of material and of presentation, must be credited to Hogg, and to Hogg alone, inasmuch as the highest praise he received for them was an ignoring of their existence. Never a word, except in ridicule of some superficial trait, is said about them till the appearance of the collected volume in 1829, and while the fact that they were written for a magazine, and an Edinburgh magazine, imposed certain features upon them, Hogg's persistence in the vein marks some understanding of his proper vocation. Nothing much more than a certain explanatoriness and descriptiveness can be traced to Blackwoodian influence; and Hogg's lapses, much more serious out of the 'Calendar' than in it, are due largely to mistaken aims and ambitions. The 'Calendar' contained efforts that ought to have wakened in the Edinburgh coterie a sense of unwonted power, but they were blinded by their own deliberate outlook, by their too acute knowledge of Hogg in other directions, and/

and by their subordination to Scott. Consequently they missed the importance of most of the 'Calendar', the work in which Hogg's most consistent performance is found, and in which lay the only possibility of his future development. In poetry, contact with correct literature stultified his genius; in the 'Calendar', on the other hand, he is coming out from his purely traditional soil - and race-connection, not into weakness, but into strength. He never fully attained it. Weakness was the price he paid when he left his sheet-anchor, and his prose tales prove that he was fated to vacillate between tradition and romanticism. They also prove his knowledge of the fact, for he continually went back to his native earth, and touching it, recovered his strength. Still, he could at times successfully wed his varying impulses and instincts, and in some of his sheep stories, he is seen becoming, in the sweep of the contemporary poetical movement to which he was in deep reality closely akin though in no way aware of it, a Wordsworthian. The whole spirit of these tales, faithful, true, and spiritually conscious, is Hogg become aware of himself through a chance set of circumstances, conscious of an aim and motive, and thoroughly in accord with the Romantic development, especially as represented by Wordsworth to whom he is much closer related than either of them suspected, or would have cared to acknowledge. Unfortunately, such perfect marriage was attained only at intervals. He seemed always to aim at something bigger, something wider, ruined his poetry there-by, and saved himself up to the end from even such ruin in his prose, by reverting to that wherein alone lay safe and consistently successful expression. Of this, the 'Calendar' is the adequate proof.

This series finished, and the volume published, Hogg seems to have cast adrift for a time, following this and that Will o' the Wisp, writing much pitiful stuff, and ever and again reawakening interest with a powerful recovery. Blackwood's Magazine provides the only data for chronology, but even there we have little reliable to build upon. Finally, we come to a number of tales published in 1835, and grouped more or less round the figure of Montrose. They are of mixed importance, and illustrate both his weakening in response to external influence, and his never lost power of recovery on traditional themes. The main story is "Some Remarkable Passages in the Life of an Edinburgh Baillie"; but there are six others, including in "Wat Pringle o' the Yair", a masterly rendering of a tradition connected with the romantic figure of the great Royalist. In the story, the Border mood of antipathy to Montrose and especially to his queer army, is clearly evident. Montrose never stirred the Borders at all. Even after his victory at Kilsyth, when all Scotland seemed at his feet and the Covenant armies were hopelessly broken, the Border lords were cold; and there is little reason to doubt that the surprise at Philiphaugh was not only agreeable to Border hopes, but was in some measure brought about by local connivance. Then, again, we must remember that Hogg would look at Montrose through the distorted glass of the later Graham. So we arrive at the genesis of these so-called Montrose tales. The nucleus of the collection, the "Edinburgh Baillie", owes something of its original conception to a certain reaction as well as an aroused interest in Hogg's mind caused by Scott's "Legend of Montrose". We have him again/

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(25). In all probability his Edinburgh Baillie (and the spelling of the word should be noted) is a suggestion from the Baillie of the Letters, and the hero's northern origin a deliberate transportation to get him mixed up with the Gordons, his hatred for young Gordon providing the echo of the possession idea. The notion was no doubt suggested to him by there being three Baillies connected with the deeds of Montrose — Principal Robert Baillie, George Baillie of Jerviswood, and Colonel Baillie whose narrative and vindication is included in the Letters. Hogg notes at the beginning that the hero had one brother a bishop, and one a professor. He was one of eight children. Baillie of the Letters had eight — and "Two or more of these brothers left written memoirs of their own times." This may seem far-fetched, but it is a possible basis for Hogg's largely fictitious interweaving of two themes, Montrose and the fanatical pursuit of young Gordon by a man who has many of the traits that characterised the "Justified Sinner".

again attempting from his local bias the other side of the picture. Mingled with this are echoes of his interest in fanaticism and possession, and the double motive spoils the story, which, powerful at moments, fails as an historical romance because it lacks that dominant theme which would impel Hogg to unity. He is, in a word, pursuing his unprofitable ways, trying to follow Scott where following was impossible, and neglecting the aspect of the story which he could have made convincing.

There is, as we might expect, nothing traditional in it. He is here confessedly literary, drawing from historical sources, and copying Scott in his attempt at literary mystification. It is a late mark with Hogg, and is not convincing. (X.) He is definitely launching into fiction, and grafting some historical 'studies' on to the rooted idea of Whig fanaticism still working in his mind. Scott's share in the project is not actually demonstrable, but is probable. The subject of Montrose was one with which Hogg would feel he had some right to deal, and though the 'Baillie' can hardly be earlier than 1825, the six years intervening between it and the 'Legend' are quite in accordance with the lengthy periods of germination we have already noted in Hogg. The theme of Scott's tale is a "deadly feud". So, in greatest measure is that of the 'Baillie'. Scott, the inveterate royalist, had already stirred Hogg in 'Old Mortality'. The 'Legend of Montrose' similarly takes up the point of view of the party opposed to that of Hogg's traditional sympathies. Slight as this connecting evidence is, it indicates that Hogg is once again being led by outside influence into weakness, for as a romance the 'Baillie' can hardly be called a success.

The other tales of the volume, in their good and their bad qualities add further proof of his vacillation. He was still unsettled, as he was till the last. 'Julia MacKenzie' is a foreign story, imperfectly understood; 'Mary Montgomery', a series of Border episodes imperfectly linked. Each has points where Hogg rises to his subject, but he lacks concentrative power. Yet, as if to confound criticism, there are two other tales which are worthy to rank with his best. One, 'Wat Pringle', is a perfect traditional rendering of a side-light upon history, real historical material. In the other, in a direct line from the 'Confessions' through its study of maniacal possession, he has pitched on a subordinate incident in Montrose's campaigns, and in spite of the 'foreign' setting, he deals with Nicol Grant's awful enmity in a way that quite reconciles us to the failures of the other stories. - 'The Adventures of Colonel Peter Aston' and 'Wat Pringle' o' the Yair' are unanswerable proofs of what still lay in his power, and in this, his last volume, point out once again the moral of his literary career. He was for ever strong on his native ground, could always recover his power when he walked upon tradition, and however faulty when attempting to follow his great compatriot into the field of romance, he merits all the good that can be said of him when he comes back, as he always does, to his own peculiar vocation of telling/

telling and preserving the stories of his country and of his race. He was not called upon to enliven and colour the story of the past. He lived in it, and rendered his native stories, putting on permanent record the thoughts and passions and outlook of a slow-moving, isolated, and peculiar people. This was his true calling, in which he was unexcelled. Not in sustained and carefully painted pictures, but in brief ballad-like episodes lay his successful way. His stories were difficult for his contemporaries, who looked on all such things through Scott's eyes. They were romanticists. It needed a later and farther-seeing age to appreciate Hogg's wonderful realism; a realism, whose value must have long since become apparent, had it not been that we have been willing to accept the judgment of his times as right, and to allow it to be handed down without question, without any attempt through first-hand knowledge, to attain an adequate understanding and a new appraisal of the Shepherd's importance.

SECTION IV. FACTORS OF MISUNDERSTANDING.

In our study of Hogg's literary career, we have seen uncertainties and failures arising from his over-responsiveness to contemporary influence, a disturbing element well nigh inseparable from his peculiar circumstances. Unfortunately, other factors were at work, more dangerous by far, which tended to accentuate the uncertainty and to deepen the mists and obscurities surrounding Hogg and men's conception of him. Misunderstanding, indifference, unformed criticism, deliberate misrepresentation are all visible; and while he must bear some responsibility for his fate, we cannot exempt even his closest friends from a large portion of blame. Personal intimacies, literary connections, and current judgments all take a hand in leading Hogg astray, all by some twist or other make it impossible for him to find anything like adequate help and guidance. This may seem somewhat sweeping, but his relations with the men of the Blackwood circle, the picture of him made public by "Blackwood's Magazine", and the spasmodic and varying criticism it accorded him, should, we think, justify the statement.

From the material point of view, Hogg is generally reckoned, and undoubtedly, was, very fortunate in his friends. To Scott, Lockhart, and Wilson, he owed much of the comparative ease with which he attained to literary position, and to some share in the fruits of literary effort. To them, he was indebted for his more than local reputation; and through Scott, and incidentally Lockhart, he was relieved from the pressure of material needs, and freed at times from the difficulties produced by his somewhat haphazard farming methods. Through them, again, he was brought into touch with a circle that increased his vocal powers. They ensured, indeed, his ever finding voice at all. But in the long run, the good was more than questionable. Of Wilson's harmful influence, there can be no doubt; but even the kindly intentions of Scott and Lockhart were perverted. Hogg was made to present himself to the world in a character by no means all his own, and much more important, led to misconceive his powers, and seek a development which was not possible for him, and which ended in sterility. The very relations which at first made him more than locally expressive were, in the end, to clog the true channel of his personality, and even to weaken his force until it broke off into various spreading but stagnant waters producing little but weeds. They helped him initially; finally, they ruined him, though his ruin was hardly noticeable either to them or him. They saw him still in the position, and fulfilling the function they had always reserved for him. He was unheedingly following strange lights, and knew nothing of where he was led. The tragedy of Burns cannot be even imagined of Hogg. His tragedy is that he lived and died a minor poet, who had it in him to do greater things.

For the details of Hogg's friendship with Scott and its results, we turn chiefly to Lockhart's "Life" which offers some very suggestive hints. There we have Lockhart's direct comments, and the particulars, from Lockhart's point of view, of the material contacts between Scott and Hogg. Lockhart's

Lockhart's "Life" which offers some very suggestive hints. There we have Lockhart's direct comments, and the particulars, from Lockhart's point of view, of the material contacts between Scott and Hogg. Lockhart's own attitude is, as is to be expected, coloured entirely by the greater man, and throughout it is in the atmosphere of Scott, that we are allowed to see Hogg. It becomes very evident that hardly one of his contemporaries who were in a position to do it, could have been entrusted with his biography, so much talked of and never written. Scott, large-minded though he was, never quite saw him right; Lockhart was prejudiced from the beginning, both by his admiration of his father-in-law, and by a certain literary and social delicacy which prevented his ever sympathising wholly as a writer of biography should. Wilson, one hears, intended to do it, and regrets are often expressed that he did not; but of that it is enough to say, that he could only have succeeded in completing the partial distortion of his subject already achieved by his "Noctes".

In Lockhart's direct comments, no less than in his unconscious revelations, we find generally a certain attitude of patronage and prejudice. He also expresses often, though a shade more delicately than 'Maga', the extraordinary intellectual snobbery which lies at the back of much of 'Maga's literary criticism, and renders it always less reliable than the less impassioned but infinitely more logical work of the Edinburgh Review. Occasionally, we find a whole-hearted if momentary appreciation of Hogg breaking through; but, generally, Lockhart's attitude is one of patronising praise, and frequently of visible irritation. This is natural enough, to one who continually looked at Hogg through a veil of Scott, and who, in the ill-advised "Domestic Manners", saw not only an almost impudent attempt to forestall him in his natural office, but a brutal touch at work on all the delicacy which he felt himself, delightedly artistic, capable of presenting justly. Again, in the relations which centred round Blackwood, it becomes increasingly obvious that the literary men who had been at the conception of the Magazine, resented the share that Hogg had undoubtedly taken originally, and as the fame of the production grew, felt almost ashamed that he had had so much to do with it, all the more as Hogg was certainly not the man to minimise his part in the work. Add to these a personality which was often embarrassing, and we can understand the Scorpion's somewhat natural antipathy to the Shepherd, an antipathy which blinded him, quite as much as Scott's sympathy, to the true nature of the man they had before them, almost with the making or marring in their own hands.

Therefore, in the "Life", we have many descriptions of Hogg's outward characteristics, his robustness which would easily become mere boisterousness, his vanity and his less likeable personal attributes; coloured at times with just a touch of jealousy that Scott should ever have troubled so much with him. The attitude inclines to the parochial, and reflects the current appraisal, with its short literary views. Scott himself nowhere fully expresses it, but it is undoubtedly suggested by Lockhart's tendency to look upon the Shepherd as but one of the Sheriff's numerous parasites, and by his inability to see past the accidental/

accidental externals of the poet. Unlike Burns, who invariably seemed to place himself in correct if diminished perspective to his fellows, Hogg had the knack of making himself liked or disliked by a mere unfocal distortion; and partly by his irrepressible nature, partly by the current popularity of untaught geniuses, whom Burns had made fashionable, he succeeded in being thoroughly misunderstood by his literary associates. Of course there is another side. Men had been caught so badly in not appreciating Burns, that there was a kind of determination to appreciate Hogg; and it is at least possible that he would now be but a literary curiosity, had not Lockhart and Wilson made so much of him in a wrong way, and enabled him in some sort to survive, till a later day could begin to understand his proper merits. A mere literary curiosity, Hogg certainly was not. Yet as a literary curiosity, his contemporaries regarded him, and wished to regard him. Unfortunately for their peace of mind, what they looked on as his idiosyncrasies were continually upsetting them and forcing them to an unwilling reconsideration. Certainly, they hardly ever cared to look behind these singularities of personal conduct and bearing for what of originality and even of genius lay there awaiting discovery. This point of view is so constantly put forward in Lockhart as to arouse finally an acute irritation. Why this continual insistence on Hogg's work being remarkable only because of his poverty of means and education? The man puzzled them, made them uneasy, and they sought the easiest solution, most pleasing to their innate Toryism. Yet the literary Edinburgh of the 'Blackwood' days was, as a whole, and externally, hardly conservative; and it is distinctly curious that the man who largely filled the local eye, through whom Scott became acquainted with Hogg, and who is also an instance of Scott's philanthropy, was just such another untaught genius, an intruder into the sacred circle. Now, over John Leyden, Lockhart waxed enthusiastic; but then Leyden was already established in his own line, and in no way clashed, either in ambition or in practice, with their sphere of operations. Hogg clashed continually.

Even Scott did not altogether realise what was in Hogg to give; and it is quite useless to pretend that he was not hindered therein as much by Hogg's peculiarities, as by his own comparative lack of insight. His way of helping, honest man that he was, was to bring out the powers of his poorer brethren, and render it possible for them to make their way and name in a circle that was as eager for literary, as a later age is for social distinction. But it was not always nor even generally the best way. From his personal point of view, it was a positive embarrassment, as he continually by his method of fathering poor literary orphans, involved himself in expenditure, and, as Lockhart says, deprived himself of much of the fair return of his own work. But with Hogg, he was hindered from the proper focus by the smaller man's vanity and ambition, as well as by his own instincts and methods. For Hogg thirsted for literary fame, strove unceasingly for publication and the notoriety thereon depending, and would never have consented to occupy the humiliating position of a feeder of even such a genius as Scott's. Had Scott been less scrupulous, had he poached and stolen/

stolen more, and had Hogg's thirst for fame and vanity been less, a different story would be in the telling. Yet Scott was inclined often, looking on Hogg as a minor man to be helped into prominence, to treat him much as the rest of his contemporaries did, as an interesting personality and an objective study, an outstanding phenomenon among the many absorbing things he found in the old land of his fathers. He knew of the innumerable instances of wit and homely wisdom, keen insight and pawky criticism of life and the world beyond life, that abounded in the Forest; and in Hogg he was often inclined merely to see such characteristics heightened and concentrated and condensed into a subject for personal interest and amusement. Hogg had to his mind more humour and entertaining absurdities, to use his own words, "than the best comedy that ever set the pit in a roar". An illuminating attitude, which explains much of the contemporary blindness to Hogg's excellences and which is still better exemplified in so much of Wilson's work. It is all to Scott's credit that he resisted the temptation to make a "novel" character out of him.

We cannot, of course, escape from the fact that to this kindly and tolerant interest, Hogg was deeply indebted for many a helping hand, for many alleviations of his chronic poverty. Nor can we forget the inspiration he drew from his contact with the great novelist. But the very kindness was a drawback. There is no doubt that emulation of so intimate a friend was particularly dangerous, especially as Scott's well-meant encouragement but too often spurred Hogg into rivalries he could not hope to carry out successfully, and led him to stultify his good work with what even his most ardent admirers must recognise as literary lumber, and often as literary rubbish. That is naturally not Scott's fault; but when a chance for guiding criticism did present itself, his kindness and lack of courage stepped in, to Hogg's disadvantage. The ballad imitations are a case in point. For Scott, when he read the efforts, contented himself with praising the scattered beauties they contained, and so confirmed the aspirant in a dissipation of his energies in what was always his wrong line of progress. Scott either could not see, or had not the courage to tell him how far out they were from high poetic excellence, and how far short they certainly fell of the Shepherd's own powers.

Not that such a course would have been easy. Hogg was not at all likely to submit even to Scott's judgment, when it was a matter of refraining from publication. Criticism in detail he might and did sometimes take; advice as to how and when and in what form to publish he was continually asking; but generally he gives the impression of a man conscious of equal powers, asking the advice of a worldly wise brother on matters of detail which had hardly yet come within his experience. The letter quoted by Lockhart throws some curious light on this attitude. There is a naïveté throughout that must have been a strange combination of amusement and annoyance to Scott; but we receive more than a mere hint of how difficult it was for the great and sympathetic man to do anything more than even such frittering and superficial criticism as we have blamed him for. A man who suggests calmly that Scott should transcribe a letter "giving an impartial account of my manner of life and education putting He for I", is evidently not to be/

be argued with; and he is quite satisfied that his assurance of delicacy is all that is required. So it is evident that even had Scott seen the proper course to take with him, it is questionable if he ever could have turned him once he was really started. Literary ambition made his natural obstinacy immovable, and before very long, he was in the position of being simply unable to understand the only kind of criticism that could have done him any good. Between petting and amusement, astonishment at that cursed lack of education of his (as if reading and writing were education, and that is practically all that Hogg lacked to begin with) and good humoured encouragement of the whole man, faults and excellences alike, Scott and his circle hopelessly spoiled Hogg from the moment he came among them.

It is remarkable how often he, himself, notably in his numerous memoirs, and in his dedications and suggested introductions to his books, dwells on his lack of education. Preoccupied with, and frequently lost in admiration of himself, he seems to have been, but we question if this be the natural man. The trait stuck to him, however, being constantly thrown at him not only by the fashionable dabblers of Edinburgh in whom it would have been excusable enough, but by men of Scott's circle who ought to have known better. He became a fashion and a pet, and was spoiled irretrievably in that curious little lagoon which Edinburgh literary society of the period had a knack of becoming at times. Not that winds from the big ocean outside did not often visit them; and then Hogg was simply forgotten. He was their private amusement, their plaything in the big family gathered by Scott, and "James" was certainly one of them. But when the members of that family became aware of their responsibilities, and for a time set themselves to their part in the bigger world, they could find no place for him at all, and tried to tuck him out of the way; wherein they erred, supposing that he had nothing to give to what lay outside Blackwood's and Princes Street.

