

Chapter 1 : Editions of The poems of James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd by James Hogg

James Hogg was a Scottish poet and novelist who wrote in both Scots and English. As a young man he worked as a shepherd and farmhand, and was largely self-educated through reading. He was a friend of many of the great writers of his day, including Sir Walter Scott, whom he later wrote an unauthorized biography of.

He attended boarding school in Hawkesmead and, after an undistinguished career at Cambridge, he spent a year in revolutionary France, before returning to England a penniless radical. Wordsworth later received honorary degrees from the University of Durham and Oxford University. He is best known for his work "The Prelude", which was published after his death. For five years, Wordsworth and his sister Dorothy lived very frugally in rural England, where they met Samuel Taylor Coleridge. Between these two masterworks are at least a dozen other great poems. A second, augmented edition in was prefaced by one of the great manifestos in world literature, an essay that called for natural language in poetry, subject matter dealing with ordinary men and women, a return to emotions and imagination, and a conception of poetry as pleasure and prophecy. Together with Robert Southey, these three were known as the "Lake Poets", the elite of English poetry. Between and , he produced a steady stream of magnificent works, but little of his work over the last four decades of his life matters greatly. After "Lyrical Ballads", Wordsworth turned to his own life, his spiritual and poetical development, as his major theme. More than anyone else, he dealt with mysterious affinities between nature and humanity. Poems like the "Ode on the Intimations of Immortality" have a mystical power quite independent of any particular creed, and simple lyrics like "The Solitary Reaper" produced amazingly powerful effects with the simplest materials. Wordsworth also revived the sonnet and is one of the greatest masters of that form. Wordsworth is one of the giants of English poetry and criticism, his work ranging from the almost childishly simple to the philosophically profound. Wordsworth married Mary Hutchinson in and in , obtained a sinecure as distributor of stamps for Westmoreland. His last works were published around , a few trickled in as the years went on, but the bulk of his writing had slowed. In he was awarded a government pension and in became the Poet Laureate of England, after the post was vacated by his friend Coleridge. Wordsworth wrote over sonnets in the course of his lifetime. Wordsworth died at Rydal Mount on April 23, He is buried in Grasme Curchyard. He was 80 years old.

Chapter 2 : Books by James Hogg (Author of The Private Memoirs and Confessions of a Justified Sinner)

Excerpt from The Poems of James Hogg: The Ettrick Shepherd; Selected Songs I Hae Naebody now The Moon was a-waning Loose the Yett By a Bush The Bonnie Lass of Deloraine O, Jeanie, there's naething to fear When the Kye comes Hame A Boy's Song The Broom Sae Green The Skylark Bonnie' Prince Charlie.

