SOME UNPUBLISHED LETTERS OF

WILLIAM ERNEST HENLEY 1849-1903

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1849-1903

by D. A. P. Atkinson

This edition of unpublished letters is an attempt to illustrate the life and achievements of W. E. Henley, man of letters, and is the result of the location of over 2300 letters in both public and private hands. More than half are located in the U.S.A. and Canada and were found after extensive inquiries by using the reference sources available in this country and by writing to the main libraries in North America. Advertisements in the press, both at home and abroad, resulted in a few letters and a meeting with Henley's sole surviving niece, Audrey Hunt. A meeting with the daughter of a friend of Henley proved invaluable in expanding this writer's knowledge of Henley and his family. The literary copyright holder was found after a long search by letter and advertising in Canada, and agreed to transfer the copyright to Audrey Hunt who gave permission to publish.

No complete edition of Henley's letters has been previously undertaken. The present edition is based on 662 letters, just over a quarter of those found, chosen to give an insight into Henley's personal and professional life and his position in the late nineteenth and early twentieth century world of letters. The selection was difficult and required care to avoid any letters already published. The letters demonstrate Henley's interest in the theatre with his collaboration in drama with Robert Louis Stevenson, his various editorial projects, notably in painting and slang, his support for emerging authors, eg. H. G. Wells and Arthur Morrison, his friendships, especially that with Stevenson, and also his wide literary interests. Henley's editorships of London, The Scots (later) National Observer and The New Review show his influence and strong political views. The extant letters to Charles Whibley, some 560, were not available for this edition and will be included in a projected collected edition of Henley's letters.

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Finally I am greatly indebted to my thesis supervisor Dr. Joanne Shattock, of Leicester University, for her help, encouragement and understanding throughout the long period of my research.
1. Biography

William Ernest Henley was born on 23 August 1849 in Gloucester. His father was a bookseller and printer and the young Henley grew up surrounded by books. He was the eldest of four brothers, one of whom, Edward John Henley (1861-1898), was to become an actor of some merit. Another, Anthony Warton Henley (1851-1914), became an artist.

While at the Crypt Grammar School he was fortunate in being influenced by Thomas Edward Brown (1830-1897), the Manx poet, who was Headmaster for three years (1860-1863). Brown exerted a great influence on the young Henley and encouraged his love of literature. He was to enjoy Brown's friendship until his death in 1897.

As a schoolboy Henley suffered from tuberculosis which had attacked the bones of his legs and he had his left leg amputated below the knee, probably in 1865. He left school in 1867 having passed the Oxford Local Schools Examination and went to London to find work. Very little is known of his life at this period. In June 1868 he entered St. Bartholomew's Hospital, London, for treatment to his right leg. He left in
April 1869 still not cured.

From late 1869 to early 1871 Henley was a contributor of verse to The Period, a short lived weekly journal. In 1872 he moved to Margate and entered the Royal Sea-Bathing Infirmary for six or seven months. From there he went to the Royal Infirmary, Edinburgh, where he stayed for twenty-two months under the care of Joseph Lister (1827-1912), the pioneer of antiseptic surgery. While there Henley wrote his sequence of verse called "In Hospital," a realistic description of hospital life.1

Among his visitors were Leslie Stephen and Robert Louis Stevenson.2 Henley formed a close friendship with Stevenson until they quarrelled in 1888. Stephen published Henley's verse in the Cornhill Magazine.3 He also met his future wife Anna Boyle and they married in 1878 in Edinburgh.

After leaving the Infirmary in April 1875 he worked for some months on the Encyclopaedia Britannica in 1876 where he contributed some articles.4 From 3 February 1877 to 5 March 1879 he was employed as a writer for, and later editor of London, a Conservative weekly journal. As editor he published some of Stevenson's early work.

After the financial collapse of London he worked as a journalist, writing for The Athenaeum, The Saturday Review, the Pall Mall Gazette, the St. James's

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Gazette, The Manchester Guardian and Vanity Fair among others. In 1881 he became editor of The Magazine of Art, a major monthly, until October 1886. As editor he introduced Auguste Rodin to the British public and he was rewarded by Rodin making his bust in 1886. After resigning from The Magazine of Art in August 1886 he was for a short time a consulting editor of another monthly, The Art Journal. While engaged in art editorial work Henley was also co-writing a play, Deacon Brodie, with Stevenson. This was a start of a collaboration on four plays.

In 1888 his first volume of poetry, A Book of Verses, was published and his daughter Margaret Emma was born. Towards the end of 1888 he was appointed editor of The Scots Observer in Edinburgh. This weekly paper was to make his reputation as an editor. His second-in-command was the scholar Charles Whibley and they formed a friendship which was to last until Henley's death. He moved to London in 1890 when the paper became The National Observer, and he resigned as editor in March 1894 shortly after his daughter's death. During this period he edited a collection of verse for boys, Lyra Heroica (1892), published a volume of verse, The Song of the Sword and other verses (1892), edited two memorials of art exhibitions in Edinburgh and Glasgow and began his collaboration with J. S. Farmer (1845-1915) on Slang and its
Analogues.6 He also published his first volume of criticism, Views and Reviews: Literature (1890).

In 1895 he became editor of the monthly journal The New Review, a post he held until the end of 1897. He was an unsuccessful candidate for the Professorship of Rhetoric and English Literature at Edinburgh University in 1895, and later that year failed to become Poet Laureate. In 1897 he published, with T. F. Henderson, The Poetry of Burns, a major four-volume work. He also published the first volume of an uncompleted edition of Byron in the same year.

From 1892 until his death Henley was general editor of The Tudor Translations, a major series of reprints of English translations of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.7 After his resignation from the New Review he edited various works of prose and poetry, notably the works of Fielding and Smollett.8

In 1898 he was awarded a Civil List pension of £225 per annum and he published his Poems, a collected edition. In 1900, during the Boer war, he published some jingoistic verse, For England's Sake. Verses and Songs in Time of War (1900) and in 1901 his Hawthorn and Lavender. His second volume of criticism, Views and Reviews: Art, was published in 1902. Until his death he was involved in various literary projects including an edition of Shakespeare.9 He died at the
age of fifty-three at his home in Woking, worn out by over work and ill health, on 11 July 1903.

2. **Friends and editorships**

Henley is remembered today more for the people he knew and for a few poems in anthologies, than for his substantial literary output. His reputation, which was high during his editorship of *The Scots Observer*, later *The National Observer*, and *The New Review*, declined on the publication of his apparent attack on Robert Louis Stevenson when reviewing Graham Balfour's biography in 1901. As a result of this article, he was seen by some as an embittered man, jealous of the reputation that was Stevenson's. As an editor he welded together a coterie of young writers for whom to write for Henley was the start on the path to success as they saw it. For some writers this was in fact true.

Henley's first friendship of any importance was with Harry Nichols, a London coffee-house owner, formed after leaving school in Gloucester. Nichols' coffee-house was in the Commercial Road and here Henley was introduced to the low life of East London, a life style hitherto unknown to him. The friendship is reflected in his surviving letters to Nichols (Letter Nos. 4-9, 18, 23). Henley became acquainted with the
jargon and slang of Nichols' customers and friends and it was here, no doubt, that he acquired his great interest in slang which was to lead to some verse, "Villon's Straight Tip to all Cross Coves," and his work with J. S. Farmer on slang. Henley and Nichols seemed to have had a fairly intimate relationship, much of it based on drink, smoking, and the music hall. From his letters to Nichols it seems that Henley became a frequenter of the theatre as well as the music halls.

There is no mention of Nichols by Henley after 1879 and the friendship may have died naturally. Through Nichols Henley met James Runciman (1852-1891), a journalist, who was writing for *Vanity Fair*. Their friendship, though not close, was based on journalism, and later became soured due to a disagreement which has not been established.

In his early days as a patient in the Royal Infirmary in Edinburgh Henley made contact with people of the literary world. He had managed to have his hospital verses accepted by Leslie Stephen and it was through Stephen that Henley met Robert Louis Stevenson. Stevenson introduced Henley to Sidney Colvin, then Slade Professor of Fine Arts at Cambridge University, and Charles Baxter, an Edinburgh lawyer. Stevenson and Baxter were part of a close Edinburgh circle of educated men which included Sir Walter Simpson, Robert T. Hamilton Bruce, the art collector, Stevenson's
cousin R. A. M. Stevenson, Walter Ferrier, and Robert Fitzroy Bell. Through this group Henley was to experience a society which accepted and encouraged him and allowed him to expand his talents later in editorship, though they were to have a financial interest in such support.

Henley's second, and deepest, friendship was with Robert Louis Stevenson, a friendship from which Henley looked for approval for his early verse. This friendship has been given much attention in the biographies of Stevenson and Henley. Henley, a strongly opinionated thinker and forceful talker, needed the more refined yet wistful Stevenson to approve of him, his views and work, and also needed him as a means of bettering himself in the literary world. Henley also needed a friend, someone congenial with whom he could go drinking, and could share his thoughts. Their working together on London was the start of a literary friendship which developed with collaboration on four plays and the ideas for many more. Throughout, Henley was the dominant man of ideas for possible plays and later operas. His letters are full of plans for plays and he became widely read in drama. To some extent his persistence in wanting to revitalise British drama was an underlying cause of dissatisfaction in their relationship.

After Stevenson's marriage in 1880 the friendship
underwent a fundamental change, though it may not have been recognised by Henley at the time. Henley, in fact, did not want Stevenson to marry as he saw it as interference in their friendship and a possible weakening of the relationship. Commenting on Stevenson in a letter to Colvin, Henley writes: "Come back he must [from America], & that soon. Married or unmarried -- je m'en fiche. If we can't have our Louis without the vice, we must have him with it" (Letter No. 57). Fanny Stevenson was a stronger character than her husband and was protective of him against the vigorous and intrusive Henley. Stevenson had no great need of Henley as a literary collaborator, for he was full of ideas for books of his own. He now had a wife who exerted a great influence over his life. However, the friendship progressed, with Henley acting as Stevenson's unpaid literary agent when Stevenson was abroad. Henley recognised that Stevenson had literary talent, more than his own, and did his best to ensure that his friend's work was published.

Stevenson's marriage was the first turning point in the relationship with Henley, the second being Stevenson's move to America in August 1887. Henley's collaborator in drama was now absent and drama was no longer of importance to Stevenson. Indeed he had tired of it earlier. Baxter, writing to Stevenson in April
1888 after a breech had opened between Henley and Stevenson, commented:

The fact is that these cursed plays have been at the bottom of all the mischief. I have never heard a grumble from Henley with regard to you except in that connection. He relied hopefully on them for money, and thought you little interested in them, and blamed you accordingly; but beyond that no word of adverse comment ever passed his lips to me.\textsuperscript{12}

The breech between the two came with Henley's letter to Stevenson of 9 March 1888. It began with a misunderstanding concerning the plagiarism, as Henley saw it, by Stevenson's wife, of a story written by Stevenson's cousin Katharine de Mattos. The ensuing quarrel, including the publication of the correspondence, is discussed in detail by Edward H. Cohen.\textsuperscript{13} Despite this quarrel Henley occasionally wrote to Stevenson though the old, unrestrained style was absent. Henley never lost his feelings for Stevenson and on hearing of his death in 1894 he wrote to Charles Whibley: "It has upset us not a little; for though there had been differences, he was, save for my wife, the oldest friend, as he had been the dearest, I had on earth."\textsuperscript{14}
Henley's second journalistic venture, and later first editorial engagement, was as a writer for the weekly journal London which was financed by Robert Glasgow Brown, another friend of Robert Louis Stevenson. Together with Stevenson, James Runciman, George Saintsbury, Walter Ferrier, Grant Allen, Stevenson's cousin Katharine de Mattos, and Andrew Lang, he and Glasgow Brown produced a dynamic journal, though it was perhaps a dynamism engendered later by Henley as editor. Saintsbury remarked, "we made things hum."

During his editorship Henley published some of Stevenson's early work, including his Latter-Day Arabian Nights. Henley's first editorship was notable not only for publishing Stevenson but for the talent he had writing for him. Saintsbury was to become a major scholar of English Literature, Lang a Greek scholar, poet and critic, while Grant Allen became a prolific book reviewer and novelist.

Fanny Stevenson gives a picture of London:

Mr. Henley was performing prodigies to keep it afloat. His own salary was small and the limited funds at his disposal allowed him to pay next to nothing to contributors. Both his and my husband's friends helped so far as they could, but a weekly publication made too heavy a drain on...
their good-nature. It often happened that an entire number of London was written by Mr. Henley and my husband alone.... The circulation of London was extremely small....

There were occasions when the journal presented the odd appearance of being almost wholly composed of verses. This occurred when the too sanguine editor found himself disappointed in hoped-for contributions and had to make up his pages at the very moment of going to press. Verses filled space more readily than prose, and were easier to do; in such emergencies poem after poem would be dashed off by Mr. Henley and my husband until the blanks were filled. "Hurry, my lad," Mr. Henley would shout; "only six more lines now!" My husband would scratch off the six lines, hand them to the printer's devil, who stood waiting with outstretched hand, and the situation was saved for another week.¹⁹

Many of Henley's contributions to London were unsigned poems in the French style, a style best exemplified in the work of Austin Dobson.²⁰ Lang wrote to Dobson that Henley was the author of these anonymous verses and Dobson's reply to Lang was read by Henley who wrote the first of sixty-eight known extant letters to Dobson. There began a friendship, which though not
as deep and intense as that with Stevenson, was nevertheless close and, certainly in its early stages, that of master and apprentice. Henley fully recognised that Dobson was the master of the French verse form. Throughout his life Henley turned to Dobson for approval and expertise in his work in both verse and prose. In later life Henley also sought help from Dobson when working on his Fielding.

When Henley became editor of The Magazine of Art in October 1881 he was able to increase his circle of friends and acquaintances. Among those who wrote for The Magazine were the civil servant William Cosmo Monkhouse (1840-1901), a friend of Dobson, and Bob Stevenson, whom Henley nurtured as an art critic. The friendship with Stevenson was close and Henley had a great regard for his art criticism. However, after the death of Robert Louis Stevenson in 1894, and in the aftermath of the quarrel, the friendship waned. This was probably because Henley refused to have anything to do with the Stevenson clan. Of Bob Stevenson's death in 1900, Henley, writing to H. G. Wells, said:

Unhappily, he is no loss to me -- as he is to you. I lost him years ago; & my great bereavement [the death of his daughter], which came after, made me indifferent to most things under the visiting moon or I might have tried to get back upon the old
familiar terms, & have taken up life again in the old affectionate way. (Letter No. 573)

Another contributor to The Magazine of Art was William Archer (1856-1924), the dramatic critic. Archer, although not of Henley's politics, respected the man and a firm friendship ensued, with Archer often reviewing Henley's work. Archer was one of the foremost drama critics of the day and a champion of Ibsen, and it says much for their regard for each other that their differing views on politics and drama did not come between them.

The artist and teacher Alphonse Legros (1837-1911) was another of Henley's friends whom he had met through Stevenson. Legros was Professor of Etching at the Slade School at London University and a foremost etcher of the period. When Rodin visited England in 1881 he stayed with Legros who introduced him to Henley among others. Henley already knew of Rodin's work and as Frederic Grunfeld states "was to become Rodin's foremost British apostle." Their friendship lasted until Henley's death and was based on an understanding of each other's art and also on the struggle that they both had to achieve success, Rodin as a sculptor and Henley as a man.

Henley is credited with being an early appreciator of the art of Whistler. However, no signed review has
been identified, though an article in *The Magazine of Art* in 1885 may well be his.\(^22\) Whistler was well-known in England before Rodin though he was a controversial figure. He and Henley probably first met while Henley was editor of *The Scots Observer* and their friendship lasted until Henley's death. Whistler was to have painted Henley's portrait but managed only a lithograph of which six copies were pulled.

As editor he inherited existing contributors to the journal and among these were Wilfrid and Alice Meynell. The Meynells were a major Catholic literary couple and introduced Henley to a new circle of friends and acquaintances, among whom was Francis Thompson, the poet, whom Henley later met in the late 1890s. The Henleys and the Meynells were quite close and Wilfrid Meynell became the godfather of Henley's daughter Margaret Emma in 1888.

After almost five years as editor Henley resigned in August 1886, no doubt feeling the strain of battling against the orthodox views of Cassells. Almost immediately he became a consulting editor of *The Art Journal* which occupied him until his appointment as editor of *The Scots Observer*.

Henley had developed a firm friendship with Hamilton Bruce, the Edinburgh art collector. Bruce was a cultured man and Henley recognised in him a lover of painting and art in general. This friendship, based on
art rather than literature, was of value to Henley not only at the emotional level but also in terms of his future career. Without doubt it was Hamilton Bruce who was able to commission Henley to write the two art memorial catalogues, the first for the Dutch and French Loan Exhibition held as part of the International Exhibition of Industry, Science and Art, 1886, at Edinburgh. The second, A Century of Artists, was for the Glasgow International Exhibition of 1888. Henley consulted Bruce on art matters and also in his work on Burns. Of Bruce's death in April 1899 Henley wrote in May: "As for my dear Bruce's death, I will not speak of it. I think I scarce realize it yet -- all that he meant to me & all that it means." (Letter No. 550)

Of the Edinburgh circle that Henley had entered during his stay in the Infirmary Charles Baxter was perhaps his closest friend after Stevenson. Their relationship was that of young men enjoying life, their common interest being Stevenson rather than art or literature. Baxter was a lawyer and acted for Stevenson and gave his legal advice to Henley when asked. He was a close friend until the quarrel with Stevenson when Henley's attitude became somewhat cold towards Baxter. Despite this they remained friends until Henley's death.

Sidney Colvin was a friend on whom Henley could rely for advice on art and criticism but their
relationship waned after the break with Stevenson. He was a scholar and critic whose life was centred at Cambridge University and as Keeper of Prints at the British Museum.

The other Edinburgh friend who was to have some influence on Henley was Robert Fitzroy Bell. He was a Tory and apparently a man of means and was the main backer of *The Scots Observer*, later *The National Observer*. This venture lost Bell much money and their relationship finally reached the stage where Henley was prepared to have recourse to law to seek what money he thought was owed to him by Bell. However, the dispute was settled and Bell and Henley remained friends and continued to correspond.

Henley's circle of friends had increased as he became more widely known. His early acquaintance with Andrew Lang and Stevenson on London had brought him into contact with Edmund Gosse though the date of their first meeting is not known. Henley seems to have taken a dislike to Gosse and although the two could meet and did correspond Gosse could not find any reason for Henley's hostile attitude towards him.²³

When Henley became editor of *The Scots Observer* in December 1888 he embarked on a stage in his life that was to make him the centre of a circle of young and emergent writers and to bring him fame as a vigorous editor who stamped his mark on all that went
to press.

Henley was now in Edinburgh and once again was moving in that circle of friends he had found on meeting Robert Louis Stevenson. The journal was to make his reputation, especially when it moved to London in November 1890 as The National Observer. Some of the contributors of The Magazine of Art were to write for him and some new writers were to be published. The journal was Tory and hard-hitting and was not afraid to speak its mind whether about politics, literature or art. Its articles about men of the period -- "Modern Men" -- were both laudatory and dismissive.

Among the new writers for the Scots Observer were W. B. Yeats, J. M. Barrie, Charles Whibley, Kenneth Grahame, Kipling and H. G. Wells. Of these, Barrie, Whibley, and Wells, together with the journalist and M.P. Harry Cust (1861-1917) and the M.P. George Wyndham (1863-1913), were to remain his friends until his death.

Henley found a replacement for Stevenson in Charles Whibley though the depth of feeling was not as great. Whibley had worked for Cassells, the publishers of The Magazine of Art, and he and Henley met there. Whibley was a scholar and a Tory, and this endeared him to Henley who felt that here was a young man at the start of his career who could be moulded after himself. Whibley became second-in-command on The Scots Observer.

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Their relationship can be traced in Henley's letters quoted in John Connell's biography of Henley. However, the depth and extent of their friendship will only be found in the publication of all Henley's letters to Whibley.

Whibley, like Stevenson, was the antithesis of Henley, university educated, a writer, but very lax in working to deadlines for press. He took a relaxed outlook on life also, unlike Henley, but, like Henley, was a strident and sometimes partisan writer. Their friendship was very much that of an uncle and a well-loved nephew, but an uncle who was to be obeyed as an editor.

