TO HARRY DE FOREST SMITH

[Gardiner, Maine]

March 3 - 1895.

My dear Smith--

This is a pale blue day and there seems to be no sun to speak of. I am glad to say, however, that I am not in the blues myself but on the contrary rather radiant over something—though I haven't the slightest idea of what that thing is. I think it is the knowledge (or at least the belief) that I can do anything, in my own way that I undertake. Last Monday I began "John Town" and now it <was> is done. Up to Thursday it seemed hopeless and even now it may not be good for anything, but it is done and that is something. It seems to me to be as good as any of my stuff, but I have lost faith in my own criticism. If I keep on at the rate of one tale a week I shall have a mess of them before long.—But then, I cannot do that for I have written all the short pieces I intend to for a time. My next work will be to fix over Theodore, Lévy Condillac and the Three Men & their Wives (the last two of which you do not care for, I think.) Some day I may come to that opinion myself, but just now <I> it is impossible for me to believe it. I shall peg away at these things[s] all summer (forenoons) and in the fall I shall make a large attempt to do something with them.
Your little story of the two friends has made a great impression upon me—as great as that of your friend H—whose college course was such a failure. I have salted him for future use and know just what I am going to do with him. I have never said much to you about it, but I think, if I am good for anything, that I may owe you something for it someday. As for this other case it seems to me just the thing for a three part story of say 12,000 words or so. I have so much material in my head and good material too that the weight of it makes me dizzy at times; and then there is that fear that I may not do anything after all. My worst and most persistent enemy, though, is a constant inclination to write poetry. Sometimes I am half afraid the damned stuff will kill what little ability I have.

The other day I took up Fromont Jeune and read the first book,—which is really a prologue and a masterpiece of artistic fiction. After that, the book cannot help being great. There is a chance for all sorts of diabolical occurrences in the coming pages and I have no doubt but that Sidonie will bring them around. (She) She seems thus far to be a combination of Becky Sharp and Dolly Varden, with a very large percentage of Becky. I am getting more and more convinced that Daudet is the greatest artist in fiction now living—and his art never crowds out his humanity. I have always been a little
suspicious of "Sapho" but shall probably read it before
long and find out what it is like. I have always attrib-
uted its tremendous sale to the risqué characters of
its pages, but I may be doing its author a rank in jus-
tice. Have you ever read the book?

I know nothing about "The Melancholy of Stephen
Allard" more than that [it] is published by the Macmillans
at the rather disquieting price of $1.75. Nobody men-
tions it here in Gardiner that I know and whenever I
speak of it I speak of a thing totally unheard of. I
fancy the book may be something after the style of Daudet's
"Robert Helmont--The Diary of a Recluse" another book I
am anxious to read.

I am crowding my days a little too hard lately
and the natural result is that I am beginning to lose sleep.
I am becoming filled with an utterly insane desire to get
out of bed at six o'clock in the morning, and would do so
were it not for two rather dull hours to live through be-
fore breakfast. It will be all right when warm weather
comes and a fellow can get out of doors but just now I
have nothing to do but to blow my clarinet; and it is not
good for one to do too much of that on an empty stomach.

Regarding that number of Harper's, let me say that
you took, or mistook, Whistler for Whittier. I mean the
number that contains the third instalment of Trilby and
has to do with a character who is a "guy" on Whistler,—
Joe Somebody I think, who is not in the published volume
at all. The sale of the magazine was stopped at W's re-
quest and I have heard that it is now practically impossible to get one of them.

I have received the first two numbers of "The Bibelot" but can't say that I think much of it except the covers. And what the deuce does the publisher mean by printing Blake's less known poems as things "not generally accessible." They are just as accessible as any other poems, although they have never become popular. The third number will be interesting, as was the second and I hope the paper may be changed before long to hold its own with the covers. I detest the type he has chosen for printing his poems, but that I suppose is Mr. Mosher's own business.

Joe and I were going to eat beans with your father & mother last evening, but the event did not take place on account of your mother's bad cold. She has been unfortunate this winter in that respect and I trust the coming [spring] may bring a change. I very seldom have a cold that is of any consequence, but I know what they [have?] are and how to sympathize.

Shall send you John Gray this week and feel sure that you will like it. I see the Critic praises "The Kentucky Cardinal," by the same author. He deserves it.

Most sincerely,

E. A. R.