It is a persistent attitude and precludes any attempt to understand his capabilities, or ascertain if he had any. We like James to be of us, they might say, and share in the family fortunes and so we do the best we can for him; and he was more or less content so to regard himself. Scott's kindheartedness is now, as ever the predominant feature. He was always trying to do Hogg a good turn, but always with the same apparent lack of deep-seeing appreciation. He is more than ready to benefit him, to obtain for him a situation as bailiff or grieve, or even to bespeak a farm; he puts himself about to bring his poems to the notice of helpful subscribers; but we always have the feeling in this case that he is not praising or estimating Hogg from the outside literary standard at all, but as a good fellow who deserves some crumbs. Scott's invariable kindness must disarm such criticism; but we are nevertheless conscious of his blindness to where the man's real strength lay, in what directions he should be encouraged/

encouraged, and, more important still, in what aspirations and efforts, he should be ruthlessly pruned. Such a course as their relations did follow could only result in 'throws', and twists, and collisions, leading to misunderstandings many and various, which the humanity and sympathy of the greater man alone kept from disaster.

All this hardly requires further elaboration, but a comment by Lockhart, following on his lengthy account of the numerous efforts made by Scott to fix Hogg in some remunerative employment, throws a clear light on the attitude. The free life-rent of a small farm in Yarrow had been obtained for him, and "had he contented himself with the careful management of its fields, the rest of his days might have been easy. But he could not withstand the attractions of Edinburgh, which carried him away from Altrive for months every year". And in Edinburgh, in the dull days, they all took care to keep him, till, larger interests calling them, they thought he might go back to Altrive.

They could not see that he had much to give to current literary development, which no one else could give; the necessary first impetus and the guiding hand were absolutely lacking. "An evil fate" says Scott in a letter to Byron, "has hitherto attended him, and baffled every attempt that has been made to place him in a road to independence. But I trust he may be more fortunate in future". There is no thought that this road to independence could never have been possible to Hogg; no thought to try some other road for him; and, all the time, the persistent treatment of him as a comical recreation crystallises him falsely, and successfully prevents the larger literary world from picturing him as anything else than an inspired buffoon. Even Byron, contemptuous as he often was to brother aspirants, has glimmerings of the truth. One thing was wanted - that the wild youths of "Blackwood's" should cease to make him their selfish butt, that Scott should realise what Hogg had seriously to give, and, with encouraging and restraining hand, set him to his real and valuable life work, of making accessible as a true literary inspiration the wonderful stores that lay in the Borders, and which he alone from knowledge and unceasing interest, could hope to develop successfully. But no such encouragement was forthcoming; and at one well-intentioned failure after another, Lockhart's irritation grows more evident. He cannot understand why Hogg will not take advantage of the numerous efforts on his behalf, nor can Hogg express the grounds of his dissatisfaction. The rapid reader of the "Life" is forced to think what a vain and ungratefully jealous creature Hogg was with regard to Scott. Nothing can excuse many of the things he did, and his letters are only a source of pain to any who appreciate his best work. But we more than suspect that it was Hogg's half-unconscious knowledge of what he ought to do, often in collision with his helpers' notions as to what would help him pecuniarily, that lay at the root of much of his guerilla warfare with Scott, and gave Lockhart and others a continual handle against him.

him. Irritation at being driven in the wrong direction, and at being persistently advised to do where he could not, and should not, had something to do with outbreaks which his lack of social knowledge exaggerated into the unworthy exhibitions they undoubtedly are. The man could not be transplanted, nor silenced; and transplantations or silence were almost the only forms of help they could devise for him.

The actual history of the numerous difficulties in which Hogg was always discovering himself, the many serious attempts that Scott made to help him, and Hogg's equally numerous requests, together with the quarrels always hovering cloudlike about and due almost exclusively to Hogg's notion that his friends were not doing enough for him, form a not very edifying theme, and need not be dwelt on here. They appear only too largely in Lockhart, and in the various scattered chronicles and hints we find in "Blackwood's". Two real points alone emerge worth consideration. Hogg is not content with help in his farming. He will be a man of letters, and looks for the kind of help, always a beggarly sort of crumb-expectation, that such a man should have. Naturally, it was difficult, and well-nigh fatal. He had an independent bent, but this waiting at rich men's tables could not but hinder him, and waste irretrievably what time and what power he had. Scott, and those whom he was never remiss in enlisting to help his lost causes, are untiring, and their irritation at Hogg's constant carping about the delays is merely natural. But they had themselves to blame for his ever having so developed his ambitions and his wants. A legitimate ground of quarrel with them appears even in their efforts. For, in an apology which Lockhart made owing to a strain between "Blackwood's" and the "Quarterly", he remarks, "I was working at the same time for Hogg with the wigs of the Royal Society of Literature, and finding the dramatic character [of the Noctes] in my way at every turn" Here Hogg had real occasion for carping, but it is rare that he alleges this reason, and certainly not often enough to enable us to suggest that it was anything like a prevailing cause of his almost chronic ill-humour. Nevertheless, it was a grievance, and his comparative unconsciousness of it only shows how far away he had wandered. His Edinburgh friends encouraged him wrongly to think of himself as a literary man to be helped by benefits destined for literary men; and yet always recurred, in public and in private to their jesting and joking. Scott acquiesced, Lockhart materially contributed to the picture, but the chief of sinners was Wilson. An account of how he made Hogg to appear in the "Noctes Ambrosianæ", and of the character, largely fictitious, which he developed in the "Shepherd" will be sufficient evidence of the entirely selfish treatment that there was meted out.

Wilson was the egotist, pure and simple. Had it been possible for him ever to forget himself, to treat anything that interested him as worthy of study for its own sake, he would have been a much more prominent name in literature./

literature. His impressive and overflowing personality made him at least a popular Professor of Moral Philosophy, his unbounded energy and apparent versatility made "Blackwood's" a magazine that could in no wise be overlooked; but his extraordinary selfishness, his obsession almost with himself, while transmuting all material whatsoever into so many mirrors for his own reflection, rendered him the most variable of thinkers, the most unreliable of critics, and an incorrigible sentimentalist. He often boasted of writing a whole number of *Maga* by himself, and we can easily believe it; for, superficially, he was responsive to all impressions. That this response went no deeper than the surface never occurred to him, far less troubled him; and that such single-effort numbers of the magazine merely represented infinite small radii of a very narrow circle was the farthest thought from his mind. He was a mental sensualist, and loved to excite himself in all directions, vulgar and refined; but as sensualist or sentimentalist, he almost invariably reveals himself. So, too, he is untruthful. His studies of *Scottish Life* never represent a man, a secker going to his loved theme, to see what he can see, reproduce what he observes and feels, and finding and recording the truth lying there for him. His subjects must come to him, group themselves round him, and there take up their proper function of decorating and adorning the personality he so loved to see in action. Stimuli of all kinds for his own delectation and exquisite tickling, he continually sought out. He can be atrociously vulgar (though he has the sense to put the blame for this generally on some one else); he can be ultra-refined. At one moment, he is the superhuman man, at another, the crude savage revelling in the most outrageous blood-spilling. His mind is never at rest, never tranquil. Wordsworth's theory of recollected emotion was poles from Wilson's realisation. He is continually projecting himself into what seem to him strange new realms of imagination; but the esemplastic power is the last we would claim for him. His world seems a sun-world with rays piercing the ultimate heavens; in the end, one feels that a minnow in a glass is as effectively active and explores as far.

Not that he is not attractive. It is wonderful how varied in his limits he can be. But his very attraction marks him out as an exceedingly dangerous man, with the weapon of anonymity an added source of peril. His criticism in "Blackwood's" illustrates at once this danger, and his extraordinary versatility. He will write a slashing attack on some would-be poet, preferably some poor intruder of the "Cockneys" into his conservatively aristocratic world, and withdraw or attempt to withdraw its sting in a following number. This is not the worst. His snobbery concerning the men like Keats, low-born, who would ape greatness, is fairly consistent; but it is in no wise so culpable as his deliberate attacks on his friends, or on those whom he knows, deep down, to be his superiors and whom he knows to be right. Of this last, his periodical outbreaks against Wordsworth are the most outstanding. Under one of his numerous pen-names, he will make the most scandalous attacks on the greater man, not from any reasoned point of view, but simply because that is for the moment his mood. Jeffrey's criticism he could and did resent, but/

but he was guilty of attacks on Wordsworth that Jeffrey never dreamt of. Then, the mood past, he would retract the whole affair, fathering the outbreak on some poor scribbler or other. What his object was, cannot be fathomed. But, considering the North of the "Recreations", of the "Lights and Shadows", and of the Professor's chair, one is apt to conclude that it is only the freakishness of an irresponsible Puck in literature, if Puckishness did not seem altogether too airy a trait to postulate of John Wilson. An interesting, almost absorbing personality, to all who came in contact with him, but above all, to himself, he believed that every mood was worthy and worthy of literary expression, and self criticism did not occur to him for that very reason. Hence, he disports himself in all possible ways, revels in studying himself under all lights, delights to observe and give permanent record to his own almost automatic responses. His fits of rebellion against those whom he reveres are thus chronicled, and while we have a very complete picture of the man himself, his absence of repression spoils him for any dignified position in literature. It was his misfortune to have a ready means of expression, but that he would have found somewhere in any case.

His habit of writing under numerous aliases, is of more than passing moment. It was the natural sequel to his chameleon quality. As "W", he was one man, or rather in one mood. As "X" or "Y" he would be in another, and as "Z" he was generally quite intolerable. We are convinced that in these adoptions, he was not at all arranging for the necessity of future retraction. He did not foresee this necessity. It was simply his dramatising of his varying moods, and the habit of looking upon himself as a succession of characters. Such an attitude, and it can be amply evidenced from his writings in "Blackwood's", is very illuminative, and prepares the way for an understanding of what the Shepherd became in his hands.

It may seem that overmuch has been made of Wilson in this connection. The point needs elaboration, if we are to comprehend how it was that Hogg's character in the eyes of the outside world became obscured and veiled, by a creation ultimately very far from portraying him; which not only did him harm by thus misrepresenting him, but actually did accentuate and encourage the very traits in him which most needed repression. Wilson, much more than Lockhart, is the responsible person. For he it was who crystallised the impression and made it known throughout the whole world of letters. Hogg, generally acquiescing, though occasionally angered, found himself hopelessly labelled, and inclined more and more to develop into exactly what they would have him. Then when his serious work, with all its faults and possibilities, came before them, they laughed at and petted him, sneered him into anger and sopped him out, till it must have been quite impossible for him to know when and where his work was good and bad; and it seems almost inevitable that he should be driven into the belief that all his work was good, merely as a protection to himself. That they deprived him of the/

the possibility of ever benefitting by their criticism is fully proved; that they did not see very clearly what he could do, and that they cared very little about the matter at all is just as apparent. Wilson acclaimed him the poet of the Fairies, probably on the strength of "Kilmeny", whose beauty no one could miss, but more than that he either did not see or would not trouble about. So the relations went on, the enlightened refusing guidance, doling out sugared pills that could do no good, and then, suddenly irritated at the result of their own efforts, lashing out at him in a way which merely puzzled him. He could not understand them, and his vanity, however ridiculous it may appear at times, was at least a sure shield to him. It prevented him from taking seriously to heart what blows they struck. Unfortunately it precluded any possibility of profit from merited censures.

The "Shepherd" is the product of a long development in Wilson's method of expression. Always inclined to studying himself at a variety of angles, he let the habit grow, until we find him dissatisfied and beginning to express his variety, not as the traits of an individual, but as a succession of varying personae. His cherishing of anonymity in such published books as the "Lights and Shadows" is one illustration, his Christopher North is another; his various pen-names a symptom of it. Of this, in their growth, the "Noctes" were the legitimate fruit, and it is curious to see them budding and swelling in the pages of the Magazine. To read them in a collected volume is to miss this important aspect, and to put them quite out of relationship with the other tentative efforts in their direction, of frequent occurrence in "Blackwood's". Then he invented, or rather adapted a character for his more daring or deliberately ridiculous writing. Ensign O'Doherty, (and it is of little importance who he actually was) very soon becomes an expression of one of Wilson's aspects. When he feels outrageous, or grotesquely inclined, generally, wishes to do that which is impossible to him in his own character, O'Doherty steps into the breach. He probably was largely Maginn originally, but like the O'Dontist, and much more fully than he, the Ensign becomes neither more nor less than Christopher in a particular mood, and he is made the father of sentiments, outlooks, and characteristics which evidently only very slightly were true of the original. And, for a time, O'Doherty is not only worked hard, but slave-driven.

Soon Wilson begins to tire of this aspect of himself; and gradually we see Hogg being transferred from actual life to the theatrical world of North. Articles were printed, ostensibly by him, but most obviously not. Hogg is very angry at these. Then, in "The Tent", where we have almost a full-dress rehearsal for the "Noctes", we see Hogg definitely displacing O'Doherty as the main wearer of the master's mask. From now on, Hogg seems to acquiesce more and more in his presentation; and, while in the early "Noctes", many of his actual traits are preserved, he gradually disappears under the accumulation of features not his own. By the time he has ceased to figure/

figure as "Hogg" and is definitely the "Shepherd", we are conscious that we are once more face to face with another and very effective personation of Christopher. It is a character which delights Wilson; so it is elaborated and dwelt on till any likeness to the original foundation seems to persist only in references to Hogg's actual writings, and in the songs he is frequently made to sing at Ambrose's. So pleased is North with himself that O'Doherty grows negligible and, before the "Noctes" have half run their course, vanishes altogether. The Shepherd lasts as long as the "Noctes", and it is not claiming the attractiveness for Hogg when we say that the Shepherd makes the "Noctes" what they are. For in him, Wilson found his most lastingly satisfactory expression. It is an extraordinary relationship, and tempts always to speculation on the nature of the rural poet, whose basic traits could so lend themselves to adaptation and development, until they became the favourite expression of a totally different man. But, in truth, towards the end, there is very little of Hogg left. The unfortunate thing is that North, in his delight with his Shepherd, in his pleasure at seeing himself so reincarnated, entirely forgot Hogg, became conscious of him only when some particular atrocity drove the victim to angry complaint, and perforce banished himself from the stage.

Of course, much that follows depends upon Wilson's being in the main not only the inspirer, but the actual writer of even the earlier "Noctes". That he, and he alone, wrote practically all the "Noctes", once they were properly established, can be proved by internal evidence alone, for Wilson is no difficult personality to trace. Those few he did not write betray themselves at once to any who have become familiar with his acknowledged work, and with his half-disguised writings throughout the Magazine. The general acceptance of his authorship, and particularly by Mrs. Gordon, Mrs. Oliphant, and Professor Ferrier, is evidence enough to allow us to take the matter as settled. Mrs. Gordon, indeed gives a detailed list of his part from July 1826 to July 1834, but it is extremely scrappy; and Lockhart and Hogg are the only writers who seem to have had anything like a share, with Lockhart disappearing quite early. The portions, significant for our purpose, were later than Lockhart's activity, and even in his work, we can prove that Hogg's character was being left more and more to the Professor. "I enclose" he says in a letter, "what I have been able to do. I have all but omitted Hogg, according to the Professor's request, leaving him to fill up that character as he pleases". Again in 1829, (thus early), he writes, "I enclose the rest of the Noctes We have of late had so much of Hogg's talk that I have made him say little this time, but, if Wilson pleases, he can stuff out the porker with some of his own puddings".

It is exceedingly doubtful if Hogg had any appreciable share in the writing. With the exception of one or two notable passages, where he is thoroughly himself, there is no internal evidence; and more important, no claim. Nor is there any jeering rebutting of the claim, as is the case with the "Chaldee Manuscript". Our point is/

is that in the earlier "Noctes", he was laughed at, his speech caricatured, and his supposed characteristics pasted on again and again; but that as Wilson grew more and more in love with the Shepherd, he separated him quickly from Hogg, and used him as a vehicle for his own thoughts and ideas and peculiarities of outlook, the true Hogg being completely forgotten, until some outburst of anger, or an inrush of external criticism forced him to abandon momentarily what had become for him a medium of new and attractive posturing. Consequently, all criticism that speaks of embellishing, and all criticism that speaks of "creation" are alike beside the point. Early in the series, and consistently throughout, intensified and fully developed after the reunion that followed the long quarrel, the Shepherd is merely Wilson, and has no practical relation to Hogg, and no value as portrait or biography. It is interesting, because Wilson is interesting, but for no other reason.

Now this selfish attitude of Wilson's not only did himself harm, but did infinitely more to Hogg. The whole treatment of him in the "Noctes" is on a level with what we have accused the whole school and even the noble-minded Scott of doing - not seeing what the man could do, and clogging his own view of himself. To Wilson belongs the greater sin, not only making it impossible for Hogg to progress on his own lines, but actually misrepresenting him to the contemporary world. The question is not of embellishment at all. It is deliberately false. The guilt is undeniably Wilson's who certainly succeeded in absolutely confusing the literary people of the time as to Hogg's attributes and traits. Mrs. Gordon, and later, Mrs. Oliphant are types. They are never sure how to take things, vacillate between fiction and fact, and have only one concern - to praise Wilson at the expense of Hogg. They are blinded too, and think of all that Wilson put into the mouth of the Shepherd as poetical, and lofty, and beautiful. Mrs. Oliphant says, "The Shepherd never was in the least the half-inspired delightful talker which he appears in the Noctes", a remark illuminating as it indicates the constant confusion between the Shepherd and Hogg, and as it shows how accidentally she hits the truth. Hogg probably never was, but the talking is often anything but inspired. Her whole aim is to prove that Hogg could not have done it. No attempt is made to see how much of the poet was in it. Mrs. Oliphant has inherited a full share of the egotism, and of the habitual contempt towards Hogg shown by the original Blackwood group, and is not wholly reliable. The relations were always seen through a clouded glass of monetary entanglements; and the unfortunate mundane connections of Hogg and Blackwood make it almost impossible for anyone breathing the Blackwood atmosphere to see past this. But when she compares Hogg, in the "Noctes", to Lockhart's O'Dontist, "who never forgave (yet was always forgiving) the brotherhood for attributing their most poetical ideas to him", we feel that argument is simply useless.

No doubt, Wilson to counter Hogg's frequent irritation, and to please the friends who sometimes pointed out just cause of resentment, was anxious in the beginning and, on occasion, later, to give the impression that he was/

was painting fact. He certainly does so with other characters, and with the exception of O'Doherty and the Shepherd, (the O'Dontist is too slight to worry about) it was in general his attitude - which emphasises the peculiar position of Hogg. Wilson believed himself to be actuated by the best of motives, and, in the correspondence during the quarrel, repeatedly expresses astonishment at Hogg's ingratitude for what the "Noctes" had done for him. This extraordinary blindness as to the harm they did is the most damning indictment against the whole crowd, and Wilson in particular. He is not consistent. Now he expects to be praised for an exalted portrait of his friend. Again he is angry that pure imagination should be mistaken for fact. And, so, complete confusion between Hogg, the poet of 'Kilmeny', and the Shepherd of the 'Noctes', is not to be wondered at.

The annoying part about it all is the satisfaction of the group and their friends at the good they did Hogg by thus making him a beautiful character. But when we find a modern critic following on the same lines, it is time to raise a protest. "That anyone acquainted with Hogg's works, especially his auto-biographic productions, should fail to recognise the resemblance is astonishing enough; but what is more astonishing is that anyone interested in Hogg's fame should not perceive that the Shepherd of the Noctes is Hogg magnified and embellished in every way Out of the "Confessions of a Sinner" Hogg has never signed anything half so good as the best prose passages assigned to him in the Noctes. They are what he might have written had he taken pains; they are in his key and vein; but they are much above him".

