

expression of passion, and the work of moral stimulation, verse and prose meet as co-equals, prose undertaking the rougher and harder duty, where passion intermingles with the storm of current doctrine, and with the play and conflict of social interests,—sometimes, when thus engaged, bursting into such strains of irregular music, that verse takes up the echo, and prolongs it in measured modulation, leaving prose rapt and listening to hear itself outdone ; and, lastly, that in the noble realm of poetry or imagination, prose also is capable of all exquisite, beautiful, and magnificent effects, but that by reason of a greater ease with fancies when they come in crowds, and of a greater range and arbitrariness of combination, verse here moves with the more royal gait. And thus prose and verse *are presented as two circles or spheres, not entirely separate, as some would make them, but intersecting and interpenetrating through a large portion of both their bulks, and disconnected only in two crescents outstanding at the right and left, or, if you adjust them differently, at the upper and lower extremities.* The left or lower crescent, the peculiar and sole region of prose, is where we labour amid the sheer didactic, or the didactic combined with the practical and the stern. The right or upper crescent, the peculiar and sole region of verse, is where *pathēsis*, at its utmost thrill and ecstasy, interblends with the highest and most daring *poiēsis*.”

This is vigorous thinking and writing ; and the Professor's volume contains many such passages. We would in especial instance the Essays on the “ Literature of the Restoration,” on “ Wordsworth,” and on “ Scottish Influence on British Literature.” But the longest and finest composition of the work,—a gem in literary biography,—is its “ Chatterton, a story of the year 1770.” There is perhaps no name in British poetry of the same frequency of occurrence, that is so purely a name, as that of

“ The marvellous boy,—
The sleepless soul that perished in his pride.”

Such of his poems as were written in modern English, and in his own proper name and character, are not pleasing, and, sooth to say, not more than clever ; while his poems written in the character of Rowley are locked up in what is virtually a dead tongue, considerably different from that of Chaucer or the “ King's Quair,” or, in short, from any other tongue