Henley was in the habit of entertaining some of his staff at home and it was here that he and they met and found new friends and acquaintances. Through Harry Cust Henley met George Wyndham, who introduced him to a higher social circle in London. Wyndham was to succeed in obtaining a Civil List Pension for Henley in 1898. Barrie had written for the Scots Observer a few weeks before Henley became editor and became a family friend. Wendy in Peter Pan was based on Margaret Henley.24

Yeats was not a firm friend though he did attend gatherings at Henley's house. He wrote verse for Henley but did not share his politics nor literary thought. He gives an interesting account of these gatherings in his Autobiographies.25

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Two friends close to Henley were Kipling and Wells. Kipling, the young man fresh from India, had his *Barrack Room Ballads* published by Henley. They had politics and literature in common. Both were Tories and both were poets. During the Boer War both men wrote imperialistic verse and Henley was to have many imitators.26

The first few chapters of what was to become *The Time Machine* were published in *The National Observer* (17 March and 24 March 1894). Later the story was published in serial form in *The New Review* (January-May 1895) under Henley's editorship. Wells recognized Henley's encouragement and dedicated the book to him. Henley was constantly offering advice to Wells on his writing and despite the fact that he was not as liberal minded as Wells in his politics they were friends.

Despite their opposing life styles, Henley formed a brief friendship with Oscar Wilde and engaged in very lengthy arguments which sometimes lasted through the night. Wilde wrote a letter of concern to Henley on his mother's final illness in 1888,27 yet Henley showed no concern for, or understanding towards, Wilde in his trial and conviction in 1895. The controversy in *The Scots Observer* over Wilde's *The Picture of Dorian Gray* in 1890, although not written by Henley, showed an uncritical approach to reviewing by personal attack,28 and Wilde's poem *The Ballad of Reading Goal* was
bitterly attacked by Henley in 1898 in *The Outlook.*
His view of Wilde's work was at variance with many of his contemporaries and today reads as an attack on the man rather than his art. One assumes that his distaste for Wilde's ideas and life style precluded him from recognizing his genius.

*The National Observer* changed hands in March 1894 and Henley ceased to be its editor. It was not until January 1895 that Henley was once more in the editor's chair, this time at *The New Review.* Once again Henley's friends had found some employment for him. It was a different group to that of Edinburgh, a small group of politicians and journalists who financed the journal, including William Heinemann and his partner, Sydney Pawling, with the addition of Charles Baxter, Whibley and Lord Windsor. Henley corresponded with Pawling on journal business and they became friends.

As with his previous editorship Henley encouraged new and established writers. Among these was the novelist and social realist writer Arthur Morrison. They became friends, having a common interest in boxing, literature and Japanese painting.

Outside his journals Henley had literary, theatrical and artistic friends. He was elected to the Savile Club in 1883 and ceased to be a member in 1894. He had a few very close friends, apart from Stevenson, Charles Whibley, Baxter and Hamilton Bruce, and his
friendships were for the most part the result of, and based on, journalism and literature.

3. The Letters.

Some of Henley's letters have already been published or quoted. Quotations of letters occur in books about Henley, for example in John Connell's biography, and in biographies and books about the period. Some Henley letters are also published in full in books about the period, and sixty were published in a private edition of his letters in 1933. These sixty letters cover the period 1884 to 1903 and are mainly to the journalist and novelist H. B. Marriott Watson (1863-1921). Published letters are excluded from the present edition.

The previously unpublished (in full) 662 letters written by Henley comprising this edition cover a period from 1869 to 1903 and are mostly written from Edinburgh, the London area, Margate, Worthing and Woking. They illustrate his early attempts at obtaining recognition as a poet, his forays into journalistic reviews, much of which lies buried in the files of *The Athenaeum*, his various friendships together with views on persons he disliked, his literary work, editorships and views on many subjects.
In length they range from a short sentence to Wells to twenty-eight pages to Robert Louis Stevenson. In quality they range from vibrant love letters to Anna Boyle to strident letters proclaiming his political views, from day to day letters as editor to letters supporting the cause of financial necessity for some of his friends who had fallen on hard times.

The first two letters reflect the pattern common to aspiring authors, whether then or today, of asking for advice and help from well-known persons, in Henley's case the publisher John Murray III (1898-1892). Although some form of help seems implied in the second letter we do not know what form, if any, that it took. However, Henley had found employment on The Period by late 1869 contributing facile social verse. His appeal to Murray was for some form of financial assistance to enable him to seek lodgings in London after a long bout of ill-health.

Later in his life Henley was to remember the help he had from Murray, and especially from Leslie Stephen, when he encouraged young writers to carry on with their efforts. Foremost among these was H. G. Wells, who was encouraged to proceed with his Time Machine. The letters to Wells illustrate the relationship of tutor and student, Henley criticizing the structure of the story and making suggestions as to improvements:
I hope you put in some work on the MS. For I know that one reason why it wasn't a success elsewhere was that it was -- not a picture but -- a sketch. (Letter No. 384)

And later, when publishing Wells in The New Review:

My only difficulty is that without the Introductory chapters the story [Time Machine] is not too intelligible, to say nothing of the loss in plausibility. (Letter No. 386)

Wells thanked Henley for his views by dedicating The Time Machine to him. This was not the end of his contribution to Wells's work for in subsequent letters he writes of his delight:

You are an 'igstrawn'y & ascentric' young man; & The Wonderful Visit (albeit a little sloppy here & there; albeit, too, as you say too quickly done) is very good reading indeed. (Letter No. 420)

Some of Henley's later letters to Wells are very informal, friendly and boyish, indicating a closer friendship than biographies of Henley and Wells suggest. There is a casual charm about them and the
whole is reminiscent of a schoolboy friendship. For example, Henley writing to Wells in 1898:

You will note that I use 'A Superfine Extra Thick Correspondence,' & not an ordinary Christian sheet of note-paper. That means that you may write me as many pages as you will (& you can't write me too many, from my point of view); but that I remains loftily superior, & says no more than can be said on a Superfine Extra Thick. For the present at least! (Letter No. 535)

Henley was critical enough to reject some of Wells's work and writing of The Wheels of Chance in 1896:

I like your draper no end. I read it to-day; & it amused me all through; & I was really sorry when it came to an end. But it's not for me, I fear, for reasons I won't enter into now. Let Jerome have it, 'an he will. (Letter No. 436)

One may argue that any man of literary merit would have recognized the quality of Wells's work and supported him in his efforts to find a publisher. However, one of Henley's outstanding abilities was to recognize literary talent whether it be in men more
gifted than himself or in an area of composition in which he was not competent. It is easy to name a few literary men of merit whom Henley encouraged in their early work, either by publication or criticism. Wells and Stevenson come immediately to mind.

One of the outstanding and revered novelists of the period was George Meredith but when Henley began reviewing him he was not universally recognized as such, although his reputation was growing. Henley was writing about Meredith as early as 1877 in London and in his letter to the publisher John Lane in 1890 concerning Richard Le Gallienne's forthcoming book on Meredith, George Meredith: Some Characteristics (1890), he lists ten of his own reviews, four of which were of The Egoist alone (Letter No. 281). In a letter of January 1880 he writes in answer to a criticism by Colvin:

You are too rough on The Egoist. I read over my Athenaeum article yesterday...and stand by it. ...The book is as good & as bad as you say. It is an attempt at Art by an elderly apprentice of genius. It is material for a perfect comedy -- not of intrigue; d--n intrigue; intrigue is not comic -- but of character -- the Missing Link between Art & Nonsense....I hate & admire him. (Letter No. 57)
Henley was not, of course, the only writer recognizing the quality of Meredith's work, for Stevenson, Le Gallienne and Arthur Symons were also to the fore.

The letters demonstrate Henley's patronage of young authors none more so than in those to Arthur Morrison. Apart from his praise, where due, he admonishes Morrison:

I've at last found energy enough to read the Jago. Know: I like it fairly well; but I think it's scarce worthy of Mean Streets, & as I want you first in the N.R. to show you at your best, I've sent it back. (Letter No. 421)

It was subsequently serialised in The New Review and the book was successful.

Henley read proofs and made revisions of MSS, not only of Wells and Morrison, but of other young writers, one of whom was the novelist, Bernard Capes (?1850-1918), later editor of The Theatre.

The young men that gathered about Henley did so when he was an editor, especially of The Scots Observer and The National Observer. His control and rewriting of their work has been commented on by Jerome Buckley. One of these young men was Rudyard Kipling but unfortunately only one letter and telegram appear to be
extant and the relationship can only be judged from biographies and Kipling himself.

Henley's early letters to Harry Nichols, the coffee-house owner in the east end of London, during the early 1870s, are letters of great informality and interest. They are the letters of an impressionable young man writing frankly about literature, women, the theatre, the music hall, drink and smoking. They portray Henley as enthusiastic about life and eager to make his way in the literary world. When Henley writes from Margate we are given a panorama of the seaside resort after the holiday season has gone. He asks of Nichols:

Have you got a spare crown to dispose of? -- I suffer much from impecuniosity -- the old ailment! (Letter No. 4)

a theme to which he returns throughout his life. And Nichol is not the only one to help him financially at this time:

Be good enough, in some sober interval, if such ever occur, to do the correct & proper thing by our mutal friend Hall, for his contribution to our necessities. (Letter No. 6)
He shows in these letters the breadth of his reading in both English and French, and he has a good knowledge of the London stage. From the Edinburgh Infirmary we learn of his reading of French and we are given an idea what it was like to be a patient. Here he wrote his first Hospital poetry, met Stevenson, and recognised the qualities of Walt Whitman;

The most remarkable thing that yet has come out of the States is certainly Walt Whitman's book. (Letter No. 18)

Recently there has been speculation as how Henley was able to get an introduction to Lister at the Edinburgh Infirmary and how he was able to pay for his stay. Richard B. Fisher, in his book *Joseph Lister 1827-1912*, strongly suggests that Henley was recommended to Lister by "a Lady in the South of England of very considerable influence in London Society" (p. 207). In view of Henley's Bohemian way of life in East London it is very unlikely that he would be in contact with anyone of such standing. Nevertheless, the possibility exists that he may have met such a person while at the Margate Sea-Bathing Infirmary. Henley, himself, would seem to refute any suggestion of patronage in a letter to J. M. Barrie for he says that he "had heard of Lister & Listerism, &
went to Edinburgh, as a sort of forlorn hope, on the chance of saving my foot" (Letter No. 251).

Henley is well-known for his poetry written in the Infirmary but we learn from his letters that he also wrote a short article entitled Convalescence in 1877 which is in contrast to the harsh reality of his verse description. Here he speaks of the period of recovery with its pseudo-pleasure of pain and the weariness as strength returns to the moving body. The process is "a trying period both for nurses and patients, especially after severe illnesses."

In the Infirmary he also met Anna Boyle to whom he wrote many love letters. These love letters, though interlaced with accounts of his efforts at poetry and work, show a soft, gentle side of Henley's emotions which are later found in his poetry, especially in his Hawthorn and Lavender, and in comments on the death in 1894 of his young daughter Margaret from meningitis. We see his anxiety at being parted from Anna and the reluctance with which she views the relationship. Finally the problem of Anna's being a Catholic is overcome and they marry. Here again Henley asks for money, this time from Stevenson, or rather Walter Simpson.

In a letter to Anna in April 1876 we are given Henley's first piece of dramatic criticism, the relative merits of Hamlet and Othello. Later Henley
wrote drama reviews for *The Pall Mall Gazette* but it was abandoned as he disagreed with Frederick Greenwood, the editor.

The meeting with Stevenson in February 1875 has been recorded by him but unfortunately no account is left by Henley. The early letters to Stevenson show Henley as the aspiring young poet seeking guidance and approval from Stevenson and it is evident that a strong bond grew between them. Henley was still trying to find a publisher for his verses and wrote to John Blackwood of *Blackwood's Magazine*. Though the verses were rejected, Henley formed a long friendship with Blackwood which was carried on by correspondence, though there was personal contact when Henley was living in Edinburgh and his letters show how he was seeking publication for his friends rather than for himself.

Out of hospital in Edinburgh Henley found employment on the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* and the letters indicate that he may have contributed at least six articles to the ninth edition concentrating on French poets.

In his letters to Anna Boyle, or Nancy, as he calls her, he writes of the founding of the journal *London* and its owner Glasgow Brown. We are given an insight into the problems of a weekly newspaper as seen by one of its main contributors and later editor. Here
Henley was writing verse, complaining about Henry du Pré Labouchere (1831-1912), the owner of the weekly paper Truth, though we do not know what the complaint was. We learn from these London letters of some of the articles that Henley wrote, including a series, or part of a series, on "Lady Novelists" (Letter No. 34).

In a letter to W. H. Brett (1846-1918), the young American librarian then staying in London, Henley gives advice on how to improve his verse and tells us that when he began to write verse he:

Ran away after inspiration, rhythmic drunkeness, what you will. ...I date the beginning of my own return to sanity from the time when I came to see that the old artists, the great wordsmen, were the best. (Letter No. 36)

Many of Henley's early letters to Stevenson are full of ideas for collaboration in plays which he saw as making their fortunes. Stevenson at this time seemed to share Henley's enthusiasm though later, especially when married to the forceful Fanny, he found them a burden. In his desire for dramatic fame Henley writes of meeting various theatre managers and actors in his attempts to obtain a stage for their work. However, they in their wisdom saw that the plays had no chance of public success.
In 1884 while still deeply immersed in plays Henley makes mention of operas that he and Stevenson should write and speaks of Charles Stanford as a possible composer but it seems this was merely a flight of fancy as nothing came of it (Letter No. 161).

While endeavouring to find theatres for their plays Henley was also doing his best, together with Colvin and James Runciman, to obtain publication for Stevenson's stories. He continued to do this for a number of years when Stevenson was abroad and he writes to the publisher Andrew Chatto senior (1840-1913) and of the publisher Kegan Paul (1828-1902). This support for Stevenson comes over strongly in the letters, not only to him but also to Baxter, who was Stevenson's lawyer. However, Henley was not uncritical of Stevenson's work and says as much:

The 'Emigrant' is feeble, dull, pretentious; & if you saw it now, you'd wither & cower over it. If it be held over, you'll probably get a chance of rewriting. (Letter No. 61)

After the financial failure of London in 1879 Henley spent his time in writing reviews for popular journals and newspapers and rewriting his verse, but by February 1880 he was only contributing to The Athenaeum and his finances were very low. Despite this
his letters are generally cheerful and informative and full of comments on the art exhibitions of the day. They reflect his dislike for the formal approach to art as embodied in the Royal Academy of Art. He speaks of his brother Anthony's attempts to gain recognition as an artist and also his actor brother Edward whom he considers a waster, even though he may have some talent.

By autumn 1879 Henley must have achieved some form of recognition as a reviewer and critic as he was asked by Thomas Humphry Ward (1845-1926) to undertake some poetry selections with biographical notes for Ward's *English Poets* which he readily did (Letter Nos. 53 and 54).

Henley is known as a critic of literature and art but it is not generally known that he was a pianist, though his arthritis hindered his playing, and he was a lover of music, especially Beethoven. He hated Wagner but loved Berlioz:

If the brute [Wagner] had but genius, instead of a number of not very splendid talents, I should call him the Gladstone of Music. He has dealt with the art much as Wm. Ewart (God damn him) has dealt with the British Empire; & he is about as good & representative a type of this mad, futile, arrogant, blundering, flatulent, noisy, vain,
imperfect[,] selfish, clever, pretentious, insincere, & mistaken Nineteenth Century as you'll find. (Letter No. 84)

His admiration for Berlioz brought him recognition as he was asked to join the Berlioz Statue Committee in the company of such men as Charles Hallé (1819-1895), founder of the Hallé orchestra, and John Stainer (1840-1926), organist of St. Paul's Cathedral.

Henley's interest in music and art helped Bob Stevenson to find work and recognition. Henley was writing articles, mainly drama and music reviews, for The Saturday Review and through his uneasy friendship with the editor, Walter Pollock (1850-26), he managed to have Bob Stevenson employed as a music critic for a short period.

As editor of The Magazine of Art Henley's letters show us the busy editor seeking copy from such people as Austin Dobson, both Stevensons, and the well-known children's book illustrator, Kate Greenaway (1846-1901), among others. We are given an insight into the running of a journal, the problems of getting the illustrator and writer together, and his failure to get Henry James to write for him, though he achieved this when editor of The New Review. Henley appreciated Millet, the French artist, and gave space in the journal to articles about him. His knowledge of Millet
led him to contribute articles in The Magazine of Art and also in The Art Journal. He also contributed articles to the Cornhill Magazine on the same subject and was commissioned by the Fine Art Society to produce biographical notes to a book of Millet etchings and woodcuts in 1881.34

In his work on the two memorial catalogues of the Edinburgh and Glasgow exhibitions in the late 1880s Henley wrote frequently to Hamilton Bruce requesting information, writing of his progress, and also his views on some Dutch painters to be included in the Edinburgh catalogue:

these dam Dutchmen, of whom I know nothing, & for whom I care less. (Letter No. 227)

It would seem that Henley was undertaking a project without carefully considering the work involved. He wrote to Bruce:

Ideas on the subject of Ziem, Mesdag, Neuhuys, W. Maris, will be thankfully received. (Letter No. 229).

The catalogues were duly published and Henley was pleased though there is no mention in his letters that as some of his criticism was so severe the first
impression of the Edinburgh Memorial Catalogue of the French and Dutch Loan Collection was immediately withdrawn.\(^3^5\)

In May 1884 Stevenson was very ill in Hyères, France, to such an extent that Henley, together with Baxter and Bob Stevenson, arranged for their own doctor, Dr. Zebulon Mennell, to go to France and look after Stevenson, thus ignoring Fanny's say in the matter. Henley expresses his great concern for Stevenson, seeing Fanny as a hindrance, and that they must ensure Stevenson's recovery at all costs. In a letter written by Henley but signed by all three they say that they:

> do not believe his present medical advisor to understand or care for his case; & that we think it our duty, as his friends & agents, to place him in the hands of a man in whom we have complete confidence. (Letter No. 126)

Throughout his letters in May 1884 Henley gives the overriding impression that he was the instigator of the medical help and that he was in charge. He tells Baxter what to do and what not to do, that Baxter on seeing Stevenson's parents "must come away with carte blanche as to Mennell & Royat both" (Letter No. 137).

After the scare was over and as early as mid June
1884 Henley is writing to Stevenson about their play Deacon Brodie which was to be produced in July 1884. He had impressed on everyone the need to keep Stevenson away from work and yet he intrudes with his news of the play. Yet later that month Henley remarks to Baxter that:

I don't expect we shall ever get to work on the thing again [Deacon Brodie]; nor for that matter, on anything else. The match is no longer equal. Louis has grown faster than I have; & then there's the Bedlamite [Fanny]. (Letter No. 150)

However, Henley later revised Deacon Brodie and his letters, until the break with Stevenson, make constant reference to the other plays they wrote. In fact Henley was visiting Stevenson in Bournemouth later that month to work on the plays, putting Stevenson under a considerable strain and upsetting Fanny.

As editor of The Scots Observer and The National Observer from December 1889 to March 1894 Henley began that part of his life which was to be the most rewarding, for he had already published his first book of poetry, A Book of Verses, in May 1888, and now was to achieve literary fame as an editor by publishing rising young authors.

The letters of this period are rich in
descriptions of the work he was engaged in as an editor. He harried the Liberals in the form of Gladstone, supported the Tory party, damned Parnell over Home Rule for Ireland, asked his contributors for more and yet more copy, praised young writers such as Kenneth Grahame, and in 1890 his assistant editor Charles Whibley involved Henley indirectly in an argument in the paper over the morals of Oscar Wilde's *The Picture of Dorian Gray*. Henley attempted to have support for the paper's view that the book should not have been written by writing to Thomas Hardy, but he declined to contribute to the debate.

Throughout his term as editor Henley shows us how full his time was for he was probably at his most productive period. Apart from the daily work on the journal he was revising his poetry for further editions, gathering his various literary criticisms for a book, embarking on the seven volume edition of *Slang* with Farmer, editing a book of heroic verse for boys, and seeing the thirty-eight volumes of *The Tudor Translations* through the press. He achieved academic distinction, denied to him through illness and the need to support his mother and brothers, by receiving an LL.D from St. Andrews University in 1893, an honour which "has been one of the greatest pleasures of my life" (Letter No. 358).

In his letters to Tennyson and Swinburne Henley
asks for permission to include some of their poetry in his anthology *Lyra Heroica*. And in a letter to George Craik (1837-1905), of Macmillans, he outlines his anthology of:

a book for boys, a fighting book; a book designed to bring into relief such old-world (but very necessary) virtues as valour, patriotism, the contempt of death. (Letter No. 314)

This outlook on great deeds and war was to occur again in his jingoistic verse of the Boer War period which appeared as a small book, *For England's Sake: Verses and Songs in Time of War*, after publication in *The Sphere* in 1900 (Letter Nos. 556-68, 571).