Now this is a peculiarly irritating dictum. It comes from the pen of an authority, but it merely perpetuates the Edinburgh tradition about Hogg. It suggests that Hogg and anyone interested in his fame should have nothing but gratitude for this work of charity; and it is essentially false in its estimate of these very speeches. It is difficult to see how the point of view can be defended. Had Wilson taken Hogg's sayings and "embellished" them, one could see through the argument; but it is very evident that Hogg had really little to do with them, and as they can be paralleled freely from Wilson's own work, one fails to see where the embellishment comes in. Hogg's prose is at its best when he is reconstructing from tradition. When he flies at all, he naturally uses metre. When not traditional, his prose tends to be imitative. Fully imitative, it is bad. At its best, it is based on the very soil, in the "Confessions", no less than in the "Brownie" of Bodsbeck" or in the Tales. The twists and turns, as of a dog after a hare, of Wilson's mental tricks were never his, any more than the tawdry decorations characteristic of a decadent prose, which Wilson so much uses. He had a natural liking for them, knew better than to employ them in his own more serious work, but revels in them when he can make someone else responsible. To a student of Wilson the 'Noctes' are valuable, Hogg's speeches especially so, as revealing aspects which could not be otherwise permanently recorded. So that Hogg never could have had his work magnified into the Shepherd's speeches. Their conscious artistry is never his; but there is little doubt that in his later prose, he was tempted into following what the Shepherd had done. These imitations of his fancied self/

self appear only later, and never in his best work, from which the 'Noctes' played their by no means unimportant part in luring him, to follow ideals not his originally, and quite impossible for him to follow successfully.

For it is essentially a false and vicious prose that Wilson ascribes to him, with exuberance of language and of fancifulness as its predominant characteristics. In Hogg, who, with all his contact with literary men, was pre-eminently natural in his literary expression, these are rarely found. Recorded emotion and exuberance of speech were associated and demanded rhythm. The literary falseness of prose, which has all the trappings and decorations of verse, even to a certain toying with regular rhythm, was quite alien to him, and his earlier and best work shows nothing of it. The word "sublime" contents him generally, and is almost as far as he ever goes towards prose-poetry. His instinct was the truer; for except where, as in the Elizabethan age, prose is learning expressiveness and range from her elder sister, so-called poetic prose is generally vicious; and such, Wilson's "Shepherd" speeches, in spite of much uncritical laudation, undoubtedly are. The crowning mistake was to try to make them vernacular; for if there is one thing Scottish prose does not do, and should never be made to do, it is to grow enthusiastic and dress itself in holiday bunting. Scott knew better in this respect, and never offends. For Scottish prose is logical, is everyday, pawky and quaint, tender enough on occasion, but not prone to purple rags.

But Hogg, we are told, acquiesced in the representation. That is the root of the trouble. They not only were blind themselves but deprived Hogg of such sight as he had. And his acquiescence cannot be explained by his satisfaction that he was being accurately presented. He was eager for notice, for notoriety; liked to think of himself as the talked-of fellow he seemed; and his touchy moments were generally the result of the observations of acquaintances who brought the offences to his notice. It is always Hogg's misfortune that he does not know himself; and it is not at all unlikely that, apart from the pleasure the "Noctes" gave him, he really did not see how much they misrepresented him.

His earlier appearances are tentative and uncertain, with conventional "labellings" and a tendency to make him a mere echo of North, as the main features. Even this slight liberty annoys Hogg, and others are gaps due to his not generally recognised reluctance to see himself thus played with. By October 1823, however, it becomes evident that some impetus has inspired Wilson to a bolder and more definite painting, whose purpose becomes clearer in successive numbers. The "Three Perils of Women" had appeared instead of the typical poetry Wilson expected of a man who so attracted him, and instead of accommodating his ideas to this new aspect, he chose to see signs of deterioration, and set himself to build up a character who should be free of these annoying lapses, and fit in absolutely with his own ideal conception. Wilson practically washed his hands of a man who so badly failed/

failed to live up the standard of "Kilmeny", and thinking of the apparent declension with sorrow, but too easily giving up the task of reformation, he tries to rescue the Hogg whom he loved from the dirt into which he seemed to be falling. The character from this moment begins to grow, and is, at once, more rounded off, more self consistent, and more detached from James Hogg. Not that the coarseness complained of is cut out, but it fits in consistently with the other traits of the imagined Shepherd, and is of a piece with a man who now takes his place as an understandable character, whose inconsistencies and original outbreaks will no more annoy. Wilson is at ease now, and ceases to trouble with what Hogg is, or is doing at the moment, keeping his Shepherd in a mental compartment secluded from the influences of a growing man. It is only natural that it should grow quickly more and more like himself, and give expression to moods hitherto of necessity repressed. One may think that much of his discomfort at the real Hogg and his doings was due to the cherished ideal already half-formed in his mind, and continually clashing with the external man. Henceforth, it is a thing all his own, and bears practically no relation to the development of the real poet.

From now on until the very serious quarrel between Hogg and Blackwood, indicated quite clearly by the absence of the Shepherd from the "Noctes" from January 1832 till May 1834, and even by the comparative infrequency of the "Noctes" themselves, we have the ideal very much in the ascendant and becoming ever more obviously a reincarnation of Wilson's self. The characteristics are easily caught. There is the new-found learning. The Shepherd quotes Horace, learns Greek, completes a translation of Bion and Moschus, revels in "lang-nebbit" words, and, hitherto a stumbler, becomes a witty conversationalist in a vernacular which is certainly not Hogg's. But a much more important point is the sudden subjectiveness he displays. Whether it be nature, country pursuits, or literature, Hogg in himself is always content with them in the background of his experience, and is satisfied to let them remain there; touched on, breathing through, but never elaborated. Outbursts on ghosts, on superstition, on poetry, on catching trout, are most obviously Christopher revelling in the vernacular, expressing himself delightedly in a new mood, and developing his mental and increasingly uncorrected idea of the Shepherd. Especially is this noticeable in the rhapsodies on Nature. Wilson is an enthusiastic lover of Nature and, in the mood, his descriptions, not deep nor very far seeing, are undoubtedly interesting. But he comes under the imputation of being frequently a pedlar of Nature's beauties. His lists are unending; he knows no economy, leaves nothing untouched. He goes over all his wares. So when he gives us "pu'in awa at strawberries, or rasps, or grossets, or cherries, or aiples, or pears, or aiblins at young green peas, shawps an' a', or wee juicy neeps, that melt in the mooth o' their ain accord, without chewin', like kisses o' vegetable maitter", we can scarcely be expected to believe that Hogg ever dreamt of either list or simile. Indeed, this sentence, suggesting a contrast with Lamb's ecstasies on pineapple, gives Wilson away pretty completely. He has an extraordinary faculty of reflection; or, to put it better, an extraordinary power of moulding himself to other minds and vessels; and the little Elianism/

(4).

Shepherd.— "As weel describe a glorious dream of the seventh Heaven. Thousands upon thousands o' the most beautiful angels sat mute and still in the Cathedral. Weel may I call them angels, although a' the time I knew them to be frail evanescent creatures o' this ever-changing earth. A sort o' paleness was on their faces, ay, even on the faces where the blush-roses of innocence were blooming like the flowers o' Paradise — for a shadow came ower them frae the awe o' their religious hearts that beat not, but were chained as in the presence o' their great Maker. All eyne were fixed in a solemn raised gaze, something mournful-like, I thocht, but it was only in a happiness great and deep as the calm sea. I saw — I did not see the old massy pillers — now I seemed to behold the roof o' the Cathedral and now the sky o' Heaven, and a light — I had maist said a murmuring light, for there surely was a faint spirit-like soun' in the streams o' splendour that came through the high Gothic window — left shadows here and there throughout the temple, till a' at ance the organ sounded, and I could have fallen down on my knees."

North. "Thank you kindly, James".

Elisianism is followed by as sheer an imitation of De Quincey as we have read, about a dream of being hanged as a rebel, without even a touch of the saving vernacular in it. Yet it is the Shepherd who speaks it. The same trait appears in other directions. There is the wonderful audience in the Cathedral at York, with the Shepherd as a singer at the festival. "Describe James, Describe", and James describes; in prose he never thought of writing, prose we can instance over and over again in Wilson. (Y.)

Again we see this characteristic, reversed and distorted, in the outbreaks of sentimentality and sensualism which more than anything else have hurt so seriously the reputation of the real Hogg. Gargantuan, eating and drinking, -bloody dog-fights, walking, and fishing, and fighting exploits, some even transferred boldly and bodily from the Recreations, are constantly recurring features. There is no evidence to attribute them to Hogg, much that allows them to Wilson, And above all is the coarseness which had ostensibly inspired Wilson to create his ideal, and which figures in broader expression than ever throughout the series, Love and Women are constant standbys with the Wilsonian Shepherd, always ultra-sentimental and often vulgar in their treatment. Such cannot be paralleled in Hogg, who is plain often, but never coarse, and is most delicate and refined in his writing where women are concerned. From "Kilmeny" to Mary Montgomerie and the farm lasses in the Tales, there is no hint of anything but the most tender delicacy; and when Wilson puts into his mouth, remarks as coarse as a boy's delight in mere smuttiness, we feel that he is not only doing Hogg a wrong, but is fully launched with his new character of the inspired countryman, and rejoicing in all the possibilities of mental excitation the conception affords him. This is not said in that mood which rejects all that is derogatory to a hero. Hogg is far from ~~new~~ ~~ic~~, but he is clean; and in such remarks as those on Moore's "Loves of the Angels", we maintain there is full evidence of a refined and educated mind rolling in filth, but none of the natural, clean, straight thinking that characterises Hogg and his like. The well-known description of Glasgow ascribed to the Shepherd is another example. It is ridiculously exaggerated, but is too horrible in its squalor to be funny. Yet the writer wallows in it - as men and dogs wallow who are keenly alive to sensual stimuli. Spenser had it, a well-bred spaniel has it, and Wilson simply revels in it. The description goes from half-murdered women to a "battle o' dugs"! A Bulldog and a mastiff", worked out in the bloodiest detail. The animalism of the man is rampant in thrilled ecstasy. There is no parallel to it in Hogg, and Wilson knows it. "I never heard you speak in such kind before, James".

Such ecstasies, and ecstasy is a main characteristic of the Ambrosian Shepherd, but mark the gradual coalescence of the new character and the author's own. Fresh from a reading of Hogg's own work, with deep impressions of his own original personality, we read these outbursts of bespangled prose with astonishment, until we see that they are but continuations of what Wilson is writing elsewhere in the Magazine. "Streams" outside Ambrose's has its replica in "Voices" inside, with its fluency and its images and its decorations/

decorations all exaggerated to suit; and we find little else to distinguish the Shepherd from North. Wilson does not enter by imagination into Hogg's character. He does not express Hogg's thoughts as the poet might have done, but could not. He adopts Hogg's guise and privileges, and proceeds to go as Wilson where Hogg might be supposed to go, allowing himself, on occasion, to make comments, which by no conceivable chance he could have dared to say in his proper person. He may have thought he was rendering Hogg, but it is doubtful. Wilson's admirers speak of the wonderful character he created, and one would be well content with that idea, mistaken as it seems, were they not always accusing Hogg of not living up to the character of the Shepherd. That he is simply Wilson, they are unwilling to admit. Yet to us the similarity is proved to the hilt and over and over again. And when the Shepherd is made to finish up a typical enthusiasm with such a remark as "Call not thy Shepherd's strain fantastic" there can be no doubt at all as to who is really the basis of Wilson's pictures. The great point to remember is that Wilson, like most of Hogg's friends, is quite oblivious of the poet's real merits, and he, more than the others, is to blame, since he has made public a distortion of the original, enabled to do so because of his intense egotism and selfishness. Those may think who like, that the Shepherd is better than Hogg. But Hogg did much and might have done more for literature. The Shepherd neither did nor could have done anything at all.

Naturally, there is little consistency. Wilson has no fixed idea of development, and the character but responds to his many moods. He has no inclination to masquerade, and then the Shepherd speaks but little, content to voice his admiration for his benefactor, or to play Zany to North. Again, Wilson feels in a mad mood, the Northian temperature is rising, and Hogg is made to dominate the scene and give rein to a diabolised version of the grave Professor. But there are times when fact and a momentary vision of the real poet intrude; and we have glimpses of Hogg as he must actually have appeared. These are rare but valuable, not only as new lights, but as significant lapses from the general attitude. They appear most frequently in little intervals when Wilson is not lost in his great personation of the Shepherd, and is trying to fill in the convincing and well-known details which make him recognisable. But as he sees very dimly past the character of which he has made so much, he produces merely indistinct conventional touches, stereotyped almost from the beginning. Of a different nature, and extremely rare in their occurrence, are those one or two occasions when we can really feel that Hogg's actual speech is being transcribed. One sustained example is found in an early number where Hogg's speech on Byron suggests the poet's own words being truthfully heightened in the most satisfactory way. It is a shade elevated, but is in harmony with what we know of him. The writer may have had no time to make it untrue; in any case, the theme - Byron's death - does not seem very suitable for North's free expansion of himself as the Shepherd. It is highly significant that it is followed in the succeeding Noctes by Hogg's account of his meeting with Byron and the contrasted "Poets!" episode with Wordsworth. What Hogg could have been in this series is well indicated by these fine efforts, which read like a literal transcription of an oft-told tale. It is possible that Wilson had heard it all so often as to transcribe it easily, but the cloven/

cloven hoof would have shown somewhere. From the fact that O'Doherty sings one of Hogg's songs, and the characteristic touches which suggest Hogg at his real business of rendering into writing a perfectly familiar story, we are led to the conclusion that he must himself have had a considerable part in the composition of the number. Such a passage does not for a long time re-appear; we have to wait for the toast-speech in No. 51 for another instance. Here in the midst of an absolute spate of pure Wilson, we stumble across the masterpiece of the "Noctes" as far as Hogg is concerned. It has practically none of the Northian characteristics in it, and is at once the truest and happiest rendering of him that Wilson ever accomplished. It is convincing, and is not-able among those comparatively rare occasions when Wilson is building on actual fact, and can legitimately be said to be heightening and embellishing, if indeed it be not plain, Hogg, for once faithfully recollected.

Some of these realities can be explained by the difficulty Wilson had in repressing altogether the strong personality of the poet; and such instances as we have just quoted are evidences of moments when there was no clash between ideal and real. But there is another reason. At times, external criticism made itself felt through the enthusiasm, and Wilson found himself compelled to pause. Then he feels lost. He has forgotten the poet so completely that he cannot paint at all. Unable to pose, he is helpless; and instead of a prolonged truthful portrait, we find nothing but unimportant remarks and a recourse to the old conventions. Often, indeed, the Shepherd disappears altogether, marking a period of strained relations. Fluctuations of this sort are frequent, and just prior to the absolute break of 1832, we have a prolonged reversion to fact, due, as were former minor examples, to the light of outside judgment revealing to Wilson something of what he was doing with Hogg in the eyes of the literary world. An explanation is to be found in a phrase of North's concerning the last number of the "Quarterly".

" 'Tis therein said, James, that in these our Noctes you are absurdly represented as a 'boozing buffoon' ". It is a well-known fact that at this time, Lockhart was trying to interest the Royal Society of Literature in Hogg, and found the Noctes Shepherd decidedly in the way. A very great coolness between Lockhart and Wilson, and an open quarrel between Wilson and Blackwood on one hand, and Hogg on the other, were the direct outcome of this attempt. The quarrel did not immediately mature, but it is to the trouble that now arose and led very soon to a complete rupture, that we owe the intrusion of reality into the picture of the Shepherd, so striking at this time, and so illuminating with regard to Wilson's attitude.

The remark about the "boozing buffoon" brings forth a joint attack of the "Noctes" people on the "Quarterly" writer for taking pure imagination as literal fact. External criticism has generally been responsible for momentary recurrence to truth, but the mood has never previously lasted long. This is more serious, especially when we know that Lockhart, of all people, is at the back of it. Wilson can laugh/

laugh at the criticism as "Cockney", but number 55 with its persistent note of reality, is a proof that the critic has shown Wilson the necessity of some kind of apology to Hogg. Lockhart is quoted as saying that "in spite of the Noctes, the Ettrick Shepherd is a sober man and a loyal subject". Wilson is roused, harps on the theme, and insists that Hogg's fame and reward are due to "Maga" and to Christopher North rather than to the "Quarterly" or the "Edinburgh Review". He makes the Shepherd acknowledge this debt to Mr. Blackwood and to himself, and ends with a satisfied "We have, I think, put this matter in the proper light". It was not to be so easily settled.

The result is nevertheless apparent. Hogg appears in this Noctes with an almost amazing accuracy, with nothing of North or the habitual Shepherd about him; and the effect is more lasting than usual. Wilson has either been frightened off the character, or shaken up so thoroughly that he cannot recover the mood; and for several months the Noctes are sadly dull without their main support. The life has gone out, the animal spirits are shut off completely. Having so long masqueraded as the Shepherd, Wilson can no longer as North be jovially happy, or vernacularly coarse, or sentimental, or imaginative.

Then came the quarrel, and until friendly relations were restored, there is nothing to record, and the Noctes cease. With the final race, from May 1834 till February 1835, we come upon the crowning, sustained, and absolutely undisturbed Ambrosian Shepherd, pictured with less restraint and regard for truth than ever before. All the old Wilson splashes and enthusiasms are displayed for us without stint, and we need indicate only one important and new difference. It is in the story of the catching of the hare, which proves to be a witch. Splendidly begun, it has this special characteristic, that there is a distinct and deliberate literary welding of natural and supernatural. Hogg would never so confuse witch and hare, without a particular local instance. He often has difficulty in discriminating between apparent and real; he never could lead the fantastic into the impossible, as Wilson makes the Shepherd do here. He is never so far above his superstitions, or rather, he has more respect for them. North, leaping from fancy to fancy, cannot return to reality, and finishes in such a climax of uncontrolled imagination as makes the supernatural intrusion a ludicrous pathos. Hogg is absolutely forgotten, and even the songs, formerly a point of reality where Wilson never tried to imitate, are now only mentioned. The final extravagance of the Shepherd as a lioness's cub fitly finishes what have for so long been another and freer outlet for Wilson's agility and restlessness. It has all the traits we have learned to associate with the Northian Shepherd - an imagination always grandiose, always unrestrained; scaling ambitiously, and descending deliberately, always bent on expression and appeal, an extraordinary thing enough in literature, and rare outside burlesque. The wavering between man and lion is exactly to Wilson's mind. It is the bordering personality he enjoys. He could not be dramatic. That were to tie him down; but to flit easily from one to another, to step back and study himself; then to fling himself zestfully into his double, is his most powerful and loved method./

But there is no Hogg.

Driven at first to cling to an ideal Shepherd, because he was lost to the qualities of the real, Wilson found the fancied portrait become a pose, a necessity, and finally a dissipation. External circumstances might force him into reality for a moment, but the habit was too strong. The pleasing vehicle for the expression of his own never-satisfied personality resumed its fullest sway at the first opportunity, and remained powerful to the end. Yet he could seriously argue that to him and to such a portrayal and publicity, Hogg, the poet of 'Kilmeny', was indebted for his fame and his reputation. He was apparently quite oblivious of the harm and deep-lasting -injury done both to himself and to the real Ettrick Shepherd, by the Shepherd of the 'Noctes Ambrosiae'. "All the idiots in existence", he says in one of his letters with reference to the Blackwood quarrel, "shall never persuade me that in these dialogues you are not respected and honoured, and that they have not spread the fame of your genius and your virtues all over Europe, Asia, the Americas, and Africa. If there be another man who has done more for your fame than I have done, let me know in what region of the moon he has taken up his abode".

