

**DOMESTIC MANNERS
AND PRIVATE LIFE OF
SIR WALTER SCOTT**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9781760577582

Domestic manners and private life of Sir Walter Scott by James Hogg

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

www.triestepublishing.com

JAMES HOGG

**DOMESTIC MANNERS
AND PRIVATE LIFE OF
SIR WALTER SCOTT**

DOMESTIC MANNERS

AND

PRIVATE LIFE

OF

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

By JAMES HOGG,

THE ETRICK SHEPHERD.

WITH A PREFACE AND NOTES BY THE EDITOR.

Reprinted from the Original Edition of 1834.

WILLIAM BROWN,
149 PRINCES STREET, EDINBURGH

1882.

1-34
3
12511

THE Ettrick Shepherd's "Familiar Anecdotes of Sir Walter Scott," as this little work has sometimes been named, calls for no apologetic preface upon its republication.

The book throws so much light upon the social and more homely side of the Great Novelist's character, and, at the same time, reveals in so amusing a fashion the foibles and egotism of the worthy and justly celebrated "Shepherd," that it has always been exceedingly popular.

In recent years, however, the volume has become so scarce that copies have been only obtainable at a very high price.

The publisher therefore hopes that the present edition will enable those who love a good book in a good form, and who desire to possess the brief but interesting sketch, to add it to their stores.

P R E F A C E.

BY whatever means the following sketch came into the hands of its editor, its paternity is certain; it fathers itself: none but James Hogg could write it. Indeed it is almost as valuable for the light it throws upon his literary history, as for what it communicates relative to Sir Walter Scott. "Dear Sir Walter," says James, "ye can never suppose that I belang to your school o' chivalry? ye are the king o' that school, but I'm the king o' the mountain and fairy school, which is a far higher ane nor yours." We think we hear Sancho Panza arguing that his governorship of Barrataria is a far higher office than Don Quixote's knightly power of bestowing kingdoms.

Nevertheless, as we have no doubt, as indeed we are quite certain that Sancho, had he set himself about it, would have furnished

by far the best biography of his master, so we think James's anecdotes by far the most illustrative of Sir Walter's character that we have seen. It is a strange muddy piece of water in which the great poet's image is reflected, still it *is* his image that is reflected. Most scribblers about him have only been trying what fine things they could say. Distorted although honest James does see many things through the medium of his vanity,—nay, given to “leeing” though he sometimes be, in a small way, still his narrative has a smack of nature about it. It gives us much such a notion of Sir Walter as Wedgewood images do of the great originals from which they are copied. Nay, the impression produced upon Hogg will sometimes enable the reader, if he has studied Sir Walter's soul in his own writings, to guess pretty near the truth.

We talk lightly on the subject, but we are far from thinking that this rude chalk sketch has any thing of a caricature about it. Sir Walter is seen to advantage in it. “Making allowance for the wind,” as Locksley says,

we recognise his very lineaments. He is there both in his strength and in his weakness. We see him caracoling across the wild heaths of "the south *hielands*," laughing with glee as he wades "up to the oxters," in his fishing excursion, in the exuberance of his spirits, sinking a boat to duck his companions, and thinking it an excellent joke. Then, again, we see him in his hours of depression, from his severe bilious indisposition, a sufficient apology for certain inequalities of temper. In his more happy moods we see him overflowing with kindness, yet always shrewd—always Scotch and cautious. In his less amiable fits we see him annoyed even by the remarks of "The Spy," or feeling the contradiction of the author of the "Brownie of Bodsbeck." We see too the mind which, in the details of life, and in the delineation of character, evinced so much practical sense, as much enthralled by the dreams of a by-gone age as the great knight of La Mancha himself.

This is a point in Sir Walter's character which is well worthy of note; it shows how

the strongest minds, if they "get a thraw" in youth, are precisely those that retain it most stubbornly. Sir Walter was sung into a reverence for aristocracy in his cradle. He grew up amid the first fervent glow of the anti-gallican spirit. His sympathies received a bent which his feudalized imagination led him to cherish and exaggerate, instead of seeking to counteract it. He felt the glamour of caste dispersing like mist before the sun, and he sought to wrap the illusive mantle round our hills again. It was this that made him take pleasure in enacting the feudal baron at Abbotsford. It was this that made him cling to those great families with which he claimed clanship. It was this that made him take pride even in a questionable alliance with nobility. It was this that made him happy amid the tom-fooleries of the king's welcome to Edinburgh. It was this that in his latter day, when his mind was enfeebled by disease, caused him to be haunted by the dread of a violent and bloody revolution. Sir Walter Scott was in some respects, a Horace Walpole on a

greater scale, throwing a heart into his play ; his greater depth of feeling, his more powerful intellect and passions, render that in him tragical which in the other was only ludicrous.

A great degree of coarse, strong, graphic talent will not be denied to the following sketch. Sir Walter is brought bodily before us, with all his peculiarities of look and gesture.

There are some inaccuracies in what is narrated of the minor persons of the drama which must be corrected ; but not yet, (1834) while so many survive whom truths, only valuable as affording an insight into character, might pain. The day may come, however, when certain small circles which attempted to catch a borrowed light from the proximity of a great man, may become matter of history.