One of Henley's strong but sometimes rash traits was the publishing of work that no other publication would consider. A case in point is Kipling's poem "Cleared" which appeared in *The Scots Observer* in March 1890. This was an acid comment on the acquittal of Parnell by a Parliamentary Committee for being involved in some political murders in Ireland, the presentation of forged evidence, and the behaviour of the Liberal party. Both *The Times* and *The Fortnightly Review* refused to publish it and it was left to Henley. In a letter to Hamilton Bruce Henley comments:
as for Cleared -- the first leader -- if it isn't genius, then I don't know genius when I see it. (Letter No. 282)

And again:

I think the last number has done our business. A magnificent puff in the World to-day, & quotations in Times, Scotsman, Hawk, Globe, St. James's, Manchester Examiner, etc. (Letter No. 284)

In a letter to Gosse in 1891 Henley remarks about Kipling's Barrack Room Ballads:

It is the privilege [sic] of editors now & then to stumble upon a writer. And it is a very great pleasure to me to reflect that, with a single exception (East & West), all R. K's best numbers have been passed out through me. (Letter No. 330)

Methuen commissioned a lyrical anthology, English Lyrics, and Henley comments that:

So now for your Palgrave revised, depleted, corrected, perfect! (Letter No. 357)
Although the book did not supplant Palgrave Henley was proud of it and rated it above his Burns Essay and in 1898 on accepting the second prize of fifty guineas for his Burns Essay awarded by The Academy for the best two books of 1897 he wrote:

I do think the book quite the best bit of work I ever did. (Letter No. 512)

Henley received other commissions, notably to co-edit the poetry of Robert Burns, and also to select a collection of verse about London to accompany a series of pictures. In accepting the commission for the latter, A London Garland, Henley did not consider it financially worthwhile:

But, to be frank, I do not think that the terms you state are good enough. If you increase them to £50, I will take on the work at once. (Letter No. 389)

Macmillans duly obliged.

The Scots Observer became The National Observer with the issue of 22 November 1890 but remained in Edinburgh. However, in order to keep the journal going Bell decided to move it to London and by July 1892 Henley was editing from a new office in Westminster.
Circulation was poor and Fitzroy Bell was losing money and making moves to cease publication. Henley was not happy at the prospect:

If we were to die, it had been much wiser & better to have died in (& of) Edinburgh. But to come to London for the fag ends of a couple of seasons -- one dead & one very hard to get alive -- & then to expire -- ! No: you mustn't think of it! (Letter No. 350)

Henley goes on to admonish Bell and suggest that they make an effort to increase the circulation. Should that fail then would be the time to think of closure. By January Henley was complaining to Baxter that he was sick of the journal and of "Bell's incompetence" (Letter No. 363). In the same letter he writes:

I shall take my name off the books of the Savile. I haven't been there for a whole year; & I can spend the £5/5 to better purpose elsewhere. My debts oppress me horribly; & here is Bell proposing to reduce our wages all round!

Again in January, writing to Hamilton Bruce Henley says quite strongly that should the journal carry on with Bell's money, it would do so:

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without me & Charles [Whibley], unless he guarantees an absolute change of management. (Letter No. 364)

Henley's predicament became far worse later in the month and in writing about his daughter, to Bell, he says:

It is a case of tubercular meningitis. The brain I gave her in it had the seed of death, & now we are waiting the end. (Letter No. 365)

His daughter, Margaret, died thirteen days later and Henley was never the same man again. He and his wife used the Westminster office as a home until they found a new house, Henley in writing to Bell asked him for permission to do so;

as this is her house & not ours; & now she is gone, we cannot stay. It would break our hearts, you know; if they are not broken already. So I shall take my wife to Westminster, & thence we can move hither & thither as we will. This house [in Addiscombe, Surrey], we shall strip at once, & try to let it. Well, if we can; not so well if we cannot. But leave it we must & will. (Letter No. 366)
By April the journal had changed hands and Henley had resigned as editor. That old courage shown so well in the Edinburgh Infirmary had deserted him and he had reached his lowest.

In May 1894 they moved to Barnes and he was writing to Stevenson a long, newsy letter but not in the old familiar vein (Letter No. 374). He seemed to have found a new lease of life and his letters of the next few months are full of his work on the Tudor Translations and a short-lived five volume English Classics for Methuen.

By November 1894 he was preparing to take over the editorship of The New Review and was writing to William Heinemann for business details of the journal. This was his final editorship and he resigned from ill health in December 1897 as the journal radically changed its format and management for 1898. The letters in late 1894 are taken up with talk of his new post and the contributors he was trying to engage, one of whom, of course, was H. G. Wells. In a letter to Hamilton Bruce he announces that he has been commissioned by "an Edinburgh house...to prepare a final edition of Burns!" (Letter No. 385). This, undertaken with the Scottish writer T. F. Henderson (1844-1923), was a major piece of work and it caused an uproar when published as it laid bare Burns the peasant poet, a man of, and among, the people. Henley tried to
destroy the myths that had arisen around Burns and look at him objectively. In his letters to Hamilton Bruce Henley writes of his progress on his **Burns** and also of his intention to publish an edition of *The Merry Muses of Caledonia*, a collection of bawdy songs supposedly written by Burns. The **Burns** was a major work and increased Henley's reputation as a critic, though not in Scotland. Henley's letters show how dismissive he was of the criticism of the "Common Burnsite," so much so that only once did he and Henderson reply in print.  

Henley's first edition of *The New Review* for January 1895 was hampered by news of Stevenson's death in Samoa. He writes to Heinemann that he believed "that nobody's dead" (Letter No. 392) Unfortunately as the news was true he had to get William Archer to write an obituary.

Through his friendship with Heinemann and his work on *The New Review* Henley was in contact with people of importance and social standing. One of these, Lord Windsor, was on the board of directors of *The New Review* and Henley started a correspondence with him, first about a possible article from him (Letter No. 423), and later with views about the journal. In one of the most interesting letters to Windsor Henley gives us his view that the reading public is comprised of smaller publics of differing tastes and that what is
written should be fiction irrespective of its quality for it will have an audience (Letter No. 427). The letters are always newsy and contain much to do with Henley's work on Burns and Byron. The correspondence continued up to Henley's death and became more informal as time progressed.

Another correspondence started later in 1895 to Lord Rosebery who had a collection of Burns MSS which Henley wished to consult. An early letter of October 1895 gives us some idea of the part played by the co-editors of *Burns* (Letter No. 425). We learn that Henderson is the expert in the "collation & comparison" of Burns MSS and that he is very much the constructor of the final text. This would seem to indicate that Henderson played a much larger part in the project than previously thought as any reference to the edition is concerned with Henley's part, especially the *Essay.* 37 Henley continued to correspond with Rosebery concerning Burns and as the letters became more informal we learn that Rosebery supplied Henley with birds from his estates, as did Lord Windsor.

Henley's relationship with Lord Windsor developed to the extent that he could ask him to give financial help to Farmer, who was on hard times through spending so much on his work on *Slang* (Letters No. 581-84). Henley was not adverse to requesting financial aid for some of his friends and wrote to the Royal Literary
Fund on their behalf, Farmer being one of them (Letter No. 661). He also asked William Heinemann for £200 to enable his actor brother Edward to return to America for his health's sake (Letter No. 526). Edward did return to America for a few months but died in October 1898.

While engaged on Burns Henley was also working on a complete edition of The Works of Lord Byron. Henley was an admirer of Byron but he produced only the first volume of the projected work, the probable reason being that the politician R. E. Prothero was also working on Byron and being published by John Murray, whose grandfather knew and published Byron, whereas Henley was published by Heinemann. There was talk of a combined edition but it failed (Letter No. 446).

The letters of the later years of Henley's life are full of news about his literary projects, book reviews, the war in South Africa, and his continuing ill health. Apart from his Poems published in 1898, he was working with George Wyndham on The Poetry of Wilfrid Blunt which was published much later than intended owing to Henley's continued ill health.

Henley had made the acquaintance of Bernard Capes, probably in 1898, and in a series of letters from 1899 to 1903 he was encouraging Capes, rather as he did Morrison, to improve his novels. This was his last major endeavour of this kind though he later tried to
help a young ex-officer, Ernest Dawson, who had served in the Boer War, by writing to Lord Milner, without any apparent success (Letter No. 610).

The later letters to Austin Dobson refer to Henley's work on Smollett and Fielding. The Drury Lane edition of Fielding would seemed to have been commissioned by Croscup & Sterling, the American publishers, and it was limited to 385 copies to subscribers only. Henley, besides editing the edition, contributed an essay on Fielding and Dobson contributed some notes. The English edition was published by Heinemann in 1903.

A later literary project that Henley was involved in was an edition of Dickens edited by F. G. Kitton. In his letters to Kitton Henley speaks of the introductions that he wishes to write, the Uncommercialis, the Plays and Poems, the American Notes, among others (Letter Nos. 625, 629, 634). However, Henley's slowness in writing owing to his health and other commitments, resulted in only one introduction, that to Reprinted Pieces, and this went to press after his death (Letter No. 625). Henley ranked Dickens as a great novelist and was to have written a book on him in Blackwood's Modern English Writers but nothing came of it even though it was advertised by Blackwoods.

Henley's patriotism was at its most fervent during the Boer War and in a few short letters to the editor
of *The Sphere*, Clement Shorter, he submits his jingoistic verse for publication. The successful publication of this verse in 1900 resulted in Shorter asking Henley in late 1901 to contribute an occasional article in his series in *The Sphere* called "Impressions of the Week." Henley replied that:

I see no reason why, if you can endure my politics, we should not come to terms....The chief of difficulties is the politics. I don't think I shall ever be more violent than I am to-day. But I must have leave to say what I think needs saying; or there can be no deal. (Letter No. 611)

His violence was against the Boers, the pro-Boer movement in England, the waste of money spent on concentration camps for Boer civilians, and the slowness of the war.

In January 1902 Kipling published his poem *The Islanders* in *The Times*. This was an attack on the English for their poor understanding of the war and their inaction in bringing it to a conclusion. In a letter to Shorter Henley says that Kipling had gone too far in his views (Letter No. 619). Despite this Henley wrote in general support of Kipling in *The Sphere.*

In the December 1901 issue of *The Pall Mall Magazine* appeared Henley's notorious essay on
Stevenson. This review of Graham Balfour's biography of Stevenson attacked the myth of Stevenson "this Seraph in Chocolate, this barley-sugar effigy of a real man," and appears to be a jealous attempt to downgrade Stevenson. The Stevenson followers went for Henley, as the Burns followers had done. Henley never spoke of Stevenson in print again but his views about the entire business are in his letters. He writes to Shorter:

As for my 'critics' (as you pleasantly & obligingly style them); I have nothing to say either to them or about them. In fact, I have put certain facts on record; and they have hammered me for putting those facts on record. But they haven't trounced my statements, nor have they disproved -- they have not even attempted to disprove -- my case. So I leave them alone. When I take them on -- if ever I take them on -- I shall want more 'room & verge' than I can get in The Sphere. (Letter No. 614)

Again, in a letter to Lord Rosebery, Henley writes:

accept my assurance that I withdraw no word, & that at the proper time, if it ever come, I shall be prepared with more.

Of course I've taken no more notice of these
brawlers over R.L.S than I took of those that brawled over Robert Burns. I believe that I am right in the last case as I was in the first. (Letter No. 612)

Henley's reputation may have suffered after this review but it did not affect the amount of literary work that he was involved in. He was still working on Slang and his letters to Farmer are full of references to their work. Despite their collaboration over thirteen years the letters are formal and there does not seem to be the intimacy that can be found in other letters. Farmer is always addressed as "Mr. Farmer."

Though Henley's letters are mainly concerned with his own work he does pass comment on personalities of the period. His strong Tory views run through the leaders of his journals and also occur in the letters. In a letter to Baxter on the death of Disraeli in 1881 Henley writes of him:

The Earl's genius was not an English genius at all, but the admiration & interest & confidence he inspired have proved to me, very curiously, the fact wh. I had always suspected, that the English people, bourgeois & thick-witted as it is, can be touched home through its imagination not less surely than through its breeches pocket. It is a
mistake to suppose that the masses loved the old man for his pluck & conduct of affairs, & cleverness in debate; they did not hate him for these qualities, it's true, but if he has died the most popular man of his time, if he has seemed for an instant to make the world imperfect in his loss, it was that he had produced a profound imaginative impression on his fellows. He had fascinated them as a good artist fascinates his public; he was mysterious & wonderful & unique to them. In five years hence, with health & strength, he would have been the arbiter of Europe, & the most popular minister at home we have known in history. (Letter No. 69)

He goes on to add that he was glad to have recognized Disraeli's merits long before his death.

Henley was an avid reader as a young man and his knowledge of French literature is shown in his references to Balzac, Dumas père and Zola. Balzac he rates close to Shakespeare, and he admires the plays of Dumas. He finds some of Zola's work repulsive, but:

Unfortunately Zola can write, & write d---d well. He is a disciple of Gustave Flaubert, of course, & not so great an artist as his master. His talent
is wider, I suppose, but he has produced no book like Madame Bovary. (Letter No. 25)

In a letter to Henry James six years later in 1882 he writes of Zola:

I hate the whole movement [Naturalism]. It's aesthetic syphilis. And as for the heavy handed & stupid insolence of the great man himself I have a very genuine disgust. Life is really too short to waste on such experiences. I think I'll never read a line of his again. (Letter No. 25)

Despite this it is interesting to note Henley's support for the realism of Arthur Morrison's work. Though the two movements are different they have much in common in that they both endeavoured to describe the day-to-day life of middle and working class people, naturalism in ascribing events to natural laws, and realism in terms of showing what people have to contend with in their daily life of squalor and poverty.

In the same letter to James Henley writes that:

If I could I would purchase the works of Dumas, & forget that naturalism ever existed. I can't get rid of the thing any more than I can get rid of the 'Genius' of Wagner, & the 'Shakespearean
quality' of Hugo's plays, & the 'generous & noble humanity' of Thackeray's novels.

Although Henley was an editor and journalist, he was also an art critic as his work on the Edinburgh and Glasgow Exhibition catalogues clearly demonstrates. However, he was never a believer in the formal, academic tradition of painting as espoused by the Royal Academy and he disliked Ruskin. On the death of Ruskin in 1900 Henley does acknowledge that he had done some good for English art:

I recognize the fact, that he made us all attempt to feel, & that some are very much happier for his passing. At the same time I realize -- I can't help realizing -- that he was all wrong: that he did more for the 'literary' picture & more for the 'painter-poet,' than any man that lived; & I am strongly inclined to hold that those who got good out of him, got it in his despite, & simply because they were 'built that way.' He persuaded people to feel -- more often than not, very much more often than not, on false pretences. But he persuaded them to feel -- or to think they felt; & among them were certain, better gifted than himself in the matter of feeling & perception, whom he set going. That I take to be his sole...
merit as an art critic. For the rest, he did his best to bedevil painting, pretty much as Wagner has done his best -- but at first hand -- to bedevil music: by teaching his public to look at it for a thousand anti-pictorial qualities, & to despise it in -- Constable, Rubens, Corot, Van Dyck, Claude, Gaspar Poussin, Jan Steen -- such essential qualities as it has. ... But, honestly, I can say that I'm glad he was, & that I wish there were more like him. If we had but one on the right side, for example! (Letter No. 581)

Apart from George Meredith Henley viewed Dickens as a major novelist. Writing about his Athenaeum review of The Letters of Charles Dickens to Stevenson in 1881 Henley complains that the editor had cut it but:

I had developed the 'Dickens a great artist' thesis at greater length than it stands; & I had gone so far as to institute a comparison between him & Hugo on his head, & to prove that, as an Artist, he is infinitely the Frenchman's superior. This I take to be self-evident. (Letter No. 81)

He goes on to say that he considers Dickens a greater artist than Dumas père his high regard for Dumas not
Henley's recognition in his lifetime was varied; he had gathered around him a group of admiring young men who were aspiring journalists, novelists and poets. The "Henley Regatta" as it was called, was a close knit group who worked and dined together. His recognition outside this group was as an editor of high standing and as a fearless critic of art, literature and, to a much lesser extent, drama. He was recognized as a poet, albeit a minor one. Recognition also came in the form of his LL.D., and in his application to become a professor at Edinburgh University, though the recognition here was by his friends and not the academic world. In a letter to Fitzroy Bell in June 1895 Henley remarks that:

I am forty-six; my place is made; my habits are set; & -- what is worse than all -- I am but a shadow of the W.E.H. of two years ago. I shrink from change -- especially change so complete & far reaching as this would be." This for the personal side of the matter. For the other, the more important -- the aspect of fitness & capacity -- the points to note are stronger & harder still. (Letter No. 416)
Later in the same year he was considered for the Poet Laureateship but wrote to Fitzroy Bell:

It's all over Fleet St., that I'm to have the Wreath. But, as I've said before, I've never given the thing a thought. (Letter No. 426)

Formal recognition came with the Civil List Pension of £225 granted in 1898, though this, of course, was because of his financial circumstances.

As Henley was a man of standing his portrait was painted. The most important was by William Nicholson in 1900 entitled "Man of Letters." Henley approved of it but disliked the small reproduction (Letter Nos. 596, 602). William Rothenstein completed a portrait in 1897 which was included in his book of English Portraits. Some of Henley's poetry was set to music and met with his approval (Letters No. 298, 408, 566).

The relationship between Henley and his correspondents can be gauged from his style of addressing them. For example, his first letters to Stevenson are simply "My dear Stevenson," then "My dear Louis," or as he later wrote, "Lewis." The latter appellation was used now and again but after the quarrel he invariably used it when referring to Stevenson. Other forms of address for Stevenson were "Dear Lad" and "Dear Boy." Baxter, Arthur Morrison,
Sydney Pawling and William Heinemann were the only other persons whom he addressed by first name, apart from his wife to be.

4. Some views of Henley

The letters inform us about Henley and his views and give some idea of his character. But they are onesided and a brief assessment of him as seen by others is necessary. It seems that views of Henley fell into two camps, those who liked him and those who did not; there did not seem to be any middle ground.

Herbert Stephen, who was involved in *The New Review*, writing about Henley after his death, describes him as:

- lively, impulsive, enthusiastic, vigorous, full of vehement tastes and distastes, affectionate, and largely dominated by sentiment.  

Richard Le Gallienne in writing to John Lane, the publisher, about the possibility of editing Walt Whitman, a commission which Henley had refused, said:

In regard to Henley, I think you disquiet yourself overmuch. It is more his loss than yours -- and
it is gratifying to think that you have been able to sting him through his rhinoceros hide of brutality and conceit.\textsuperscript{42}

Stevenson gives us a picture of Henley in the character of "Burly":

Burly is a man of great presence; he commands a larger atmosphere, gives the impression of a grosser mass of character than most men. It has been said of him that his presence could be felt in a room you entered blindfold; and the same, I think, has been said of other powerful constitutions condemned to much physical inaction.... He will roar you down, he will bury his face in his hands, he will undergo passions of revolt and agony; and meanwhile his attitude of mind is really both conciliatory and receptive.... Throughout there has been sincerity, perfect intelligence, a desire to hear although not always to listen, and an unaffected eagerness to meet concessions.\textsuperscript{43}

However, Stevenson was less inclined to this view after the quarrel.

Yeats, who served his apprentice with others on The National Observer, said of Henley:
I disagreed with him about everything, but I admired him beyond words.... Pre-Raphaelitism affected him as some people are affected by a cat in the room, and though he professed himself at our first meeting without political interests or convictions, he soon grew into a violent Unionist and Imperialist.... How could one resent his prejudice when, that he himself might play a worthy part, he must find beyond the common rout, whom he derided and flouted daily, opponents he could imagine moulded like himself?^^

Kipling, in his autobiography, says of Henley:

I became for a while one of the happy company who used to gather in a little restaurant off Leicester Square and regulate all literature till all hours of the morning.... Henley's demerits were, of course, explained to the world by loving friends after his death. I had the good fortune to know him only as kind, generous, and a jewel of an editor, with the gift of fetching the very best out of his cattle, with words that would astonish an oxen.45

Edmund Gosse, as previously mentioned, could not understand Henley's hostility towards himself, but he
remarked: "I admire his genius and have always supported it."\textsuperscript{46}

C. Lewis Hind, who first met Henley in 1890, writes of him:

How well I remember the day he attended his first Tuesday committee meeting [as Consulting Editor of \textit{The Art Journal}]. Imagine a Viking blown by storm into a Dorcas assembly.... He opened the gates of French art to me -- Corot, Rousseau, Daumier: he opened the gates of literature, and I shall never again hear such talk as that I heard from men gathered, Saturday evenings, in his house at Chiswick. He was always the chief.\textsuperscript{47}

Walter Raleigh, one of the candidates, with Henley, for the Professorship at Edinburgh University in 1895, writing to his sister in July 1903, says:

Dear old Henley is a great loss. He lived wholly for his affections.... His death didn't hurt me, but his not being alive goes on hurting.