It is a hopeless relationship. Wilson and his fellows, by one means and another, constantly stood in the poet's light. It never occurred to them that he would be better without them, that they prevented his independent development, that he could not with them be the Hogg he ought to have been. Some preliminary aid in literary expression they gave him, but they failed to see that he ought not to be burdened with their labellings, that his peculiarities, irritating enough at times, were signs of an independence of thought and spirit, indications that he was different from them, and could only suffer by being chiselled and smooth-hewn to fit into their world, and their unvarying and undeveloping estimate of him. Even his conceit and self-satisfaction were in a measure due to them; his failure to bring out all that was in him, his undeveloped potentialities, can be laid in no small degree at their door.

We have dwelt at length on the "Noctes Ambrosianae" and the extraordinary distortion of Hogg which they promulgated because they reveal the utter impossibility of any real appreciation and understanding of the poet's merits among the Blackwood coterie. A study of his actual connection with the magazine—of his activities and his silences, his good work ignored, his bad laughed at and ludicrously encouraged, his ambitions fostered and snubbed almost in the same breath, his futile harkings back to poetry unintelligently praised,—but intensifies the impressions of the "Noctes". We need not dwell upon it. Such criticism as the magazine accorded him will adequately clench the argument.

In an examination of this material, the first six numbers need not concern us, inasmuch as Hogg was there in a kingly position he never again attained in the revolutionary days.

He was looked up to, his articles gratefully printed, and his work referred to in unvaried if somewhat indiscriminating praise. The only value is to point the contrast when the Pharoah arose who did not choose to know Joseph.

For the reader of these old numbers of "Maga" can hardly avoid the conclusion that Hogg was a much more important personage in the eyes of the lordly editors than they ever cared to confess, and that jealousy was not an unknown feeling. He had been instrumental in beginning the magazine, had been an honoured support of Blackwood himself, and, under the new regime, his personality was always thrusting itself upon the new men. Even when he is not actually contributing to the Magazine, he is never far from the minds of those who write there; and apart altogether from the "Noctes", criticism, fun, and mischief, bitter attacks and lavishly affectionate praise contrive to keep him constantly in the foreground. But their mentions are capricious in the extreme and full of puzzling turns and doubles. Did they really have any set purpose in their examinations; or is the prominence entirely due to the personal character of their relations with Hogg? There is plenty of material for judgment, and ample evidence to prove that consistent examination based on a real understanding of his scope and limits did not exist, that serious criticism was sporadic and dealt with externals and accidentals, and that most of what passed for criticism was merely an outcome of their social connection, and sometimes an attempt at retaliation upon Hogg. The tone varied with the varying barometer at Ambrose's or Blackwood's back shop, and was in great part a reflection of the conversational agreements and differences.

Most frequently it is his amusing and social side that is presented to us. Since his literary work is finished, his name made, he can afford to dissipate, all the more as this trifling with literature will please his patrons best. Quips and quiddities, are always to the fore, but it is extremely important to note that in all the fooling so characteristic of the Magazine, Hogg is the only one whose real name is bandied about. They are, throughout and from the beginning, careless of his reputation. He is made a set-off to O'Doherty, and the two are set on, like small boys, to fight for the general edification. Numerous skits, concerned entirely with personalities, and offering nothing in the way of considered judgment, indicate a sharp rise into prominence of the Shepherd as an occasion for mirthful or malicious jest. The Editors make such free use of him as seems good in their eyes. When he is not troubling them, it is merely fun; but malice, indicating that in some way or another he has ceased to please them, is never far off. They begin to father all sorts of stuff upon him; and it seems strange that wits and all as they were, he was a better imitator than they. When they mocked him, they preferred obvious points of caricature in his person and manners, hardly ever succeeded in writing anything that approached a real parody of his literary work. O'Doherty disguised was legitimate sport, and had Hogg been so treated, he would have suffered less. It was his misfortune to be too friendly with his tormentors. When Allan Cunningham is mentioned, the tone is invariably serious; but Hogg's personality is too familiar to obtain that respect. Yet he needed/

(T). "Do you really mean to insert that most clever, but most indecently scurrilous attack upon Hogg? For my own part, I do not stand up for Hogg's conduct, but such language as is applied to him appears to me absolutely unwarrantable, and in your Magazine peculiarly and snockingly offensive. You will do as you think best, certainly; but I must at once say that if it goes on I must withdraw, in all subsequent numbers, from the concern."

needed to be constantly reminded of the high seriousness of his calling. This continual fooling (and the Magazine can represent only a small proportion of the private fun-making) was bound to vulgarise for him the sacred mystery of literature.

There is no definite plan in their attitude. He is encouraged until he offends, and then he is struck, viciously and unexpectedly. In one and the same number (October 1818) he is the victim of a most unfair because suggestive attack, in an article on "Pride and Vanity", where by what amounts to mere cowardly insinuation, he is accused of lying and stealing. They then proceed to print the "Lady Anne Scott" verses with a note of praise of the sop order; ^{where} in December comes an extraordinary laudatory notice of the forthcoming "Jacobite Relics". The indefensible attack in August 1821 on his Memoirs, an attack which drew a strong protest from Ballantyne(?) is to be found in the midst of eulogies, many and various, when Hogg's comparative quietness had made him more than usually acceptable. The maliciousness kills any possible value as criticism, and proves how impossible it was for Hogg ever to look to "Blackwood's" for guidance, spoiled at one moment, and at the next thus suddenly sandbagged for no apparent reason. He might laugh at it; he could never put any value on such caprice. Evidently Hogg had been led on to print what he had often said; and the outbreak, hard to look over as a private letter, unforgivable in print, is the outcome of mischief and a desire to snub him unmistakably. Yet it is ostensibly a review of the "Mountain Bard". The personalities are gross enough. His name is twisted into every possible synonym - "swine" is the commonest; and the description culminates in "a stout country lout, with a bushel of hair on his shoulders that had not been raked for months, enveloped in a coarse plaid, impregnated with tobacco, with a prodigious mouthful of immeasurable tusks, and a dialect that set all conjecture at defiance". Without the grossness it might have been funny, but there is no restraint, and the result is undignified in the extreme. Wilson cannot distinguish between fun and insult. He is careful, however, not to condemn the elder works of the Shepherd. So far, he is honest and consistent, but he lets himself go on the "Poetic Mirror". Obviously he does not mean it all, but apparent nonsense is dangerously mixed with nonsense that is not so evident, and when "all the rest of the volume" is characterised as "most inhuman and merciless trash", we wonder what was the limit of courtesy in those days. "The imitation of himself ... is a true specimen of the stye school of poetry". Such sayings and such an article must have gone far to undo friendly ties. Its effect on any reverence Hogg had either for literature or for Blackwoodian criticism would be disastrous. True, it was a passing, if virulent fit of malignancy, but none the less harmful on that account.

But irresponsibility and indifference to the man's reputation are even more discouraging features than mere inconsistency. The numerous onslaughts are often mere outbreaks of ~~mere~~ waspishness and ill-humour, so extraordinary in their tone as to defeat any possible good they may have intended, and hiding effectually any critical basis. As early as February 1818, the poet is absolutely sacrificed in a half jealous, wholly malicious attempt to kick at a rival magazine. "Constable's" had indulged in some praise of the Shepherd, and Tickler's "letter to James Hogg" proceeds to put/

To face Page/35.

(aa) .

"We're glad to see that Hogg takes no offence
At Timothy - and why, indeed, should he?
Genius is coupled with manly sense;
Kilmeny's bard may bear all jokes with glee."

To face Page 135.

(56)

"Mr. Hogg's New Poem.

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Printed for Longman, Hurst, Rees, Orme, Brown, and Green, London;
and William Blackwood, Mainburgh."

put him in his place with a vengeance. Hogg may have needed the corrective, but it is not in the best taste, nor calculated to have any good effect. Such castigation needed seriousness in the doing; and the tone of banter and ridicule is hardly likely to have convinced Hogg of the source of his salvation. It begins by labouring the 'conceit' idea, and may very well be the starting point of this convention. Personalities of the most childish kind are frequent. Not only is he made the whipping-boy for the rival magazine, but an excuse for ridiculing theories which "Blackwood's" did not support; and there is more than a hint of scandalous attacks on Wordsworth being here repeated with Hogg as a stalking-horse. The 'uneducated' natural theory is pilloried with "one Drama of a Greek Tragedian is worth all that you and all the other uneducated poets in the world ever wrote or ever will write". This is very well, but it is cruel, it is irrelevant, and it supposes that a Greek Dramatist was educated because he knew Greek. Had the magazine been perfectly serious and sincere in using Hogg to illustrate what it deemed modern vices, one could forgive it; but this callous school-boyish jeering is not at all likeable, and the article degenerates into a mere roasting of Hogg. And to what purpose? Is it to put him in a proper way, to help him mend? No work so written could ever produce such an effect, and the sting is evidently insulting - insulting in private conversation, doubly so, and cowardly, in the publicity of print. "So goodbye, Hogg and believe me yours, with the sincerest affection, and if you will have it so, admiration". As usual, there is recantation of a kind, in a bit of doggerel which is useless as an apology, and only indicates the half impudent fear of an irresponsible who has gone too far. (22)

The explanation of all this is not too difficult to see. Wilson is nearly always the inspiring influence, and as with the "Noctes" Shepherd, so with the actual Hogg, a clash between ideal and real is at the bottom. When Hogg is busy on his farm, which is exactly where Wilson is best pleased with him, the allusions are in a pleasant satisfied vein. His writings are referred to in words too gently kind to be puffing, though they undoubtedly represent friendly impulses and good turns. Snatches of his alleged conversation find their way into the less serious articles, and one is conscious of him always a welcome if not very frequent visitor to the social background of "Blackwood's". He is not troubling them, and he has his reward. And when the "Noctes" have so progressed as to circle almost exclusively round the Shepherd, his turns of originality and his intrusions of his independent self are passed over more indulgently. Articles in the "Calendar" vein which would have been rejected formerly are printed without comment, and one has the feeling that for the sake of the "Noctes", Hogg is being allowed a free hand in the rest of the Magazine. And when, as with the "Queen Hynde", effort, Hogg actually appeared to be mending his ways, and to be producing work which fitted in with Wilson's crystallised notions, the enthusiasm knows no bounds. This is the real Shepherd at last. He has no patience with "brose tales", but "Queen Hynde" will do". The fly-leaf for November 1824 shows exactly how pleased "Maga" was with the signs of regeneration in James the Well Beloved; (66.) and the approximation it apparently proved between Hogg and Ambrosian Shepherd is evidenced by the overflow of the criticism into the "Noctes" themselves.

(cc.) . The Shepherd has asked North what he thought of it.

"Admirable, my dear James - admirable. To tell you the truth, I never read it in the Magazine; but I was told the papers were universally liked there. - and now, as Volumes, they are beyond - above - all praise."

"But will you say that in black and white in the Magazine?"

Of course, it was all fatally wrong. Had Wilson been right, it is obvious that Hogg's response should have produced better and better poetry on the lines of "Kilmeny" and the "Wake"; and we need hardly repeat that he did no such thing. Uninfluenced, Hogg writes "Calendar"; fresh from the praise of "Queen Hynde" he produces the "Ode for Music on the Death of Lord Byron", a plain attempt to live up to his reputation as a poet, and to please his literary guide. The descent from his own best standard is clear, yet whether from superficiality or from pre-occupation with his creation, Wilson is quite unperturbed. Not only so, but in the very number whose enthusiasm we have noted, there appears the "Left-Handed Fiddler. By the Ettrick Shepherd" which, from many signs, is pure fooling. How they accorded the printing of this wretched practical joke with their anxiety for his reputation is a sore puzzle.

And all the time, in spite of the absence of the slightest encouragement, Hogg persists with his despised tales. In the earlier days, when he dared to write such matter, he was generally warned off. Later, they were ignored, until such times as success or the mere passage of the years had melted them into the outline of the figure "Blackwood's" alone knew. The "Brownie" of 1817 had been a source of annoyance originally. In 1820 it is mentioned and quoted, with the footnote; "An allusion is here made to Hogg's Brownie of Bodsbeck which, whether we consider it in regard to its historical faithfulness, or skill or ability of execution, is by far the best story the Shepherd ever wrote". The "Calendar" is passed over consistently as the various tales appear, and only a reticent allusion in the "Noctes" marks its publication as a whole. (cc.) The truth is that Wilson's picture of Hogg was always of a man whose work was finished, whose earlier writings had delighted him in superficial aspects, and who must repeat these successes or be silent. He harps continually on "Kilmeny", though he understood little of that poem's true good, and as continually calls for Fairy poetry. He clings to this theoretical conception until he can see no other, and with Hogg failing to satisfy him, he tries to make for himself a poet who will. In the Magazine, Hogg is made to talk of fairies in season and out of season, and constant reference is made to his settled position as the poet of Fairyland, "the wild romantic genius of the Nomadic North". Wilson even tries his own hand and produces in "Edith and Nora" a sentimental and prettily childish imitation of "Kilmeny", a traditional story acquired at second hand. It places Wilson accurately enough, but most of all it indicates the already fixed appraisal of Hogg, and the reluctance to admit any other possibilities. We can hardly wonder that Hogg's persistence in following his own bent annoyed his patrons. Annoyance is as far as they go. They never anticipate; but take each new production silently; or with scant comment and hurriedly pack it away, lest it disturb their neatly labelled specimen - Author of the "Queen's Wake". ()

Under these circumstances it is hardly to be expected that such serious criticism as is bestowed on Hogg will go very deep. Wilson finds an explanation which will get rid of the incongruity, partly in the "Noctes" figure, partly in a miracle theory of peasant poetry, which however it may have/

have satisfied him, was hardly likely to enable him either to understand or to help. Indeed, by a capricious freak of expression, it deprives Hogg even of his past merit. The "Queen's Wake" was apparently a mere happy chance. "Allan Cunningham", says an article in January 1825, "has all or nearly all that is good in Hogg - not a twentieth part of the Shepherd's atrocities - and much merit, peculiarly his own, which, according to our notion of poetry, is beyond the reach of Ettrick Bard. Yet Cunningham has never written, and probably never will write, anything so fortunate as the "Queen's Wake". The tales were evidently sticking in their throat, and beginning to make them question if the Shepherd could really have been the author of the poem they admired. They saw too much of him, and Wilson was especially encouraged more and more to separate the genius of the poet from the personality of the man, thinking of the poetic spirit as a thing almost supernaturally apart, and miraculously using the unexpected medium of the Ettrick Shepherd to express itself. This was the Blackwoodian view, yet Hogg is not infrequently taken to task for indulging it.

This attitude is comparatively late, but the persistent inability to treat Hogg as a living writer is evident from the beginning. The first effort at sincere criticism is in an article in February 1819 entitled "Some Observations on the Poetry of the Agricultural, and that of the Pastoral Districts of Scotland. Illustrated by a Comparative View of the Genius of Burns and the Ettrick Shepherd". It dwells on the theme that "the Scottish peasantry are poetical because they are religious.... Their dreams are of heaven and eternity, and such dreams reflect back a hallowed light on earth and on time!" This has an obvious bearing on Hogg's attitude to the world around him, and his visualisation of it in the fairies, but the writer does not choose to work out his criticism on these lines. He has divided his peasant poets into agricultural and pastoral, and chooses proofs from Burns and Hogg which amount to an elaborate begging of the question. There is a difference, undoubtedly due to district and local influence, but surely not merely because Ayrshire was agricultural and the Forest pastoral.....The Ettrick Shepherd is the only worthy successor of Burns, he says, though he differs from him in many ways. "Our admirable Shepherd is full of that enthusiasm towards external nature, which would seem to have formed so small a part of the poetical character of Burns". In his treatment of the supernatural the difference is accentuated. This aspect Wilson develops to the exclusion of others. He reads into the Shepherd's life experience that may well have been his own. As former malice deliberately mis-read, this serious appreciation inadvertently misunderstands, losing touch with reality. There is little attempt at full comprehension, and further evidence that Wilson took the poet of 'Kilmeny' as his ideal Shepherd; and, because it fitted in with his own aspirations, desired nothing more than that Hogg should continue to be the "poet laureate of the court of Faery". "In this department of pure poetry, the Ettrick Shepherd has ... no competitor". Here he would have him stay, or on these lines develop.

The summing up is true enough. "He is certainly strongest/

strongest in the description of Nature - in the imitation of the ancient ballad - and in that wild poetry which deals with imaginary beings. He has not great knowledge of human nature - nor has he any profound insight into its passions. Neither does he possess much ingenuity in the contrivance of incidents, or much plastic power in the formation of a story emblematic of any portion of human life ..." No one can cavil at this. But it is fatal, in that it finally pigeon-holes a man who, as Tickler was fond of reminding Hogg, was not yet dead. His refusal to be pigeon-holed, his continual breaking-out, are put down as annoyances, and due to mere pig-headedness, instead of as indications of dissatisfaction with his friends' easy cataloguing, or signs of powers and possibilities yet undeveloped. Similar criticism would have denied the novels to Scott, because of success in the poetical romances. Because the 'Lay' was good, the 'Antiquary' must be wrong.

Yet this is no unfair statement of the static attitude "Blackwood's" instinctively adopted to the man who so puzzled them. At the end of a review of Cromek's 'Remains' (a distinct hint is thrown out). Scott had shown the value of Scottish character as a theme, and many such are still left to a poet of deep insight and reverence, capable of rendering them with dignity*. "With all our admiration of the genius both of the Ettrick Shepherd, and of Allan Cunningham, we are not prepared to say that either of them is such a poet - but we have not the slightest doubt that if either of them were to set himself seriously to the study of the character of the peasantry of Scotland, as a subject of poetry, he might produce something of deep and universal interest, and leave behind him an imperishable name". It is a good enough suggestion, but quite out of keeping with the work Hogg was likely to do successfully. It demanded a detachment not possible for him, and marks that complete misunderstanding which theorised without touching facts, and saw no reason why "Kilmeny" should not be merely a fore-runner. Yet he was every now and then hinting at what was still in him. Even the publication of the "Winter Evening Tales" let in no light. They are reviewed in May 1820, and at full length, but as blindly as ever.

There is a patronising tone about the whole matter, as if to say - this is all very well, but hardly literature; and though an appeal had recently been made for a poet to do even what Hogg is doing here, there is no consciousness that in these Tales lies the not very deeply hidden seed of such powerful and happy renderings of the Peasantry as had been desired. Nothing is said about future work, nothing to lead out and develop. The tales are looked on as a kind of by-product, and the tendency to regard the author as a man who has revealed all his powers, and who, content with his laurels, has become an interesting notability, is once again apparent. The hope is expressed that he will go on, but how or to what end there is no clue; and though we have to confess that the bitterness and malignity are quite absent, there is no increase of discriminating knowledge.

