

But lingered at the tiny rill
 That flows from Anton's fane.
 Red was the sky ; but Holyrood
 In dusk and sullen grandeur stood.
 It seemed as though the setting sun
 Refused to lend it light,
 So cheerless was its look, and dun,
 While all above was bright.
 Black in the glare rose spire and vane,
 No lustre streamed from window-pane ;
 But, as I stood, the Abbey bell
 Told out, with such a dismal knell
 As smites with awe the shuddering crowd,
 When a king's folded in his shroud—
 Methought it said "Farewell!"

One more specimen we select from the fifth canto, in which, and still more in the concluding one, the captive, having traced out the chequered incidents of his wild career, rises to a more elevated tone, as he gives utterance to the last fierce wailings of remorse and despair :

Beneath the flags that, day by day,
 Return dull echoes to my tread,
 A grave is hollowed in the clay :
 It waits the coming of the dead—
 A grave apart, a grave unknown,
 A grave of solitude and shame,
 Whereon shall lie no sculptured stone
 With legend of a warrior's name.
 O, would it yawn to take me in,
 And bind me, soul and body, down !
 O, could it hide me and my sin,
 When the last trumpet-blast is blown !
 O, might one guilty form remain
 Unsummoned to that awful crowd,
 When all the chiefs of Bothwell's train
 Shall rise from sepulchre and shroud !
 How could I meet their stony stare—
 How could I see my father's face—
 I, the one tainted felon there,
 The foul Iscariot of his race ?"

In contrast with this we have named the effusions of the Brooklyn Bard. If the accredited author of "Firmilian" has now shown us what a poem ought to be, assuredly Walt Whitman is wide of the mark. Externally and internally he sets all law, decorum, prosody and propriety at defiance. A tall, lean, sallow, most republican, and Yankee-looking volume, is his "Leaves of grass ;" full of egotism, extravagance, and spasmodic eccentricities of all sorts ; and heralded