Henley was a much richer, greater, more generous nature than R.L.S. And Henley violated all the proprieties, and spoke ill of his friend, and R.L.S. wrote nothing that was not seemly and edifying. So the public has its opinion and is
wrong. You couldn't quarrel with Henley -- not to last, -- because the minute you showed a touch of magnanimity or affection, he ran at you, and gave you everything and abased himself, like a child.48

And again:

I distrust the Art apostles. Henley, a tremendous Englishman, always thought and spoke of himself as an artist, and thought when he was finicking he was doing great things, which was absurd.49

William Archer, the dramatic critic, is quoted by his son:

'When I come across a man,' wrote Archer after the older man's death, 'who can see and feel, and rejoice and suffer and talk and sing, as Henley did, I am very willing to take him as God made him, and not as I myself might wish to have made him.'50

Writing of Henley, the essayist E. V. Lucas says:

But for Lister's skill and Henley's belief in him the world would have lost a true poet, a fine
critic and the most adventurous and uncompromising editor of recent times.\textsuperscript{51}

William Rothenstein asked Wilde to write a note on Henley for his \textit{English Portraits}, but he had to reject it as "Henley would be furious." The note is quoted in full by Rothenstein:

He founded a school and has survived all his disciples. He has always thought too much about himself, which is wise; and written too much about others, which is foolish. His prose is the beautiful prose of a poet and his poetry the beautiful poetry of a prose-writer. His personality is insistent. To converse with him is a physical no less than an intellectual recreation. He is never forgotten by his enemies, and often forgiven by his friends. He has added several new words to the language, and his style is an open secret. He has fought a good fight, and has had to face every difficulty except popularity.\textsuperscript{52}

Probably the best assessment of Henley is given by Sidney Low, the historian and sometime editor of the \textit{St. James's Gazette}, who gives an insight into Henley's
personality unhindered by adulation. The article can only be quoted in part here:

To have known him was, in some sense, a liberal education. It was exhilarating to sit beside the fettered giant and watch him shake himself free from the shackles, and soar into the large empyrean of adventure and achievement.... I do not say he had abandoned his prejudices, his bigotries, his obstinate prepossessions, for they were part of his being; but they were, or seemed at least to be softened and broadened.53

4 His articles include: "Caricature"; "Castillejo, Christobal de"; "Cenci, Beatrice"; "Cartier, Alan"; "Chastelard, Pierre Boscobel de"; the signed, "Chenier, Andre-Marie de"; and probably, "Cortes, Hernan, or Hernando." in Encyclopaedia Britannica, 9th ed. (1875-1889).
(Glasgow: James MacLehose and Sons, 1889).
Printed for subscribers only.
Robert Glasgow Broun (?-1879), editor of Vanity Fair 1875-1876.
George Edward Bateman Saintsbury (1845-1933), scholar. Professor of Rhetoric and English Literature, Edinburgh University 1895-1915. (Charles) Grant (Blairfindie) Allen (1848-1899), journalist and novelist. Andrew Lang (1844-1912), writer, poet and Greek scholar.
20 Henry Austin Dobson (1840-1921), poet and writer on the eighteenth century. From 1856 to 1901 he worked at the Board of Trade, London.
29 [W. E. Henley], "De Profundis," rev. of The Ballad of Reading Goal, by Oscar Wilde, The Outlook, 5 March 1898, p. 146.
32 For example, Elizabeth A. Sharp, William Sharp (Fiona Macloed): A Memoir (New York: Duffield & Company, 1910), pp. 139-40. V. Payen-Payne, Some - 66 -


36 H. & H. [W. E. Henley and T. F. Henderson], "The cult of Mary Campbell," The New Review, 16 (June 1897), 674-86.

37 Jerome Buckley, pp. 170-72; and Joseph Flora, pp. 102-10.


39 W. E. Henley, "Mr. Kipling and the 'Muddied Oafs'," The Sphere, 25 January 1902, p. 88.

40 William Rothenstein, Men and Memories, I, 285.

41 Herbert Stephen, "William Ernest Henley as a Contemporary and an Editor," London Mercury, 13 (February 1926), 387-400.


44 W. B. Yeats, Autobiographies, pp. 214-16.


46 Evan Charteris, p. 325.

47 C. Lewis Hind, Authors and I (London: John Lane, The Bodley Head; New York: John Lane Company, 1921), p. 130.


49 Lady Raleigh, 2, 434.


52 William Rothenstein, Men and Memories, 2, 312.

5. Editorial Procedures

The first and most important task in any edition of letters is locating the holographs and then obtaining copies. Well-known holdings of letters presented little problem, but it is the location of small collections of letters and those in private hands that required careful searching. The term letter is used here to include postcards, correspondence cards, telegrams and letter-cards.

The first step was to write to all the major university libraries and other institutions in the U.S.A. and all the universities and libraries in Canada, together with those in the U.K. Letters were also sent to all universities in Australia and New Zealand.

An advertisement for Henley letters was placed in the TLS of 15 July 1983. Advertisements were also placed in The Daily Telegraph, 11 February 1984 and The Times, 10 March 1984. A few replies came from the TLS and one from The Daily Telegraph. An advertisement was placed in English Language in Transition, 27: 1 (1984) but produced no response.

Inquiries to the U.S.A. produced over a thousand Henley letters, ranging from 1, in a few cases, to 597 at Yale University. The Yale total has since been supplemented to 729. The Beinecke Collection holds
the largest Stevenson archives and within it were 187 letters from Henley to Stevenson, 146 to Charles Baxter, and 105 to Hamilton Bruce. The Pierpont Morgan Library in New York holds 210 Henley letters together with 130 letters written to him. Since the initial inquiry, the Pierpont Morgan has acquired another 589 letters, 559 of them to Charles Whibley, giving the Library the largest collection of Henley letters, a total of 799. The Humanities Center at Texas holds 91 letters by Henley, and the University of Illinois holds 63 letters from Henley to Wells. The Huntington Library, California, has 55 letters. The British Library has 103, mainly to William Archer, the drama critic. London University holds 81 letters, 68 being to Austin Dobson, while the National Library of Scotland holds 79 letters mainly to the Blackwoods and Lord Rosebery.

The few replies from the TLS advertisement produced some letters held in private hands, the most interesting being some from Henley to his future wife Anna Boyle. This reply led to meeting Mrs. Doranna Mitchell, whose mother Mrs. Richmond nursed Henley's widow in her final illness. Although Mrs. Mitchell had some knowledge of Henley and had been left some of his possessions, she had no knowledge of any surviving family nor of the literary copyright holder.

The search for the literary copyright holder was
necessary for permission to publish any of Henley's writings and was also required by some libraries before copies of letters were forthcoming. The copyright was traced to Nigel William Henley, a nephew, who had emigrated to Canada. After advertising in Canada and writing to various registry offices, there being no equivalent of St. Catharine's House in Canada, the will of Nigel William Henley was located. This led to finding Mrs. Elizabeth Dionne, the beneficiary of Nigel Henley's will, who was living in British Columbia. She readily gave her permission to publish.

The most interesting reply to the advertisements was that of The Daily Telegraph. A Mrs. Audrey Hunt turned out to be Henley's sole surviving niece, having been born in 1905. She did not have any Henley letters but she had a few mementos. It was arranged that Elizabeth Dionne transfer the literary copyright to Audrey Hunt and this was legally completed in 1986.

As a result of the advertisements, 578 letters were discovered in private hands, 554 of these being held by the late Professor Gordon N. Ray of New York, the editor of Thackeray's letters. These letters were to Charles Whibley, one of Henley's great friends, and formed the basis of John Connell's book on Henley. However permission was not given to publish as Professor Ray intended working on them. Since his death in 1986 the letters have been held by the
Pierpont Morgan Library as mentioned above and are available too late for inclusion in this study. Subsequently a few further letters have been located in private hands.

After obtaining copies of Henley's letters the task of reading them and deciding which should be included in this study and the method of presentation, i.e. sequence of letters, was not easy. There is an argument for dividing the study into separate correspondences, e.g. Robert Louis Stevenson, H. G. Wells. The advantage is that the developing relationships and common interests can be seen without the interruption of letters to others. The disadvantage is that the study would revolve around a few major people with the problem of what to do with other important letters; an extra miscellaneous section might seem a mere appendage. It was decided to put the letters in chronological order, thus hoping to give a clearer insight into Henley's life as editor, poet, and man of letters.

One possible alternative was to divide the study into three parts reflecting his three main editorships. However, it was felt that this was not necessary as the chronological order of the letters would establish this in any case.

The criteria for selecting letters to be included were fairly straightforward though the actual selection
of the letters was not so easy. The selected unpublished letters were chosen to give an understanding of Henley's personal and professional life and his position as an editor and man of letters in the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries. They were to reflect his literary friendships in London and Edinburgh, especially with Robert Louis Stevenson and his circle, his support of young writers, among whom were H. G. Wells and Arthur Morrison, and his varied interests in the theatre and art world. The letters illustrate Henley's literary and art criticism.

The selection of letters for this study was difficult as it was not so much what to include as what to leave out, especially those to Stevenson. From a collection of 2,308 a final selection of 662 was made after initial adjustments.
6. Editorial Practice

Transcribing holographs as a printed document presents two problems. One is, for whom is the printed text presented? The other which follows from this is, how is the document presented? As this edition is concerned with an academic audience, the first question is easily answered. What is not so easy is the how.

In a paper surveying the practice of transcribing the holograph to print Robert Becker showed that there was no definitive set of modern textual principles. Editors varied in how they treated their transcriptions, some arguing that whatever the writer produced in the original should be produced in print, that is, the very essence of the writer and his meaning is lost if this is not done. These personal eccentricities of the writer can only be found in the holograph, not in a printed transcription. Some changes need to be made in transcription to ensure clarity of thought and ease of access for the reader.

The intention of transcribing Henley's holographs is to produce as clear as is typographically possible a print that conveys Henley's act of writing as well as what he has to say without hindering the reader. However, to do so would produce in many cases a very jungle of print where the reader is unable to gain immediate access to the writer. But did not the
recipient of the holograph have the same problem, and
to a greater extent because of the vagaries of Henley's
handwriting?

It is obvious that the editor has to compromise,
and the extent of that compromise varies with each
author edited. The editor must decide when a literal
transcription of whole or part of a holograph impedes
comprehension and act accordingly, for his primary
intention is to convey what the writer had to say and,
if possible, the manner of the saying through the
medium of print.

Techniques of transcription

1. Transcriptions are from photocopies or microfilm
   and any problems have been checked with the
   original where possible.

2. Spellings and punctuation are as in the holograph
   except that some punctuation, notably full stops,
   has been added for clarity. Such punctuation is
   shown in square brackets, thus [.].

Henley was inconsistent in his positioning of
quotation marks. Sometimes the comma or full stop
is either inside or outside the quotation mark and
this use has been retained.

Henley was inconsistent in his spelling of certain
words, e.g. to-morrow/tomorrow; dam/damn. sic has
been used sparingly where necessary.

3. Upper case letters are as in the original and omitted upper case letters are unaltered.

4. Abbreviations are as in the original: for example, Henley frequently abbreviated 'always' as 'alys.' Abbreviations of persons, places and titles are retained with a footnote where applicable. Henley made great use of the ampersand and it is retained.

5. False starts and cancellations are retained as they give some indication as to Henley's thinking. Cancellations are thus,  Å/ÇK.

6. Illegible words are shown by empty square brackets with a footnote if applicable. Illegible words due to cancellations are shown as [----]. A conjectural word is preceded by a ? within square brackets, eg., [?first].

7. Interlineations are as in the original where practicable as they indicate an afterthought or a rereading by Henley and are superscripted.

8. Where the last word of a page has been repeated at the start of the next the repeated word is indicated within brackets thus, [(book)]. The occasional use of P. T. O. has been retained.

9. Postscripts are in their original position but prescripts are treated as postscripts for clarity and given editorial comment in square brackets - 75 -
except where Henley uses 'Private' when its original position is retained.

10. All underlinings have been retained. Henley was inconsistent in his use of them and this has been followed. Where Henley underlines twice the word is printed in bold type, and when he uses a triple underlining the word is in bold type and underlined.

11. Foreign language is translated, where necessary, in the text within square brackets or in a footnote.

Layout of the printed letter

1. Each letter starts on a new page even though this may result in wasted space. The first page of a letter is headed by the number of that letter in this edition together with the name of the recipient.

2. Information as to the source of the holograph or copy is to the left of the margin immediately below the letter heading. The form of the holograph is given below this where it is not an autograph signed or initialed as most holographs fall into either category. If the holograph has been quoted, ie. partially
published, the main source is given. Details as to the type of holograph are given where writing paper is not used, eg. postcard. If printed stationery is used the address is in upper case.

**Symbols used**

C : Copy
TC: Typed Copy
PL: Printed Letter
PC: Postcard
LC: Letter-card
CC: Correspondence Card, usually a small card 11.4 cm x 9 cm.

3. The address is adjacent to the holograph source at the right hand of the letter with a footnote if this is not the original position. An omitted address is given in square brackets and a conjectural address is preceded by a ? in square brackets.

4. The date, in the form 2 March 1896, is immediately below the address. A conjectural date is preceded by a ? within square brackets as follows;
[?6 May 1876], day not certain
[6 ?May 1876], month not certain
[6 May 1876], year not certain

5. The addressee is at the left margin immediately above the text of the letter.

6. Paragraphs have been retained as in the original and uniformly indented.

7. The close of the letter is centralised with the signature or initials beneath.

8. Editorial emendations are placed in square brackets throughout which Henley did not use.

Footnotes

1. Footnotes are numbered consecutively but separately for each letter.

2. Abbreviations of titles of journals, plays, poems, books, etc., are given in full on their first appearance.

Henley's handwriting

In his early letters Henley's script was large, bold and quite clear. As he grew older the script became smaller and often illegible. Certain letters became indistinguishable from others, e.g.,

n/u/m/o

e/c/r at the beginning of a word
Henley's "hands were distorted as with arthritis... the fingers were swollen so that he could not hold a pen normally" (Kennedy Williamson, p. 156).

T. E. Brown writing to Henley in 1891 says:

"Are you feeling stronger? Do you mind my telling you that your handwriting shows signs of nervous trouble, begins, in fact, to be frequently illegible?"  


7. Codes for MSS location

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Letter No. 1  To John Murray

MS: Murray

King Henry's Ward[,]  
St. Bartholomew's Hospital[,]  
[London]^  
Jan. 5th/69 [5 January 1869]

Dear Sir,

My Aunt, Madame Gibert,^ has this morning forwarded me your very kind and considerate letter and it's enclosure for which I return my most sincere thanks.^ The trifles you were so kind as to read have so many faults notably those of hasty composition and non-revision that I should have certainly been ashamed to place them in your hands:^ they were written for my own amusement and for that of -- to quote a sarcastic writer in the Daily News -- "admiring female relatives.["]^ However, the result has been such a happy one that I shall be the last to blame my Aunt for the step she took in submitting to you. I am exceedingly obliged to you for your suggestion of sending some of them to the Editors of various magazines, but I believe that an introduction from some influential person would secure them for attention if not acceptance: if you would favour me with your opinion on this point you would render me considerable service for which I should be very grateful. Most of the pieces you have seen are merely imitations of

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Swinburne whose Poems and Ballads -- the only work of his works that I have read -- attracted me very much: they would of course be unsuitable, as imitations too often contain only the imitated's peculiar faults with none of his peculiar beauties. Those that I sent I would, of course, thoroughly revise and improve as much as possible. Again thanking you sincerely for your kindness, I remain, Dear Sir,

Faithfully Yours,

W.E.Henley

J.Murray,Esq.

1 John Murray III (1808-1892), grandson of the founder of the publishing firm of John Murray.

2 It is not known when WEH left his home city of Gloucester and went to London. He left the Crypt Grammar School, Gloucester, in 1867; see John Connell, p.35. As a schoolboy, and for the rest of his life, WEH suffered from tuberculosis in both feet and his left leg was amputated below the knee, probably either in 1863 or 1865; see Kennedy Williamson, pp.28-29; also Connell, pp.28 and 33. WEH was admitted to St.Bartholomew's Hospital, London, on 16 June 1868 and discharged on 8 April 1869. He was under the care of a Mr.Holmes Coote, but no record exists of his treatment. Cohen states that WEH had his right foot amputated while at the hospital but does not cite any source; see Edward H.Cohen, "Uncollected Early Poems by William Ernest Henley," Bulletin of the New York Public Library, 79 (1976), 297-314.

3 Helen Morgan, sister of WEH's mother Emma Morgan, had married a Frenchman.

4 John Murray's reply has not been found. WEH stated in a letter to H.D.Lowry, 6 August 1899, Fales Library, New York University, that: "I destroy most letters that come to me."

5 These early examples of WEH's verse have not been found.


7 WEH is referring to Swinburne's Poems and Ballads (London: E.Moxon & Co., 1866).
Letter No. 2  To John Murray

MS: Murray

17 Richmond Terrace[,]  
Shepherds Bush[,]  
[London.]\(^1\)  
9/70 [?May 1870]\(^2\)

Dear Sir,

You have been kind enough to assist me in many ways with counsel and material, several times, and therefore I am emboldened to apply to you once more for assistance, at a period when I need it more that I have ever done before, precarious as my existence hitherto has been.

After a great deal of trouble, the Period, the journal to which I was in the habit of contributing, has started a second series, the first having dropped by reason of a series of misfortunes, and the Editor reclaims my services.\(^3\) I have been very ill and in fact I have not left the house for nearly three months, as much on account of poverty as ill health -- and I find my[self] exceedingly ill-placed for the collection of those subjects necessary for the subject-matter of a funeral to be as caustic & high class as possible. I am, therefore, straining every nerve to get together a sum which shall enable me to appear once more in London, since country air seems neither beneficial to my body nor my mind. And it is to this end, that I
make so bold as to ask help of you. Believe me, that nothing but the very strongest necessity for immediate action on my part, would make me write thus to you: and that had I no hope of success, I should not presume to ask aid for a fruitless undertaking. However, that I have done so, is entirely owing to the fact of your having helped me unbeknown to you, several times before. I have only to beg of you to consider this note as I have marked upon the envelope and to request an answer of you at your earliest convenience and I have done.

I am, Sir,

Yours most obediently[,] 

W.E.Henley.

Jno. Murray Esqre.

1 On leaving St.Bartholomew's Hospital in April 1869 WEH moved, as far as can be ascertained, to Bateman's Buildings, Soho Square, London. From here he wrote to the Cornhill Magazine; see W.E.Henley, Letter to the Editor of the Cornhill Magazine, 23 [July] [18]69, MA 1617, Pierpont Morgan Library, New York, quoted by Connell, p. 35. The Cornhill Magazine, a monthly, January 1860-1975. The address of the next known extant letter is 17 Richmond Gardens, Shepherds Bush W.; see W.E.Henley, Letter to A.C.Swinburne, 20/70 [March-May 1870], Berg Collection, New York Public Library.

2 This letter was probably written in May 1870. It can be dated approximately between the last issue of The Period, 26 February 1870, and the first issue of its new series on 14 May 1870. See note 3 below for The Period.

3 The Period, a weekly journal, 30 October 1869 to 26 February 1870. A new series ran from 14 May 1870 to 18 February 1871. It was edited by Harry Vizetelly (1820-1894), writer and publisher. Cohen
has identified the early poems of WEH published in The Period; see Cohen, Uncollected Early Poems.

This is an unusual letter as WEH seems to be asking for financial help. No letters from Murray have been found. It is not known how Murray had been of indirect help to WEH.
Letter No. 3 To the Editor, Cornhill Magazine

MS: PM MA 1617

11 Holland Rd,
Notting Hill[,] W.,
[London.]^2
Aug 1./70 [1 August 1870]

Sir,

Herewith I send you some verses on the late declaration of war, which I trust will find favour in your eyes and a place in your pages.^3 Should you decide on printing them, I should be very glad of a proof, as I am usually able to retouch anything very meterically when in type. I send you a stamp in case of rejection.

I am, Sir,
Yrs. most obediently[,]  
W.E.Henley

Editor of the "Cornhill"

1 The co-editors of the C.M. from 1868 to March 1871 were Edward Dutton Cook (1829-1883), George Henry Lewes (1817-1878) and George Smith (1824-1901).

2 This is one of two known extant letters bearing this address. The other was written in 1871; see Elsa F. Glines, "'My Dear Miss Page' and 'Demon Harry': Some Early Letters of William Ernest Henley," Huntington Library Quarterly, 49 (Autumn 1986), 325-55.

