

the two folded hands of the man beside her, and she looked at him.

"Let us be friends," she said simply.

"Such as I am, I am yours."

Then their hands clasped. They both started and looked down, for the fingers were cold and wet and dark.

It was the blood of Angus Dalrymple that had sealed their friendship.

The swift, sure blade had struck him as he stood there repeating the name of his dead wife. There had been no one near the door,

and none to see the quick, black deed. Strong hands had thrown his falling body within the marble balustrade, that was still wet with his heart's blood.

There Paul Griggs found him, lying on his back, stretched to his length in the dim shadow between the rail and the altar. He had paid the price at last—a loving, sinning, suffering, faithful, faultful man.

But the friendship that was so grimly consecrated on that night was the truest that ever was between man and woman.

THE END.

F. Marion Crawford.

KEATS IN HAMPSTEAD.

He hath quaffed
Glory and Death in one immortal draught;
Surely among the undying men of old
Numbered art thou, great Heart.

— *Aubrey de Vere.*



PHOTOGRAPHED FROM THE ELECTROTYPE MASK IN THE NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY, LONDON, FOR KENYON WEST, BY SPECIAL PERMISSION.

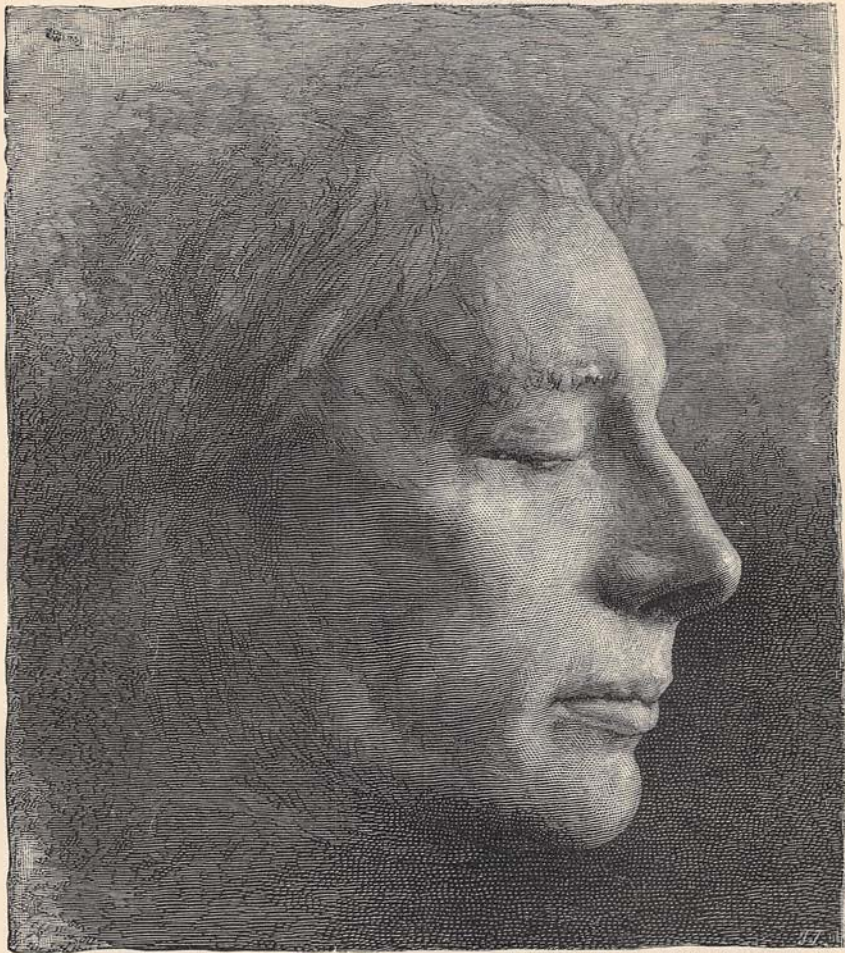
FRONT VIEW OF THE LIFE-MASK OF KEATS, BY HAYDON.

THE 29th of October, 1895, marks the centenary of the birth of John Keats, and affords a fitting occasion for lovers of his poetry to pay tribute to his fame.

In 1820, when Keats went to Rome to find a grave beside the old Aurelian Wall, he left behind in England scarcely a dozen people who be-

lieved in his genius, and who felt that he would be, according to his own wish and prophecy, "among the English poets after his death." Moreover, these few people were personal friends who had felt the charm of his magnetic sincerity, and whose sympathies had been stirred by the many attractive as well as pathetic phases in his career. But, as the years passed, the name of Keats began to be heard more and more; the poetry he had written began to interest and charm an ever-widening circle of readers, appealing with special power to minds of the highest order. Not only was admiration shown for the rare product of Keats's genius, but the personal tradition of the poet began to excite attention. Lord Houghton, having met Charles Armitage Brown in 1833 at Walter Savage Landor's villa at Fiesole, and received from him the invaluable records which Brown had cherished in the hope of sometime being himself the biographer of Keats, felt not only inspired to write his famous "Life of Keats," published in 1848, but was convinced that his book, containing as it did so many of the poet's remarkable letters, would receive a warm welcome. He had his wish. Every student of literature welcomed it for its authentic records of a poet every day growing dearer, and every lover of Keats welcomed it, as it corrected many current misconceptions, and showed Keats to be—what he truly was—not only a rare poet, but a man of strenuous character, clear judgment, dignity and power.

