

have led him to forget not only that such an enterprise is not likely to be done so well again, but that it is not likely to be done by any one else at all. Certainly the limitations of the so-called "cheap" magazines are such that one would not expect them to undertake such a series, while the mechanical "processes" which, appropriately applied, have admirable uses, are inadequate to the best results in this field. There is a distinct difference between picture-making and art,

and we are mistaken if the rage for cheap work shall ever eradicate the love of good wood-engraving in the large contingent of American readers who have participated in the rise and progress of the native school. We are glad, therefore, to be able to announce that, after an interval, during which Mr. Cole will reproduce for *THE CENTURY* some of the best contemporary art, he will take up a third consecutive series almost equal in interest to the two now happily completed.

## OPEN LETTERS.

## Appreciation of Keats by his Friends.

THE letters which follow, and which come from the archives of John Keats's American relatives, have one characteristic in common, in giving testimony to the strong personal hold which Keats took upon those who knew him most intimately. We are informed, and believe, that they have not before been published, and present them here in supplement to the two papers on the poet in the present number. The originals are now in the possession of Mr. William H. Arnold of New York, to whom we are indebted for the opportunity of printing them.—EDITOR.

## I.

MY DEAR KEATS: I was most delighted at seeing you yesterday, for I hardly knew how I was to meet with you, situated as you are and confined as I am. I wish I could have stayed longer with you. As to the poem, I am of all things anxious that you should publish it, for its completeness will be a full answer to all the ignorant malevolence of cold, lying Scotchmen and stupid Englishmen. The overweening struggle to oppress you only shows the world that so much of endeavour cannot be directed to nothing. Men do not set their muscles and strain their sinews to break a straw. I am confident, Keats, that the "Pot of Basil" hath that simplicity and quiet pathos which are of sure sovereignty over all hearts. I must say that it would delight me to have you prove yourself to the world what we know you to be — to have you annul the "Quarterly Review" by the best of all answers. When I see you I will give you the Poem, and pray look it over with that eye to the *littleness* which the world are so fond of excepting to (though I confess, with that word altered which I mentioned, I see nothing that can be cavilled at). And let us have the Tale put forth, now that an interest is aroused. One or two of your sonnets you might print, I am sure. And I know that I may suggest to you which, because you can decide as you like afterward. Nobody will remember that we were [to write] together. I give over all intention, and you ought to be alone. I can never write anything now — my mind is taken the other way. But I shall set my heart on having you high, as you ought to be. Do you get Fame, and I shall have it in being your affectionate and steady friend. There is no one I am more interested in, and there is no one that I have more pleasure in communicating my own happiness to. You will gratify me much by letting me have, whenever you have leisure, copies of what you write; for *more than*

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*myself* have a sincere interest in you. When shall I see you, and when shall I go with you to Severn's?

Your ever affectionate

Wed<sup>a</sup>. morn.

J. H. REYNOLDS.

[Postmarked Oct. 14; the year and the few missing words were evidently torn off in unsealing.]

## II.

BRIDGEWATER, September 25th.

[Postmarked 1818.]

MY DEAR KEATS:

Here I am, as Shakespeare says, "chewing the cud of sweet and bitter fancy," solitary in the midst of society, with no human being to exchange a notion with except my sister, and she begins to be so occupied with her little brats that if I attempt to quote Shakespeare to her I am ordered into silence for fear I should wake the children. I came here for repose of mind. As I am now getting better, I am again on the rack to be again in the midst of all the objects of my ambition. I am getting about again, my hero; and I hope to God I shall yet finish my picture to the satisfaction of all of you. I am longing to be among you, and hear your account of your last tour. If it has done as much good to the *inside* as the outside of your head you will feel the effects of it as long as you live. I shall leave this place to-morrow or Monday, and hope to be in town by Wednesday at furthest. I hope your brother Tom does not suffer much — poor fellow! — I shall never forget his look when I saw him last. I can never say as much when I dictate a letter as when I write it myself; and this, I hope, will be a sufficient excuse for not writing a longer one to you. At any rate, this is better treatment than you gave me when you went on your tour.

Believe me, my dear Keats, most affectionately and sincerely,

Yours ever,

B. R. HAYDON.

[Signature in autograph.]

P. S. [in Haydon's handwriting].—To give you an idea of the elegant taste of this place, the other day in company, when I illustrated something by a quotation, one of the company said with great simplicity, "Lord, Mr. Haydon, you are full of *scraps!*" Adieu! my eyes will not permit me.

## III.

ROME, September 1, 1863.