3 The Franco-Prussian War 1870-1871. The verses were rejected and have not been identified.
`Letter No. 4     To Harry Nichols¹

MS: Huntington 30912-30935

3 Victoria Terrace,  
Marine Terrace,  
Margate.²  
10/’72[October 1872]

My son,

Here's no end of a letter to thee. I have nothing particular to say, but I doubt not I shall manage to fill four quartos, for all that. The sky is heavy with rain: the sea is grey and desolate: there is a bold & bitter wind afoot. Decidedly I am for in-doors this afternoon! -- I feel just now a strong objection to any conversation with Dr. Alun respecting the Italian verbs;³ & I have no book to dip into and no money to exchange for Irish, Hot; while I am sick of the very name of tobacco. Can you blame me that I write to you?

Margate is empty. The terrace is deserted: the bathing-machines have retired into private life: the basket chairs are laid up in ordinary. The strict, but meritorious, Matrons have sought the domestic hearth: the idiotic, but not altogether objectionable, misses have started -- I hope! -- for heaven: the itinerant minstrels have departed -- I trust! -- for the opposite extremity of creation. There are but few nurse-maids, & no flymen to flirt with them: these latter being occupied with getting up their strength against next
season. The lodging-house keepers have nought to do but hunt for these peculiar "Gentlemen in Brown" whom Nature has apparently intended to reside in Furnished Apartments. Encouraged by the near approach of perfect rest, the very donkeys have taken heart of grace, and are rebellious: for did I not march an antient jackass on the sands this morning, who bore upon the back of him an infant? at whose legs were firmly planted in the sand, at whose jaw the proprietor of him tugged & wrenched in vain, and at whose hind-quarters the male & female to whose charge the infant freight might be laid, were making vigorous manual application -- Margate is empty, my son, & such little scenes are a consequence.

Among the doves, soiled & smirchless, who have long since flown elsewither, my sweet Unknown must, alas! be numbered. I was inconsolable, as you may well believe, for several days, during wh. I finished her Cycle of Songs, & made several important discoveries concerning Irish Whiskey.

Irish Whiskey, otherwise Potheen, otherwise Fenian, is a fluid possessed of extraordinary properties. I shall not stop to communicate any other than this; Taken Hot, with Sugar & a thin shaving of Lemon-peel, it encourages, in him who imbibes, a tendency to stand for many hours over a bar, while it imparts to him an unusual facility of agreeable & audaciopus speech. I
can vouch for this, wh. is indeed a result of long &
patient observation on my part. Miss Crump is of the
same opinion.

Miss Crump -- Mary Ellen -- hath 19 years, a rich
brown skin, a spare but hugable shape, & the brightest,
clearest, honestest black eyes in the world. She & I
are excellent friends. We amuse each other dreadfully.
She flirts, & coquets, & smiles, & looks disdain, &
delight, en coulisse, and full front: while I -- well!
-- I do my best to credit my dear Balzac. Certes, I
don't think that anyone has talked to Miss Crump as I
have talked: I say all that comes into my head, and it
amuses us both: I don't believe she understands one
half of it, but she likes it none the worse for that.
From certain indications, I am sometimes inclined to
believe -- when I consider things en fat -- that she
would have no objection to fall in with my views: the
pity of it is that she is honest. If she were not! --
my imagination refuses to paint the probabilities.
Yours may be more audacious.

King John is very bad: a terrible skin-wound across
the shoulders. As he has nobody to take care of him,
I amuse myself by dressing it for him (this is a
secret: you will see why.): much against his will. I
am so cool & dexterous over it, that I believe I should
have made a good surgeon. It is not exactly what I
should like; but -- on fait ce qu'on peut! -- If your
French will carry you triumphant through that phrase, you will find that Life is summed up in it.

You will receive, in a day or two, the Professor at the Breakfast Table: a sort of sequel to our old friend, the Autocrat of that Ilk. It is very good, though not so good as its predecessor; a little lecture-room-ified but still very readable, and full of science made easy: the sort of matter your soul delighteth it. Read it carefully, & you will not regret.

I had a very kind letter from Cadman the other day. He regrets that you don't visit him oftener: (this entre nous). I have had, too, wild billets from Felix and an astonishing romance, Les Liaisons Dangereuses, of which more in my next. Also several severely enthusiastic epistolary trumpet-blasts from Jim. I wrote to Tom Hallam some time ago: the address was a chef-d'oeuvre of orthography: the villain has not yet answered me. His condition, I take it, may be summed up in one (French) word: Basé!

Have you got a spare crown to dispose of? -- I suffer much from impecuniosity -- the old ailment! And I owe my respected landlady a few shillings. If you have, overcome your dislike to letter-writing so far as to P.O.0. me to that amount.

I am wonderfully better: must not walk, though,
yet! -- My love to Lawrence.\textsuperscript{15} -- Yours, old man,

W.E.H.

1 Harry Nichols (?1841-?). He kept a coffee house at 11 Crombies Row, Commercial Road, Whitechapel, London, which by 1881 had become 329 Commercial Road; information received from Eric Ratcliffe, 12 August 1986. Here WEH and Nichols spent many hours in conversation and drinking. This was WEH's first close friendship and is reflected in the twenty-four surviving letters from WEH to Nichols. Most of these have been published but with textual omissions and alterations; see J.H. Hallam, "Some Early Letters and Verses of W.E. Henley," Blackwood's Magazine, 254 (September 1943), 200-209. Blackwood's Magazine, a monthly journal, 1817-1980.

2 The first known extant letter from this address was in September 1872; see Glines, 331-32. Presumably he moved here from 17 Richmond Terrace, Shepherds Bush, though it is far from certain as the location and chronology of his early lodgings can not be fully established. He moved to Margate in an attempt to save his right foot from amputation due to tuberculosis of the bone. Subsequently he entered the Royal Sea-Bathing Infirmary, Margate, in late February 1873 and left in August for Edinburgh; see Hallam, 202-204. No record exists in the archives of the Infirmary of the dates of his admission and discharge.

3 Not identified, but no doubt a Hospital doctor.

4 Bedbugs.

5 The history of the Margate Cycle of Songs is vague though Cohen, "Uncollected Early Poems," 314, identifies various MSS.

6 A maid; see Martin Goldman, Lister Ward (Bristol and Boston: Adam Hilger, 1987), p.17.

7 Honoré de Balzac (1799-1850), French novelist.

8 A fellow patient.

9 Oliver Wendell Holmes, The Professor at the Breakfast-Table, (London: Sampson Low, Son & Co., 1860); and The Autocrat at the Breakfast-Table, (Edinburgh: Alexander Strahan & Co., 1858).


11 Possibly Nigel Felix Henley (?1856-?), one of WEH's four brothers.

James Runciman (1852-1891), journalist and writer. He worked for Vanity Fair, a weekly journal, published November 1866-June 1929.

Thomas Hallam (?1849-?), teacher, and friend of WEH and Harry Nichols.

A mutual friend.
Letter No. 5  To Harry Nichols

MS: Huntington 30912-30935
Quoted: Hallam, 203; Connell, p.45.¹

Royal Sea-Bathing Infirmary,
Margate.
18 April 1873

I ought to have replied to you ere this, old man, to have acknowledged your kindness with the propmtitude it deserves. But the fact is, I have been so elated during the last few days with the unwonted chinking of silver, that I have not been able even to smoke steadily. I thank you indeed for your goodness & loving kindness, which have relieved me from a very nasty state of things: from a more abject impecuniousity than I ever remember to have undergone. To you then be all thanks! -- If I can do anything for you, command me, my emperor, for I'm yours' to the shoe-string.

I don't suppose I shall write you a very lively letter; for it is raining, & I have just been prayed over for upwards of ten minutes: which circumstances would, I think be sufficient to excuse even absolute flatness, staleness, & unprofitableness. It is a sorrowful business for me, my boy, this morning prayers. I sit among the crowd, dreaming vaguely of far other matters: of yourself, perhaps -- of my beloved London, of the girl who might have been so much

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to me & who is so little: & our esteemed pastor is all
while babbling monotonously of -- you know the cant of
his clique? -- And presently the hymn wakes me, & I sit
& shudder at the horrible cacophony; for piety &
harmony, my boy, are by no means synonymous. And then
follows another specimen of ministeral faith &
eloquence, which completes my frustration: till, when
we emerge, I feel as abject & spiritless a thing as an
onanist of ten years' practise. I am afraid I am one
of the wicked, an irreclaimable scoundrel, my son! --
For I am beginning to hate with a mortal unquenchable
hatred the whole superstructure that ecclesiasticism
has builded on the teaching of the Son of Man. I
enclose you an extract from Shelley, which will, in
some sort, explain my sentiments. I am not quite so far
gone yet, but I am getting rapidly on that way. I
expect another doing shortly: in the wards. The
weather has delivered me into his hand: there is no
escape.

(Interval of ten minutes: Mrs. Jones!)²

The ten minutes in question have expanded into
fifty: I have had a satisfactory interview with Mrs. J.
& I have dodged the chaplin; consequently I feel much
better. A little lotion now, & I should be right as a
trivet.

I have heard of Mr. Arthur Creighton:³ in fact, I
know all about him. But I have not heard that he

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shines as a composer. I don't know that it is much use to send him any of my songs: but however, I shall post you the Song-Cycle I told you of. You can -- & will, I hope! -- read it yourself; & if any of the numbers please him he is welcome to try his hand upon them. I must, however, hear the setting before the public is so honoured. Writing a song, my boy, is not an easy art, whatever you may think to the contrary: & rather than anything of my begetting should appear coupled to such rot as Claribel was wont to engender, they should all remain unheard till the end of time.

Majesty is tolerably well -- as well, that is to say, as he is ever likely to be, without attendance & good grub. But horrid poor! I shall see him to-morrow & will then give him your message. But as he is meditating a journey to London, it is more than possible that you will soon have the honour of entertaining his Kingship in person. If you do, I adjure you, think of his anxious mother, & don't pour too much Irish into his manly guts. He has enormous capacities for consumption, but he lushes then, by instinct, till he cannot even fart. So pray be careful!

Excellent good is very excellent good Shakespearean English: but it is not modern grammar.

I had intended to say something about my life here, but, on second thoughts, it will come better from my
very lips over a pipe & some 'Hirish 'ot. I shall content myself with observing that it goes on with a sameness & facility that are absolutely demoralising. I suffer much from want of books; all these that I have with me having been sucked dry long long ago. And I find composition quite an impossibility. I have not written a line since Valentine's Eve, when I engendered the lyric which you will find on the last page: it is not bad. I seem quite worked out: no energy, no will, no guts: since Molly Crump turned me up for good and all. If I ever write again, it will be something very different to all that I have hitherto done. All that I now do, is to absorb sun & sea-air: my verses will be none the worse for their presence, eh?

Aprops of the said Molly, as I foretold you, she has never been to see me, & I do not fancy she will ever come. She belongs already to the past, & though I have suffered much, though I shall suffer yet, I am wearing regret every day. I suppose I ought to confess that she was wiser than I, & that what has happened is the best for both of us. Also to own that I was thoroughly licked! -- How is this? -- She is just nineteen, not witty, not learned in books or the world: & I -- well you know me! -- And yet if I had been a schoolboy in the hands of a woman of forty, I could not have been more perfectly flambé! -- However, I have bought & paid for my experience: I doubt not that it

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will serve me. I intend making another attempt presently. You shall be advised how I fare: in due course.

Have you heard Fleur de Leys yet? Are you going to do the Wandering Jew? Did you watch that lying version of the arch-lier Charles I? Are you going for Eugene Aram? -- I am glad you don't get tight so often: I shall make a man of you yet. As for your helps, to parody Artemus, helps is poison: however, if you don't deprive too many of them of their virture, you will do well in course of time. I will report on young Osbourne.

A double health to thee!

thine ever,

W.E.H.

A Valentine

=1=

Up, my Song! -- Unfold me thy wings

Brilliant & broad as a marvellous bird's;
Feed thee with fancies of exquisite things,
Robe thee in raiment of passionate words:
Forget for a while that thy master weeps
The glad sweet thing that may hardly be;
Seek me the spot where my Lady sleeps,
And bear her a message from Love & me.

=2=

Breathe me a sigh in her innocent ear,
Look me a smile in her bright bland eyes;
A sigh & a smile, & word & a tear
For the dream that lives & the hope that dies;
Lay me a kiss on her flower-like lips,
And tell her that long as our blood shall beat,
Till into infinite void it slips,
Our life lives to be laid at her feet.

W.E.H.

1 Only the first paragraph has been quoted by Hallam and Connell.
2 Not identified.
4 Claribel, pseudonym of Charlotte Alington Barnard (1830-1869), ballad writer.
5 Presumably the patient known as King John.
6 Fleur de Lys, a three-act opera by H.B.Farnia with music by Leo Delibes, had its first performance in England on Saturday 5 April 1873 at the Philharmonic Theatre, London, and closed on 14 June 1873.
7 The Wandering Jew, a romantic drama by Leopold Lewis, opened on Monday 14 April 1873 at the Royal Adelphi Theatre, London, and closed on 1 October 1873.
8 Charles I, a play by William Gorman Wills, opened on 28 September 1872, and closed on 16 April 1873.
9 The Fate of Eugene Aram, a play by Wills, opened on 19 April 1873 at the Lyceum Theatre, London, and closed on 20 June 1873.
10 Artemus Ward, pen-name of Charles Farrer Ward (1834-1867), American journalist and humourist writer.
11 Presumably a fellow patient.
12 Not previously published as far as can be established.
Letter No. 6  To Harry Nichols

MS: Huntington 30912-30935

4 Private Ward,
[Royal Infirmary, Edinburgh.]¹
[Early January 1875]²

To the hinimitable 'Arry,

These!

Thanks for the quid! As some body says in Shakespeare, in fact -- "For this relief much thanks!"³ Be good enough, in some sober interval, if such ever occur, to do the correct & proper thing by our mutal friend Hall,⁴ for his contribution to our necessities. Tell him too, that if he could post me say two decent cigars, I would smoke 'em religiously, such an article not existing (apparently) in these pairts. Which is a great pity: or, in the language of the Himmortal -- "'Tis true, 'tis pity, & pity 'tis true."⁵ A-hem.

I am progressing fairly, & fully intend to take advantage one of these days of that there month's invite transmitted to me thro' the Inferior Demon employed in your bureau. Expect to be astonished, when I do come. Expect also to be improved, admonished, reformed. Make up your great mind to abandon drinking & whoring, which are your two pet virtues, & to take to vices of an opposite complexion. I myself am quite changed. I wear a nightcap, & I read the Saturday

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I do suppose that I shall presently develop into a more respectable character than even Saint Nicholas; or, Nichols, whichever you will. I am not altogether sure, mind you, that supposing you commit the crime of putting me in the way of a plump, shapely, smooth, juicy lively female nudity, I should be man enough, or rather angel enough, to shut my eyes, and put my hands in my pockets. No, no, 'Arry of my soul! We are all of us mortal & with little weaknesses -- especially some of us! And my resolution would certainly not take me to such an icy heighty of refrainment as that. But except that, I know of nought that can shake, much less subdue my infinite goodness. I am not ashamed to own my weaknesses: I do so here, that when I arrive at 345 Commercial Road, I find you, inspired & drinking. I spare you the epigram dancing thro' my brains à ce propos, but Beware!

Been to see Hirvin' in 'Amlet? Of course; but you don't like him 'alf so well as Fechter? Of course, again. If you did, 'twere pity. And The Merry Wives? -- With your dearly beloved Phelps -- "an old barrel, with a crick in his back & a bad cold," as Jim describes him to me. And have you heard Girofle Girofla? And did you do much in Harvé? And how about the fascinating Amy's display of "light flesh & corrupt blood," as Venus. And what is the last dirt
Leybourne's spiritual pesterino have evolved for an admiring public? And -- but what's the good of asking questions of one that goes to sleep at the Opera, & is better up to a carving-knife than a pen?

The new year has been as yet, if I may use the expression to one so fastidious on the score of language, some what of the snotty-nosedest. I snuffled the old one out in a shroud of a dirty pocket-hanky, & the New 'un is coated in the same fabric. To drop metaphor, I have had a bad cold, only just beginning to return to the devil whence it came. But I 'ope that sort of thing's all over.

Can't write much. "It ain't no bottle," as you would say. Nothing to be done till I am exhaled hence. But then -- Higher up, Sane! I may get out a volume this year; Jim is working like the old 'un to that end -- God bless him for it! Tho' I am not altogether sure that he deserves it for his interest in such stuff as I produce. But presently I'll be among the prose; then, look out!

Enclose two newspaper slips for your amusement & instruction. Read, mark, learn & inwardly digest them both, particularly the wee one. With which, & all blessings, injunctions to keep out of Worship St., & warnings against strange flesh. Adieu.

W.E.H.

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If you want a laugh, buy [?Tadkie].

The extant letters from this address are written to Harry Nichols and Miss Page. All the letters to Miss Page have been published; see Glines, 325-55. WEH arrived at the Edinburgh Infirmary on 23 July 1873 in an attempt, which proved successful, to save his right foot from tuberculosis; see W.E.Henley, Letter to Harry Nichols, [September 1873], Huntington Library, San Marino, California: "I have passed through deep waters since I last writ to you; here's the inventory[;] Wednesday, Aug. 20 -- I set off from Wapping. Thursday 21 -- I am somewhat sea-sick. Friday Aug 23. -- I land at Leith; train it to Edinburgh, cab it hither; arrive with exactly 10½ pence ... ." Fisher suggests that WEH was introduced to Lister by a lady whom he identifies as Lady Churchill; see Richard B. Fisher, Joseph Lister 1827-1912 (London: Macdonald and Jane's, 1977), p. 207. How WEH came to know her, if in fact he did, is not known. WEH's first known extant letter to J. M. Barrie, Letter No. 251, seems to refute Fisher's suggestion.

From its contents this letter would appear to have been written in early January 1875 before the letter of 24 January 1875; see Letter No.8, 24 January 1875.

Hamlet, Act I, scene i.

Not identified.

Not identified.

The Saturday Review of politics, literature, science and art, a weekly, 1856-1938.

This address has not been identified.

Henry Irving (John Henry Brodribb, 1838-1905) played the title role in Shakespeare's Hamlet at the Lyceum Theatre, London from 31 October 1874 to 19 June 1875.

Charles Fechter (1824-1879) played Hamlet at the Princess's Theatre, London, on 2 June 1872.


Girofle Girofla, an opera by Lecocq, opened at the Philharmonic Theatre, London, on 3 October 1874 and closed on 11 January 1875.

Not identified.

George Leybourne (1842-1884), theatre proprietor and actor. He was the lessee of the East London Theatre, Whitechapel Road, Stepney, from 31 August 1873 to 26 April 1874. Not traced during the winter of 1874-1875.

Not identified.

Worship Street runs between City Road and Shoreditch High Street, London.
A line, but one, mine ancient! I am glad to hear Miss Nichols is going to be married.² I hope she will be as as she ought to be— you know what a good wish that is. Give her my best wishes, compliments, & congratulations.

Your turn next? -- I don't believe you, tho' after all I used to prophesy (much to your own disgust!) that your handsome aquiline (or Roman, is it?) would one day be brought to the matrimonial grindstone. I shall not be altogether convinced till I am certified as much, officially, or privately. "If it be so, so it is you know" -- as the poet says.³ Let me know when & where & who with. What has become, by the way, of Re.....?

A very natural question, my Nichols! I suppose you will blaspheme a bit over it. But, howsoever, as I was going to say, when you interrupted me with your swearing, if it be so, you know how well I wish you, & I shall write no more about it. Words are sometimes of no value as exponents of thought or emotion. You know what I feel. Take it & be happy.

I have writ some more romances:⁴ one or two I will
send you in a few days -- as soon as I feel up to copying them. For the present fare thee well. Find in the enclosed to Tommy Hallam: it will save you writing, so let it be at once.

Your grammar & spelling are unimpeachable, the calligraphy is simply unpractised. This is writ in all sincerity, so you can try your luck again as soon as you like.

I wrote to Bill Teale.\(^5\) My foot keeps up; but tho' there is no discharge, there's a bit that won't heal. I will write again in a few days: at least I will send you the romances. And so, une bonne poignée de main.

Yours ever, old man,

W.E.H.

