

the writings of Wilson there is often scarce tissue enough to support the load of gorgeous embroidery that mantles over it. In especial in his "Isle of Palms" do we find the balance of the poetry preponderately cast against the intellect. It is, as a poem, in every respect the antipodes of the "Art of Preserving Health." In Keats the preponderance is also very marked. What a gorgeous gallery of poetic pictures that "Eve of St. Agnes" forms, and yet how slim the tissue that lies below! How thin the canvas on which the whole is painted! For vigorous sense, one deep-thoughted couplet of Dryden would make the whole kick the beam. And yet what can be more exquisite in their way than those pictures of the young poet! Even the old worn-out gods of Grecian mythology become life-like when he draws them. They revive in his hands, and become vital once more. In "Rimini" we detect a similar faculty. A man of profound, nay, of but rather strong intellect, would scarce have chosen such a repulsive story for poetic adornment; but, once chosen, only a true poet could have adorned it so well. Such are specimens of the class of poets which we would set off against that to which the Lytteltons, Akensides, and Armstrongs belonged, and at whose head Pope and Dryden took their stand. And it is a class that, comparatively at least,—the sum total of the poetic stock taken into account,—is largely represented at the present time. We shall not repeat the nickname which has been employed to designate them; for, believing, whatever may be their occasional aberrations, that they possess "the vision and the faculty divine," we shall not permit ourselves to speak other than respectfully of them. We could fain wish that they oftener rejected first thoughts, and waited for those second ones which, according to Bacon, are wiser: we could fain wish that what was said of Dryden,—

"Who either knew not, or forgot,  
That greatest art,—the art to blot,"—