MY DEAR MADAM:

This is a line to assure you that I am the "one devoted friend until death" of your illustrious relative

"John Keats," and that it has gratified me highly to be addressed by you in consequence of your reading my essay "On the Vicissitudes of Keats's Fame." As I had the happiness to meet his sister here (Madam d'Llanos) — after forty-five years! — I trust it may be also my happiness to meet some others of his family in Rome, where I am likely to remain all my life, and where I first came in his dear company in November, 1820, and on his account. Altho' on my part so mad a thing as it seemed at the time, and was pronounced so by most of my friends, yet it was the best, and perhaps the only, step to insure my artistic career, which no doubt was watched and blessed by this dear spirit, for I remained twenty years without returning to England, and during that time the patrons I most valued came to me as the "friends of Keats." These have remained faithful to me and to mine, no doubt inspired by the revered name of the poet. The success of my family (three sons and three daughters) has turned on this. The chief of these patrons I may mention is the present Chancellor of the Exchequer (William Gladstone).

At this moment I only know of two personal friends of the poet besides myself to be now living — Mr. Charles Cowden Clarke, who is at Genoa (Villa Novello, Strada alla Cava, Genoa), and Mr. John Taylor (the publisher) in London.

It may be also that friends of yours [may] chance to be visiting Rome, and in that case I beg you to give them a note to me.

This quiet note I fear may find you in the midst of war's misery, if it ever finds you at all, and I hope it may be the means of procuring me another dear letter from you or yours to

Yours most truly,

JOSEPH SEVERN.

For Mrs. Speed.  
[Louisville, Ky.]

**Nordau's "Degeneration": An Exchange of Compliments.**

THE letters which follow are printed at the request of Professor Lombroso, and by permission of Dr. Nordau, and refer to the article by the former in the present number.—EDITOR.

I.

[TURIN, June 7, 1895.]

DEAR NORDAU: I have been earnestly pressed by the American reviews to publish an article on your great work "Degeneration." Bound to you by gratitude and by immense admiration, I at once accepted; but in the course of composition I could not help perceiving that we differ much on several points, above all as to what genius is: which, as I think, is often insane, without by insanity losing its value. I do not wish, however, to disturb those very sweet and delicate relations which exist between us, but which cannot make me forget the love of truth. The article is almost finished, but speak the word, and it shall be burned.

Your most devoted  
To DR. MAX NORDAU. CESARE LOMBROSO.

II.

PARIS, June 9, 1895.

DEAR AND ILLUSTRIOUS MASTER: Your letter of the 7th inst. has touched me profoundly. I thank you

with all my heart. Not send your article! Burn it! You must not think of such a thing! It would be a crime to deprive the world of one of your studies, even though I should suffer from it.

Assuredly I am disquieted when you inform me of a divergence of opinion between you and me; for in that case I should suspect myself of being mistaken, and I would so much rather (laugh at my naïveté) be sure of being right. But as the truth is my supreme aim, I would a thousand times prefer to be set right by you than to continue in an error.

I know very well that all the idiots of the two hemispheres will plume themselves, after your article appears; while taking care not to specify the point which divides us, they will audaciously generalize, and cry: "Behold the disciple disowned by him whom he has proclaimed his master! Demolished is the foundation on which rested the whole edifice! Now nothing is left of it but a heap of shapeless rubbish." But what of that? Fair-minded men will nevertheless know how to take an equitable view of the bearing of your criticism and of your reservations.

Now I am bound to believe that even in that which seems to divide us we are not so much at variance as would appear: I do not at all deny the influence of the insane pseudo-genius. I see too well, alas! how great this influence is; but I doubt if it is salutary and evolutive. I believe that Wagner in creating impressionist works, and also on account of them, has interrupted and falsified the natural evolution of the opera, perhaps of music in general, and that this art will not resume its normal development until the Wagnerian episode [*Pépisode Wagnerien*] shall have been eliminated. Also I do not believe for an instant that the morbid humanitarian emotionality of Tolstoi has produced any useful result whatever. This emotionality inspires in Tolstoi ideas and projects that are contrary to progress, besides mysticism and hatred of science. I have never denied his talent as a novelist; but even that talent is made up of morbid hyperesthesia and emotional gigantism.

Once more, thanks; and believe me, dear and illustrious master, your entirely devoted

M. NORDAU.

**An American School in Rome.**

ON October 15 an American School will be instituted in Rome in charming quarters on the Pincian Hill. This latest enterprise of America in the Old World will encourage the study by Americans of the archæology, art, literature, and history of Italy. The plan was originated by archæologists and Latinists at a meeting in Philadelphia held during the past winter, and at this meeting, under the auspices of the Archæological Institute of America, a committee of three was appointed to ascertain whether it was feasible to establish a school at Rome. This committee, consisting of Professors W. G. Hale of the University of Chicago, Minton Warren of Johns Hopkins University, and the writer, representing Princeton, decided, in order to secure a wide interest and support, to invite other men to join the committee, until nearly fifty colleges and universities, and more than that number of cities, in every part of the United States were represented, while a strong section of the committee was established in