

monologue, coherently running on from canto to canto; prologued and epilogued with these measured ravings of despair. The diction is perfect, the verse sweet, and only too smoothly written, and the imagery such as a "Firmilian" critic must pronounce unexceptionable. We are anxious to exhibit the poet at his best; and here accordingly are a couple of scenes painted from the landscape around the Scottish capital. They can scarcely fail to provoke a comparison with passages in "Marmion," where Scott has drawn a richer inspiration from the same magnificent panorama:

Methinks I can recall the scene,
That bright and sunny day;
The Pentlands in their early green
Like giant warders lay.
Upon the bursting woods below
The pleasant sunbeams fell;
Far off, one streak of lazy snow
Yet lingered in a dell.
The westlin' winds blew soft and sweet,
The meads were fair to see;
Yet went I not the spring to greet
Beneath the trysting tree.
For blades were glistening in the light,
And morions flashing clear:
A thousand men in armour bright
Were there with jack and spear.
A thousand men as brave and stout
As ever faced a foe,
Or stemmed the roaring battle-tide
When fiercest in its flow.

This is unexceptionable, yet what does it amount to? The ideas are old as the Pentland hills, and even some of the lines seem scarcely new. The other passage deals with a scene almost unrivaled in its luxurious combinations of all that is grand and beautiful and picturesque in art and nature. The rugged crags, and vales, and grassy peaks of Arthur's Seat, looking out, on the one hand, on the castle-crowned city, on the other, on the hill-engirdled sea; the ruined chapel and holy-well of St. Anthony; the Abbey and palace of Holyrood rich with the memories of seven centuries; and, add to all, the Poet's eye, repeopling them with the most romantic of all their old historic dramas:—all these, and this as the result:

The troopers in procession wound,
Along the slant and broken ground,
Beneath old Arthur's lion-hill.
The Queen went onward with her train;
I rode not by her palfrey's rein,