Since 1848 the story of Keats's life has been told over and over again, and as a rule in a



ENGRAVED BY T. JOHNSON, AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH FROM A CAST.

REPRINTED FROM "THE CENTURY" FOR FEBRUARY, 1884.

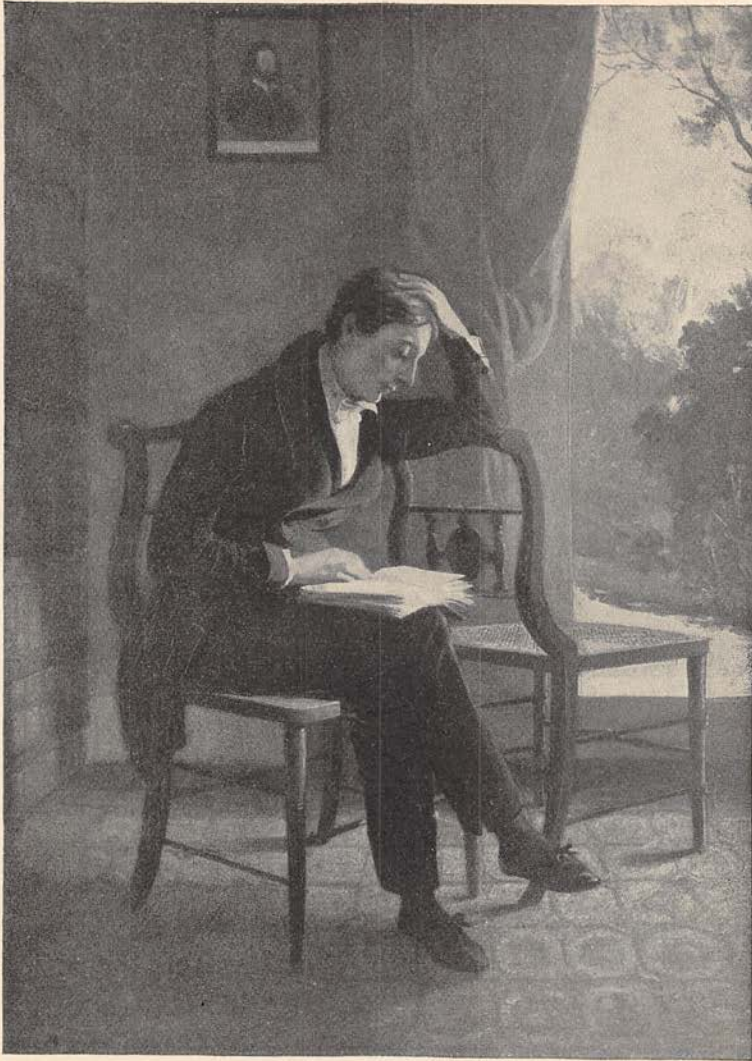
PROFILE VIEW OF THE LIFE-MASK OF JOHN KEATS, BY HAYDON.

spirit of sympathetic justice; and following in the footsteps of Leigh Hunt, John Hamilton Reynolds, and other friends of Keats, the poet's works have been edited or interpreted by such eminent men as Matthew Arnold, David Masson, Aubrey de Vere, Buxton Forman, Sidney Colvin, William T. Arnold (the first, I believe, to analyze thoroughly the peculiarities of Keats's style), Mrs. F. M. Owen (whose book is of rare value), William Michael Rossetti, and James Russell Lowell.

In 1867, Lord Houghton brought out a "new and revised" edition of his book. From it he omitted his former forcible preface, and also the sympathetic tribute to Jeffrey embodied in the dedication. This in my opinion is a distinct loss. Some very fine letters of Keats were also omitted.

In 1817, when Keats had such enthusiasm of life, and his vision took in with such eagerness the beauty and the glory of the outward

world, he seemed to be haunted by a conviction that he must crowd his days full, that he would never have time for all his glowing thoughts to find expression. The "ten years" he prayed for were not granted, but how full he did make his few months of health is proved by his work. When the glorious vision which had irradiated and gladdened him became dimmed by disease and passionate pain, he felt that that work would be as perishable as his own hopes; and yet he never became wholly unaware of his own power and the possibilities of his genius. "Let me have another opportunity of years before me," he wrote, "and I will not die without being remembered." He little knew how vividly he would be remembered, how near he would come to the hearts of those who grasp the full beauty and scope of his matchless verse, and who are capable of feeling the sincerity, the singleness of purpose, and the honest strength, as well as the pathos, of his brief, arrested life.



JOHN KEATS AT WENTWORTH PLACE, HAMPSTEAD.

Painted in Rome from memory, by his friend Joseph Severn, 1821-23. Now in the National Portrait Gallery. Photographed for Kenyon West by Henry Dixon & Son, photographers to the Society for Photographing Relics of Old London, by special permission of Sir George Scharf, C. B. (Permission countersigned by the Secretary of the Department of Arts and Sciences, August, 1894.)

