



Mr. H. de Forest Smith,

Rockland, Maine.

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London, Oct 21-1894

My dear Smith,

I have just read Marguerite Fleming and feel well paid for my time. I do not know where I have read anything that has struck me more fully than that little sketch. I hate to see that of all the turkey makers who do not see "more than usual calm" + the young Turk "whose only look was in his hair" all this is done, if a chick did do it.

At last I have the most of my "scrubbing" done, and shall soon be able to sit down to work out some feeling of freedom - that is, unless something new unforeseen turns up to hinder things as ever - finally turning up - wrong side up - with me, so I do not dare to look ahead out too much certainty of peace. Still, I think I shall do something in my way this winter and hope to sink some hundred dollars sometime next year in getting some things printed. That is, I hope for a chance to run the risk of centering them in a good place - which is not always so easy to do nowadays.

And this makes me think of the chorus you have
just sent me. I think you for it and appreciate
your little red lettered sentence on the back. I
have been trying for two days to put the first
line of the chorus into meters but have not yet
succeeded. The nearest I have come to it is this:

"Of all the many marvellous things that are,
There is not one more marvellous than man."
The truth is, there is too much of the original for
one English line & not enough for two - a case
of sadly frequent occurrence. I shall get over
this snag somehow, sharp, and soon, I hope, for
I must a little more soon. There is some sat-
isfaction in knowing that when I have finished what
I now have a hand the work will be (in the
rough) a third part done. The thing ought to
be printed in the winter of '95-6 or the latest,
and there seems to be no particular reason why it
will not, if we will keep our strength and
faculties. I don't anticipate my much eubunastic
idea on your part until your tongue is
clean again, so kindly "work" Humphrey for
all he is possibly worth and try to replace
yourself with the fact that Edmon Beuth's tongue
was a stick in the use of speech nearly all
his life. There is something in the company of
a dead man - when he is Beuth.

Yesterday I read my big Chop-Buch and have come
to the conclusion that "The Passion Flower" is above the
ordinary. It is refreshingly clear, the dialogue in-
teresting, helping the author and the reader to an
incalculable extent. The story is long enough as it is,
if I were one of the "rotten rich" as John Wald calls
certain of Gaudin's eminent people I should ~~try~~
try "The Passion Flower" & the life of Vithorn de
Ish-Adam, together with twenty or thirty more volumes
which I particularly want just now. But I can't do
it and I somehow feel that it is all for the best
that I cannot.

The New Dial has a rather good article on Alexander
Smith and some pleasing facts from the life of Mary-
mough the prisoner. Black, the "John Brown" woman
has a very complete review of Thomas Boston and
Edith M. Thomas one of her letters quite beside
which do not please me. Edith is too cold for me.

George is reading "The Passion Flower" also to me and I
am getting deeply interested in the story. I am with a
wooden leg who has been shipped as cook. There is
going to be the devil to pay. Read the book if you
have not already. I can read for the first eight
chapters and at the same time completely myself that
my love for the romantic is not wholly dead. But I
cannot read the "War in Black".
Sincerely,
E. A. R.

I had a letter from Ford the other day in which
there are some remarks on Gully which may interest
you. For an author may show I am to ap-
preciate them, so I copy out a few lines:

"... The writer plainly shows lack of experience
and has done some things of which a school boy would
be ashamed... In short the book is work of a
"naïve" (used in the narrower sense, I suppose) "careless,"
but intensely individual and original. I have read nothing
since the days of Thackeray which pleased me so
much, and this in spite of the fact that the author
has handled a subject which he has no right to under-
take, which very few writers outside of the French circle
could handle. The character of Gully is an impossible
as can be, and I suppose it is the great heart of the
writer, and the happy careless life which he describes,
with its little bits of French song thrown in, which
makes the whole attractive."

I do not think you will wholly like this,
but then, all men have a right to their own
opinions. You know Ford was the man who criticized
my chorus for its "Meltonian" slowness. I cannot help
feeling that he is partly right. But for all
that I shall not try to build it over. I am get-
ting more and more convinced every day that I had none
so the plan to put it in and shall keep on
with it to the end.