

article." Such a tradition has done too much honor to the whole brood of brutal reviewers, whose crime was not murder, but vulgarity and stupidity. Keats possessed too sound a nature, too great a mind, to be killed by adverse criticism. No doubt he felt the meanness of the attacks made upon him. Referring to these he writes :

"Praise or blame has but a momentary effect on the man whose love of beauty in the abstract makes him a severe critic of his own work. . . . The Genius of Poetry must work out its own salvation in a man. It cannot be matured by law and precept, but by sensation and watchfulness in itself. That which is creative must create itself. In 'Endymion' I leapt headlong into the sea, and thereby have become better acquainted with the soundings, the quicksands, and the rocks than if I had stayed upon the shore and piped a silly pipe and taken tea and comfortable advice. I was never afraid of failure ; for I would sooner fail than not be among the greatest."

"I have loved the principle of beauty in all things," said the author of "Hyperion," during the closing days of his life. In this **"Eve of St. Agnes."** our young poet was certainly a modern Greek. But while he had the temperament of the Greek in his delight in beauty and his repose in it, his manner was, as Dr. Hamilton Mabie