

Many old rotten-timber'd boats there be
 Upon thy vaporous bosom, magnified,
 To goodly vessels ; many a sail of pride,
 And golden-keel'd is left unlaunch'd and dry.

To Keats the value of the past is its love of the beautiful in art. Light falls on a Grecian urn and reveals its "leaf-fringed legend" with classic distinctness. Keats' eye dwells on that, and bending forward with inquiring glance, he asks in words which breathe Greek moderation, purity, and symmetry throughout,

What leaf-fringed legend haunts about thy shape,
 Of deities or mortals, or of both,
 In Tempe or the dales of Arcady ?
 What men or gods are these ? What maidens loath ?
 What mad pursuit ? What struggle to escape ?
 What pipes and timbrels ? What wild ecstasy ?

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Who are these coming to the sacrifice ?
 To what green altar, O mysterious priest,
 Lead'st thou that heifer lowing at the skies,
 And all her silken flanks in garlands drest ?
 What little town by river or sea-shore,
 Or mountain-built with peaceful citadel,
 Is emptied of its folk, this pious morn ?
 And, little town, thy streets for evermore
 Will silent be ; and not a soul to tell
 Why thou art desolate, can e'er return.

Thirdly, Scott. Scott's imagery concerns mediæval romance and displays with great vividness two stable elements—motion and colour. These are the quintessence of Scott as a maker of poetical visions. The knights he describes act, as their creator wrote, fearlessly, joyously, rapidly. They are not effigies, armour-clad, now sitting awkwardly at the board, now riding uneasily to the fight, but are real flesh and blood, playing their parts so well that time glides back as we read and sets us in their midst. One of the most striking instances in which Scott uses motion with telling effect, is where he rings the doom-bell of the monk Eustace and Constance de Beverley, both condemned to death by the Superiors of Whitby Abbey. He is anxious to impress the knell on the memory and, had he pleased, he might have drawn his picture with Dantesque touch. He might have built up a mass of framework which quivered again as the huge bell, with bulk and weight accurately described, swung ponderously within. But the heart of effect is reached at a thrust, swiftly and unerringly. Taking the