Early life[edit] James Hogg was born on a small farm near Ettrick, Scotland in and was baptized there on 9 December, his actual date of birth having never been recorded. Robert Hogg was then given the position of shepherd at Ettrickhouse farm by one of his neighbours. In he served a year working for a tenant farmer at Singlee. In he went to work for Mr. Laidlaw of Ellibank, staying with him for eighteen months. Hogg later said that Laidlaw was more like a father to him than an employer. Seeing how hard he was working to improve himself, Laidlaw offered to help by making books available for Hogg from his own library, and through a local lending library. Hogg also began composing songs to be sung by local girls. It was at this time that Hogg, his eldest brother, and several cousins, formed a literary society of shepherds. During this period Hogg wrote plays and pastorals, and continued producing songs. His work as a sheep drover stimulated an interest in the Scottish Highlands. In he left Blackhouse to help take care of his parents at Ettrickhouse. His collection Scottish Pastorals was published early in to favourable reviews. His patriotic song "Donald Macdonald" also achieved popularity. He met Scott himself the following year and began working for the Edinburgh Magazine. His experiences on his Highland tours were described in letters to Scott which were published in the Scots Magazine. In 1806 he worked as a shepherd, meeting the poet Allan Cunningham and becoming friends with him and his family. In October he became the lover of a young woman named Catherine Henderson. At the end of summer his daughter by Catherine Henderson was born, baptized on 13 December as Catherine Hogg. At the end of he began an affair with Elizabeth Beattie, and soon after absconded from his creditors, returning in disgrace to Ettrick. At the end of he met his future wife Margaret Phillips. His magazine The Spy, begun in , failed after a year. At this time he became a member of a debate society called The Forum, eventually serving as its secretary. In he started planning a long poetical work. It was, in the guise of a competition, a collection of verse tales, of which Kilmeny became and remained the best known. At the end of he began writing what would later become his well-known poem Mador of the Moor. In he met William Wordsworth and made a visit to the Lake District to see Wordsworth and other poets. In the Duke of Buccleuch granted him a small farm at Eltrive Moss, where he could live rent-free for his lifetime. His poem Mador of the Moor was published in Later in the year he published his collection of parodies The Poetic Mirror, achieving a marked success. At this time Hogg was busy with his work Jacobite Reliques. In he proposed marriage to Margaret Phillips. At the end of the year he published the first volume of Jacobite Reliques. He married Margaret Phillips on 28 April His second tales collection Winter Evening Tales was published a month later. At the end of the year his father died. Around this time, Hogg began having serious financial problems. Launched as a counter-blast to the Whig Edinburgh Review , Blackwood wanted punchy content in his new publication. Their first published article, "The Chaldee Manuscript", a thinly disguised satire of Edinburgh society in biblical language which Hogg started and Wilson and Lockhart elaborated, was so controversial [20] that Wilson fled and Blackwood was forced to apologise. But Hogg quickly found himself forced out of the inner circle. Wilson and Lockhart were dangerous friends. The Shepherd was Hogg. The Shepherd of the Noctes is a part-animal, part-rural simpleton, and part-savant. He became one of the best-known figures in topical literary affairs, famous throughout Britain and its colonies. Quite what the real James Hogg made of this is mostly unknown, although some of his letters to Blackwood and others express outrage and anguish. His epic poem Queen Hynde was published at the end of the year. In he found a new and lucrative market for his works as he began publishing in a literary annual called the Literary Souvenir. The death of his father-in-law, whose family Hogg had been supporting, gave him relief. His third daughter Harriet was born at the end of the year. At the end of the year he quarrelled with Blackwood, and decided to publish his works in London. Hogg was offered a large sum to edit a collection of the works of Robert Burns, but the bankruptcy of his London publisher stopped the publication of his Altrive Tales. In his biographical work

Familiar Anecdotes of Sir Walter Scott was published in the United States, while a pirated version published in Edinburgh led to a break with Lockhart. Hogg mended his relationship with Blackwood in May, but Blackwood died at the end of the year. Hogg published Tales of the Wars of Montrose at the beginning of Death[edit] James Hogg died on 21 November and was buried in Ettrick Churchyard, close to his childhood home. He was considered a man of great natural genius whose uncouth style and subject-matter, so natural for the clownish figure depicted in the Noctes Ambrosianae, should not be held against him. Victorian readers of these emasculated texts naturally came to the conclusion that Hogg had been overrated, and that he was notable mainly as an example of triumph over adverse circumstances. Gide was amazed, writing that "It is long since I can remember being so taken hold of, so voluptuously tormented by any book. Growing interest in The Confessions led to the rediscovery and reconsideration of his other work in the late 20th and early 21st centuries. However, Justified Sinner remains his most important work and is now seen as one of the major Scottish novels of its time, and absolutely crucial in terms of exploring one of the key themes of Scottish culture and identity: A James Hogg Society was founded in to encourage the study of his life and writings.

The Jacobite relics of Scotland: being the songs, airs, and legends of the adherents of the House of Stuart / by: Hogg, James, Published: () The private memoirs and confessions of a justified sinner / by: Hogg, James,