Every student of Keats associates Hampstead with him even more than the place of his birth, or the distant city where he found a quiet grave. The time when Keats lived in Hampstead (from 1817 to 1820) was that in which his genius took its most glorious flight, and it marked also the beginning of that ill health and mental unrest which finally took away his gladness in his art, and obscured for him the brightness of the sun.

Keats first visited Hampstead in 1816. He was then living in London. Leigh Hunt had a pretty cottage in the Vale of Health, and Charles Cowden Clarke took to him some of Keats's verses, which excited his surprise and admiration. In Keats's visits to Hunt's cottage

he sometimes slept on a bed in the library, and one of his most important poems, "Sleep and Poetry," published in 1817, mentions some of the objects which first met his eyes on awaking in the morning. Many other poems are connected with these pleasant visits to the Vale of Health. Keats loved Hampstead for its many beauties of woods and lanes and fields, for its inspiring views, and also for the many friendships there formed. It was not surprising, then, that after different visits to the Isle of Wight, to Margate, and to Canterbury, he should decide to live for a time in Hampstead. Early in the summer of 1817 he and his brothers, George and Tom, the former of whom went the next year to America, found rooms with

Bentley, the postman, who had a pleasant house in Well Walk. Here Keats worked at "Endymion." Haydon and Severn never forgot the charm of listening to his recitals of certain passages in the poem which pleased him best. It is easy for us, even at this distance of time, to see in imagination the joyous, impetuous youth as he was when Haydon and Severn first knew him. As the three take their way across the heath, or toward the woods near Highgate, we can see the erect figure of the poet, the backward toss of his fine head, the intensity of his glance, that peculiar expression of rapture which shines in every feature and reveals the ardent lover of nature's manifold and changing forms. He sees everything; he hears the note of every bird, even the "undernote of response from covert or hedge"; he watches the passing of every cloud and its shadow on the path. The stirring of the grasses or the grain in the softly flowing air about him, or the swaying of the foliage in the swift-coming wind from the forest, has for him a special charm. Oh, that it

might last, this vision of this glorious youth, with his thronging thoughts of "verse and fame and beauty intense indeed," when life has for him such richness, such full delight and joy!

Near the lower end of Hampstead Heath, at the foot of what is now known as John street, lived Brown and Dilke, two other friends of Keats. Their house, called Wentworth Place, was a double one, Brown living in one half and Dilke in the other. Later Dilke rented his house to Mrs. Brawne, to whose daughter Keats was engaged to be married. Keats's sojourn in Hampstead was interrupted by frequent visits elsewhere, the most important journey being the walking-tour in Scotland with Brown. He returned in time to nurse his brother Tom, after whose death, Brown, knowing how lonely Keats would be, insisted on his leaving Well Walk and coming to live with him at Wentworth Place. This was Keats's Hampstead home till his departure for Italy.

There have been many striking changes in Hampstead since Keats's time, and many cherished landmarks have been swept away. In



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN.

LAWN BANK, FORMERLY WENTWORTH PLACE, HAMPSTEAD.

Photograph made for Kenyon West by Henry Dixon & Son, by special permission of the present owners, August, 1894.



PHOTOGRAPHED FOR KENYON WEST BY HENRY DIXON & SON, BY SPECIAL PERMISSION, AUGUST, 1894.

BUST OF JOHN KEATS, BY ANNE WHITNEY, IN THE PARISH CHURCH OF ST. JOHN'S, HAMPSTEAD.
THE INSCRIPTION READS:

"TO THE EVERLASTING MEMORY OF JOHN KEATS THIS MONUMENT IS ERECTED BY AMERICANS, MDCCCXCIV."

August, 1894, wishing to gain information in regard to the present condition of some of these places associated with Keats, I asked my friend Mr. M—— of New York, who was going to England, to visit Hampstead. His investigations proved to be of interest.

He first went to the parish church of St. John's, in which has been recently placed the first memorial to Keats on English ground. "By nothing," said Matthew Arnold, "is England so glorious as by her poetry." Is it not a significant proof of our country's sincere love for the higher forms of poetry and art that this memorial should have been bestowed on England by Americans?

In one of his most charming letters, full of gaiety and humor, Keats wrote to his brother in America, "If I had a prayer to make, it should be that one of your children should be the first American poet." The prayer has not been granted; but, as Mr. Edmund Gosse says, "the prophecies of great poets are fulfilled in divers ways, and in a broader sense all the recent poets of America are of Keats's kith and kin."

As my friend found his way up the quiet, shadowy aisles of the quaint little church, and stood before this latest representation of the poet's visible form, he realized in some degree what an attraction for his friends must have

been Keats's lovable, magnetic personality. Miss Whitney's work is noble and impressive, though the poet's expression is somewhat idealized, with something, also, austere and stern, which is more a prophecy of what Keats might perhaps have become than what he really was. The laurel wreaths which on the dedication day were suspended from the bracket beneath the bust were still clinging to it, and also some sweet peas, withered indeed, but retaining much of their fragrance, and bringing vividly to mind Keats's own inimitable line:

Here are sweet peas, on tiptoe for a flight.