Nor is there any serious attempt made to examine his/

his prose work. The "Three Perils of Women", published in 1823, is honoured by a review in the number for October. It is in Wilson's most extravagant manner, and is unquotable in its spate of similes and comparisons. It is more a joke than a review; and reads like the nonsense and leg-pulling of an Ambrose night written out in full. There are one or two grains of wheat, but so covered with Northian chaff as to be practically negligible. An undertone of praise, and more of affection, with any amount of banter, make it obvious that no one would take the matter very seriously. Some of the statements are palpably false. "In the Shepherd's verses there are occasional touches of good superstition, but his prose is good only on subjects of a very homely or vulgar nature". Wilson leans all to the 'Kilmeny' and 'Mary Lee' side of the supernatural. Nothing but beautiful fairy maidens seem to please him. At the end, the article takes a sudden turn, and rates Hogg soundly for his coarseness. "We frankly tell you of your errors, before your books are sent to Coventry. You are a man of an original mind; a shrewd, noticing, intelligent man... But you know little or nothing of the real powers and capabilities of James Hogg, and would fain be the fine gentleman, the painter of manners, and the dissector of hearts. That will never do in the world". Blinder criticism would be hard to find; but it is clear that Wilson is seriously concerned. One wishes he had been concerned oftener. There is no mistaking the earnestness of his rebuke. He is sorry to see Hogg falling away from his high estate; but he takes no trouble in his task, and the quest is soon abandoned. He finds solace in his ideal, and leaves the real Hogg alone, when he persists in his new direction. For, though he condemns the vulgarity, it is not a mere excrescence he tries to cut off. The very marrow of the new work was what Wilson would call vulgarity; and a comparison of the "Lights and Shadows" with Hogg's tales is sufficient to point the contrast. The rebuke was merited, and would do Hogg good; but no mere cutting out of the accidental and superficial grossness would please the critic. The themes were wrong, yet to our minds, the themes were emphatically right, and their moral crudities, a mere veneer which experience would soon rub off. We are again faced with the unfortunate fact that Wilson, in a position from his friendship to be a real guide, was faint-hearted in the task, and blind to the real good in the Shepherd's chosen subjects. 'Queen Hynde' was pleasing, because it fitted in with pre-judged ideas, and accorded with Wilson's fanciful reconstruction. The tales were condemned because they dealt with 'vulgar themes', were not what was expected of Hogg, and differed entirely in their treatment from the half-sentimental, wholly egotistic productions which Wilson thought the natural expression of Scottish Studies. The "Noctes" in the same number shows the result.

A final opportunity to redeem itself was afforded "Blackwood's" when the "Shepherd's Calendar" was published in book form; yet it is all but passed over. Such an ignoring of really important work, hardly needs comment. The tales/

tales are not the work of Wilson's Shepherd, and he does not trouble to see if there be anything in them at all worthy. It may have been due to mental laziness, for vague inconsequence and catholic haziness frequently characterise his criticism; but the main cause is his absolute indifference to anything the real Hogg might now do. He is allowed to write tales which have more than an embryo of good, and such drivelling harpings on a worn-out stimulus as "Will and Sandy", a Scots Pastoral without any discerning attempt to point out where he is going astray. This pastoral, printed in May 1829, is a really painful illustration of what Hogg, writing on a set theme and in a manner whose art he had lost, could descend to. No remark is made; while an editorial note to "A Greek Pastoral" of May 1830 reminds "Blackwood's" readers that Hogg is "the poet laureate of the Court of Faery - and we have only to hope he will at least sing an annual song as the tenure by which he holds his deserved honours". The mood is still persistent in the instalment of "Winter Rhapsody" for February 1831. The praise is obsolete, and affectionate rather than judicious. even though it is the Songs, rightly enough, that are chosen for commendation. "In his native land, all hearts that love her streams, and her hills, and her cottages, and her kirks and the green fairy-knowes, all delight in Kilmeny and Mary Lee, and in many another vision that visited the Shepherd in the Forest". All points to the lack of decisive insight, to the failure to be interested directly in the growing man, the tendency to talk vaguely about one aspect of his work as if it were the whole. In truth, all Hogg's writings, except in the narrow matter of the Fairies, were alien to Wilson. He was utterly unfitted by temperament and training to understand, and what little he did perceive and comprehend, he proceeded to develop into the whole man. What his "Noctes" did for Hogg's character, his criticisms do for his work. They take that in the Shepherd which happens to coincide with Wilson's temperament and spread it out until no other aspect or trait is visible, and Hogg himself has difficulty in seeing aright. Neither Burns, nor Cunningham, nor Hogg, could he appreciate thoroughly. He wavers in his judgments often enough but never so frequently as on the Scottish peasant poets. For Burns, it did not matter. Cunningham's seclusion from 'Maga' protected him. But for Hogg, lost among misunderstanding, distorted vision, and the fog of close personal relations, the fate that made Wilson his interpreter to the world was thrice unfortunate.

With "Blackwood's" failing in the task so peculiarly its own, nothing else, no other effort, could much affect the result. Hogg's tragedy, minor though it may be, lies mainly in the losing of great possibilities in shallows and miseries - a bighearted man buffeted by puzzling disappointment and discontent, a humble creature of Nature's vaguely conscious of wrong and friction, but unable rightly to understand it. For us, it lies in the real loss the world of literature has suffered. The one man who could have reproduced and preserved for us, the lingering beauties of old tradition, the finest material of an old age since drowned in the general tide of mediocrity and uninspired averageness, was by a chain of petty accidents, of circumstance and environment, forced to give up his peculiar point of vantage, to abandon the task for which he was so well/

well fitted; and, merged in the general time-current, induced to turn his talents merely to that which others were doing, and could do better than he. He had a unique work before him, unique opportunities and powers, and through the most commonplace causes and the petty workings of everyday needs and chances, he was hindered from giving us what lay well within his scope. For his songs and his better poems, we are grateful; but the 'Confessions' in one direction, and many a moving little tale embedded among the weaker work, show that Hogg had it in him, more than anyone, to lay bare the very secrets of the life of a Scotland we can now only dimly imagine.

We question if there was anyone then writing who could have helped him much. Scott was the likeliest, but his natural kindliness prevented him from doing the wisest thing for his humbler brother. Seclusion and freedom from the influence of his literary friends were what he most needed; and what his temperament and his aroused ambition increasingly made difficult. "Blackwood's" was so far right in principle, if wrong in motive, in trying to keep him to his farm in the Forest; but the mischief was done, and the remedy too late. Every literary man at that time was interested in old things. Collections of song, of ballad, of story, became the fashionable amusement. This antiquarian spirit was in itself a symptom and sign of the complete cleavage between the men with whom Hogg associated and whose influence he reflected most, and the world to which he really belonged. He was no Antiquary. He was not modern enough. He was akin to the old things his fellows so eagerly collected. We would figure him as the Homer of old Scotland, so far detached to see the old life as a whole, so far of it to express it harmoniously in the true epic spirit; at once, an eye-witness and sharer in the life, and a poet to give it unified and uncorrupted expression. Such a work he was in the way of producing in his tales. But the epic of Scotland, of the pastoral Forest with its tendrils stretching far back to the dim mists of Arthurian story, to the old religion, and to the old intimate spiritual life, was destined never to be written. Modern thought and modern life cut straight across it; and what might at first seem a most favourable circumstance - an old-world region contemporary with an interested and conscious civilisation, eager for literary expression - only accentuated the cleavage, and drew the one man who could have been the mouthpiece of the old, into conflict and uncertainty of aim, into feebleness and vagueness of production, illuminated by stray gleams of genius and happiness of insight. Intelligent guidance might have atoned for his weakness, but where was it to be found? We have seen that those with whom he was most intimately in contact could not supply it. Does the criticism outside "Blackwood's" afford the needed stimulus and aid?

Remembering the brilliance of the Macaulay era, and the deep serious humanity of Carlyle's Burns Essay, we might hope to find some help from "Blackwood's" great rival. But it is possible to show quite briefly that the "Edinburgh Review" of Hogg's literary days was cut off from sympathy with the Ettrick poet, and especially from any/

any attempt at appreciation of his later work where encouraging help was most needed.

Jeffrey imprinted his personality on the "Edinburgh" as strongly as Wilson animated "Blackwood's"; and much of the attitude the "Review" took up in its criticism can be traced directly to the great editor. Autocratic he was himself, and autocratic the magazine was also, and extremely jealous in guarding the sacred portals of literature. Hogg therefore was faced with a certain difficulty at the very outset. This, his themes would intensify, for the "Review" was antagonistic to all that tended to appreciate strangeness, barbarism, or antiquarianism. It cared nothing for the contemporary collecting fever and interest in things old. Standing as the representative of a wide and noble literature, tracing its whole inspiration from an age of unexampled correctness, and looking for nothing but correct following of well-established precedent, it avoided anything that savoured of parochial interests, and looked on black-letter enthusiasm as an "undistinguishing collection of rubbish". Moreover, whatever lay out of the way in theme or in expression came under its ban. The "Lay of the Last Minstrel" is a "beautiful outlaw", and "Gertrude of Wyoming" is "nearer our conception of pure and perfect poetry than the babyism and antiquarianism which have lately been versified". Crabbe's "Borough" has the great advantage of treating familiar subjects. "Everyone is necessarily perfectly acquainted with the originals, and is, therefore, sure to feel all that pleasure from a faithful representation of them, which results from the perception of a perfect and successful imitation".

How then did the "Review" look upon things Scottish? From Burns to the "Minstrelsy of the Border", the whole influence of Scottish literature had been rebellious and stimulative of hostility to the accepted canons. Its value as tonic and inspirer is now unquestioned. But Jeffrey was naturally not aware of this significance. He treated it all as pure literature, not as potent impulse, examined it as a finished product to be tested by the usual methods and adjudged its proper place without any relaxation for its peculiarity as a new and influential though unformed and undeveloped factor. He wished to be fair, unprejudiced, and sometimes maintained his judicial attitude at the expense of kindness and encouraging sympathy. He was jealous for literature, and rightly so, but was, by his very standards, excluded from that broad-minded alertness which should also be the characteristic of the great critical editor. And he was very much more British than Scottish. It was the contemporary attitude, expressed supremely by Scott, and Jeffrey fully realised it. The "Southern Reader" is ever in mind, and the claims of Scottish writers are invariably considered from the wider point of view. In its best sense, this was a distinct corrective to sloppy patriotism and sentimental standards. In its worst, it shut off the "Edinburgh" from rightly perceiving or fully encouraging the manifest stimulus and inspiration of purely Scottish expression of things old and/

(dd) . He is one "who, we verily believe, would rather starve upon poetry than accept of ease and affluence on condition of renouncing it.It ought also to be recorded to his honour that he has uniformly sought this success by the fairest and most manly means; and that neither poverty nor ambition has been able to produce in him the slightest degree of obsequiousness towards the possessors of glory or of power; or even to subdue in him a certain disposition to bid defiance to critics and to hold poets and patrons equally cheap and familiar; and to think that they can in general give no more honour than they receive from his acquaintance."

(ee) . "we like his witchery better than his merely romantic legends." His Kilmeny is sufficient to justify his being called a poet "in the highest acceptation of the name".

and secluded, or of things human and passionately felt.

It is clear then that there can have been little sympathy between the average Edinburgh Reviewer and the Shepherd of Ettrick, especially in his later tentative efforts to become an eye-witness interpreter of the essentials of Border peasant life, and a revealer of the old traditional ideas still visibly surviving to the man whose real education they had been. With Scottish themes, as such, written to express the spirit of the country for her own people, Jeffrey had no sympathy. He was the arch-priest of too wide a religion to trouble with obscure parish interests, making the common mistake of supposing that a cultured literature has no roots from which it must ever draw sustenance. Consequently, Hogg can only be considered in so far as he is a worthy exponent of English literature. As an interpreter of an out-of-date Scotland, he has no place, and his themes can be of no interest to the literary world. It is not surprising therefore to find that while editions of his successive works are faithfully chronicled, the "Queen's Wake" alone is held worthy of review. It can be treated from the scientific standpoint so loved by the 'Edinburgh', its literary ancestry is clear, and coming so early as 1814, there is no disturbing political hostility, nor friction of any kind. The review is therefore laudatory, genuinely critical, and even encouraging, for it is sometimes the Reviewer's pleasant duty to bring forward struggling genius. An account of his life is followed by the tracing of his poetical activity from local song, ballad, and legend, through the example and friendship of Scott, to the earlier attempts at publication, which, owing to his friend's popularity and their own prolixity, tameness, and even vulgarity, were none too successful. But the "Queen's Wake" is "so much superior to anything he had before attempted, as to afford good ground for thinking that he is yet doomed to justify his early election, and in some measure to realise the proudest of his early anticipations". His devotion and enthusiasm for his calling are singled out for praise (do) in sentences which make us wonder at the perversity of the Blackwood group which so transfigured Hogg's public reputation, and at the evil fate which enabled them to deprive him of his natural confidence and singleness of aim, and make him impotent and unfruitful. The criticism follows sound and kindly lines; his supernatural is picked out as his forte (ee.); and the article concludes with advice "to put a little more thought and poetry in it, to make his images a little more select, and his descriptions a good deal less redundant." Such criticism one cannot find fault with; it proves that in spite of traditional laws and rigid orthodoxy, the 'Edinburgh Review' could have been a reliable guide and help. had not friction irrelevant to literature intervened; and more amply proves the misfortune of Hogg's connection with 'Maga'. By the time he is reviewed again, he is under castigation for the 'Jacobite Relics'. He is a declared supporter now of the opposite side, the 'Chaldee' is/

is a recent bitter memory, and we can hardly expect the same leniency, even if he were not engaged in ~~it~~, just such local antiquarianism as the 'Edinburgh' heartily disliked. His vulgarity of style, and coarseness of taste are attacked; his veracity and sincerity, his credibility as an historian and collector of historical monuments seriously called in question. The most illuminating illustration, however, of the now uncrossable gap between them is that sentence quoted by Hogg in his reply in Blackwood's. "Mr. Hogg tries to cast imputations on the memory of those foundations of a liberty which he either cannot appreciate, because his principles are slavish, or sets little account upon, because its history, its adventures will not serve to work up into middling poems and tales calculated to lengthen and sadden a winter's evening". The tone of Hogg's reply was not likely to help matters; and rightly or wrongly, the political animus engendered by the 'Chaldee', and nourished by the poet's open association with the Tory magazine, had made any understanding impossible. From this time on, Hogg is simply ignored. Minor work is reviewed in plenty, — lists of Irish novels, of war and sea stories, none of which is remembered to-day. October 1823, sees a long article on Secondary Scottish Novels, but Hogg is not worthy of mention even in an omnibus review; while the much thought of 'Queen Hynde' is likewise passed over. There is no question that, after his avowed connection with "Blackwood's" had begun, relations between Hogg and the Review would have been difficult in any case. His approved work was written early, his later in the tales, even had there not been a gulf of separation, was not in accordance with 'Edinburgh' traditions, though it is conceivable that had he not been so openly against them, he would at least have received honourable treatment.

But we cannot insist too much on the uniqueness of Hogg's work, especially in his second development, and we can at least be sure that if "Blackwood's" hindered him, the 'Edinburgh' could not have helped him. At first sight, 'Maga' from its miscellaneous character and hospitality, would seem to have been the best place for him. Yet they advised him wrongly, printed what was unworthy of him, and fathered ridiculous nonsense upon him until the injury was irremediable. The 'Edinburgh' had always this value, that it stood for principle and system, and was a splendid corrective to the vague vapourings so characteristic of Wilson. It stood for a uniformly high level of production, and its very autocracy and love of established law would have been the right thing to keep Hogg straight, and aware of the seriousness of literature. Once they had been made suspicious of him, and not least by the prodigy notion so persistently circulated by his so-called friends, the many blemishes in even his best work would lay him ^{open} peculiarly to attack from the other camp. So that any time after 1817 there was very little chance of the best he could do evoking sufficient appreciative interest to enable him to profit by its criticism, if he could have been induced to take such criticism as sound and not merely dictated by political hostility. Of the very themes of his second phase, enough has been said to show that for these there was little encouragement or sympathy in the 'Edinburgh'. It was an attempt to resuscitate what they deemed better dead, what/

what indeed they frequently disbelieved in altogether. Scott, himself, was pardoned, but the host of writers who drew their inspiration from things Scottish, even though as moderns, were pilloried and lumped together as imitators of the Author of Waverley. Of Hogg's peculiar position in holding in his hands threads that went far back in the legend and history of his district, they could have no understanding at all.

He was cut off, therefore, by various chances from the only serious criticism he was likely to meet, A -supporter of a rival magazine, an antagonist in politics, the known writer of an offensive squib, a pet of their natural enemies suspected through friendliness of condoning his obvious defects, a writer whose work so often fell short of even a craftsman's excellence; and whose themes were by no means in accordance with their ideas - it is little wonder that the 'Edinburgh' should have first attacked, and then taken the more dignified course of ignoring him, or that he should have looked on even their right and valuable criticism as suspect and negligible.

Jeffrey, of course, was more than suspect in anything that concerned Scotland, and the new Fraser's Magazine actually accused him of never doing a good turn to a fellow-countryman. It goes farther. The occasion is a skit on the "Burnessio-Hoggish" dinner, and the practice of Scotsmen abandoning their native tongue is strongly deprecated. Jeffrey did it, and "because he forgot his Scotch, did he not do his best to slay one or two of his rising countrymen? Did he not do his best to crush Hogg the honest Shepherd at a time when a good word would have done the aspiring poet no slight service?" This is no more than putting somewhat crudely what might be gathered from the Review, and the half-ridiculous reason put forward - because he forgot his Scotch - has more than a grain or two of common sense and justification in it.

This new-found champion of the Ettrick Shepherd appeared at a time when his relations with "Blackwood's" were greatly strained and approaching breaking-point. The first number appeared in 1830 and its expressed sympathy, almost from the beginning, drew Hogg into close contact, all the more as in its earlier numbers, "Frazer's" had a distinct savour of the methods which had made 'Maga' popular, and which hardly suggested the future publisher of 'Sartor'. There is a good deal of imitation of the Northern rival in the Ambrosian vein, and even a good deal of enticing Wilson's contributors. Hogg was made much of and, especially during his quarrel with his old associates, was a great asset in counter-battery work. "Frazer's" people certainly made good use of him in that respect, though, as they seem to have been quite serious in their championship of Hogg, there is hardly ground for the strong language used about the matter by Wilson in his attempted reconciliation letter. They permit themselves a great deal of freedom in dealing with the poet, but their attitude is fair enough, and their criticism on the whole just, without being especially/

(ff) . "The richness and range of fancy of this inspired Shepherd are truly astonishing, and are often united with a delicacy of thought and perception, which increase the wonder at the creative exuberance and electric power of that thing we call genius. ...When this quality is applied to the Shepherd's favourite theme, the dreamy superstitions of his country and the shapes and indefinite thoughts that steal through the fancies of ignorant minds, while secluded afar in the wild glens,James is inimitable."

especially valuable. One serious claim they do make - that as Hogg was familiar formerly to English readers only from his magazine connection, "Frazer's" has made him better known in the South than Burns was till several years after his death.