The subordination of Hogg, and the exaltation of Hogg, with reference to his social origins, is a fact of literary history, and of literature. They are there in what he wrote. Changes in taste and critical approach have been to its benefit. Walter Scott, who once ruled the world of literature, not just the roost of his native Scotland, can now be seen by some as in certain respects challenged by his feudal inferior. Born at Ettrickhall farmhouse and baptised on December 9, , Hogg lived down the glen from Scott at Abbotsford, and his ancestors were vassals of the mighty Scott clan. His first poems were in a Border vernacular; they moved to a fanciful-genteel "sensibility" English under the influence of Edinburgh, but he never forsook his Scots, either in verse or in the fiction he took to writing, like Scott, in mid-career. Hogg can often appear to be a man of two worlds, Ettrick and Edinburgh, and of more than one mind. Another is the ballad about Robin Reid, an athlete hero with a certain resemblance to the James Hogg who presided over his Innerleithen games, his "Border Olympics". Here is a dualistic way of thinking that enables you to see his two worlds as one, as he himself must often have done, and which also enables you to see his novel as a seamless whole linguistically. The Scots-spoken narratives are nevertheless a special beauty of the book. In his mids, Hogg could still be encountered in a hole in the ground, minding his poems and his ewes and his treatise on the diseases of sheep. In he moved for a time to Edinburgh, where he started by publishing *The Forest Minstrel*, a batch of songs, and launched a literary magazine, *Spy*. They were augmented for a while by the spiteful Irish satirist William Maginn, but he left fairly soon for London pastures, as Lockhart was also to do. Politics, letters and all manner of Scottish and British affairs were examined. The three men were divided, two against one, by social difference, by something deeper than what we now call snobbery, by the apartheid of high and low commemorated in the Highland Clearances, when for years landlords expelled their tenants for the sake of the revenues from sheep. Hogg tried as a young man to take sheep to a Hebridean farm but the plan miscarried. Difference of class, however, did not stop the three of them from making friends. The three were joined at the hip by the games they played and by a common pursuit of literature. The relationships between Hogg, Lockhart and Wilson were intimate and complex. Distortion, excess, were never far away. In the eyes of these literary gentlemen, Tory ideologues, haters of the Reform Bill of , Hogg was raised from the dust by the magic power of inspiration. The 18th-century Scottish Enlightenment, an age of reason and of the international intellect, had given way in this quarter to a romantic reaction that swore by nation and imagination, and by mystery and secrecy. Their views on the proximity of truth and error and on the idea of a universal uncertainty were such as to anticipate postmodernist theory, some of whose adherents have interpreted Hogg. But these views did not keep the "Noctes" conversationalists from serving as defenders of the Christian faith and king-and-country Toryism, and Hogg himself was more of a Tory dogmatist than is always acknowledged. The depth and inhumanity of class feeling to be found in his society was a force with which his writings reached some damaging accommodations, but of which he could be penetratingly aware, as on the occasion when he regretted that Scott seemed prouder of his birth than of his literary gift. Both journals were anonymous. Both were authorial and egotistical, dancing in their masks. It belonged to the age of personality that Coleridge believed had come into being. It annoyed and attacked people. Like Rorty, the symposiasts were in favour of nonsense, hero-worship, greatness and romance, and of Wordsworth. In his ghosted capacity as Ettrick Shepherd, Hogg took part in the voicing of such opinions. But it is by no means clear how far he would have subscribed to them in his own person he used to complain about being misrepresented in these scripted conversations , for all the unsettling and subversive tendency of the *Confessions*, for all its theory of relativity, for all its placing in a state of indeterminacy two opposed accounts of the same events. Both Hogg and his "Noctes" persona concurred in finding it hard at times to tell which of his books was bad and which good. Some of his bad books did well commercially, observes the "Noctes" Shepherd. The mistake is to suppose that the Shepherd comedy devised by Wilson and Lockhart is an ill thing, or a trivial thing, and an unmitigated