The pictures of Miss Whitney's work which we have seen in America are all of the full face. Feeling that the profile would be more like Keats, more like the eager, sensitive face of Severn's portraits, I had asked that a photograph of the profile be taken for me. The sexton opened a window somewhere in the roof, and a flood of light poured down upon the bust, bringing out into relief the massive, intellectual brow, the strong, yet tender mouth.

The effect of this light from above was most

beautiful, as will be seen in the reproduction of the photograph. A comparison of this profile of the Hampstead bust with the famous life-mask of Keats by Haydon will reveal many interesting points of resemblance and difference. It will prove also how conscientious a sculptor our countrywoman is. The mask has in a marked degree an expression of humor about the mouth. Only a faint suggestion of this appears in the bust. Both show "a sensitiveness, a sweetness, and a hint of eloquence"; but in the bust there is more the appearance of health, the mask being the truer to nature in rendering faithfully the prominence of the cheek-bones and the hollowness of the cheeks.

As the sexton shut the church door he said to my friend, with a good-natured laugh: "Well, sir, it's beyond me what you Americans see in that Keats to admire so. I don't believe we English think much of him now; we never thought it worth while to put up a bust of him." He was evidently ignorant of the feeling which men and women of culture all over England have for the poetry of Keats.



STEPS TO SANTA TRINITÀ DEI MONTI, ROME, SHOWING THE HOUSE, AT THE RIGHT, WHERE KEATS DIED. ON THE WALL IS A TABLET TO THE POET'S MEMORY.



FROM A WATER COLOR BY WALTER SEVERN.

REPRINTED FROM "THE CENTURY" FOR FEBRUARY, 1884.

THE GRAVES OF KEATS AND SEVERN, IN THE PROTESTANT CEMETERY IN ROME.

Mr. M—— could not help asking if on the dedication day he had not heard the glowing tributes paid to Keats by Mr. Gosse, Mr. Palgrave, and Lord Houghton. "Oh, yes, sir, I did; but they had to say some pretty things, you know, to Mr. Day when he gave us the bust. We Englishmen know how to take a gift kindly, you know, sir."¹

Hampstead Heath was found to be still beautiful and picturesque, with its undulations of ground, its paths leading hither and thither, its patches of furze all one gleam of yellow in the sunshine, its clumps of trees in the branches of which the birds were singing gloriously. Leading from the heath are still many typical English lanes, but many of the paths in which Keats once loved to walk, dreaming his beautiful dreams, are now obliterated by brick and mortar.

"Winding south from the Lower Heath," wrote William Howitt, years ago, "there is a charming little grove in Well Walk, with a bench at the end, whereon I last saw poor Keats, the poet of the 'Pot of Basil,' sitting and sobbing his dying breath into a handkerchief, glancing parting looks toward the quiet landscape he had delighted in so much, and musing, as in his 'Ode to the Nightingale.'"

The bench on which Keats so often sat to

¹ Within this parish church there is a tablet to the memory of Joanna Baillie, and in the churchyard outside is her grave. Near her rest all that is mortal of Sir James Mackintosh and of Constable.

There is a pleasure in knowing that the bust of Keats has been placed near the resting-place of a man who felt such thorough sympathy with him as did Sir

rest as his strength grew daily less was preserved until a short time ago. Why it was ever allowed to be taken away is not easy to answer.

In Mr. M——'s search for the house in Well Walk where Keats lodged with his brother Tom, he was impressed by the fact that although it may be true that by nothing is England so glorious as by her poetry, the common people of England are very blind to that glory. The majority of the people who were asked about Well Walk had not even heard of Keats. At last Mr. M—— entered a tavern, and inquired of the landlord. He was a pompous, self-satisfied man who seemed delighted to have an opportunity to reveal his knowledge of Keats.

"The 'ouse in Well Walk yer want ter know about, eh? My woman in 'ere knows all about it; 'er kitchen is just over the place where the 'ouse once was. The 'ouse was torn down only a short time ago. We was glad ter get the property; our business is prosperin'. . . There's an old chap wot often comes in 'ere, and 'e says 'e sold papers ter Keats an' a lot of 'is friends. 'E's most ninety year old if 'e's a day, an' 'u'd be about nine or ten year old when 'e saw Keats wanderin' round Wentworth Place and over the 'eath. Ef yer want ter find out more about these liter'y gents of 'Ampstead than

James Mackintosh. He openly protested against the infamous attacks upon Keats's "Endymion," and said that they would interest every liberal mind in the author's success. He then wrote to Keats's publishers: "Have you any other novelties in verse? I very much admire your young poet, with all his singularities. Where is he, and what high design does he meditate?"

what I know, go an' find this chap what lives on the way ter the Vale o' 'Ealth 'otel. Tha' 's a public-'ouse, yer know, over a place where another liter'y gent named Leigh 'Unt 'ad 'is 'ouse. 'E 'll tell yer a pile about Keats, an' tell yer 'e never amounted to much till 'e went ter furrin shores an' 'ad got some verses printed, more 's the pity."

