

virile and original to be dominated or held as debtor by even a master of song. There is no doubt that Keats owes much to Spenser. His first poem, "Imitation of Spenser," testifies to this. Surely there could be nothing more Spenserian in mould, spirit, and color than the following lines which form the opening stanza of this poem:

"Now morning from her orient chamber came,
And her first footsteps touched a verdant hill:
Crowning its lawny crest with amber flame,
Silvering the untainted gushes of its rill;
Which, pure from mossy beds, did dawn distil,
And after parting beds of simple flowers,
By many streams a little lake did fill,
Which round its marge reflected woven bowers,
And in its middle space, a sky that never lowers."

During the winter of 1819 Keats produced a noble group of poems—"Hyperion," "Ode on a Grecian Urn," "Ode to Psyche," "Ode to a Nightingale," and "The Eve of St. Agnes."

A Group of
Poems.

"Endymion" had already reached the public, and the reviews had accorded it a most ungracious welcome. The opinion has gained credence, somewhat widely too, that the reviewers killed Keats, and that there was some truth in Byron's jingling rhyme referring to our modern young Greek as "that fiery particle snuffed out by a magazine