

in, or cheer the evening of their lives. A single line from a certain very great and very beautiful lady, to a certain Mr. Riddell, would insure that small pendicle to the bard at once. But she will grant no such thing! I appeal to your grace if she is not a very bad lady that!" The poet's request was not immediately answered. Five months later, when the Duchess died, she made her husband promise that he would not forget her poor bard. As a result of this request the Duke gave him for life rent-free the farm at Altrive. Towards this lovely spot the shepherd set his face.

But money was required to stock the farm, and our poet had none; and, more, he had drawn to the limit upon the generosity of his friends. He now bethought himself a rather remarkable experiment in the literary world. He wrote to such poets as Wordsworth, Coleridge, Byron, Southey, Rogers, Pringle, and others, asking them for an original poem to make up a volume to be called the "Poetic Mirror." Sir Walter Scott at once refused with the statement that "every herring must hing on its ane head." This caused the rupture in the friendship between Hogg and Scott that has been mentioned and which lasted for some months. Most of the others promised but did not fulfil their undertaking. In the meantime Hogg had entered into an arrangement to have the volume brought out. When the promised poems were not forthcoming, our poet set himself to work to write original poems in imitation of the style of the respective auth who had promised a contribution. All this he did in three months, and the work was so well done that it passed off for several months undetected. When the real nature of these poems became known, Hogg joined most heartily in the laugh. This was a won-