Acting on the landlord's suggestion, Mr. M—— went to look up the old man who had known Keats so long ago. On the way he passed through the Vale of Health. It is now a bustling, noisy place, with tea-gardens, merry-go-rounds, and troops of holiday-seekers, and the Vale of Health hotel now stands where Hunt's cottage once stood.

The old man was found living in a neat little cottage in the midst of a pretty garden. He was working in the garden as his visitor opened the gate, and after giving him a cordial greeting, seemed glad to sit in the shade and talk. He was about eighty-six years old, he said, though he looked younger. He spoke with few traces of the dialect prevalent among the common people of Hampstead; indeed, he seemed to be a man of some education and considerable experience. He evidently liked to talk, and showed much of the garrulity of age. At first he gave the impression that many trivial things to which he would never have attached importance took on significance and value after he once found that the obscure youth whom he had known had become one of the great poets of modern times, and it seemed possible that he might remember more than he actually saw and heard; but on second thought this suspicion was dismissed, because of the fact that age remembers with peculiar vividness things that have happened in childhood, while often intermediate events are forgotten. His talk, as recorded in Mr. M——'s notes, is given for what it may be worth. It ran like this:

"Why, certainly, sir, I remember John Keats very well. To be sure, I was pretty young, but I have always had a good memory. I sold papers to him and his friends as well as to most of the people in the village. I often used to meet him as the evening would be falling as I went my rounds. He and his friends would be coming through the village after a long tramp over the Kilburn meadows, or through the woods beyond the heath. There 's nothing to be seen of those meadows now, and the woods are pretty scanty; but in those days — well, sir, you can imagine it well, I fancy. We used to have many a highwayman around, and a little chap like me used to suffer a good bit, being out so often after dark; but I always got a cheery greeting 'rom Mr. Keats, and when he 'd buy a paper he 'd often

stalk on without waiting for his change. When I first knew Mr. Keats he was terrible fond of tramping over the fields; and once I saw him coming across a stubble field long after sundown. I believe he had been there all day. After a while I did n't see him around so much, on account of his illness. When I first saw him his face was bright and cheery as the sun, but he was a melancholy-looking chap at last. He seemed to see all that was stirring, acted cleverish, and was very sociable, though none of us thought he amounted to much; the tradespeople around thought him idle—a fellow that had n't much to do but look at the clouds and the flowers. Of course none of us thought he 'd be so famous some day. Us boys thought a pile of him after we saw him pitch into a cruel, mean-souled man who was teasing a little boy. He gave him a good drubbing, I can tell you. It was a fight that lasted an hour or so, and the fellow went home feeling pretty cheap to be beaten by such a little man as Mr. Keats. But I 've been told Mr. Keats had always been fond of fighting at school; he 'd fight any one morning, noon, and night; it was meat and drink to him.

"A newsboy in those days did n't have as much to do as he would have now, and I had often to pick up odd jobs around the village to keep body and soul together. I sometimes



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

THE GRAVE OF KEATS

not know how you are going on. I'm very much about ~~as~~ this is one
 by the way, I shall send you the Port of Basil. It Argues we, and if I should
 have furnished it a little thing called the eye of St. Mark, you see what
 fine mother B. Adolph names I have - it is not very ~~fast~~. I did.
 not search for them - I have not you are with the ~~fast~~ - for to
 tell the truth I have not been in great care for writing lately - I want
 wait for the spring to rouse me up a little. - The only time I want

FACSIMILE FROM A LETTER OF KEATS TO HIS BROTHER, GEORGE KEATS, LOUISVILLE, KY. FROM THE ORIGINAL, IN POSSESSION OF MR. WILLIAM H. ARNOLD.