assault on Hogg. His two fine friends looked down on him socially. But they also looked up to him and liked him. The "Noctes" is a homage to Hogg, and an important work of art. Scotland should be proud of it. Even so, it has to be said that his magazine friends inflicted on him various cruelties. They affected some of what he wrote. But they did not keep him from going his own way. Theirs was an impaired understanding of his struggle. The novel is in two parts, the second of which is narrated by Robert Wringhim, its sinner. Robert suffers the delusion that he is one of the saved, one of the just, predestined to do no wrong, or, as Lockhart described such immunity, "permitted to make a sore stumble", words that might have come from Hogg. In the shape of a stranger of high degree, Gil-Martin, Robert meets a second self who proves to be a demon, if not the devil, who tells him what it is to be immune and who procures his damnation. This is a novel that can be imagined as the work of a man who has met his double in the pages of a magazine, and been attacked by those in whom he had confided. There are other stories here as well, of course, and a central concern with varieties of religious experience. The novel has many meanings. His two friends played "Mephistopheles tricks" on him, said the "Noctes" Shepherd, and Hogg said they were like two devils tormenting a third. In the scene in the novel where Robert first meets Gil-Martin can be glimpsed a likeness of his arrival in the company of his betters among the Edinburgh literati. The Confessions is a tragi-comedy of errors powered by an engagement with the laughing, eating and drinking, fighting, suffering, interesting, intelligent and decent, lovable, inequitable double Scotland of his lifetime. It is hard to be quite right or quite sure about Hogg, either biographically or critically. There are writings of his that seem intended to prevent this, and do prevent it. His genius has sometimes been treated as unaccountable, accidental, a bolt from the blue. Electric, to use a favourite word of his. All gifts are mysterious, but his is more mysterious than most. Hard to be quite right about him, and hard in particular to fix on the qualities that should be assigned to his move from one part of his society to another, and back again, to his to and fro, to a translation which was never a desertion. I spent longer in the village than he did; I was there for my first two years, and have in my head the picture of a moon that sent down its equivocal glances from above the Pentlands. There is more to the Hogg enigma, so far as there is an enigma, than this business of the country boy, the child of nature, the supposedly untutored peasant, who gets exposed to the city and manages to write a profound book. The Border lands of his lifetime were well supplied with poets and scholars, men and women of parts and gifts, some of whom left their cottages in pursuit of their callings. Moves, with their features of survival and betrayal and hurt, their accidents of acquaintance, their strokes of luck and strokes of the pen, their seeking of asylum and sitting of exams, are ancient and frequent. Most of us have experienced them, and would probably accept that, in many cases, writers are writers partly because they have moved, off the hill and out of the country cottages to which there can now be a need for them to return, if only at weekends. Nor is this to deny the huge appeal of his flourishing at an interface between an old order of sheep and dogs and fish, of market days, field sports, songs and fireside stories, and a new one of the clever and the learned and the comfortably off and the anxiously ambitious, of "factory publishing", as it was called, of "reviewer bitterness", as it was called, of the rise of the media star and of the rise of personality and "the personality", in something like the modern senses of these last two expressions. In one way he was no mystery at all. There was still a pastoral Scotland, with harvests mattering much as they did for Hogg, and his writings were a description of the country we lived in. But he was also international, in certain key respects, at a time when nationality, a bi-national patriot fire, had come into its own in Scottish literary circles, not least for Hogg himself. He was translated, and he was exported. Not all of his errors were fortunate or fertile. His vanity, which he could see as his dear friend and which helped him to survive, can also be seen as an aspect of his suffering. His background and beliefs were recognisably those of a Scottish Borderer of his day and age, who went on to read the mind of an Edinburgh sophistication. A "bam" was a trick or a leg-pull. And "balaam" meant rejected or unsolicited material "slush" in modern parlance, or worthless material which a journal might find itself having to publish, or with which the writings of enemies could be compared. The term "personalities", in its application to the magazine, bears a complex meaning. It could mean a recourse to insult, derision and insinuation, but it could also mean more than that. Christopher North, the John Wilson persona of the "Noctes", inquires there, in March, with reference to reviewing: He does not mean what the real Hogg meant in when he said: In January North

reproaches, or affects to reproach, the Shepherd: The Shepherd responds here with the view that imitation robs folks of their "originality", and with the question: The same happened to Wilson: Personality Hogg and Personality Wilson became famous together - in part, by passing themselves off as one another. It was an "age of personality", wrote Coleridge. Literary anonymity and its overthrow flourished in unison. Names were in, and persons were in. Signatures were in, but so were pseudonyms. For Coleridge on this occasion, personality was spite. His was an age "of literary and political Gossiping, when the meanest insects are worshipped with a sort of Egyptian superstition, if only the brainless head be atoned for by the sting of personal malignity in the tail".

