

exist; but, like Shakespeare, he was dealing with the beliefs and traditions of the people, and followed the words of Othello, "Nothing extenuate, nor set down aught in malice."

It would be impossible to give specimens of Hogg's prose, as his style is so varied. A few selections would convey the most meagre conception of what he really did, so that one must have recourse to his many tales to form anything like an adequate idea of the wide range of his mind, his sympathies, and his descriptive powers. For every sorrow he had a tear, for every joy a smile, and for every needy one a helping hand. In his moods he can change with the demands of his theme. He can be as plaintive as the wail of a child, as we find revealed in the story of "Mary Montgomery;" or as pathetic as the sobs of the widow as we find her weeping over the body of her murdered husband in the tale of "John Weir;" or he can stir the feelings and emotions to their very depths and make the very blood run cold as in that record of human cruelty and revenge, where, in "Adam Bell," the heart is shown at its sternest and worst; or he can take us by the hand into the very precincts of the mystery of the spirit world and fill us with awe as we feel that the spirits of the two mysterious white hounds were those of Ellen and of Rosaline, as we learn in the legend of the "Eildon Hunt." To do this is not the work of an ordinary mind; but rather the achievement of one whose imagination was constructed after the fashion of a Shelley, or, indeed, as was that of the immortal bard of Stratford-on-Avon. This phase of the Ettrick Shepherd's mind has not received the attention which it merits: Like Shakespeare he saw men and women as they were, and with the eye of the soul, as Shakespeare tells us, he saw much of the spirit world that animates all:—