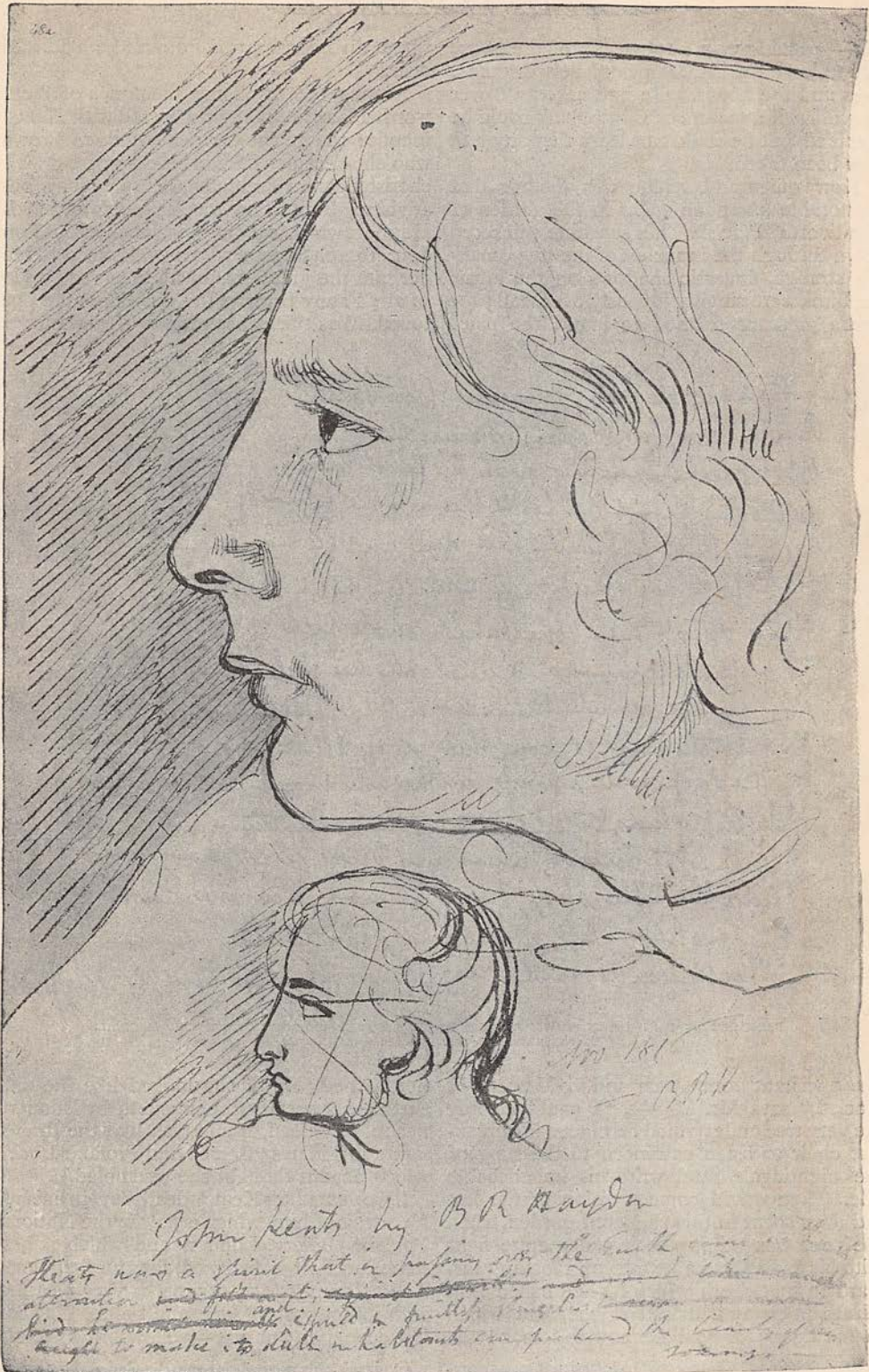
know. Beautiful, was she, do you ask? Well, I can't say as I remember much about how she looked. She was very young. She wore mourning for the poet, but she married, and I fancy she forgot her lover soon enough. Her mother lived at Wentworth Place many years, and finally was burned to death right at her own door. Nobody knew how it came about, but she was all aflame before any help could come. Miss Fanny never paid any attention to a little chap like me, and of course I was too shy to look at her much, and after Mr. Keats went away I did n't have occasion to go to the house often. Mr. Keats and Mr. Dilke thought me a likely little chap, and once Mr. Keats took me home with him, and gave me a jolly hot tea in his sitting-room. Mr. Brown came in a few times as I was there, and would put his hand on Mr. Keats's shoulder, and laugh in his hearty, jovial way. He seemed terrible fond of Mr. Keats. I don't wonder at it, either, now. Mr. Keats was a fine-looking young man, his face was so bright, his eyes wonderful, so piercing and yet so full of laughter. I would n't have dared to tell a lie to him, for he 'd find it out by simply looking at me.

"After a while any one with half an eye could see Mr. Keats was n't long for this world. One evening, after a busy day, I was going home. I saw I was just near Wentworth Place. I could n't resist going around to the kitchen door to ask after Mr. Keats, for I had n't seen him for a long time tramping around. It was September, and the back door was half open, and just inside was Miss Brawne herself talking to one of the maids. I stammered out my words, not feeling sure of my welcome, some way. Her answer was curt enough, but I have always fancied she 'd been crying. She said that Mr. Keats had that very morning gone to London to sail for Italy."

This quaint old man spoke of the present with visible effort; indeed, seemed to have little comprehension or knowledge of it. Fearing to tax his patience, Mr. M—— took his leave.

Every student of Keats knows of Mr. Forman's investigations of the locality of Wentworth Place, and that they resulted in an identification of it with the house now known in Hampstead as Lawn Bank. It may, however, be of interest to state that my friend's study of the locality and of the proofs adduced by Mr. Forman brought forth the same result: in Lawn Bank we have the immortalized Wentworth Place from which Keats set out for Italy. The house then was divided into two parts, Keats and Brown living in one and Mrs. Brawne and her daughter in the other. A number of years ago the house was altered, and the two parts were united. There is a thick growth of trees directly in front, and the only way that Mr.

did errands for Mr. Brown and Mr. Dilke, who lived at Wentworth Place, and once in a while I would see the poet wandering in the garden even after he got so ill. Mr. Dilke would often go away, and he 'd let his house, and Mrs. Brawne lived in it, you know. She had a daughter that Mr. Keats wanted to marry, you



FACSIMILE OF A PAGE OF HAYDON'S JOURNAL, SHOWING PROFILE SKETCHES OF JOHN KEATS BY E. R. HAYDON. ALSO A NOTE IN HAYDON'S HANDWRITING BELOW THE PICTURES. SKETCHES DATED NOVEMBER, 1816. FROM VOL. III OF H. BUXTON FORMAN'S "LIFE OF KEATS," PUBLISHED BY REEVES AND TURNER, 1883. (REPRINTED BY PERMISSION.)