Chapter 4 : James Hogg: poet and shepherd | Books | The Guardian

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James Hogg belonged to a race of shepherds, and began life by herding cows until he was old enough to be trusted with a flock of sheep. His imagination was fed by his mother, who was possessed of an inexhaustible stock of ballads and folk-lore. He had little schooling, and had great difficulty in writing out his earlier poems, but was earnest in giving himself such culture as he could. Entering the service of Mr. Laidlaw, the friend of Scott, he was by him introduced to the poet, and assisted him in collecting material for his *Border Minstrelsy*. In he had begun to write his songs, and when on a visit to Edin. Thenceforward he relied almost entirely on literature for support. With this view he, in , settled in Edinburgh, published *The Forest Minstrel*, and started the *Spy*, a critical journal, which ran for a year. In his later years his home was a cottage at Altrive on 70 acres of moorland presented to him by the Duchess of Buccleuch, where he died greatly lamented. As might be expected from his almost total want of regular education, Hogg was often greatly wanting in taste, but he had real imagination and poetic faculty. Some of his lyrics like "The Skylark" are perfect in their spontaneity and sweetness, and his "Kilmeny" is one of the most exquisite fairy tales in the language. Hogg was vain and greedy of praise, but honest and, beyond his means, generous. He was the 2nd of 4 sons born to Margaret Laidlaw and Robert Hogg, both of old border families. At the age of 7 he began to herd ewes. For several years, in the course of which he fell in love for the 1st time and learned to play on the violin, he progressed in his calling, till he was fully qualified, in his 16th year, to act as shepherd at Willanslee. Hogg found books here that stimulated his intelligence, and the interaction with his young friends was likewise valuable. He began to be known as "the poeter," having made songs, as he says in his *Autobiography*, "for the lasses to sing in chorus. In he made the acquaintance of Scott, who was in quest of further materials for his *Border Minstrelsy*, of which 2 volumes had appeared. Both Hogg and his mother supplied him with ballads, the old lady being justifiably jealous of her rich store, and Hogg resolving to produce original material in the old style. Hogg, who lost much by this transaction, went to Mitchelstacks, Nithsdale, as a shepherd, and first met Allan Cunningham there. Failing to secure a commission in the militia, or a post in the excise, he returned a discredited bankrupt to Ettrick. Here he received substantial help from various friends, especially Messrs. Cunningham and other friends. The Countess of Dalkeith, to whom the work was dedicated, presented Hogg with one hundred guineas, which was all the money that came of the venture. Hogg now joined the Forum, an Edinburgh debating club, to which he attributed a considerable improvement in his literary style. As member of the club he composed several musical dramas and tragedies of no consequence. In the 3rd edition was published by John Blackwood. Hogg was thus brought into contact with John Wilson and other literary men of Edinburgh, through whom he afterwards formed lifelong friendships with Wordsworth and Southey. Neither produced much money. The proposal was unfavorably received by the coadjutors he selected, Scott sharply retorting that "every herring should hing by its ain head. This work is marked by real poetic power and ingenious imitative faculty, though there is an occasional tendency towards burlesque specially noticeable in the Wordsworth parodies. To increase his reputation Scott sent Gifford in an article on his poems for the *Quarterly Review* , but it never appeared Smiles, Murray, ii. Nevertheless Hogg prospered at Eltrive, hospitably receiving numerous visitors attracted by his character and fame, and keeping up his connection with literary circles in Edinburgh. He claimed his due credit in connection with this notorious document, though he cautiously admitted that the young lions in Edinburgh "interlarded it with a good deal of devilry of their own. Likewise in he published *Winter Evening Tales*, drawn from his early experience, and charged with vivid reminiscences of border character and manners. In also he married Margaret Phillips, daughter of Mr. Phillips of Langbridgemoor, Annandale; and he presently leased, in addition to Eltrive Lake, the neighbouring farm of Mount Benger, which proved a disastrous venture. War, women, and witchcraft. This he followed in with a work in 3 volumes, entitled *The Three Perils of Women*, which, though of inferior quality, brought him

some money. Strong and original, the work never became popular. Blackwood this year also published a collection of about of his songs, which proved successful. He was enthusiastically received, and was entertained at a public dinner, with Sir John Malcolm in the chair. After 3 months he returned, having engaged James Cochrane, Pall Mall, as publisher. Carlyle , observing these doings, characteristically remarks Letters of Thomas Carlyle, ii. This year also Hogg prepared a fresh series of his stories, to be called Montrose Tales, and Cochrane, who was again in business, published them early in They were popular and likely to be profitable, when, at the end of the year, Cochrane again became bankrupt. The other poems, and the prose tales, especially those bearing on the people and the superstitions of the Scottish border land, are less known than they deserve. Scott probably understood him best, and invariably advised him well, receiving him heartily after a period of alienation owing to the Poetic Mirror, and acting as peacemaker when Hogg became exasperated with Blackwood and the magazine. Apart from The Confessions, which even his detractors acknowledged as unusually powerful and often attributed to someone else, usually Lockhart , his novels were regarded as turgid, his verse as light, his short tales and articles as ephemera. But growing interest in The Confessions led to the rediscovery and reconsideration of his other work in the late 20th and early 21st centuries. However, Justified Sinner remains his most important work and is now seen as one of the major Scottish novels of its time, and absolutely crucial in terms of exploring one of the key themes of Scottish culture and identity: Of both it may be said that there was as much of the elements of poetry in their lives as in their books. Hogg was a more boisterous character, with a much less firm grip of reality, and most at home in wild burlesque and the realms of unrestrained fancy. The combination of rough humor with sweetness and purity of sentiment is by no means rare; but Hogg is one of most eminent examples of it; all the more striking that both qualities were in him strongly accentuated by his demonstrative temperament. Denning is in the National Portrait Gallery, London.