The Magazine made its first appearance in 1830, and in April is printed the first of a series of "Literary Characters" which takes Hogg for serious discussion to show that talent and talent alone is the test the magazine will apply. The writer is delighted with the proof afforded by the Shepherd's extraordinary progress that nature still makes poets, and that genius will force its way to success. He deprecates, however, the fate that threatens to overtake him, falling away from the sacredness of his calling as a poet, because of "Blackwood's" treatment. "Mr. Hogg is worthy to be talked of in terms less vague than serve to create a laugh in a bantering periodical". The immediate occasion of the critique is the "Pilgrims of the Sun", and much good-humoured fun is born of the supposed influence of Bishop Burnet's "Theory of the Conflagration of the Earth", which according to Pierce Pungent, obsesses Hogg. "We would far rather have him riding on a broom-stick behind a witch woman to Norway, or so, of a night, than see him away seeking his bread among the stars and suns which seem almost to have blinded him, poor man." His two great characteristics are fancy and facility. (ff) He lacks, however, fastidiousness in image and in language, and judicious selection would enhance his poetry. The 'Witch of Fife' is preferred to 'Kilmeny' which, for the critic, is still touched with the Bishop. The article concludes with a lengthy comparison of Hogg and Burns, which is honest, if slightly out of touch with the factors that produced the differences in the poets, and is at least as deep seeing as Blackwood's Agricultural and Pastoral theory. "Hogg's poetry is that of the imagination, Burns' of the understanding and heart. Hogg's poetry is made for the readers of poetry only, the man of fancy and of numbers, the literary voluptuary; Burns' is emphatically made for mankind". The fact, curious to the critic's mind, that Hogg should be responsive to the merely beautiful and imaginative, and lack the driving power of every day humanity, impresses him greatly, so different from what might have been expected, and preventing his poetry from ever becoming a house-hold matter like Burns'. He obviously makes no allowance for the seclusion from which Hogg drew his inspiration. The Ettrick poet was the inheritor of the poetry of a province; and of a province steeped in legends of unearthly beauty; of a province which, undisturbed in its spiritual inheritance of many generations, breathed its every-day breath in an atmosphere of closest association with the world beyond life; where the "Wife of Usher's Well" was hardly strange, Kilmeny's translation a matter of unquestioned belief, and the wondrous beauty of the old religious legends, the incongruous horrors of witchcraft, and the delicacy of fairy fancy were vital elements in all minds. The very fact that Hogg is more local than Burns lies at the root of the distinction. Not only does

~~does~~ he draw his inspiration from a district secluded and self-contained. living in contact with a tradition lost to Ayrshire, but he attains his peculiar beauty by virtue of the seclusion. He is cut off from the wider interests of man, it may be, but he reflects the older world more faithfully and intensely. He rises less into the wide human appeal, but breathes the supreme if restricted poetry of a district, which though limited is intensely beautiful and spiritually pure.

This is the most important criticism of Hogg to be found in "Frazer's". The dinner skit, already mentioned, is of no import save for its further illustration of the frequent flippancy Hogg had the knack of provoking, and for the suggestive reference to Jeffrey. In May 1832, the 'Altrive Tales' are down for review, but the chief concern is the autobiography published with the stories, which are all but totally neglected. Hogg is accused of want of frankness in the Memoir in refraining from interesting anecdotes and accurate detail regarding some of the Blackwood mysteries. ~~(III)~~ Some interesting light is thrown on the genesis of the Tales by a quotation from the Memoir, omitted from modern editions; ~~(III)~~ and the writer comments severely on Blackwood's procrastination which finally drove Hogg to London. A deliberate charge of pecuniary injury is preferred against Blackwood, who is blamed for accepting the Shepherd's literary labours without remuneration. There is really no evidence for this, but "Frazer's" was doubtless only too pleased to have any stick wherewith to beat a rival. Hogg, at any rate, did well in coming to London, for "at home, he would have been treated to the end by his bookselling patrons, as Burns was treated by Thomson. or other paltry pilferers of the profits of genius".

"Frazer's" criticism of, and connection with Hogg is thus more interesting than vital, or of serious value in determining the course he was to follow. Even his contributions to its columns, a few poems, are not of much significance. It came much too late in his life to have anything to do with his poetry, and there is no sign of its being able to appreciate the significance of his prose tales. Had he lived, he would ~~have~~ undoubtedly have won his way himself to clearness of purpose, and have rid himself of the mere fringes of vulgarity that beset the earlier tales. He did it with his poetry. The "Queen's Wake" and "Kilmeny" are free of the commonness of idea and image which disguised and hid his early good, and there is no doubt that, given time, he would have made of his tales even such a supreme rendering of the mind and spirit of his Forest as was possible to him alone. Our great regret is that there was apparently no one of his contemporaries who conceived another sphere of literary activity to be possible, or saw in the tales he published the germ of a noble literary effort. So an evil fate dogged his steps and a man of great powers and even greater possibilities was spoiled to the very end by misunderstanding and sheer mischance.

SECTION V.

SOME DIVERGENCES -

SCOTT, CUNNINGHAM, and GALT.

The difficulties that lay in Hogg's path and the possibilities of false judgment of the man's worth have occupied us long. His permanent importance and the value of his contribution to our literature will fittingly close our study of an always interesting personality; and these can best be estimated by comparing him with those of his countrymen who have by one means or another been long associated with him. Scott, Cunningham, and Galt, share with him the honours of early nineteenth century Scottish literature, and though we have throughout had Scott more or less in mind, it will be convenient here to concentrate, and narrow down the issue. To him whose importance is more than local, we naturally turn first. His merit and assured position provide an adequate test; and in renewed contact with the great novelist, we can be sure that we are attributing to Hogg, no fictitious or artificial importance. In such close contrast, their differing claims become manifest. Misplaced ambition might lead Hogg at times to challenge where challenging was ludicrous, but far oftener, this same spirit of emulation caused him to give expression to moods and thoughts and beliefs that lay sealed from Scott's vision. Above all, his basic attitude to his material, often the same material as the master's, differed essentially, fundamentally, and ensured expression which was also different, and therefore valuable. Nowhere is this more visible than in their outlook upon Whig fanaticism and upon the supernatural; and nowhere is comparison more effective, for on these two points the men were working to a large extent over the same ground.

As we might expect from Scott's temperament as well as from his study and knowledge, he took a large view of the quarrels which had shaken Scotland, whose reverberations were not quite stilled even in his day. He was compelled to look upon them from a remote height, and though fairness was his aim as breadth was his method, he was, by upbringing and outlook, unfitted to deal with them without prejudice. His views certainly lean away from the Enthusiasts whom he was very far from understanding. From his standpoint, Hogg has more than enough of prejudice, but to modern eyes, we doubt if such prejudice be a great drawback. Woodrow without it, would lose all the interest that survives in his ponderous ~~foliage~~, a work of love, nevertheless, of ardour. Irving, without prejudice, could not have written that remarkably moving tale of Guthrie. Without prejudice, Hogg could never have preserved for us, the breathing spirit of days whose memory still stirs in the homes on Clyde and Tweed.

It was a question of human sympathy, which Hogg could not miss, for Altnive and Mount Benger are not so far from the wilds of the Moffat Water, the darkness of Loch Skene, and the stern slopes of Talla. His Border memories thronged around him from the South and East, from Oakwood and Newark, from Dryhope and Camterhaugh. From North and West, the tales of hunted men, of the cruelty of Clavers, the perfidy of Johnstone, and the mad devilishness of Grierson/

Grierson of Lag pressed hard upon him. What had Sir Walter Scott of Edinburgh breathed in to compare with such an air and such an environment? It is hardly to be wondered at that they could not see eye to eye on such matters. And if we compare their artistic presentations of the men such times produced, we feel that Scott's superficially broad and even flippant attitude in "Old Mortality" accentuates the true seriousness and depth of Hogg's description. It is visible in the minor characters where cant and such external features provide the matter for comic colouring; it is more potently impressive in the spectacular presentation of Balfour's tragedy, which lacks altogether the earnest comprehension and intimate sympathy of the "Confessions". It is not often that we can compare Scott and Hogg as artists, but here the comparison distinctly favours the smaller man.

It is not that Scott fails to study the ~~Realots~~ seriously. But he does study. They are not with him an intense absorbing problem, demanding solution, such as drives Hogg on from Adamson to Wringham. He is aloof, scientific in a way, and seizes upon externalities or upon characters whose extravagance satisfies him by its obvious maniacal explanation. The ordinary Enthusiast eludes him. The world he inhabits is too different. Consequently his most successful studies are often of men like Caleb Balderstone or Balfour, whose abnormality enables him to work at ease, but whose characteristics are so exaggerated as to make them unrecognisable as typical Covenanters. With them, in spite of plenty of acquired knowledge, and a thorough acquaintance with their traditional sayings and doings, his innate lack of sympathy renders satisfactory portraits impossible.

It is the same with the Supernatural. He knows its traditions, is thoroughly aware of its importance in his loved Borders and Highlands, and as an artist, he is eager to make use of its extraordinary effective appeal, but his too alert rationalism is for ever intruding, his lack of real understanding always nullifying his efforts. He knows, no man better, all the old stories about fairies and witches, he appreciates their potency in ballad and legend and tale, but he never attains, even to that reconciling position which Coleridge mastered. Dreams and psychological phenomena intrigue him, for they satisfy his persistent hankering after an explanation; a hankering which spoils so good and well told a Ghost Story as "Woodstock" where, ironically enough, the explanation is the bigger strain on credulity. And as with the Enthusiasts, so is it with the Supernatural. He seeks and finds an adequate compromise in all the various forms of extravagance and mania; and denied artistic comprehension of wraiths and fairies, he finds satisfaction in men like Robertson or women like "Madge Wildfire or Meg Merrilies". The last is a striking example of his method. She is of tradition to begin with, but she does not long remain so. Jean Gordon undergoes something more than a mere change of/

of name. She goes beyond tradition and becomes deranged, her derangement providing an excuse for the quasi-supernatural part she plays in the tale. In such characters, Scott has discovered of what sort his presiding spirits must be. He cannot make them altogether supernatural but he has recourse to that which excites interest and is yet human - a half-witted or a morbid creature. His 'Lady' in the "Monastery" is a grotesque failure, Meg and Madge are great successes, and more than serve the same purpose.

With his Highland stories, this mingling of interest and rational alertness does not work so destructively, for there he found a remoteness which enabled him to make some use of the abundant supernatural material. When as in "The Antiquary" or in the "Heart of Midlothian", the proximity both of time and locality, or at least their unbroken continuity with his own, made it impossible for him thus to use the supernatural romantically, he took refuge in fun, or more seriously, in psychology, and phases of madness gave him something of the appeal he desired, enabling him at the same time to preserve his rational attitude. With the Borders, however, he was always in difficulty, for they were so saturated with a supernatural older far and deeper than anything^{with} which Scott's mature reason would allow him to sympathise that he was faced with a mighty obstacle at the very outset. It demanded full knowledge and full belief, and Scott's only approach to it was before the novels, ere he had thrown off his boyish inclinations and tastes. He could delight in stories of the Rhymer. He gloried in the enchanted region which stretched from Cauldshields Loch to the Eildons and down across Tweed to the Black Hill at Earlstoun, but he placed it far back in the past, where Hogg, absorbed in it, could realise and adequately express it as part of the present. So it is that Scott fails in the "Monastery", so in a less but more significant degree, he comes short of success in the "Black Dwarf", which illustrates to the full, his persistent difficulty. It is his most serious attempt to deal with Border tradition, and it remains largely incidental. It recalls in some of its features, the "Brownie of Bodsbeck", but the resemblance is fleeting. He begins, determined apparently, to make use of a Border superstition, but the manner is stiff and the matter intractable. He is not at ease, keeps close, very close, to his recorded original, and tends to lose the distinction between a tradition and a tale. Much of it is more like his notes than his romances. His characters are not visualised enough to interest us sufficiently; and the fact that they are fictitiously slight, makes them less attractive than Hogg's equally slight but real work. The tale is frequently a tangle of partly woven threads, and the mood escapes him. Further, the usual effort to reconcile himself to the supernatural in the tradition makes him paint the Dwarf as a mere psychological freak, with the inevitable result that the tangle grows worse. He certainly introduces the local superstitions in an usual degree, but wholly from the modern and 'knowing' point of view. "It is said" is a very frequent phrase, and sufficiently

sufficiently indicates that even in this deliberate effort, he could not overcome the obstacle which lay between him and a true understanding of a life which was Hogg's natural possession.

In truth, much as Scott loved the Borders, he never really was of them. And the two points we have just cited, as they were essential Factors in the life of the Forest, illustrate in a very marked degree the difference between Scott and Hogg as interpreters of the district with which they were both so much in contact. Scott's real locality was not his adopted Selkirkshire. Edinburgh he knew as Hogg knew Ettrick and Yarrow, and whenever he touches Edinburgh, he elaborates with an affectionate hand, can hardly tear himself, indeed, from its heights of delightful reminiscence, and even sacrifices the telling of his tale to his lingering pleasure in recalling old incidents of his experience, and dwelling with fondness, none the less felt through the fun, on the scenes he knew so well. Hogg in the Forest, Scott in Edinburgh, are not so far apart.

But Scott could not be, nor would we have him, content with Edinburgh. He eagerly took all Scotland for his province, and that very ambition which worked for Hogg's undoing, led with Scott to the most satisfactory results. Yet, though Borders and Highlands alike, supplied him with abundance of that full-blooded life which he desired, it was the Highlands his artistic instinct preferred, since in them no knowledge of the modern inhabitants and their real thoughts prevented him from unfettered imaginative reconstruction. Worrying into his Border stories, there was always a consciousness of a people whom he knew but superficially, yet sufficiently to prevent his absolute freedom in fiction. Early nurtured in a modern conception of raids and forays, of the reivers and outlaws of Tweed, and looking at all through a magic mirror, he, in later days, for his artistic ease, deliberately retained this attitude; and saw the old life, clearly enough, but very remote, and as a thing altogether separated from the present and a present people whose heritage it was. He turns to the old deeds with a selecting eye, to choose only that which appeals to his fancy. Of course, he gains in clearness of statement, but he loses immeasurably in intensity and truth. It is no great interpretation of a people he intends. In Armstrongs and Elliots, in stern and impulsive life lived passionately at full pressure, he sees primarily, decorations and embroidery for his pleasant renderings of a strange past. So he selects always, where Hogg, attracted by all, has his selection made for him by the countryside whose innermost life was his. Hogg is passionate about old stories, where Scott is calmly critical. As a Border Antiquary, Scott has no equal, but in dealing with the people he found himself faced with something he could not quite fathom. Hogg has more real comprehension of them in one page than Scott in all the "Monastery", "Abbot" or "Black Dwarf"; for these are things apart from the present existence of the men whose thoughts were still in absolute touch with the old. It is here that Scott could have learned much from Hogg, here that Hogg found most justification for his distrust of Scott, a distrust often present in/

in his mind without his knowing quite how to account for it.

Yet Scott, was keen to do something for the Borders. All his upbringing, much of his mature affection turned him thither for inspiration. He comes nearer to it in the "Lay of the Last Minstrel" than in any of the novels, because in his early poetic days, he was more in touch with the fundamental characteristic of the country's spirit. But his later moods were alien. So is it that no one knows more of the old Border history; no one loved better its Abbeys and Towers, and no one was so fitted to collect and preserve, to love and understand its old ballads. But the historical view obscured all others, and all hope of his being able to represent adequately the wonderful people at his door. He appreciates the mass of interesting material the Borders provide, is keenly alert to its value, but earnestness and intimacy and that deep understanding always present in Hogg, are wanting. And since the old life was still pulsing in Hogg's day, and the old beliefs were still alive, we find in him who breathed it all naturally the more convincing rendering, even though his pictures are but sketches, and there is no full sized canvas.

Yet it was this consciousness of approach to his themes, characteristic of all Scott's Scottish work, which ensured his acceptance, while Hogg's intenser and more passionately realised inspiration remained local and hardly known. What was a refuge and often a weakness in Border subjects became not only a source of strength and a happy artistic medium in other environments, but enabled Scott to make his appeal to that wider world which was necessarily ignorant and unappreciative of the beauty of Scottish character and story. It was a method impossible to Hogg, alien to his outlook, and demanded such aloofness and knowledge as Scott alone possessed. That it involved certain defects and shortcomings we can hardly complain. Its immediate success is its ample justification. For Scott, the ideal antiquary, preserved by his real affection and living imagination from degenerating into a Dryasdust, and full of delighted appreciation of the old, was wonderfully able to realise its beauty and to communicate his enthusiasm and love for it to those around him.

But he had to use the available means of approach, and though his local and historical knowledge and his choice of subjects kept him much closer to human reality than his fellows, he was, as an artist, consistently romantic. Of course, it was necessary. It took long to accustom men to see the poetry of ordinary life. Wilson could not see it in the "Shepherd's Calendar"; Lockhart missed it in Wilkie's pictures. Yet their admired exemplar could make use of that to which they would not stoop. Scott deliberately chose Jeanie Deans for his heroine, he deliberately and successfully entered into appreciation of humble life in the "Antiquary". Naturally, Romance was there too. Scott did not paint his humble life merely from love of it. Nor did he paint it all and actually. There is always a light shed upon it from the imagination of a man apart from it. He did not share/

(98). From an article in Blackwood's Magazine.

"The most remarkable is Jeanie Deans, somewhat of a new character in novel writing, and certainly a very interesting one. Perhaps there is a little too much of it, as even with persons not very aristocratical, the attention may appear to be too long, and too diffusely called to the concerns of a cowfeeder and his daughter. Indeed it must be remarked that poetry...is of itself somewhat aristocratic. ...A modern school has held a different line of orthodoxy, and carried the muse through all the back lanes and blind alleys of vulgar life. We humbly think, however, that in this process, she has soiled her petticoats, if not dimmed her beauty.

"Such homely passages, though strictly characteristic, are perhaps too often introduced. There are certain coarse kinds of fare which delight the most refined palates at times, but they would be disgusted by a daily meal of them."

share it intimately enough to become the interpreter of its poetry in its deepest sense; but he did much, very much more than he or his fellows imagined. The reviewers of his day appreciated the "Lay" and "Marmion" as reviving interest in the grandeur of old Scotland. Only very reluctantly did they allow that Scott's common themes could be literary. We can only call it lack of foresight - ignorance is too harsh a term - on the part of men who were gradually feeling their way forward from the initial Romantic point of view. Scott did a mighty work in this direction even though he was not single-minded in it. He soon wearied in well-doing; but something was gained when Jeanie Deans was grudgingly accepted, where Hogg's natural and naturally drawn characters were labelled as vulgar (gg).

In such circumstances, Scott's Romance, much as it irritated Hogg, was not only the sure road to acceptance, but the condition of satisfactory outlook and expression. It coloured all his work, and involved characteristic features both of approach and realisation which are very markedly absent in the local poet. Hogg almost invariably can be looked upon as the vocal member of a race, expressing the thoughts and history common to all. Scott, as invariably, is writing for an audience which he knows to be alien and for which careful approaches have to be made. This is the origin of much of his thoroughly satisfactory and detailed description of Highland and Lowland customs, known only to the inhabitants of each district and lost but for his preservation. It is the origin of the beautiful sketches and pictures of the environment of his stories; and we must allow that a good deal of Hogg depends for its comprehension at the present day on the knowledge we owe to Scott's affectionate and careful explanations. For Hogg, breathing in the story, in the unchanged surroundings of its natural environment, tells it in the same mood, conscious of no need to make the framework plain, because it is ever present with him. He rarely troubles about detail, either of character, person, or place. Scott, on the other hand, aware that he must make his theme easily understood of his readers, and moved by affectionate interest rather than passionate love, paints with meticulous detail, and spares no pains to present every situation, every person vividly before us. No better contrast in this respect could be found, than in the account of the store farmers of the South of Scotland, a propos of Dandie Dinmont. The matter is such as Hogg himself would have deemed worthy, but Scott describes the change in the race from the present-day point of view, and not through the characters themselves. The whole is external and modern, and details are plentifully added, for our better understanding certainly, which Hogg would never have thought about. They were instinctive and understood. Occasionally an awareness of an audience may make Hogg paint in externals, but it is evanescent and momentary; in Scott, it persists.