M—— could get a photograph of the house was to have the camera placed between these trees and the house. He had asked all over the village if a picture of Lawn Bank could be obtained, but he could not learn that any had ever been taken.

How quiet and serene was the air that memorable afternoon spent in the garden of Wentworth Place! The sunshine flickered down through the branches of the trees, making strange, fantastic shadows on the lawn; the birds were singing joyously overhead; the poet's presence seemed to haunt the place

'great divorcer forever' from all he held most dear."

Among the thronging memories of Wentworth Place are many connected with Keats's friends: the genial Charles Armitage Brown, who showed such faith in his genius, and while cherishing him faithfully was one of his best advisers; John Hamilton Reynolds and B. R. Haydon, who came out occasionally from London; Joseph Severn, who was destined to render him the greatest and most sacred service of all; Fanny Brawne, the girl whom the poet loved. Was she as beautiful as Keats believed

These are the living pleasures of the Bard,
 But richer, far, Posterity award.
 What does he murmur with his latest breath,
 While his proud eye looks through the film of death?
 "What, though I leave this dull, and earthly mould,
 "Yet shall my spirit, lofty converse hold
 "With after times — the Patriarch shall feel
 "My stern alarm, and unsheath his steel:
 "Or in the senate, thunder out my Numbers,
 "To scatter Princes from their easy slumbers.
 "The Sage will mingle with each mortal Muse
 "My happy thoughts, sententious: he will turn
 "With lofty Periods, when my Verses fire him,
 "And then I'll stoop from Heaven, to inspire him.
 "Lays have I left, of such a dear delight,
 "That Maids will sing them on their bridal night.

FACSIMILE OF PART OF KEATS'S "EPISTLE TO MY BROTHER GEORGE." FROM THE ORIGINAL, IN POSSESSION OF MR. WILLIAM H. ARNOLD.

like a visitant from a near and vivid past. "I fancied," says Mr. M——, "I could identify the very tree under which he placed his breakfast chair to listen entranced to the song of the nightingale, and write his imperishable ode. Then would come a vision of the last sad days spent in this sheltered garden, when the poet was waging such a desperate fight with his swift, inevitable fate, and looking forward to that death which he had called 'soft names in many a musèd rhyme,' but which in his agony of soul he now felt to be the

her to be? Not if she looked like the only sketch of her extant, the silhouette by Édouart; beautiful, indeed, if she was like the draped figure in Titian's "Sacred and Profane Love," which Severn thought she resembled.¹

Two years after Keats's death Severn finished a portrait of him, which is now in the National Portrait Gallery, London, and which is here reproduced, it is believed, for the first time.² The coloring of the original is very pleasing, with its contrasts of light and shade. The hair is a deep, rich auburn,—yellow-brown, as the

¹ Readers may be interested to know that an engraving by Mr. Cole of this beautiful figure will be printed in the November number of THE CENTURY.—EDITOR.

² In August, 1894, when permission was granted to

photograph this portrait for me, Sir George Scharf appeared to be strong and well, but in April of this year came news of his death. An authority in matters of art, his loss will be keenly felt.

That you first taught me all the secrets of song:
 The grand the sweet, the terse, the free the fine;
 What swell'd with Pathos, and what right divine;
 Spenserian novels; that clope with ease,
 And float along like Buds in summer Peas;
 Miltonian Storms, and more, Miltonian tenderness;
 Michael in Arms, and more, meet Eves fair slenderness.
 Who read for me the Sonnet, swelling loudly
 Up to its Climax, and then dying proudly?
 Who found for me the Grandeur of the Ode,
 Growing, like Atlas, stronger from its load?
 Who let me taste that more than cordial draw,
 The sharp, the rapier pointed Epigram?
 Show'd me that Epic was of all the King,
 Round, vast, and spanning all, like Paterius Ring?

FACSIMILE OF PART OF KEATS'S EPISTLE "TO CHARLES COWDEN CLARKE." FROM THE ORIGINAL, IN POSSESSION OF MR. WILLIAM H. ARNOLD.

catalogue has it,—the expression of the face thoughtful and intent. The view through the open window is into the garden of Wentworth Place. Severn asserted that the room, the open window, the carpet, the chairs, were all portraits, even to the mezzotint portrait of Shakspeare hanging on the wall. "On the morning of my visit to Hampstead in 1819 I found Keats sitting with the two chairs as I have painted him. After this time he lost his cheerfulness, and I never saw him like himself again."

