

Contemporary Reviews

Drum-Taps

[Review of Drum-Taps]

Walt Whitman is the Poet of the Roughts. His style is as rowdyish as his habits. Some years ago he published a volume of trash entitled *Leaves of Grass*, in which he modestly characterized himself as 'Kosmos.' It was worse than stupid, it was beastly. This last effort lacks the obscenity of its predecessor, but it is equally destitute of merit. We cannot imagine any punishment more dreadful than that of being compelled to read it through.

[Anonymous]. "[Review of Drum-Taps]." *The San Francisco Bulletin* (18 December 1865): 5.