[Added by WEH, at right angles, across the top of the letter] I did not know of Regamey's death.\(^6\) He was a good painter -- which is saying a good deal. Art could better have spared twenty others I could name. But it was written! How many of us die with our work half done, our lives half lived! Happy they that can write finis & then lie down. What is to be for us? --

---

1 This letter can be dated between 3 January 1875 (see note 6 below) and 24 January 1875; see Letter No. 8, 24 January 1875.
2 Probably Emma Nichols; information received from Eric Ratcliffe, 12 August 1986.
3 Not identified.
4 Not identified.
5 A mutual friend.
6 Guillaume Regamey (1837-1875), French military painter. He died on 3 January 1875.
I read the signature of the letter of the "party who wrote last for you" as Reuben, & did not in the least remember the gentleman. Last night it struck me suddenly that I was an ass. I produced your letter & the "party's," & found that my suspicion was correct. I am an ass. Relate it all to the said "party," & present her my regards, remembrances, regrets & excuses: if she will accept them! But I read Rebecca as Reuben: I swear it! By yonder glittering sky, I did. Pray forgive me both of you. One cannot help being an ass, Nick. You know that quite as well as I do: or better even!

In answer to your question "Does this surprize you?" you ought to remember our old talks better than to have ask it.¹ I honour you much for your determination. You know I never hide my opinion from you, & now I have less reason than then. I think (at this distance) you are doing a good thing & a right thing & a thing you will hardly regret. I felicitate you both with all my heart.

Had I not been an ass, I should have writ like this
last time[.] Better late than never! Farewell & pray excuse me.

W.E.H.

[Added by WEH, at right angles, across the top of the letter] Send me a piece of cake when it comes off. How did you like them romances?

1 Harry Nichols had become engaged to Rebecca Elizabeth Lowdell.
Letter No. 9  To Harry and Rebecca Nichols

MS: Huntington 30912-30935

Surgical Ward 4 Private[,] Royal Infirmary[,] Edinburgh[,] 27 February 1875

W.E. Henley to Mr. & Mrs. Henry Nicols:¹

His Complements, Kind Regards, Felicitations, Congratulations, Best Wishes. Hopes the first will be called something like William, which is a good name, & belonged to a party called Shakespere, as well as to another party, also a great man, Who shall be Nameless. Expects soon to see, or hear of them, but does not like to say what an ass he thinks himself for expecting such a thing. Apologizes for his tardy acknowledgement of their kindly remembrance, & begs them to excuse it, eighteen months of Hospital Life not having made him a bit more respectable than he used to be. Is sorry he has no good news to tell them -- even of Hallam & the Manuscript!² -- in return for their announcement, but is inclined to think he may have some one of these days, when they may depend on sharing, whether they care for it or no. Trusts they are both keeping pretty well, & not by any means as this leaves him at present, & that they may continue to enjoy their health for ever, in despite of the cold & changeable weather. And in fine bids them both good-bye, with a

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handshake as hearty as is possible under the circumstances, promising to write again as soon as ever he can find something to say that shall be worth saying -- or, in default thereof, as good an imitation of the same as he can contrive. With which promise, not without memories more or less sentimental of the pickle-jar he signs himself

Thus,

W.E.Henley

---

1 Harry and Rebecca were married at Christ Church, Spitalfields, London, on 26 January 1875.
2 Not identified.
Letter No. 10

To Robert Louis Stevenson

MS: Beinecke 4693

Surgical Ward 4 Private[
Royal Infirmary[
Edinburgh[
14 March 1875

My dear Stevenson,

When I disclaimed the need of your London address,
I had forgot the possibilities enclosed. My excuse
for troubling you with them is manifold: you have taken
great interest in the series, which I am anxious to get
done with; the two subjects are quite congenial to you;
& I really want your pencil-marks. I shall not ask you
to write about them. Pencil the MS as you are wont to
do, and post it to me as quickly as you can.

I hope you won't forget Van Laun. His address is
48 Lancaster Rd. If you can do a little blasphemy on
his hearth-rug, for my sake do not hesitate to commit
yourself.

The weather continues binding.

Always Yours.

W.E.Henley

R.L.Stevenson Esqu.

PS. -- I hope you will not think of showing these
crudities to anyone who know's what's what. If you do,
there will be matter for a bloody single combat when
next you cross my path.

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In asking for the Romancero, name the Brockhaus (Leipzig) Edition. I don't know that there is any other, but this will "mak sicker."

1 RLS and WEH were introduced by Leslie Stephen on 13 February 1875. Leslie Stephen, while in Edinburgh, visited WEH as he (WEH) had submitted some verse to the Cornhill Magazine; see note 2 below. For an account of this meeting, see Connell, pp.67-68; and Jenni Calder, RLS: A Life Study (London: Hamish Hamilton, 1980), pp.92-93.

2 The enclosed was undoubtably the series of verses giving WEH's impressions of his stay in the Infirmary. They were subsequently published as "Hospital Outlines: Sketches and Portraits," Cornhill Magazine, 32 (July 1875), 120-28. For the revised and extended sequence, known as "In Hospital," see The Works of W.E. Henley, 7 vols. (London: David Nutt, 1908), 1, pp.3-46.

3 Henri Van Laun (1820-1896), French author and teacher. T.E. Brown, in a letter to WEH, says he would write to Van Laun, "whose conversation, would, I think amuse, and perhaps cheer you." See T.E. Brown, Letter to W.E. Henley, 17 September 1873, MA 1617, Pierpont Morgan Library. Thomas Edward Brown (1830-1897), Manx poet, was Headmaster of the Crypt School, Gloucester, when WEH was a pupil.

4 Romancero, a collection of poetry by Heine, first published in 1851.
My dear Stevenson,

This is a letter of apology, of contrition, of confession. Like the youth whose history was told us in our childhood, "I have sinned against heaven & before thee, & am no more worthy to be called thy Anything." I will say no more just now; if you have seen Stephen you will know to what I refer. It is just my way: "Do not repine! It is chronic." When you come back you may treat me with the contempt I deserve; but please don't abuse me by letter; I cannot bear it, unless I have somebody to swear at: so beware!

I have to thank you for the Romancero, which arrived late yesterday afternoon. I do thank you -- considerably. I have not yet had time to do much more than cut the work in question; but it promises well. Among the notes, I found one relating to Vergil. That distinguished poet & sorcerer, it appears, became enamoured of a Certain princess as proud as she was fair. Enraged by rejection of his suit, the evil-minded magician put out all the fires in the place, & then lit one to serve as source for all the...
others that might be, which he set -- "Au cul de celle qui l'avoit trompé." I have also read of a cavalier who goes a hunting in the "Mountains of Paris." I mention this geographical detail, because you are going to Paris. As I feel rather curious, I shall be glad of a little information respecting this unfamiliar chain when you return.

You say you are "very busy & very sad." How a man could be busy & sad at the same time I don't know. Especially if he has gone up (as to his health) like a Jack-in-the-box. But I spare you further criticism. Your too-admirable tobacco, which I have smoked most religiously since your departure, has rendered me incapable of doing much more than looking at the ceiling, repeating the multiplication-table from time to time as an agreeable intellectual exercise. But it's nearly all gone, & under a course of mild birdseye I expect soon to be pretty well, thank you.

You say nothing whatever about "that bloody Frenchman" (excuse the quotation, I couldn't help it). I don't mean Legros, but Van Laun. Oh if you forget! -- -- -- I could write much more, but refrain; I have some good in me yet. Adieu. Amusez vous bien.

Tout à vous,

W.E.H.

[Added by WEH, at right angles, on the left, at the top of the letter] Le poete Wordsworze! Seigneur mon
Dieu! -- Quand je verrai son tombeau je veux y repandre de l'eau qui ne sera pas dérivée de mes yeux.

1 Leslie Stephen. The subject matter has not been identified.
2 Publius Vergilius Maro (70BC-19BC), commonly known as Vergil.
3 RLS went to stay with his cousin Robert (Bob) Alan Mowbray Stevenson (1847-1900) in Paris. Bob was an art critic and artist, and later Professor of Fine Arts at University College, Liverpool, 1889-1893.
4 Alphonse Legros (1837-1911), artist. He settled in London in 1863 and was Professor of Art at University College, London, 1889-1892.
5 "The poet Wordsworth! Lord my God! -- When I see his grave I want to spread some water that doesn't come from my eyes."
My dear Stevenson,

Yet a wee while & it will not be possible to see me in the Infirmary; I leave that desirable place of residence on Saturday next -- D.V. of course. I go to pass a few days in George St., thence to Portobello, where I hope to see you (even if you never find your way into such an aristocratic locale as George St.) & renew those interesting discussions you wot of. I am not cured, but there is a chance that the sea-side will cure me; if it don't -- ! "Why then lament therefor." I have struggled up so far as the Forked Hill with one wooden leg, it shall go hard -- or rather, I shall find it comparatively easy to get a little further with two. Which is logic.

You were a true prophet! The Sonnets have been accepted & rejected (vice versa, I meant!); the history of all that is too long to write, I will keep it [---] for our first pipe. The upshot of it all is, that they are to appear in the June number of our orange coloured Mag. Such is life! Baxter, who has been exceedingly good to me, was quite excited when I
told him the good news after the bad. I have already fingered the stumpy, so my interest in them has expired; but I shall want your help over the proofs, & I fancy I shall have either to omit one or two types, which I am unwilling to do, or to introduce one or two fresh ones, which I am anxious to do. If you should see the Able-Editor ere you quit the smoke, be so good as to mention this to him, & if he is restless, coax him.

I write to you without having the remotest conception of your whereabouts. Some day, I suppose, you will turn up again: which day the Lord send soon! - When he does, you will find a lot of Rondeaux & Lieder to cut at, to butcher into excellence. All the tobacco songs are done; Baxter is much pleased with them; I laid them aside, not unmindful of Mrs.Burns & the ballad -- "Robin gied this one an awfu' brushin!"

I haven't done any prose; but I really am going to rewrite Quevedo as soon as I get out. I am ashamed to make this confession, to which I ought to add another - - that my German hath rusted of late; your Heine is no good after twenty lines -- but Man is Far from Perfect.

But I hope you have been a-working. Some day, when you are a particularly great novelist, the English Balzac par exemple!, I mean to write an essay proving that Burns, like W.Shakespeare, was really possessed of
prophetic powers, & that when he wrote the line
"We'll a' be proud o' Robin,"¹⁰ he had in his mind's
eye a certain distinguished young Advocate of this
place & time.¹¹ But this is of course dependent on
your ability to write dialogue & to drop the Ego in
your expositions. I hope you are there by this time --
or at all events a little nearer than you were. So
shall the name of Stevenson ("with a we, my Lord"!) become illustrative otherwise than in connection with
the shaping of brass & the shaping of Iron -- dear to
the readers of Mudie,¹² & a romantic & beautiful fact
to all nice girls uncorrupted of Mathematics & with a
taste for strong emotions & good stories.

This is an awfu' long letter; but I can't help
writing it. It is a law of my depraved nature to cover
with ink-marks all the blank paper I may come in
contact with. But the infliction is over. When I have
recommended you warmly to take the underground to New
Cross some evening & to put Pollahy on to the trail of
the infamous Van Laun,¹³ if you fail to find him
otherwise, I shall have done enough to satisfy my
disgusting instinct & more than enough to weary you.
Having achieved the which, I bid you fare well -- "long
as thou canst fare well!" I will write my address to
you as soon as I know it.
A vous toujours,

W.E.Henley

R.L.Stevenson Esqu.

1 Dated 15/4/74 but an error as WEH left the Infirmary in April 1875; see Hallam, 208.
2 45 George Street, Edinburgh; see Letter No. 13, 27 April 1875.
3 4 Straiton Place, Portobello, Edinburgh; see Letter No. 14, 4 May 1875.
4 The Hospital Outlines; see Letter No. 10, 14 March 1875, note 2. The journals to which WEH had unsuccessfully submitted the Hospital Outlines have not been identified.
5 July, not June.
6 Charles Baxter (1848-1919), an Edinburgh lawyer and close friend of both RLS and WEH, who later acted as an intermediary in the quarrel between the two. See Edward H.Cohen, The Henley-Stevenson Quarrel, University of Florida Humanities Monograph, No. 42 (Gainsville: The University Presses of Florida, 1974).
7 At least two poems about the tobacco pipe; they were "Inter Sodales," and "My Meerschaum Pipe"; see Works, 2, pp.221-22. These verses were rejected by Macmillan's Magazine; see Simon Newell-Smith, ed., Letters to Macmillan (London; Macmillan, 1967), p.158. However, they were printed together with five other tobacco poems in Lyra Nicotiana: Poems and Verses concerning Tobacco, ed. W. G. Hutchinson (London: Walter Scott, 1898), pp. 231-37. Macmillan's Magazine, a monthly, 1859-1907.
8 This is not a quotation from Burns.
9 Francisco Gomez de Quevedo y Villegas (1580-1645), Spanish writer and poet. No such translation has been found.
11 RLS was called to the Scottish Bar on 16 July 1875, two days after being admitted to the Faculty of Advocates; see Rosaline Masson, The Life of Robert Louis Stevenson (London and Edinburgh: W. & R.Chambers , 1923), p.132 and p.134.
12 Prior to becoming a lawyer RLS studied engineering
at Edinburgh University as he was expected to become an engineer like his father, Thomas Stevenson (1818-1887), who was a well-known lighthouse and harbour engineer. RLS eventually gave up his studies and agreed to qualify as a lawyer to safeguard his future while he took up writing; see Calder, pp.1-2. Mudie's Lending Library founded in 1842 by Charles Edward Mudie (1818-1890).

13 Pollahy was possibly a private detective.
My dear Stevenson,

If you are in Edinburgh, I pray you to come & see me. I did not intend to trespass on your time till I got down to Portobello, but "causes have their quiddities," as Cavaliero Shift opines;¹ my proofs (observe the possessive!) have arrived & I do most humbly request of your precision that you will come & help us out in one or two necessary corrections.

I am at home all day; the best time to call is on the morning when we would be free from interruption. If that should not suit you, we dine at three two -- after dinner I am perfectly tractable.

Yours ever,

W.E. Henley

Robert Louis Stevenson Esq.

45 George St. Top Flat, up no end of stairs -- Come, my tan-faced child!

¹ This may be a reference to Jonathan Swift (1667-1745), writer. WEH had a habit of using nicknames for friends, enemies and literati, which makes some identifications impossible.
My dear Stevenson,

There seems to be a doubt as to my departure tomorrow. It depends on the photographer. If he's at home in the morning I shall go to Portobello in the afternoon. If he ain't, I shall have to remain another day. In any case, I shall be glad to see you: at 3p.m., say.

Would it be asking too much of you to ride down me? -- I shall go in a cab, & should be awful glad of your company.

Yours ever,

W.E. Henley

R.L. Stevenson Esqu.

1 WEH moved to 4 Straiton Place, Portobello, Edinburgh, on either 5 or 6 May 1875.
My dear Rosepoet,

Will you let me have that volume of the Vie Privee that contains Goriot? -- I feel a strong inclination to read it again. If you can persuade Baxter to bring it with him to-morrow, I will try & seduce him into pestering back the two other volumes I have.

You owe me two Academies -- a third to-morrow. "Why is this thus? or what is the cause of this thusness."

Look me up a little papernife like your own. I shall not take it as a gift, so you need not extravague (sic).

My leg is looking beautiful, so well indeed, that the dressing of last night will not be removed till to­morrow. Young says he wrote to you in Heriot Row. I shall remain in bed but a day or two yet, for I believe that is half the secret of success.

I am at work on the Lazarus. I shall be a happy bird if you can work me out an epigraph -- Heine, of course. I cannot read Horatius Flaccus, but I will take much care of him till you come.

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Ever Yours,

W.E. Henley

I have put off the tailor till more prosperous times.

Don't tell anybody.

1 It is not known why WEH used this appellation. A check of RLS's verse of this period suggests nothing for its use.
2 *Le Père Goriot*, Balzac's novel, first published in 1834, part of the series of novels *La Comédie Humaine*, 1827 to 1847.
3 The Academy: a monthly review of literature, science and art. October 1869-January 1902.
4 Young has not been identified. RLS's parents lived at 17 Heriot Row, Edinburgh.
5 This was WEH's second series of hospital poems; see Letter No. 18, 1 November 1875, paragraph 5. WEH had been reading Heine's *The Book of Lazarus*, first published in 1854.
6 Quintus Horatius Flaccus (65BC - 8BC), Roman poet, commonly known as Horace.
My dear Lewis,

If you sent the Lazarus to Colvin, ask him to return it presently, as I want Stephen to have it by the beginning of August. If Colvin is in London and sees Legros, tell him I shall be awfully obliged to him if he will mention the Cornhill paper to the Frenchman.

I enclose you, with your own, a letter from Payn, which I want you to read (if you can) & think over for me. I am quite incapable as yet of determining what is best to do.

Before I close the subject forever, let me mention that I purpose to excise the *Impecunious* lyric & to insert further on, just before the Cistern business, a snow effect which will vary the metre not disagreeably.

Toujours à toi,

W.E. Henley

You left an umbrella, Baxter a cigar case & a paper parcel, apparently of stationery. I will sit upon all three. Try to get me Lewes on Actors & acting & Lope & Calderon & the Spanish Drama.
RLS was christened Lewis but as a young man adopted the French version of his name. According to John Connell, p.76, this was "a mannerism which Henley, early in their association, decided to disregard. His name for Stevenson was, firmly, Lewis." This is not always so, as WEH used both versions. For example, see Letter No. 22, 25 April 1876; and Letter No. 101, 1 March 1883.

Sidney Colvin (1845-1927), art and literary critic. Slade Professor of Fine Art, Cambridge University, 1873-1885. He was also Director of the Fitzwilliam Museum, Cambridge, 1876-1884. In 1883 he became Keeper of Prints and Drawings at the British Museum until 1912. He was introduced to WEH by RLS at the Infirmary, Edinburgh.

James Payn (1830-1898), novelist and editor. From 1874 to 1896 he was on the staff of Smith, Elder and Co., publishers of the Cornhill Magazine. He was editor from 1883 to 1896.

The "Impecunious lyric" has not been identified. The "Cistern business" is WEH's poem "Nocturn" where he writes "of a cistern leaking:

"Dripping, dropping, in a rhythm,
Rough, unequal, half-melodious,
Like the measures aped from nature
In the infancy of music."

See Works, 1, p.42. The "snow effect" is WEH's poem "In the time of snows"; see Works, 2, p.197.

Letter No. 17 To The Editor, Blackwood's Magazine

MS: NLS 4332 f.217

4 Straiton Place,
Portobello[,]
Edinburgh[.]
6 September 1875

Sir,

I venture to submit to you the MS enclosed, with the hope it's contents may be found worthy a place in the pages of Blackwood. 2

If you should decide on it's acceptance, I would do my best to alter any expressions in it that may not seem to you becoming. If you should not, I shall be glad if you will send the MS to the above address; I enclose a stamp for that purpose.

I ought to mention that I am not altogether inédit, having been printed in the Cornhill for July & August, while I have a string of sonnets accepted, & shortly to appear, for Macmillan's.4

I am, Sir,
Yours very obediently[,]

W.E.Henley

The Editor[,]

Blackwood's Magazine.

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1 John Blackwood III (1836-1912), publisher and editor of Blackwood's Magazine, November 152.
1879-December 1900.

This MS has not been identified, but it may be the extension of the original Hospital poems, i.e. Lazarus.

W.E. Henley, "Morning," Cornhill Magazine, 32 (August 1875), 228. This poem is not included in WEH's Works.


"Music Ambulant ['Croquis']," Works, 1, p.106.
"Fishwife ['In Fisherrow']," Works, 1, pp.103-104.
Letter No. 18  To Harry Nichols

MS: Huntington 30912-30935

Quoted: Hallam, 208; Connell, pp. 78-79. ¹

4 Straiton Place,
Portobello by Edinburgh[.]

1 November 1875

How are you, Old 'Un? D---d cold, ain't it? I have to sit with my toes (such as are left of em) in the fender simply to keep life from freezing up. I am beginning to sympathize with the North Pole, & to conclude that the Artic [sic] Expedition will not be such fun after all.

But this is by the way. The real thing is, How are you? And the Missus? And the little Stranger? -- For I suppose there is one! I never never was good at dates, so that if my enquires are a little premature, you must forgive me, & go on to the next.

I am a free man yet. But oh! the difficulty I have had to keep so! -- I narrowly escaped an action for B. of P.,² or something of that sort. When I consider that it is all over & my letters burnt, I feel inclined to believe in a Special Providence -- a mood that is but rare with yours truly.

The Muses smile on me now & then, but blast them! they pay but ill. However I hope you did your old pal the honour of reading his 'Orspital Outlines (Cornhill, July, 1875) & the Notes on the Firth that he signed in
the October number of Macmillan's.

There is a second lot of Hospital stuff to come, but I doubt it will never see the light till the author is one with the dark. I have called it Lazarus -- not without memories of Heine; but it is good. Yes, I can lay my 'and upon my 'art, my 'Arry, & say it is good. If it should ever appear, I will not fail to give you the tip, that you may get it & read it. If I am departed when it bursts into the public's ken, you will read it all the same, I suppose, but then it won't so much matter to me.