The book open upon Keats's knee is probably Shakspeare. About two years before he had written to Haydon: "I never quite despair, and I read Shakspeare. Indeed I shall, I think, never read any other book much. . . . I am very near agreeing with Hazlitt that Shakspeare is enough for us."

Before I end these rambling notes of this Hampstead visit, it may be of interest to mention that once I had the pleasure of meeting a gentleman who had known Leigh Hunt in his later years, and had often heard him speak of Keats and that "heart of hearts," Shelley. "I loved them both," Hunt would say in his tender, sympathetic way, "Keats not so well as Shelley, but he was very dear to me. I can

never forget the manner in which his genius first impressed me. Of all men I have met, he had most of the true poetic spirit. Shelley was largely a politician and a reformer, Wordsworth a philosopher and teacher, but Keats was pure poet. In the midst of London streets he was in the thick of the wild-woods; in the woods he never looked at an oak-tree without seeing the dryad. He lived with all those beautiful fancies and dreams which made the earth once so divine a place to the old Greeks. . . . In character he was strong and manly, had a masterful and earnest spirit. I respected him as well as loved him. . . . At the last, when he was so sensitive, so suspicious, so miserably restless, we all knew it was not a revelation of his real character, but a manifestation of his disease."

My informant told me that once he was with Hunt when Mary Shelley, accompanied by her son, visited him. In the midst of their tender reminiscences, he remembered that Hunt spoke of Keats, and regretted that he had not more strenuously taken his part against his infamous reviewers. "He did not need my help," Hunt would say, "for he bore the shafts from those cowardly hunters with smiling cour-

age; and indeed my defense would have hurt his cause far more than it would have helped. . . . A few years more, after I am gone, people all over England will be speaking of Keats, and doing homage to his rare intellectual qualities. They will acknowledge that I was right in my prophecy, published some time ago, that he was

as true a man of genius as these latter times have seen, one of those who are too genuine and original to be properly appreciated at first, but whose time for applause will infallibly arrive with the many." And then Hunt would relapse into silence, his eyes gazing into the distance, as though he saw unutterable visions.

Kenyon West.

THE INFLUENCE OF KEATS.



ONE of the things that surprised and bewildered dear old Colonel Newcome when he gathered his boy's friends around the mahogany tree in the dull, respectable dining-room at 12 Fitzroy Square, was to hear George Warrington

deliver, between huge puffs of tobacco smoke, the opinion "that young Keats was a genius to be estimated in future days with young Raphael." At this Charles Honeyman would sagely nod his ambrosial head, while Clive Newcome assented with sparkling eyes. But to the Colonel, sitting kindly grave and silent at the head of the table, and recalling (somewhat dimly) the wiggled and powdered poetry of the age of Queen Anne, such a critical sentiment seemed radical and revolutionary, almost ungentlemanly.

But how astonished he would have been sixty years later if he had taken up Mr. Sidney Colvin's "Life of Keats," and read in the concluding chapter of that vivacious work the deliberate and remarkable judgment that "by power, as well as by temperament and aim, he was the most Shaksperian spirit that has lived since Shakspeare!"

In truth, from the beginning the poetry of Keats has been visited too much by thunderstorms of praise. It was the indiscriminate enthusiasm of his friends that drew out the equally indiscriminate ridicule of his enemies. It was the premature salutation offered to him as a supreme master of the most difficult of all arts that gave point and sting to the criticism of evident defects in his work. "The Examiner" hailed him, before his first volume had been printed, as one who was destined to revive the early vigor of English poetry. "Blackwood's Magazine" retorted by quoting his feeblest lines and calling him "Johnny Keats." The suspicion of log-rolling led to its usual result in a volley of stone-throwing.

Happily, the fame and influence of a true poet are not determined by the partizan conflicts which are waged about his name. He may suffer some personal loss by having to breathe, at times, a perturbed atmosphere of mingled flattery and abuse instead of the still air of delightful studies. He may be robbed of some days of a life already far too short, by the pestilent noise and confusion arising from that scramble for notoriety which is often unduly honored with the name of "literary activity." And there are some men whose days of real inspiration are so few, and whose poetic gift is so slender, that this loss proves fatal to them. They are completely carried away and absorbed by the speculations and strifes of the market-place. They spend their time in the intrigues of rival poetic enterprises, and learn to regard current quotations in the trade journals as the only standard of value. Minor poets at the outset, they are tempted to risk their little all on the stock exchange of literature, and, losing their last title to the noun, retire to bankruptcy on the adjective.

But Keats did not belong to this frail and foolish race. His lot was cast in a world of petty conflict and ungenerous rivalry, but he was not of that world. It hurt him a little, but it did not ruin him. His spiritual capital was too large, and he regarded it as too sacred to be imperiled by vain speculations. He had in Chaucer and Spenser, Shakspeare and Chapman, Milton and Petrarch, older and wiser friends than Leigh Hunt. For him

The blue
Bared its eternal bosom, and the dew
Of summer nights collected still to make
The morning precious: beauty was awake!

He perceived, by that light which comes only to high-souled and noble-hearted poets,

The great end
Of poesy, that it should be a friend
To soothe the cares and lift the thoughts of man.