The difference in quickness of appeal is obvious. Hogg was not aware of any necessity for bridging the gap between his own times and those of the story, and he failed where Scott succeeded, who had first to bridge it for himself. But Hogg gains in an unexpected fashion, despite his confirmed locality. He gains in truth, for no imaginative/

imaginative need will induce him to tamper with the natural accompaniments of his tale, and he is saved from the staginess which, at times, disfigures Scott's settings. And his very economy, telling so little of the place, instinctively relying so much upon the name to call up all the intended associations, makes his local appeal, deep and lasting, with all the intensity of a Ballad that is the natural and peculiar growth of a peculiar district. A visit to Scott's scenes adds little to his appreciation. We may remember his description of the Trossachs, of Skye, when we are there, but the poem, the story appeals quite as strongly before as after. With Hogg, a knowledge of the Scene is a vital element in the appreciation of the Tale. Yarrow unvisited presents a different Shepherd from Yarrow visited. Hogg does not describe Chapel-hope, the Meggat, Pauldshope, or the Fords o'Callum, but a sight of these places deepens and intensifies the mysterious appeal to an almost unbelievable extent. A glimpse becomes a vision. Scott's scenes gain light from his use of them; Hogg's scenes illuminate his story.

The differences are accentuated when we consider the attitude of the two men to their material, the origins of their tales. Here the freedom and breadth of Scott, the depth and the compelling truth of Hogg are very visible. While Hogg drew only from his locality and its traditions, Scott was national and brought tradition everywhere to the test of history. His whole attitude is literary, and his methods trained. He invariably faces his material from the point of view of the artist, wondering what use he can make of it, and subordinating all things to the telling of the story. He cares little how he shifts and turns his incidents and raw material, provided the story gains by it. This is almost inevitable from the large canvas he uses; and, dealing rightly in the main with the historical foundation, he makes free use of his varied elements for local and minute colouring. He is aware of their value and their place in the general scheme, and his artistic outlook and avowed and realised purpose enable him to turn everything to the utmost advantage. For Hogg, we can claim little conscious artistry. The course of his story is arranged for him and his faithfulness sees no other. The artistic conception of the tale means nothing to him; and unity and force, arrangement and power come only when his imagination is fired, and he pours new life into the old story.

This is not to say that Scott has no reverence for tradition. He acknowledges the due spirit, has it in some degree, and at least understands Hogg's attitude, but will scarcely allow it to be followed out in its rigid entirety. It is too cramping and it confines him to accuracy in minutiae, when he is concerned with the verisimilitude and with the decoration of his main tale. Over and over again, Hogg makes a story out of a small remembered incident or speech which he retails with the most careful accuracy as to locality and time and person. Scott cares little for this, and uses the material, transports it, without reference to local or temporal fact.

His/

His reading has been so alert, his experience so wide, that he has stores of these episodes continually arising in his mind, and they simply will run into the main narrative. It may be argued that all this merely points out the meagreness of one man and the width of another, but there is more than that in it. The very richness of Scott is at once the cause and the effect of his careless breadth. He knows no locality with the intense pride and knowledge Hogg can show for his Naboth's vineyard. He knows no people with the intense depth that characterises Hogg. So we can understand why they could not see eye to eye on the Borders, why they almost quarrelled over the "Brownie", Scott maintaining that it was an exaggerated picture ~~and~~ of the times and historical characters, Hogg urging that it was the picture he had received; and while we may allow the prejudice, we must concede the truth of the presentation, true in a deep important sense, as the recorded attitude of generations of sufferers. Scott hardly understood this attitude, but it is an essential feature of Hogg's work. He could not and would not alter the story ~~or~~ its surroundings, the outward signs of its fidelity. The story of Prestonpans in "Waverley" is a case in point. Scott delights in the account so long as he is shedding further light on history, filling out from a contemporary source, the facts ^{as} history gives them. So far, there is little to choose ~~from~~ ^{between} Scott's Prestonpans and Hogg's Philiphaugh. But Scott stops short. "The rest is well known" he says, while Hogg, unconscious of history, and absorbed in the tale as he knows it, goes on and tells it out from the local point of view. Scott is not finished, however. He must turn it to his own purpose; and he gives it a decided and deliberate locality at the last moment, by bringing in Balmawhapple and Jinker, the horse-couper, where neither history nor tradition can support their presence.

To the general reader, Scott is naturally the more valuable, but he has little hint of that quality which so endears Hogg - that deep-seated local patriotism which makes his appeal certain if limited. Pride and patriotism make him speak full-heartedly and enthusiastically of Kilmeny, of Charlie Scott, transforming stammering syllables into fluent and noble speech, and expressing once and for all, barely but forcefully, the story whose every turn is known to his audience. He needs to select neither theme or telling. With Scott it is otherwise. Rob Roy's exploits are attractive because they bring Robin Hood into the eighteenth century, and "that within forty miles of Glasgow, a great commercial city, the seat of a learned University". This is his mood, and with a mighty enthusiasm, because of something rich and strange which he knows to some extent and is eager to know better, he prepares to tell the entrancing tale to a stranger audience, sure of the interest it will arouse. Nevertheless he tells it as a tale, a romance, not as an essential part of his own history. He is not too concerned with its accuracy as history, nor patriotically dogmatic on its credibility as tradition. He delights in the traditional accounts, but will test them always by the documentary evidence which is equally pleasing and more authoritative. He is not far from the kingdom where Hogg intermit-

tently ruled; but he is not of it. The line of descent is unmistakably broken, emotionally and imaginatively complete though it appear.

In these remarks, there may seem to be a fair share of heresy; but two points must be remembered. The matter considered concerns a small portion of Scott's work; and we have never questioned that, from the modern literary point of view, the two men cannot be put into comparison. Nevertheless, we certainly claim for Hogg a true epic position to which Scott has little justifiable aspiration. Romance is not epic, and never can be; and in Hogg's tales and sketches, we get down to the bed-rock of character and belief, and life as it revealed itself in the Forest, in the most remarkable and convincing fashion. His native understanding of the themes, his deep belief in his vocation to preserve them, his contemporary attitude to the age-long traditions, his intense locality and patriotism, all combined to give his work a unique importance and value, for which we are more than ready to forgive his lack of literary skill. It is a moot point whether to wish he had had more of it. With more, he might have challenged Scott on a wider field. With more, he might have drifted farther and oftener from his own natural vocation. So we must be content to leave it, and leave unedifying conjecture alone. There is plenty of consolation in the fact that in his own sphere, he excels even Scott, whose Romance and antiquarian zeal paint but thinly the beliefs and living outlook of the men who breathe strongly through the best of Hogg's tales.

His work and his place are thus different from Scott's. His lowly origin, his community with his people, made a lowly and local literature possible; and a local influence in keeping alive a love of the past, in nourishing the historical sense of a people now modernised with the rest of Scotland, is peculiarly his. The bare uplands of Ettrick and Yarrow are alive with his memory, and, through him, with memories which stretch far beyond. All the more wonderful this, when we think how the memory of the Abbotsford Laird is cherished in these same districts. The two live together, and Scott's greatness has not, in spite of justifiable expectation, driven out or obscured the humbler but very potent memory of the Shepherd. It would be presumption to say, because his influence and sway are thus limited, confined to a comparatively small area of a small country, and largely outside the world of literature, that it is negligible or unimportant. And even to Scotsmen in general, his power in helping to retain that sense of nationality which can be beneficial, is difficult to appraise, easy to underestimate. True, there are few traces of this influence in modern literature of high intrinsic worth. Stevenson had something that he learned from Hogg, something of spirit, something also, perhaps, of material, for there is more than a suspicion of the 'Confessions of a Justified Sinner' in 'Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde'. But be that as it may, his potency among his own people has to be experienced before it can be appreciated, and is far other than that tourist curiosity which inspires excursions to St. Mary's Loch and Tibbie Shiels' Inn.

It is of greater importance than that of either
Allan/

Allan Cunningham or John Galt, excellent as these are both in their proper spheres. It is gratifying to note that both men, long neglected, are coming into their own, and it is to be hoped that Hogg, too, may before long free himself from the web of misunderstanding and of depreciation which has entangled him, and appear before a wider audience than he has hitherto enjoyed, in something nearer his true colours. He is worthy to stand on his own feet, and to be judged by himself, and not by his connection with his great friend Scott, or his companions of the Blackwood circle.

How does he stand, then, in relation to Galt and Cunningham, men whom it has been the custom to consider more or less as his rivals, and products of the like circumstances? Nothing could better illustrate the fatality of conventional judgment in literature, since for long all three have been fastened on to the skirts of Scott as his imitators. In truth, Scott was the giant who towered among contemporaries, many of whom had no small share of original genius, responding to the same productive circumstances, and marking out for themselves, sometimes consciously, sometimes not, fields of their own to till. Each of them has his own merits, and Scott standing head and shoulders above them, took his place in the temple of literature, while these, in popular judgment, fell back into hangers-on and imitators of the Master. The imitation is not very obvious, except that they were inspired, in one way and another, by the example and success of the greater man to give expression to their own proper outlook, and to cultivate their own gifts. That is important. Without Scott's success, many Scotsmen had remained silent. But it cannot be over-emphasised that, after considering Scott's pioneer work with his 'Minstrelsy', where again he did best what many desired to do, his great claim and honour are not so much that he did exceptional and singular work, as that he was one of many who responded to and expressed the same influences and compelling circumstances. He was the greatest, and it was he who made the channel between Scottish life and English literature, but he is no brilliant and unique phenomena. As Shakespeare has round him men who gave colour and form to the same inspiring environment, so is it with Scott. Minor men had contributions of their own to make, of matter which Scott did not touch; and it makes little difference that they are smaller. They are themselves, not mere imitators, and deserved to be considered on their individual merits.

To lump Galt, Cunningham, and Hogg together is conclusive of one thing - that they have not been read. Allan Cunningham, especially, is often thought of as another Ettrick Shepherd. It will not take long to prove that they are quite dissimilar. And if the greatness of Scott prevents us from seeing the value of Hogg, there is no such difficulty in comparing the Shepherd with Cunningham. Here again, however, we would concentrate upon their dissimilarity, rather than endeavour to place them on a list of merit.

To a certain extent, easily misunderstood and exaggerated, they had the same training and followed the same course/

course. Like Hogg, Cunningham was a "peasant poet"; he was a collector of songs and ballads, though Cromek's "Remains" contains a very much greater proportion of the Galloway poet's own work masquerading as collected, than can be found in the "Jacobite Relics". Like Hogg, he was attracted to express the legends and traditions of his native country; and like him also, he has a great deal to say of Covenanters. Superficially, there is a distinct resemblance. He is therefore treated in "Maga" as a rival of Hogg's, and always seriously. They knew little of him personally, and so gave him a chance. When Wilson took to considering who would be the best man to write a poem of Scottish life, it was to "Honest Allart" he gave his voice. And he was right, for Cunningham was much the more likely to approach the task deliberately, treat it poetically, and render it in the spirit which would have pleased Wilson.

The vital difference between the two is to be found in their attitude to their material. Undoubtedly, Cunningham has more consistent skill, and is by far the more equal. But this he gained by a large measure of response to literary influence, by becoming indeed merged in literature. He lived in a district never quite so ancient in its modern outlook as the Forest was, and this, coupled with his facile response to contemporary methods, makes him speedily adopt a more modern, and also more artificial outlook. He quickly ascends, if you like, into the observer, the interested and cultured spectator, and his most frequent pose is that of the native who returns to his old habitand tells the old traditions and tales from the cultured and external point of view.

A crucial index is his "Recollections of a Covenanter: by Mark MacRabin", which appeared in "Blackwood's", and which, contrasted with such work of Hogg's as the 'Brownie and the "Justified Sinner", not only marks clearly the different vision but the vastly different expression. There is no doubt which is superior. 'Mark MacRabin's is no match in any vital quality for Hogg. It is full of the sentimental colouring which delighted Wilson. Indeed, when one stumbles across this series in "Blackwood's", one naturally concludes that Wilson is the author. The method is at once visible as directly opposed to Hogg's way of retelling old tales; and the sketches are full of a digressiveness, sentimentality, and egotism, which seem to indicate a man who knows nothing of the real traditional spirit to which Hogg was born, and Scott in many ways imaginatively akin. It is at first surprising to find that they are the work of Cunningham, but wider reading emphatically lessens that surprise.

Here seems to speak a journalist, a man with an eye ever on a successful article. Egotism is always to the fore. He has no great interest in this theme of the Cameronian except as a screen on which to display the varied kalidoscopic turnings of his own mind. It is disappointing to find Cunningham so easily answering to the worst faults of current literature, and it shows at once how potent these faults were and how wise Hogg was in keeping away as much as possible from the source of weakness. The external tone is very prominent. Even the slightest thing - the colour of the/

the Cameronian's face, the nature of the viands he and his visitor consume - is an excuse for his leaving the main theme. Hogg has details, certainly, but they are of the tradition, of the spirit of the tale. Moreover Hogg understood the sectary: Cunningham neither understands nor is interested in him for himself. There is no notion of atmosphere, of the fitness of things; and MacRabin's meeting with him is placed spiritually and physically in as uncovenanting an environment as can well be imagined. Much of the description is not only blind, but flippant. There is tradition at the back of it, certainly, but so spoiled and muddled by its passage through the mind of the writer, that one wonders how the mere effect of modernity could so alter it. Moreover, he has very little control or sense of the need for it, either in maintaining the unity of his story, or in preserving it from mere irrelevant intrusions. All kinds of memories are tacked on to the main theme in a way that seems to mark not only an inexperienced writer, but one who decidedly falls between two stools. He would be traditional, yet would be literary: and he is quite unable to effect a reconciliation. Sometimes, if we can rid ourselves of the idea of unity, there are parts which, though out of proportion, are distinctly well done. Such is the discussion about what the maid will sing. "Sing her the sang o' sweet Sandie Peden - the sang o' rejoicing when he saw the first blood o' saints shed for the cause in Scotland.." But serious lapses will occur, the result of the spirit which aims at effect, and colours assiduously at one patch without reference to the general intent. In the midst of a story of dool and was, and in the presence of a long-expected death, we have a description of the maid which is the purest impertinence. "A jacket of linsey-woolsey, of a dark silvery gray, closed over her bosom, and, rising like a fan from her shoulders, framed a background, and admitted the air to a glowing neck, round, and smooth, and long; while a petticoat of the same fabric reached more than mid-leg, showing white, elegant ankles, and feet washen and perfumed among the gowan dew." One recognises the Northian touch here. Cunningham's maidens are all marvellously beautiful, all in the same way, and without much reality, and are as remote from Hogg's fairy-protected virgins as anything well could be.

There is plenty of material. We cannot say that Cunningham does not know his traditions. But his canvas is too big, his material unmanageable, and the old stories too assiduously drained through a mind saturated in modernism. The whole is clouded, indefinite, unconvincing, and altogether lacking in consistency either of aim or of treatment. We need dwell no longer on this disappointing bit of work. It is evidence of a man who has left his anchorage and is drifting about within sight of his home, but never able to attain it, nor even to make a steady earnest effort to reach it.

The same may be said in a less degree of his "Traditional Tales", published in 1822. There are many more excellences to be noted, the stories are frequently very well told, and the traditional root strongly supporting them is quite evident. His original knowledge is intimate, if somewhat remote. But he will not leave the plant alone. He twists it, *grafts it* on to alien growths, until one forgets the original altogether, and he clothes the whole in language and thought which are deliberately poetised. He has this point in his favour, that to/

to a non-local audience, he would make a quicker appeal than Hogg, but that is all. Throughout he is literary, literary to a fault; and casts his net too widely, without the power which lies behind Scott's full sweep. He is not local as Hogg is, nor faithful, nor comprehending, and he is full of conventions, channels which he must and will use, but in which his stream runs none too happily.

Especially he invites comparison in such a tale as "Elphin Irving - The Fairies' Cupbearer". Here again, we have modernism strongly at work. The mood of the returned worldly-wise native provides the key-note. He writes of the fairies almost as an outlander, not as an inhabitant and a believer, and, sympathetic but aloof, he tells the tale as one to whom it is a beautiful passed fancy, and no more. With a skill equal, and a restraint superior to Wilson's, he inevitably suggests the poetic reveries of that conscious dreamer on old tales. His mood is subjective entirely, and his medium of expression in keeping. He makes no attempt to write in dialect or in realistic language, and one has to grow accustomed to the atmosphere ere the diction reads naturally. It is not easy to turn from Hogg's to Cunningham's renderings, beautiful, and more sustained and consistent as these often are—possibly more valuable as specimens of the standard literature. The tradition, lingered over, has produced a totally different fruit. It is the product of a modern mind, is told wholly with an eye on a modern audience, and song and story are mingled purely with this appeal in view; successfully, no doubt, but strangely, for a traditional story. It is sentimental, too, though not poisoned with it as Wilson's is apt to be. Pastoral beauty and fairy sweetness are what he attempts, and what he in no small measure realises. But one misses the authentic note of tradition, and of traditional belief in this fairy legend, and such hints of the vitality behind his version as do appear are almost unconscious on his part, forcing themselves into prominence through the mist of fancy by their inherent strength.

The tale is either a variant, or a modern imaginative version of the Ballad of 'Young Tamlane'. The resemblance is close, even the phrase "I will win him from them all" appearing in Phemie's inspired determination. A curious and apparently local note is introduced in connection with the fairies, one lad saying, "There has not been a fairy seen in the land since Donald Gargil, the Cameronian, conjured them into the Solway for playing on their pipes during one of his nocturnal preachings on the top of the Burnswark hill." But all the traditions are literary and even such as would be told by a writer of so late an age as ours dreaming on old tales long past belief. Cunningham is already as modern as we are. There is the farmer's vision of the lost boy's sister who, as he gazed, rose and sang "The Fairy Oak of Carriewater", a lyricised version of Tamlane. It comes perilously near the artificial, and the story is greatly delayed by these excrescent ornaments of song and interpolated tradition. They are pleasant enough in their own atmosphere, but far removed from belief and credited legend told for its own sake. The genesis of the story becomes perfectly clear. It is a modern man's/

man's sentimentalised version of the old Ballad, for, according to the song, the maiden's faith wavers at the final change, and she fails to win her brother back. The vision is Phemie, and her song the confession of her failure. The maid was really delirious, and not a wraith at all; the dead body of her brother was recovered; and the whole story becomes a credible one even for modern readers, beautifully told, but modern, and having little to do either with Scottish tradition or Scottish supernatural.

Cunningham's attitude is fairly well indicated by his habit of prefacing his stories with extracts from "Old Ballads", as texts for his modern discursions upon old themes. They have the basis of the old, certainly, but the spirit is entirely new, and has as little in common with the original as Malory's knightly tales had to do with the Celtic Arthur. The moods are spun out, defined, and decorated for an audience not naturally at one with theme or setting, and the language by which he endeavours to make his appeal sure and immediate, sounds at times like that of a prose harper. In truth, he is more the poet of a sea than of a people. The Solway, its light and shadow, its fickleness and sorrows, is in all stories, and may well explain his heightening moods and diction.

He has a curious fondness for introducing songs at the strangest moments, like the 'Song of Richard Faukener', heard coming from the very bosom of the storm-cloud when his bark is in imminent danger; and these are invariably in a metre and language very remote from traditional. They invite comparison with such heart-close ballads as Nannie Elshinder sings on much more natural occasions. All this he does, too, in spite of the fact that, as glimpses show, behind his version is an actual legend of the soil. He draws on the pageantry, more implied than even suggested, the colours and the fabrics of the old ballads, and embroiders them afresh in his new renderings, where they glitter strangely. His spectre ships, his visions, dreams, and wraith apparitions, are read as curious embellishments, but without fear or stirring of awe, such as Hogg can always excite.