Anthony is with me. Just returned from the Highlands, where he has painted four pictures & etched two plates. Will you invest? Proofs 10/ each -- and worth it. The colour is really remarkably good. He finished last week a little picture of Brunstane Burn, with all the autumn tints in it, that I think would fetch you.

The most remarkable thing that has yet come out of the States is certainly Walt Whitman's book. The Leaves of Grass is worth getting, my Nicholas -- particularly if you could get the unexpurgated edition, which I fancy you could, thro' Chatto & Windus. Such a book! Such tremendous nonsense, side by side with such superb manliness of thought, such magnificent hope & faith, such extreme beauty of expression. It is emphatically a new Gospel, & one that is maybe destined
to replace altogether our four old friends -- fast dropping to the deuce now, poor creturs! If anyone abuses Walt Whitman in your hearing, hit him on the nose, & tell him he is an ass.

Not much else to say. We shall perhaps go to Edinburgh to pass the winter; in which case I will advise you of our whereabouts. I feel rather ashamed to tell you that my foot is not yet quite well. That it will be a cure, I have not the slightest doubt.

Give my kind regards to Mrs. Nichols. I suppose you are an authority on the "Whitechapel Tragedy." Did you know Wainright? I hope to hear all about it some day. Till then, my Nichols, Farewell,

Always Yours,

W.E.Henley

[Added by WEH at right angles to the left of the address] We are both of us getting old, Harry! I am Six & Twenty past & I have altogether given up Bohemianism. I would marry without a pang. And you! -- You are older than I.

1 Paragraphs four and nine are quoted in full and the first three sections of paragraph five.
2 Breach of the Peace.
3 Anthony Warton Henley (1851-1914), artist brother of WEH.
4 Walt Whitman (1819-1892), American poet. His Leaves of Grass was first published in 1855. WEH is probably referring to the 1867 edition which was substantially larger and contained apparent vulgarity and reference to homosexuality. This
would be the "unexpurgated edition."

5 See The Times, 28 October 1875, p.11, col.3. Henry Wainwright was charged with the murder of Harriet Lane on 11 September 1874 in Whitechapel, London.
Letter No. 19  To Alexander Hay Japp

MS: Gloucester

4 Straiton Place,
Portobello[],
Edinburgh.]

6 December 1875

Dear Mr. Japp,

I am told you have at last printed my Songs.\(^2\) If there is anything coming from them, I shall be glad to have it.

I enclose the MSS of some more verses, which seem to me innocuous enough for your public.\(^3\) If it is not too late for this winter, \& if you think them good enough, I shall be very happy to get rid of them to you.

Very faithfully yours,

W.E. Henley

A. Japp Esqre.

[Added by WEH at right angles and to the right of the address] I shall be grateful for a word -- of acceptance or rejection, as the case may be.

---

1 Alexander Hay Japp (1837-1905), journalist, writer and publisher. From 1869 to 1879 he was on the staff of Good Words and The Sunday Magazine, and he also worked for The Contemporary Review from 1866 to 1872. Good Words, a weekly journal, January 1860-April 1906. The Sunday Magazine, a weekly, 1864-April 1906. The Contemporary Review, a monthly journal, 1866-present.
2 W.E. Henley, "Boat Songs," *Good Words*, (1875), pp. 842-43. These two poems are not included in WEH's *Works*.

3 These poems have not been identified.
Letter No. 20  To Anna Boyle

MS: PM MA 1617

19 Balfour St.,
Leith Walk,
Edinburgh.

5 February 1876

What is the meaning of that title, The book of H---? Let me tell you a fairy story, & then you will know (I hope) as much as I.

"Once upon a time (you see how properly it begins), once upon a time, there was a Fairy Prince, who was certainly the most unfortunate in the world. So luckless was he, that he could do nothing that turned out other than ill. If he got into an omnibus, old maids gave him tracts. If he went to a tea-party, he fell in love with the wrong people. If he wrote articles for a journal (there were both articles & journals at that time in Fairyland) the journal smashed or the editor would not pay. He had, I believe, some talent for this sort of thing & for the making of verses; but even in this he was unfortunate & chose the wrong side. So that while a few, a very few, held him to be a genius, the rest of the world, a tolerably large world, were firmly persuaded that he was a fool.

"So my prince went on, sorrowfully enough; for he was very very lame, and poor as prince could be. And at last he got so far as to conclude that Life in
general was a mistake, & that his own life in particular was the greatest mistake of all. In which I (now) think that he was wrong; tho' certainly, at the time, he had apparently every reason for such a conclusion.

"Lameness, dreadful & abominable, at last brought my prince to a gray city somewhere in the north of fairyland. Doctors wanted to cut off his unfortunate foot (his foot was the most unfortunate part of him) but he would not give his consent. So they put him to bed in a great place full of other unfortunates, & there they left him. And my prince, sorely tried but valiant to the end, took more than ever to the writing of songs. Which probably saved his life; a life that he would in no wise lose after a certain occurrence had [---] shown him how precious, with all it's drawbacks, it really was.

"He had lain in the great house of misfortune for six weary months, during which time he had amused himself by a very serious flirtation with a certain person whom he met there. This affair had grown to be a bore to him, when he was removed from the great room where he had lain to another & smaller where he found a man with a beard: also a prince -- a Sailor Prince. With him he talked, & they played cards (My prince was but a poor mortal after all!) & told stories, & beguiled the time in various ways. And one day, the
Sailor Prince, who was fond of his relatives but mortally hated his brother-in-law, produced a portrait (painted of course on the finest ivory by a great magician in the West, & richly set with diamonds of an extraordinary size) & tossed it over to my prince, saying to him; "This is my sister, the Princess H----. What do you think of her?" -- And my prince looked at the portrait, & knew at once that thitherto his life & all in it had been an immense mistake; for his heart swelled within him, & he got quite uncomfortable, & something (also his heart, no doubt!) said; "This is She -- at last!" And when soon afterwards he looked upon her gracious self, he sorrowed greatly, for he felt that, with his ties & in his situation, tho' the thing was certain & She, & only She, had in her hands for him the keys of Life & Love, he had no more chance of winning her than he had of replacing the Man in the Moon, or of writing a poem that would sell,

"Miserable indeed he was. As a first step, the instant he could, he tried to free himself from the other, that he might not be faithless even in thought to the sweet lady of his dream. But he did not succeed, & when he looked on the one for whom he lived, as now & then he did, & compared her with the Destiny that seemed his, he grew sadder & more reckless than ever, & Life seemed a greater & more painful mistake than ever in the old time, before he had seen the thing

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face that revealed to him its value.

"So he wrote away his sorrow. In songs so full of her that they were all of her, yet tinged withal with such a despairing cynicism that they seem [-----] less of her than of the poorest & wildest of women. And at last a day came when he was released from his prison & sent into the world. Not lone & friendless, for She took him in, & gave him meat & wine, &, what was more precious to all than all, the sight of her own sweet face. And the tone of her songs changed; & when he left her house & went to live by his beloved sea, he had made some that were nearer to her & worthier her thought. Full of love, but laden with farewell: strenuous with desire, but forlorn with regret & hopeless resignation. These she took of him, & these she read. She told him she liked "some of them," & he felt glad that she had not said which.

"He saw but little of her, for she was a wandering princess, & was often away. But whenever he did see her, he felt another & a better man. A remorse came on him for the life he was leading, a determination, constantly broken & as constantly renewed, to live a better worthier life. And evermore the thought 'How should I win her? And would she listen if I won?' An evening on the rocks, full of the quiet gold of sunset, of the far tide & the shining sands: a gray summer afternoon, first by the sea, then in his own little
room: these were not much, yet enough. After the last; after the sail away into the golden summer day, & return thro' a mystic dusk, when his hand was first blessed with the touch of her yellow hair; my prince was resolved, & the end came.

But she was away, wandering in the West again; & all he could do was to write to her. Ah, the story of those letters! -- The glad thought they would please; the utter despair when he found there was One that -- But I cannot go on. I shall only say that My Prince, as he saluted the sunset -- "for your dear sake, my Love!" -- believed her utterly lost, never expected to see her more.

"She came, however, & again & again. And when she went wandering once more, my Prince had written her a letter, & told her all he hoped, & out of the distance she answered & told him, that he was a goose.

"So it seemed good to the Prince, no longer the most Unfortunate, but surely the luckiest of Princes, in Fairyland or other, that he ought to try & show his appreciation of such conduct. So he determined to make a book, & to call that Book, the Book of So & So. Into it he put many songs; none were good enough, but they were true; & he said "So, if I die, at least I shall have done all I could towards her immortality! -- Let us on, or finish!" -- And he on'd!"

Here my story ends. Whether my Prince married his
Princess in the end, & whether they had many children & lived happy ever afterwards, as princes & princesses used to do, I know not. I hope they did, but I am by no means certain. All I know is, That (from a source that need not now be farther particularised) I possess an Ms. -- authentic -- of the Book in question, which Book, coming down to the eve of the last of the Princess's Wanderings, I am just now endeavouring to redact. It contains some five & thirty songs. None of them are very good; some of them are very bad; but I do not think that, as a whole, it would be displeasing to you. If you would like a copy, say so, & send the MS. I last gave you, packed nicely, to Mr. Jas. Runciman, 12 Laurie Grove, New Cross, London SE, & you shall see what you shall see. But you must first promise, on your word of honour, not to show what you see to anyone, or you will perhaps see nothing at all.

I am now out of breath with my story, which is a very good story very badly told that I have none to go on with. I am beside horrible cold. I will finish this to morrow. Sunday, my dear Miss Boyle, is the happiest day in the week; for, if I do nothing else, I am pretty sure to write to you. And you know what that means. I have a deal to tell you, but I mustn't fill any more paper, or you would not read me. And so, bon soir!

6/2/75[76]

A Sabbath morning, gray & misty, vibrant with
sound-waves from many bells, with instincts of sunshine. Let me complete my letter.

I was very glad to hear that you were teaching Nigel the machine. I hope he will learn them all, the mower especially; also as much knitting & sewing as is possible. It is very much to Edward's interest to do this, for I am convinced that Nigel has sown his wild oats, & would be, with encouragement & opportunity, a most valuable servant to him. If you can & will help in this, I need not say how grateful I shall be. Once taught, I shall be free of all responsibility, & so much more at liberty to look after myself. I ought not perhaps to mention it, but Nigel knows how much I am indebted to you, & I am quite certain that if you refuse confidence in him, you will not have made a bad outlay.

I tried my best the other night to produce a form of Report. I cannot flatter myself that I succeeded. If, however, I had that one the Howe Company gave you I am pretty sure I should be able to make one. I hear that William Wemyss is back from Liverpool, so that it is not probable I shall have any opportunity of serving you in this way. If you think I can, I need not say that you have only to command me. In mentioning this I am perhaps treading on forbidden ground. You can notice it or not, as you think fit.

As yet my attempts to procure regular employment
have failed. It seems that, to get work as press-corrector, I need a practical acquaintance with typography. If it be possible to get this, I shall get it. Of course I shall have to go into a printing office, & work (I suppose) as a compositor for a time. This will be nasty enough, but my hope is so strong that I should not hesitate over anything ten times as disagreeable. Meantime, I am trying to redact my two books & reading (fitfully) the Portuguese grammar. I hope, by the time you return, if May is to see you back among us, to have got the two ready, to have read Faust,\(^9\) to know my Portuguse, & to have gone far in the study of the Portuguese dialects. As yet, however, everything is very uncertain. Only one thing is sure, that the dream \(\) you know of grows dearer to me every day, & that I hope the end will justify me & teach me that I have not lived in vain.

I was glad to get Brown's letter back, for it is very precious to me.\(^{10}\) What he says therein is so beautiful & benignantly said, & is so true, that it must never be forgotten. Of course, because I have used certain words now & then for which there is no authority, you must not conclude that I write bad English. I believe my English, these occasional blots apart, to be better than that of most men. For the vulgarity, I promise you that you nor he shall henceforth have reason to complain of me on that score.
The two Romances he speaks of are neither of them very [-------] favourite work, & one is to boot perhaps the most utterly blackguard piece of verse in English. I wrote it in the Infirmary during one of my worst periods; it has been praised by a poet (not Swinburne); I shall probably burn it. Meanwhile, I insist that it's value is really greater than the one Brown sets upon it.

I will try & send you Mrs. B (& possibly her husband) next week, in my next letter in fact. If his portrait be a success I shall introduce it in the Infirmary cycle. I have not yet sent to Glasgow, for I have no copy to send, Jim having neglected to send return me the best & most correct of all. Should I send yours & Mrs. K's?

I hope you had an hour's pleasant reading out of Bret Harte. He is an exceedingly clever man. His descriptions are not overloaded with detail, but eminently suggestive; try the moonlight (or dawn, is it?) in the Rose of Tuolumne & see what a beautiful impression it leaves behind. Then much of his dialogue is simply as right as it can be; he has that faculty, the most difficult of all, of finding the word for the minute .... I hope you will read Daniel Deronda, George Eliot's new book. I am promised it soon, with the Book of H ----. A dreadful falling off!

If you want to laugh, see "Black-Eyed Susan" at the
Duke's in Holborn. It is [-----] the jolliest burlesque ever written. Anthony's etchings are not a success so far; the Academy never takes etchings, engravings, or anything of the sort; we shall send them to London. I don't know much about Boyle's portrait, but we will see presently.

We have had no more accidents, & so the house is not ensured. Next week, I shall have to use a pocket-handkerchief I stole in July last year, -- or go without. Anthony is bashful, & won't look after a laundress, so I must desecrate my one relic.

Always Yours,

W.E. Henley

[Added by WEH on both sides of the address]

The stocking does very well, but it is much too short. Make the next, say five or six inches longer. Two will be enough. Unless the F.P. comes and wisks you off. I trust you may make me some more when these are worn out. I have not yet received the second sock, & the first is already a thing of the past.

PS. -- "I am praying daily to Saint Valentine. As yet he is the hardest saint in the calender; he will whisper me nothing.

1 Hannah Johnson Boyle (1855-1925), called Anna. She first met WEH when she visited her brother Captain Edward Boyle, a seaman, who was in the next bed to WEH in the Infirmary, Edinburgh; see Williamson, pp.41-42; Connell, p.61.
2 This is the first known extant letter from this
The last known extant letter prior to this was in January, 1876; see W.E. Henley, Letter to Robert Louis Stevenson, 9 January 1876, Beinecke 4701, Yale University.

3 Probably the Book of Hannah; see W.E. Henley, Letter to Anna Boyle, Wednesday, MA 1617, Pierpont Morgan Library.

4 Many of these verses were published in the weekly journal London, during WEH's editorship 1878-1879. For details of this journal, see Letter No.27, 15 December 1876. For a discussion of some of these poems, see André Guillaume, William Ernest Henley et son groupe: neo-romantisme et imperialisme à la fin du XIXe siècle (Paris: Klincksieck, 1973), pp.41-42.

5 Nigel Felix Henley.

6 Edward Boyle.

7 Not identified. The subject matter of this paragraph is not known.

8 William Wemyss Kennedy, husband of Margaret Mackie Boyle, Anna Boyle's sister.

9 Probably Goethe's Faust, first published in two parts in 1808 and 1832.

10 Robert Glasgow Brown (?-1878), was one of RLS's friends at Edinburgh University, and was editor of Vanity Fair 1875-1876. He died in 1878, not 1879 as is generally supposed; see W. E. Henley, Letter to Charles Baxter, 12 July 1878, Beinecke 4554, Yale University.


12 RLS.

13 WEH completed a sequence of twenty-two poems called Men and Women, the MSS now held by the Pierpont Morgan Library. Two of the poems were included in the final version of the "In Hospital" series, see Works, 1, p.26 and p.40. The second poem, "Apparition," is WEH's well-known portrait of RLS. The portrait of "Mrs.B" is probably that of Anna Boyle's mother.

14 Two of the Men and Women sequence. "Mrs.K" is Mrs. Margaret Mackie Kennedy.


16 George Eliot, Daniel Deronda, 4 vols. (Edinburgh and London: Blackwood and Son, 1876)


I was very glad to know you north, & very glad, too, that you had arrived in time to see our own great artist. Of course you liked it; but I am rather surprised (& pleased) to find I had gone so near the truth in my poor description of him that you could only repeat my words in attempting an account. I hardly know whether to receive your confession as genuine; it may proceed from laziness, or diffidence; I hope soon to talk it over with you.

We shall see the Othello one of these days, never fear. But you mustn’t do Art the wrong you shadow forth. Of course, if you were very fond of it, watching my face would be the best fun in the world; but you forget that I should have just as much reason to watch yours, & between the two, Salvini would lose. So if we do see it together, as please the gods we shall, we will arrange beforehand on what terms we will be while in the theatre. I am not sure that you will not be more interested in the Othello than in the Hamlet. To begin with, I do not suppose that you have that personal interest in Hamlet that I have; & I am
sure you are too conscientious to feign it. Again, Othello is a much better play as a play than it's great brother. Hamlet indeed, is not remarkable as a specimen of theatrical art. It is a fact that it drags woefully when Salvini is not on the stage. I am not going to inquire into the reasons for this; if all the characters were played by good artists, we might feel interested. But with a scandalous Polonius, with a Queen like a chambermaid masquerading, with a King like nothing under heaven but himself, with an Horatio who is all that Horatio should not be, & with a Ghost who is rather a ghostly mistake than a ghostly success, what can we expect? -- We say nothing of Ophelia; the memory is too sore a point yet to be touched with becoming calm. We have heard a great deal of "Hamlet with Hamlet left out"; we can now judge what it is. In Othello we have none of the objections. The spectacle of the man's wrath & passion is so tremendous that it fills the soul & leaves us neither eyes nor ears for ought else. Moreover, Othello is rarely from the stage; while he is, we have all our work cut out to recover from the emotion in which he left us. Again Othello is purely commonplace from beginning to end; there is nothing supernatural about it. Only Salvini could save the ghost-scenes from being ridiculous, however impressive & affecting they are when we read them, when the theatre is our own heart, & oursleves
are actors & audience; and not even Salvini could save
the supernatural in Macbeth from the cruel reproach of
unreality & untruth with which we look on such things.

The fact is, my dearest Anna, that the age for the
supernatural drama has passed. It may still be
warrentable enough in poetry; I read Calderon's miracle
plays with enthusiasm, but the age is not capable of
bearing a Faust, much less Macbeth. I say this without
any shade of irreverence for either Goethe or
Shakespeare. At the time the Englishman wrote, Macbeth
had all the power of an actuality; Bodin had printed
his great book about witches, King James was
meditating his treatise, a few years afterwards the
persecution began. How he succeeded in his design you
know; but these scenes which we cannot read without
wonder & terror we cannot see without a disposition to
laugh. Hamlet has the advantage of being simpler & of
needing less blue fire & trap-door work; & therefore,
with the assistance of Salvini's genius, we can
surrender ourselves to the illusion for a while. But
only for a while! And so it comes to pass that
Othello, the wronged heart, may after all please you
better than our dearest Hamlet, when perhaps you have
not so many reasons for living as we have.

Here's a pedantic beginning to what, after all, can
be but a love-letter! I beseech you to forgive it, &
to skip & go to the next -- if, that is to say, you

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ever read my letters a second time; which I think is very doubtful. Perhaps you made an exception in favour of the last, which seems to have been the "real nice" letter you asked for. Was it?

I was awfully happy all last week. The knowledge you were near, I suppose! I did my work tolerably well, & smiled on the Universe. I also made a song; here it is --

My heart is like a rose,
That splendid & triumphant
Among the fair June leavage
In pride & performance blows.

It yearns & thrills & glows,
And drinks your thought, the summer,
Your thought, the radient summer, --
My heart, the happy rose!

Which is true, tho' not perhaps so successful as a song might be wished:--

"A trifle, sweet, which true love spells,
"True love interprets, Love, alone" --

as Mr. Tennyson puts it.\(^5\) Will you spell & interpret it, as I would have it? -- I hope so; I leave it to
you. My heart was a rose all last week, & will be all my life if you please to will so. Poor as I am, & I am very poor, bad as I am, & I am very bad, I have virtue & riches enough if you love me.

I thought over the Nocturne this morning (no later!) for I woke from a dream of you: a dream which the "Master of the mummering courts Where the shapes of sleep convene" had been good enough to send me. It was a wild business, but inexpressibly nice for all that; for was it not full of you? -- I hope it portends nothing bad! I am as superstitious as need be, you will perceive. I am not so graced, to tell you the truth! I suppose I think about you so much in the day to dream of you at night; that is my only excuse. Imagine me thinking of you at all hours; even when I am at work! -- In the pauses, I lay down my pen & let my fancy float away towards that blue land where you & I, shining & white & immortal, have leave to live & love for ever. It is very foolish, but it is very nice. If you were in love you would know how true is all I say. But from a professed old maid what can I expect but a laugh?

