

“ Him, haply slumbering on the Norway foam,
 The pilot of some small night-foundered skiff
 Deeming some island, oft, as seamen tell,
 With fixed anchor in his scaly rind,
 Moors by his side, under the lee, while night
 Invests the sea, and wished morn delays.”

What a pile of imagery ! Mountain cast on the top of mountain,—a feat for the greatest of the giants, and far beyond the reach of the most poetic prose-man, or the capabilities of prose itself. Our other example, though of a more homely character, will be found scarce less illustrative of this piled-up style, peculiar to the higher poesy. Burns, in his decidedly anti-teetotal “ Earnest Cry and Prayer,” after advertising to the deteriorating effects of the wines of Southern Europe on the nerves and framework of the Continental soldiery, describes a Scottish soldier animated for the contest by the inspiration of usquebagh :—

“ But bring a Scotsman frae his hill,
 Clap in his cheek a Highland gill,
 Say, such is royal George’s will,
 An’ there’s the foe,
 He has nae thought but how to kill
 Twa at a blow.”

Now, here is a vigorous stanza,—terse, clear, epigrammatic, and charged with thought equally fitted to do service either as prose or verse. But the poet catches a glance of the Highland soldier, the poetic blood gets up, and it becomes impossible, for the time, to arrest in his career either soldier or poet :—

“ Nae cauld faint-hearted doubtings tease him ;
 Death comes ; wi’ fearless eye he sees him ;
 Wi’ bloody han’ a welcome gi’es him ;
 An’ when he fa’s,
 His latest draught o’ breathin’ lea’s him
 In faint huzzas.”

Here, again, we find the hill piled on the top of the hill after