He has, like Scott, a leaning towards prophetic sibyls; but the artificiality is patent, and the tales, all in similarly high-pitched phraseology, soon pall. One feels that they lack something vital. What has attracted him seems to be an external and almost meretricious beauty, and the soul of the old credible stories is obscured. His rendering of the scenery, the scenery of his own land, is likewise through a romantic glass. He loves it, but it is misted in a kind of charmed veil of sentiment and deliberate poetry. His people tells of, as if he were a stranger, describing their traits and characteristics not by implication in his story, but from the outside, with intimacy, but without inwardness. He seems to covet that appreciation, of an observing visitor amongst a folk who have admitted him to close relations. "Those who have the good fortune to be admitted to their friendship, or their fireside, may have their condescension richly repaid by curious oral communications, in which history true and fabulous, and poetry and superstition/

superstition, are strongly blended together." This is his view, and so he renders the tales till they become like prose operas, with lyrics sprinkled here and there. But though he persists in calling the songs "old rude rhymes", their drawing-room atmosphere proclaims this persistence to be mere perversity. Something, in Annandale, maybe the Covenanting doctrines, has cut clean across the old traditions, and where the Forest absorbed them, Annandale has had to reapproach them; so Cunningham's work would suggest. The stories are told at full length, and embroidered all the way, a method which simply steals all the atmosphere from such a tale of fore-told woe as 'The Prophetess'. It should be awful, and is merely pretty; for decoration rather than a truthful rendering of a vital theme is his aim. The general mood is not unfairly indicated by a sentence from "The Ghost with the Golden Casket". "Caerlaverock was formerly the residence of the almost princely names of Douglas, Seaton, Kirkpatrick, and Maxwell: it is now the dwelling-place of the hawk and the owl; its courts are a lair for cattle; and its walls afford a midnight shelter to the passing smuggler." It is described at fuller length in the introduction to the 'Haunted Ships'. "To the curious these tales afford a rich fund of entertainment, from the many diversities of the same story; some dry and barren, and stripped of all the embellishments of poetry; others dressed out in all the riches of a superstitious belief and haunted imagination." Yet this very tale, after much aimless delay, where the embarrassment of abundant and half-digested material worries him, comes to a tail-piece and afterthought, which is one of the best renderings of an old legend Cunningham has made - the story of how Laird MacHarg preserved his wife from the water-elves of the Haunted Ships. It is decidedly well-told, and for once the atmosphere maintains itself undefeated against the destructive spirit of modernity.

Generally, however, the aloof and external, if would-be sympathetic standpoint is distinct. It is patent everywhere, but such minor matters as his CHOICE of names, and his conscious reproduction of topographical detail, are additional indications. He insists on his externality. "I had often heard of the singular superstitions of the Scottish peasantry" is the motive throughout; and the natural untruth of the method is shown by the following curious and quite false statement. "'You may imagine, then' said the old Caerlaverock peasant, rising at once with the commencement of his story from the native dialect" (which he has NOT been speaking) "into very passable English". That shows well enough how far Cunningham was from the epic contemporary outlook of Hogg. In the Ettrick Shepherd, it was all but a unique quality, and among all his temporal fellows, there seems to have been only one man in whom the same trait was predominantly present.

We refer to Irving, whose early environment was so like Hogg's, whose later career was so utterly remote from any of his time. His "Tale of the Times of the Martyrs" appeared in Cunningham's 'Anniversary' for 1829; and deserves to be very widely known, not only as a specimen of stately English, but as a notable incarnation of the old outlook. It is/

is a tale which breathes the very spirit of tradition, working in a mind wholly religious, and interpreted from the religiously inherited point of view, with a dignity and a reminiscence of old speech which is entirely beautiful and without suspicion of cant. The story is of Guthrie, the son of the first martyr, and later the pastor of Irongray. In the introduction to the tale, heard from the lips of the hero's daughter, and finally rendered as a true heritage, Irving speaks his reliance on old stories thus received. He claims that though they might chance to vary according to the narrator, "still it was the fashion and the mould of a living, feeling, acting man; a friend, haply a father, haply a venerable ancestor, haply the living chronicler of the country round. The information thus acquired lives embalmed in the most precious associations which bind youth to age - inexperienced ignorant youth, to wise^{er} narrative old age. And to my heart, much exercised in early years with such traditionary memorials of the pious fathers of our brave and religious land, I knew not whether be more pleasant, to look back upon the ready good will, the heartfelt gladness, with which the venerable sires and mothers of our dales consented to open the mystery of past time - the story of ruined halls, the fates of decayed families, the hardship and mortal trials of persecuted saints and martyrs; or to remember the deep hold which their words took, and the awful impression which they made upon us whom they favoured with their tales....I have such a reverence for the traditions of the past times, that you may depend upon my faith as a Christian man and a minister, that I have invented nothing and altered nothing... whether as to the manner of my receiving the story, or as to the story itself.....I took my leave", he concludes, "and not many weeks after, I followed her body to the grave; so that the story, if it contains any moral instruction, may be said to be expired by the dying lips of one of the mothers of the kirk of Scotland. Farewell, my dear friend, may the Lord make us worthy of our Sires". This confession, together with the tone of the whole narrative, shows clearly the reverential attitude, accentuated by the religious aspect, of one who had it in him to do almost what Hogg did, to preserve and render fittingly the ancient stories of an ancient and peculiar people, and of one who has here expressed fully the attractive mood common to them both.

When we turn to John Galt, we find that what with Scott and Cunningham was a difference mainly of outlook and attitude, has become a difference of material also. Scott and Hogg had big men and big deeds and a strong living past in their minds as they wrote, and though Cunningham lingered over the decorative side, the strength was still there. Galt is a chronicler of small beer, when all is said; and it contrasts strangely with the full-blooded wine of the Borders which stimulates Hogg. Galt wrote of a people and a land that had little or no history of historical sense, that had few traditions, even few superstitions; and his whole attitude is modern and contemporary. He knows of no ancient tales linking up the men of his day with their forerunners, and even such recent happenings as the persecutions show little sign in his work of having exercised any influence on either people or interpreter.

Much of the cleavage is due to the people themselves interested/

interested under the influence of commercial Glasgow in matters that were to leave the Borders untouched for many years. But equally was it due to the recorder, for it is quite certain that Galt, with his west-country training, was unable to see in the existing people any signs of old inspiration or sustenance. Besides, he was outside of them. His excellence is not that of a native, passionately desiring to make his folks understood, but of an observer, come upon them, delighted with their quaintness and humorous attraction, and eager to display his collection to the literary world. It is true that many of the weaknesses of "Sir Andrew Wylie" are due to a desire to show off a Scotsman among Englishmen, and to assert the importance of Scotland; but that is a motive hardly likely to produce good work, and is different far from the compelling need to interpret the essential spirit of his race, and the pride and local patriotism, the intense love and worship of his own folks which characterise Hogg. As a matter of fact, Galt has no ancestors, nor any feeling for the past at all. The growth of his chosen material is nothing, the outward static characteristics everything. And, deprived of any great emotional inspiration such as enlivens Hogg's slightest rendering, Galt is inclined to that superior, almost satirical expression which invariably marks studies preoccupied with the social and moral side of things. Hogg never questions the importance of the life he describes; Galt often lays himself open to the charge of scepticism and unbelief.

This, his highly developed consciousness of his audience was bound to encourage. More than any of the other three, Galt has his mind upon his English readers, and so the features of his work due to his separation from the past, his preoccupation with manners and morals, and his sense of detachment, are intensified and heightened. Local, of course, he is, just as much as Hogg, and he leaves his locality with just as little success as the Shepherd. Part of "Wylie" and such things as the "Legatees" are painful reminders of his limitations, and he is frequently unable to grasp where his strength lies. As a contemplative, ironical historian of burgh or parish he was supreme, and the very narrowness of his street lamps and plainstones, and kirk repairs constitutes their value. But from the excellences of the "Provost" and the "Annals of the Parish" he was inclined to drift, largely because contempt for his really interesting people destroyed his power of sustained representation; and even in his excellences, the difference between his superior detachment and Hogg's intimate belief is notable. Not so much the moving spirit of his people as their peculiarities and outward expression and humours attract him. The show, rather than the soul of things is his. He sacrifices much possible merit to this aloofness, is prone to lose sight of unity in extraneous and irrelevant pursuits, and at his general level, remains an observer of externals, unconscious of what of real life lies behind them. Occasionally, as in the best part of the "Entail", he does stumble through upon the great passions that can work and leave their terrible tracks upon even apparently placid existences; but the tragic determination of the old man is too soon obscured by the comical superficialities and tricks of speech of the Leddy Gruppy, and Galt blindly leaves good and inspiring matter for that which is more/.

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Of course, the more intimate characters are often given real names; but the following list is notable -
Thomas Steek, the tailor; John Gledd, the lawyer; Dr. Dozadeal, the minister; Mr. Vellum, another lawyer; Lady Augusta Spangle (not by any means a minor character); Mr. Vintage, an innkeeper; Mrs. Peony, the gardener's wife; Flounce, the maid; Mrs. P. Fisher, the housekeeper, and so on.

more immediately attractive. And very attractive he can be. Descriptive power and accuracy of detail he has in plenty, and these he uses to paint a picture whose delightful features no one can miss. He may not be a stranger, but he is as one who has outgrown his first and early identity, and he seizes upon eccentricities with a stranger's quick eye. We get no farther, but we are satisfied.

This is clearly indicated by his pronounced habit of labelling his characters. A rare thing in Hogg, it was common enough at the time, but Galt carries it farther than most (hh). It is part of his stock-in-trade. Everywhere he seizes the opportunity to place every feature of his subject before the reader, and the labelled character makes a ready first impression, which is speedily fixed by the most meticulous rendering of mannerisms, dress, and speech. This last is again a distinctive matter in Galt's methods. He is excelled by none in his power of reproducing the wittiest Scots, and superficially his use of the vernacular is most successful. But the taint of aloofness and externality is always about it. Often it seems as much traditional and real as Hogg's is, yet we are conscious that it is most frequently collected material rather than actual, oral, ballad-like recollections indissolubly wedded to the particular episode. It is retailed as something for an alien's delectation, something pawky and interesting, rather than as the most natural and ready means of expression. Many of his sayings are good, and delightfully telling, but he allows himself an absolutely free hand in his use of them, to form composite dialogue which sparkles, certainly, but tends to sparkle too persistently.

Throughout, it is the modernism of Galt that is emphasised. He cannot escape from it, and Hogg's unity with the past is beyond him. Without it, he becomes a complete reflection of current literary moods and fashions; and strong as he is in his particular sphere, he cannot remain in it, and shows generally the purely literary Scotsman's attitude to Scottish themes. The present actually before him alone concerns him, and though Moir tells us of his nurture on old stories and traditions, he shows no sign of using them save as extremely movable material. The superstitions he deals with, where they are not retailed from a lofty and critical standpoint, are trivial and unimportant, and without roots in tradition. Consequently, when he has occasion to touch upon them, he retails them as part of his picturesque colouring, such as he retails the sayings of his village natural, or the dress and mannerisms of his smaller characters. At one place, indeed, he is so far, by nature and environment, as well as by conscious method, from any vital belief, that he actually borrows from 'The Rape of the Lock' suggestions for his fairies. The traditional supernatural was all but dead with him and with his people, and when he turns to it, as by his literary sympathy he was almost bound to do, it is to reflect the current psychological morbidity of Godwin and the German school. 'The Omen' and 'The Earthquake' both are characteristic specimens of this class, and we need but mention them here to indicate adequately his radical difference from tradition-nurtured and believing Hogg.

With his better known work we need not deal, but
 *Ringan/

"Ringan Gilhaize" is a book which deserves fuller notice, and which, by its theme, challenges comparison with Hogg's work, while its methods show fully the cleavage which separated both Galt and his countrymen from even so powerful a past influence as the persecutions in Ayrshire. Surely there, one would have expected a strong survival both in the thoughts of the people, and in the writings of a man who knew his Ayrshire so well. But the stern spirit of the struggle is well-nigh forgotten, and the references in Galt's books are unimportant and indicative generally of indifference. Was it because belief had passed into mere prejudice, that Galt can give us, so to speak, the mere fringe and foam of the great waves which stagger to and fro in Hogg?

The story is as much as Hogg's ~~as~~ 'Brownie', an answer to the 'prejudice' of 'Old Mortality', but it almost entirely lacks the local strength which alone could justify the attempt. It is told by Gilhaize himself, at first with a careful keeping of atmosphere, and in a Scottish English that is good and convincing. But as the hero has to tell his grandfather's experiences first, the tale gradually drifts into an historical transparency, which fails to keep the tone somewhat. And, when the effect of John Knox's arrival is described, it becomes clear that the rewriting of history, rather than the telling of it from a new local view-point, is the method. It would be dramatic, is certainly effective, but has so much of the later importance drafted into the picture that it reads like a mental anachronism. Further, the personal autobiographical method is still used, though it speedily becomes a hardly maintained convention as far as detail is concerned. "My grandfather" is as far as it goes, the Scots idiom is hardly noticeable, and the phrases that would mark, and did with some frequency mark, the zealot at the beginning, have practically vanished. The book is nevertheless constantly interesting, but the basis is changeable. History obscures the Covenanter, and when a touch of locality does appear, as in "Aunty Agnes's" account of the reception of Queen Mary, it is in the nature of an aside to the main story, more digressive than Scott's deliberate colouring use, and is in Galt's familiar quasi-jocose and humorously satiric vein upon things past. It prepares us, however, for the curious mingling of the Ayrshire of the "Provost" with the Covenanting narrative as Gilhaize himself comes more into the light; and one has the feeling continually that the theme has been chosen almost from the 'humour' aspect which so appealed to Galt. At any rate, there is no great depth in the narrative, and having made it biographical, he is enabled to impose a certain air of verisimilitude and truth of colouring without himself being involved. Consequently, one is never really caught up, and there is no touch of enthusiasm. Galt is evidently unaffected by what is after all a literary effort, and an external achievement. The local colouring gives an effect of pettiness, and causes a notable lack of cohesion with the main theme, a lack which is accentuated by the over-elaboration of the set speeches in which he takes occasion to supply Covenanting phrasing and setting.

Chapter XVI. of Volume II.- so late - begins the story/

story of Gilhaize himself. The feeling of a mixture of two elements keeps recurring. It may be Ayrshire, of course, but the two fail to blend. The 'humour' aspect of an external observer is evident. Once we become accustomed to it, however, and Galt has begun to recount Ayrshire scenes, there is less obvious clash, the story moves better and more convincingly, and we are back to the success of the early chapters of the first volume. But we are never safe from a possible jar. Covenanting and modern Ayrshire will not mix, or Galt cannot mix them. There is a good example when he proceeds to narrate the discomfiture, by means of superstitions, of the lustful officer in command of the quartered dragons. "For all the immoral bravery of the rampant soldiery, and especially of their libertine commander, they had not been long among us till it was discerned that they were as much under the common fears and superstitions as the most credulous of our simple country folk, in so much that what with our family devotions and the tales of witches and warlocks with which every one, as if by concert, delighted to awe them, they were loth to stir out of their quarters after the gloaming". Further, the foiling of the officer is carried on at great length and with a pawky touch that one has difficulty in according with the pious ejaculation of suffering which occurred earlier as prelude to the story. Galt's local detail is digressive, and seldom is properly used to shine through and illuminate the main subject. It becomes, as in the example we have quoted, a thing by itself. It may be because we are not accustomed to it, but this mingling of two apparently distinct moods and mentalities is very strange, and, we think, anachronistic. The dwelling on Hallowe'en and the use made of its superstitions to discomfit the amorous soldier is hardly what we would expect from a zealous Covenanter who would more probably have despised it as a Popish fast and relic.

This local interlude over to his satisfaction, Galt soon drifts into history again, by the simple expedient of making Gilhaize a prime actor; and we seldom escape from the feeling that it is simply a rewriting of the commonly known tale with an added personal bias. It is far away from Hogg's tradition, and not nearly so far forward as Scott's romances, but is simply interestingly written history. It throws no new light, as even an historical romance should. Nor is the account of the thoughts and hesitations and resolves of the Covenanting hero at all convincing. He is incomparably better when he describes the flight and wanderings of Gilhaize after Pentland. The need for real local atmosphere is not so insistent. But, even here, the want of absolute unity between theme and imagination is clear. The modern mood of nature observation is very plainly intruding: so much so that we occasionally find Galt pulling himself up short. He has just carefully described all the external features of the snowy night in which Gilhaize makes his escape, and he proceeds: "At the time, however, I was in no frame of thought to note these things, but I know that such was then the aspect of that night; for as often yet, as the freezing wind sweeps over the fields strewed with snow.... the passion of that hour, at the sight thereof, revives in my spirit."

Notwithstanding all this, there is at times in the/

the later portions of the book evidence of a real local strength. It comes out in the unhappy sufferings of Gilhaize, where we realise that the book has a value, widely as the author has pitched, which cannot lightly be dismissed. It does undoubtedly throw light on an Ayrshire attitude and an Ayrshire moderate attitude which would explain much of the uncovenanting tone. It is of no fanatic, nor of the sufferings of a fanatic that we read, but of how honest and peace-loving men were hounded to rebellion. Here we certainly have Galt for the nonce reflecting and reflecting justly a local spirit. The tale rises to real power as it narrates the afflictions of Gilhaize after his terrible misfortune, and extraneous matter is quite excised. The personal tone rises and embraces the whole for a space, and swings it into full and vigorous progress. Unfortunately, this does not last long. Galt cannot maintain the local and human truth, and we soon drift back into history with a thin and somewhat forced personal interest, culminating in the altogether fictitious shooting of Claverhouse by Gilhaize. The power has gone, and we finish the story in the conviction which predominated while we read, that Galt has set himself a literary exercise and a bookmaking expedient of which there could be neither a passionate origin nor a convincing expression. 'Ringan Gilhaize' has very little in common with the 'Brownie of Bodsbeck'; with the spirit of intense locality which produced 'Mr. Adamson of Laverhope' and 'The Confessions of a Justified Sinner' it has nothing.

FINALLY.

In thus contrasting Hogg with his three strongest Scottish contemporaries, we have had, we repeat, no intention of indulging in anything like a full and adequate criticism. It has been our purpose primarily to indicate in what respects he differed from them, and so to arrive at a sense of his real value. It should be clear that while Scott and Galt, at least, have a wider claim to a position in the history of English literature, the Shepherd has this peculiar praise that he made a race and a soil, strange and isolated amid a quickly moving country's progress, and cherishing unbrokenly a long heritage of ancient beliefs, known to a generation whose interest in them was but spasmodic and at the best, unreal. Now, in an attempt to understand that living anachronism, we do not go to Cunningham, to Galt, or even to Scott; or if we do, we shall quite fail to see it in its true light. Cunningham missed his opportunity by conforming too eagerly and easily to the false romantic views of his literary fellows, and Galloway has to rely on the old songs, not too carefully kept and but fragmentarily rendered, for the comprehension of a district almost as strange in its isolation as the Forest itself. Cunningham did little for its true interpretation, and Crockett, though he tried faithfully in some few of his books, was hopelessly handicapped from the outset. Galt had the misfortune to come too late, and the lack of insight to cast himself back to an age and to ways of thought and life almost completely forgotten in his reformed and commercialised Ayrshire. We are never quite sure how much of his modern aloofness, his inability to span the cleavage, is due to the inherent separation of his district from its past, and how much to himself alone. In any case, as/