Chapter 5 : Staff View: Selected poems [of] James Hogg;

Selected Poems Hardcover - February 4, by James Hogg (Author) â€º Visit Amazon's James Hogg Page. Find all the books, read about the author, and more.

Lang hae we sought baith holt and den; By linn, by ford, and green-wood tree, Yet you are halesome and fair to see. That bonnie snood of the birk sae green? And these roses, the fairest that ever were seen? Kilmeny, Kilmeny, where have you been? For Kilmeny had been, she knew not where, And Kilmeny had seen what she could not declare; Kilmeny had been where the cock never crew, Where the rain never fell, and the wind never blew. In yon green-wood there is a waik, And in that waik there is a wene, And in that wene there is a maike, That neither has flesh, blood, nor bane; And down in yon green-wood he walks his lane. Never, since the banquet of time, Found I a virgin in her prime, Till late this bonnie maiden I saw As spotless as the morning snaw: Full twenty years she has lived as free As the spirits that sojourn in this countrie: I have brought her away frae the snares of men, That sin or death she never may ken. Women are freed of the littand scorn: O blest be the day Kilmeny was born! Now shall the land of the spirits see, Now shall it ken what a woman may be! And dear to the viewless forms of air, The minds that kyth as the body fair! The emerald fields were of dazzling glow, And the flowers of everlasting blow. But lang, lang after baith night and day, When the sun and the world have elyed away; When the sinner has gane to his waesome doom, Kilmeny shall smile in eternal bloom! They bore her far to a mountain green, To see what mortal never had seen; And they seated her high on a purple sward, And bade her heed what she saw and heard, And note the changes the spirits wrought, For now she lived in the land of thought. She saw a lady sit on a throne, The fairest that ever the sun shone on! But she saw till the sorrows of man were bye, And all was love and harmony; Till the stars of heaven fell calmly away, Like flakes of snaw on a winter day. Her seymar was the lily flower, And her cheek the moss-rose in the shower; And her voice like the distant melodye, That floats along the twilight sea. And when at even the woodlands rung, When hymns of other worlds she sung In ecstasy of sweet devotion, O, then the glen was all in motion! When a month and a day had come and gane. Kilmeny sought the green-wood wene; There laid her down on the leaves sae green, And Kilmeny on earth was never mair seen. But O, the words that fell from her mouth Were words of wonder, and words of truth! But all the land were in fear and dread, For they kendna whether she was living or dead.

Chapter 6 : Kilmeny Poem by James Hogg - Poem Hunter

Selected Poems by Hogg, James; Mack, Douglas S. [Editor]. Oxford University Press, Hardcover. Very Good/Very Good jacket. Robust packaging. 1st class post to the UK, Airmail worldwide.

Chapter 7 : James Hogg - Wikipedia

James Hogg (baptized 9 December - 21 November) was a Scottish poet and novelist who wrote in both Scots and English. Hogg belonged to a race of shepherds, and began life by herding cows until he was old enough to be trusted with a flock of sheep.

Chapter 8 : - Selected Poems by James Hogg

Love Songs of Scotland Jewels of the Tender Passion Selected From the Writings of Burns, Tannahill, Scott, Ramsay, Lady Nairne, Macneill, Jamieson, Hogg, Douglas, Allan, and Others by Robert W. Douglas.

Chapter 9 : Selected Poems - William Wordsworth - Google Books

The poems of James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd (selected) Published by Walter Scott The Canterbury Poets,

Hardcover, pages.