You needn't be the least afraid of me. I have more reason to be afraid of you, for you carry my happiness in your hand. You may get many another sweetheart better & wittier than I; but I shall never know another Anna Boyle. So I wait your time, tremulous & not at
all confident, tho' I am inexpressibly happy & content. Vaguely my best & dearest dream becomes a possibility; I watch it from afar, & wait. Come when you will, you must be right; but let it be soon.

All last week I worked at Caricature for the Encyclopaedia. It is a subject that to which I might have done justice had I had six months run of the British Museum. But my employers were graciously pleased to express their approval. Yesterday I worked off a Spanish painter-poet. Next week I do Beatrice Cenci, whose story (in Shelley's wondrous tragedy) you shall read. And to-morrow -- Do you remember a Spanish gent who had writ a lot of verses to a certain Anna of the period? I have permission to do him. He was not known till I brought forward his claims. His claims were (I fancy!) that he wrote verses to an Anna. Of course he has others, but that, I think, is what interested me in him; that I am sure, is what obliged me to bring him under the notice of Messrs. A. & C. Black. Naturally I have confessed my true reasons to none but yourself. They are a secret. Please let them remain so. The Encyclopaedia Britannica is not to be trifled with impunity!

I am glad you take notice of the sunsets, & not without thought of me. Do you remember dear old Walt Whitman's verses? Sunsets are not now what they were. Since I have taken to read you into them -- as I read

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you into everything that is beautiful in the world -- into the April skies, into the blackbird's song -- into the quiet spring landscape: all so full of hope & [----] serenity & youth since I have seen you in them!

-- As a matter of fact, Friday's sundown was not a success, & I had -- or thought I had a cold which made me prefer the bed to the window; so I can say very little about it. But I, too, remember the George St. sunsets; in those days I was (as I said at Joppa) "only a voice," & had no business to be happy as I was in your companionship. Now! -- -- -- --

I shall arrange to have next Saturday all to myself; so that we can work off the drive to somewhere. But I hope to see you are then. Last Sunday afternoon I drove to Hailes; the open air & the sense of April made me perfectly stupid -- as they always do! -- with a sort of holy stupidity which is extremely pleasant. Of course I thought of you. Indeed at one moment I had persuaded myself that I had found the Great Secret: -- An Eternity of cab, thro' an April landscape, dotted with sober sheep & long-tailed skipping lambs, & loud with blackbirds, -- with the Beloved on the cushions beside us, of course. I haven't room for my Villanelle, (a very pretty Spanish form of verse I am trying to cultivate!), or I would send it to you.

I am in despair about my books. Too much in love
to write objectively, everything I do seems unworthy unless it has something of a certain young person among it. Which is good for me, but bad for those parts of my books that ought to know nothing about her.

Of course I shall come to Glasgow one of these days, & we must try & see [?Boden]. I am anxious to ask him about his tail. But we must wait! Coins are scarce, life is such an expensive business; -- if it weren't for the young person -- young person! young person!! young person!!! in question, I could find it in my heart to cry quit! with the world & go live in a cave.

A toi toujours,

W.E.H.

[Added by WEH at right angles, both sides of the address]:I have not seen any more pretty girls, & so have no more sketches for you. I regret it very much, as you were so eager in the matter; but I can't help it.

W.E.H.

Santley is coming to Edinburgh this week. I like him. He can sing. But no matter.

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1 Tommaso Salvini (1829-1916), the Italian actor, was touring with his own company. He had been playing the leading roles in Othello, Macbeth, and Hamlet, at the Edinburgh Theatre from 27 March 1876 to 5 April 1876.
2 Pedro Calderon de la Barca (1600-1681), Spanish -178-
poet and dramatist. Seventy-six of his medieval
morality plays are extant.
3 Jean Bodin, De la demonomanie des sorciers (Paris:
I. du Pays, 1580). Jean Bodin (1530-1596),
French writer.
4 Possibly True Law of Free Monarchies, a political
essay attributed to James VI of Scotland (1566-
1625) in 1598. He later became James I of Great
Britain on the Union of 1603. His reign saw the
persecution of witches in England and Europe.
5 "The Miller's Daughter," in The Poems of Tennyson,
ed. Christopher Ricks. 2nd. ed. 3 vols. (London:
6 WEH's poem has not been identified.
7 Not identified.
8 WEH had managed to become employed on the
Encyclopaedia Britannica after leaving the
Infirmary but it is not known when he started work.
A. & C.Black, the publishers, have no records for
this period. WEH was contributing to the ninth
edition; see [W. E. Henley], "Caricature"; and
W.E.H., "Chenier, André-Marie de," Encyclopaedia
Britannica, 9th ed. (1875-1889).
9 Probably Cristobal de Castillejo (1494-1550); see
[?W.E.Henley], "Castillejo, Cristobal de,"
Encyclopaedia Britannica, 9th ed. (1875-1889). WEH
refers to Castillejo in another letter; see Letter
No. 22, 25 April 1876, second paragraph.
10 Beatrice Cenci (1577-1599) was executed for having
her cruel father murdered. Shelley wrote a verse
tragedy in 1819.
[W.E.Henley], "Cenci, Beatrice," Encyclopaedia
Britannica, 9th ed. (1875-1889).
11 Not identified.
12 Joppa, the next area east of Portobello, along the
coast.
13 Hailes Castle, a ruined castle about twenty miles
south east of Edinburgh on the road to Dunbar.
14 Charles Santley (1834-1924), baritone, was with the
Carl Rosa English Opera Company at the Edinburgh
Theatre, from 1 May 1876 to 6 May 1876.
My dear Robert Louis,

I have received a very satisfactory letter from Brown. He wishes me to work off some Stock-Exchange types; I have promised to try, but unless you collect some information about them while you are in town, I shall be considerably fogged.

Try & see the Missus while you are in town. She is but poorly, & seems excessively low-spirited. A.T., A.R. S.B., W. "Caricature" -- which was blazing ill done, procured me the compliments of my superiors. I have worked off old Castillejo since. I am to do the Cenci, but as yet have no material for Congreve, but our dear little friend (him of the Dicky) had petitioned to be allowed to reveal him to the B.P., & I was left lamenting. But I have asked for Charles of Orleans & Alain Chartier, & suppose I shall have them. I suppose I may rely on your help; they will be wanted shortly. I need not say that if you will be reconciled (& there is no obstacle in the way but your own very poor pride), I shall abandon the Roundel & Ballad Gent to you; with enthusiasm.

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In the Bibliographie Universelle Alain Chartier (signed Vallet de Vireville) is credited with the invention of the "Rondeau declinatif." What the devil is a "Rondeau declinatif"?

I beg of you to call upon Baynes while you are in town. I have found out the secret history of your Burns, & entirely exonerate the Professor from blame. I will tell you more when you return. Meanwhile, you must consider this letter as strictly confidential. If I can only induce you to do this, I feel assured that you will do well, & that coins & good work will be the issue. By the way, you will have your revenge (I promise you!), when you read the substitute. To judge by it, your father's explanation was the true one. But of this anon!

Amusez-vous bien.

Always Yours,

W.E. Henley

R.L. Stevenson Esq.

I hope you have seen Rossi.

[Notation, inverted, in WEH's hand, from prior use of the paper]: Here Lies

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1 This would have been for Vanity Fair.
2 WEH's widowed mother (his father died of apoplexy at the Berkeley Arms Hotel, Berkeley, Gloucestershire, on 8 February 1868) was living at
The E.B. article is unsigned.


Biographie universelle ancienne et moderne (Biographie Michand), a French dictionary of biography, first published 1811-1828.

Thomas Spencer Baynes (1832-1887), scholar, sometime Professor of Logic, Metaphysics and English Literature at St. Andrews University, Scotland. From 1873 he supervised the ninth edition of the Encyclopaedia Britannica. WEH uses the spelling Baines in another letter; see W.E.Henley, Letter to Robert Louis Stevenson, Thursday [1876], Beinecke 4704, Yale University.


Ernesto Rosai (1829-1896), Italian actor. He played the title roles in Hamlet, Lear, and Romeo and Juliet, at the Drury Lane Theatre, London, from 19 April 1876 to 11 June 1876.
Letter No. 23 To Harry Nichols

MS: Huntington 30912-30935

19 Bristo Place,
Edinburgh.1

26 October 1876

My dear Harry Nichols,

If you can find time to write me a line of advice, pray do so.

I am threatened with a second edition of Teddy. I hear he has left London, & is to be down on me once more within a very few hours. I need not add, that this sort of thing doesn't suit me at all. I am going to finish it off once & for ever. The probability is that he will go south by the next boat.

I hear that you saw my mother. I am sorry that she diverted you from your plan of assistance. I did not think she would, or I would not have mentioned it to her. As it is, I am very angry with her, & a good deal sorry for her. She has placed me in a most disagreeable position, & has put a stop to the boy's carving a living in the only possible way for him. And I don't know too well what to do.

I don't know any more. These people use me as a sort of milk cow; when they want anything, they work it off without asking, or anything else. Of course I don't mean to allow it any more.

Write & tell me frankly, old man, what you think of

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Teddy. I've got a poor opinion of him myself; so poor, indeed, that I mean to get him out of Edinburgh as quickly as I can. But I should like to know yours.

I'll not write any more. I'm sorry & sick at heart. I have only fools to deal withal, & it's more than I can bear. Write to me, you who are my oldest friend, & let me know what your idea is.\(^2\)

My kindest regards to Mrs.Nichols. I hope to send you a good first number.\(^3\)

Ever yours, my boy,

W.E.H.

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1 WEH was at this address by 27 May 1876; see W.E.Henley, Letter to Robert Louis Stevenson, 27 May 1876, Beinecke 4706, Yale University. He was in the third flat.

2 Harry's reply has not been found, but in a later letter to Harry WEH writes: "When I last wrote to you, I was under a great apprehension of a second visit from Teddy. It seems to have been a false alarm"; see W.E.Henley, Letter to Harry Nichols, n.d., Huntington Library, San Marino, California.

3 Glasgow Brown was in the process of setting up the new journal to be called London.
To Charles Baxter

MS: Beinecke 4549

[19 Bristo Place,
Edinburgh.]

27 November 1876

My dear Charles,

If you consider that the Literary articles are in the charge of yours truly & of R.L.S. in person, you will not need any answer to your question. Nevertheless, it is possible that Jim may be of use to Brown, [----] way or others, so you can make them known to each other.

I write a line on Saturday[.]. This is just to answer yours. We are all hoping soon to see you.

Yours always[,]

W.E.H.

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1 The date has been pencilled in, presumably by Baxter.
Letter No. 25  To Charles Baxter

MS: Beinecke 4550

19 Bristo Place,
Edinburgh.
6 December 1876

My dear Charles,

Your letter enchanted us both, for of course I disregarded your injunctions & showed it to Stevenson. As long as you are such a "d---d good writist" (I need not say whose the phrase) you needn't be afraid of professional people, tho' you may be permitted to entertain some scruples about putting them to the blush.

I've only read one number of the Rougon-Macquart set, & that was not so repulsive -- not quite so repulsive, that is, as your Curée. Your description, my Charles, has stayed my appetite, & I feel rather glad the book has not yet arrived. Of course you are right about it. Only I dissent from one at least of your conclusions. Zola is not a patriot; only a partizan! -- He is a Republican, & provided he can resolve the Empire into its original elements of merde, mind, clap-juice, & stale Champaigne, it matters little to him how far he [beg--s] his country & fouls his own hands. Country is nothing in these cases; "la vraie patrie c'est l'Idée!" -- I want to hit that man in the eye with a turd, & if I can't do it without

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stinking, eh bien, va pour le crottement!

Only unfortunately Zola can write, & write d---d well. He is a disciple of Gustave Flaubert, of course, & not so great an artist as his master.² His talent is wider, I suppose, but he has produced no book like Madame Bovary. As for the obsession of impurity you experienced over La Curée, I got the same feeling from the Salammbo of the master. So I understand it.

Try to get Thérèse Raquin,³ while you are in town. Roquis in High Holborn, Dulau in Soho Square, Rolandi in Berners St., Jeffs in the Burlington, -- any one of them will have it.

I shall be very glad to see you again for more reasons than one. I want to consult you professionally.⁴ And (this is apart from all other considerations) for God his sake don't spend all your coins.

I hope you've seen Jim & Brown. I shall expect to hear largely about them.

I go to my work thro' the High St.,⁵ & regularly as the morning cometh I pasture my eyes upon the feeding lovely spectacle of the Scottish Bar, hastening to its toil, the fire of honest industry in it's eye, the smile of superior intelligence on it's lip, -- clean shaven, & rosy & fresh from its morning tub & the chaste embraces of it's highly respectable spouse! Oh, my brethren, how sweet & joyful a thing it is to be an
Advocate! He it is whom my soul loveth, & in his sight
I am as the young rbe on the mountain of [Bet--]
(NB. This is not pederastic).

Thine ever,
W.E. Henley

1 Emile Zola (1840-1902), French novelist, whose main work was Les Rougon-Macquart, a series of twenty volumes depicting, in a realistic or natural way, the life of the Second French Empire. They were published between 1871 and 1893. La Curée, the book read by Baxter, was published in 1872.

2 Gustave Flaubert (1821-1880), French novelist, whose first novel, Madame Bovary, was published in 1857. Salammbô, a novel of ancient Carthage, was published in 1862.

3 Zola’s Thérèse Raquin was published in 1867.

4 The reason is not known, but see Letter No. 34, 26 September 1877, note 2.

5 On his way to the offices of A. & C. Black.
Letter No. 26 To Anna Boyle

MS: Mitchell

[19 Bristo Place,
Edinburgh.]

2.30pm

12 December 1876

Yesterday night, Dear Love, Glasgow Brown amused himself by sending me a telegram announcing his arrival for a day, & a visit this morning &. Almost immediately afterwards C.B. turned up. He had seen a good deal of Brown, & knows him well enough to bid me place no reliance on his message. The event has justified him, for no Brown has yet appeared. Apparently he has not come. I dine to night with Charles, & shall then be made certain.

C.B. says that everything depends on the result of the Conference. If there is no war, London will have at them. If there is, London will have to hold it's tongue.

This morning I had the honour of a visit from Queen Anne. She was dreadfully distressed about my sack, but I reassured her, & she went off to tell her spouse with a light heart. I shall dine there this week, & then I shall have more to say.

To morrow afternoon I think of going to Ferrier, who is yet in bed. In the evening I am going down to Spiers & Pond's for a game of whist with the Manager &
his wife. Whether I shall find time to post this to you remains to be seen. To post this & something else, of course, for I couldn't think of sending a letter of half a sheet to you after yours of Monday.

Dear One -- my fortunes look brighter than ever. I mean to stay at home at least six weeks, & during that time to go & see Lister as often as I can. The foot only wants attention to heal. I am sure of that. I have a caustic to apply (you remember how it used to pain me!), but I can't see & Anthony doesn't know how to lay it on. So I think I'll go & see the great man, & get him to let me call once a week or so, as long as I'm free.

The money question is, of course, the difficulty. I'm not yet clear as to the ways and means, but I think it will be all right.

How jolly it will be, won't it? Just when they think it's all over with me, I come up smiling, go in, & win! To the intense disgust of everybody but our side. I may say our side now, mayn't I? My side & yours are one the same, ain't they? -- Since Saturday! Since the blessed day of the Slippers.6

I hope you will write to me, & often, while the Academican's about you.7 I shall be so glad of your letters, Nance of my heart!8-- Even if I don't get any at all, however, it will make no difference with my belief in you. That is fast & firm & sure. You can do
what you will, be as happy as you can, go about to parties, flirt like bricks (I know you don't do that, tho' I do give you permission), & seem to forget me as much as you will, you will never cease to be my Nanny, mine! -- mine wholly! -- & I shall never lose my faith in you, or forget the words you said & wrote, & the kisses you gave me.

Your Will.

1 A conference between Brown and his financial backers who were, according to John Connell, p.B, "certain leaders of the Conservative Party."
2 Mrs. Anne Fleeming Jenkin, an amateur actress, was married to Henry Charles Fleeming Jenkin (1833-1885), Professor of Engineering at Edinburgh University from 1868-1885.
3 WEH had lost his job on the Encyclopaedia Britannica. In a letter to Harry Nichols, WEH writes: "I have left the E.B. Columbus bitched me up. I wrote a stunning article, & they sacked me for incompetence." See W.E. Henley, Letter to Harry Nichols, 31 December 1876, Huntington Library, San Marino, California.
4 James Walter Ferrier (1851-1883), fellow student of RLS and a friend of WEH, Baxter and Colvin.
6 On Saturday 9 December 1876 Anna Boyle agreed to marry WEH; see W.E. Henley, Letter to Anna Boyle, 10 December 1876, in private hands. This was the first indication that Anna's family did not entirely approve of WEH; he was lame, out of work, and not of their religion.
7 Anna's elder sister Mary Ann (Molly) Boyle was at the Royal Academy of Music, London; see J. Pasquale, Testimonial for Anna Boyle as a singer, 20 November 1876, MA 1617, Pierpont Morgan Library.
8 WEH often referred to Anna as Nance, Nanny, or Nancy, in his love letters.
I doubt not, my dearest Love, that you are wroth with me for not having written you ere this. But I am sure you will pardon me, if you haven't done so already when you hear what sort of life I have been leading. I have been living ever since last Tuesday evening in other men's rooms & eleemosynary dinners & lunches, at hotels & in cabs, & I think the ultimate issue will be satisfactory.

Brown turned up after all. He came in the afternoon, & we had a talk. Then I received Archibald Constable, who promised to make interest with Blackwood for me, & who offered to print me a dozen copies of Columbus. Then I went & dined in George St[.], where I remained all night. Next morning I lunched at the Palace Hotel, & spent the afternoon in talk with Brown. In the evening the whole band dined at Simpson's, & there, after dinner R.L.S., Brown & I mapped out the paper, settled length, divisions, type & paper, & came to some understanding as to what it's politics & principles should be. I slept again in George St., & Brown having gone down to Dumbartonshire, I came home for half an hour, found no letter from you,
& went away to lunch in Heriot Row. Then we drove to Ferrier's who is still abed, & who was very glad to see us. Then I went to Princes St. Finally I drove again to Heriot Row, had some dinner, & afterwards arranged the rough notes of prospectus of our journal. And then I came home, went to bed, & didn't wake till nine this morning.

Brown is expected in George St. at half past two, about which time my graceful & slender form will probably be seen descending from a cab somewhere by the new buildings. We are to meet for a final consultation, & he is to leave to night for Town. As he is the most promiscuous person in the whole world, it remains to be seen whether he will keep his part of the bargain. I don't much think he will, but we shall see.

The Journal is to be called London, & will (at my suggestion) make a strong private bid for the support, direct or indirect, of Lord Beaconsfield, whose organ it ought to be. This gained, the whole country party -- squires with land & beees, apoplectic rectors, respectable country lawyers with gray whiskers & large shirt fronts -- become our subscribers, & we float at once into a large circulation, perfectly independent of London favour. This is my proposal, & if it could be acted on, would probably make Brown's fortune. Whether it will be so or no remains to be seen.
The journal is to be divided into four parts -- St. Stephens (political), Capel Court (financial), Mayfair (social), & Bohemia (artistic); with two subdivisions; The Whispering Gallery -- rumours, gossip, scandals, -- & the novel. I rather think that this will need some modification; but we shall see. These names, & the devices attached to each, as yet are mine. I am inclined to believe that Vanity Fair (a suggestion of Brown's) will take better & be more comprehensive than Mayfair; & I feel sure that Bohemia will have to be sacrificed.9

If peace be certain, the journal is an accomplished fact. The first number should appear four weeks hence at latest.10 Our chief care now is to get up a stock of advertisements which will render the cost of publication as little a drain on the capital as may be, & make the journal to some extent self supporting. And for awhile all that we can do is to direct our energies to the production of a good specimen number, with prospectus. The preparation of this latter will probably devolve on R.L.S. & me.

Altogether the scheme looks well, my pet of pets, & I don't see at all why I shouldn't make some money by it. If I were in a decent state of health & hadn't the hope I have, I would at once go to London on the strength of it, & feel pretty confident as to the results.
All this is confidential. You are not to tell anybody. Wait until we appear, & then perhaps you shall talk. But these are mysteries that are not for the common ear. It is not fitting that they should be admitted behind the scenes, so mind & hold your tongue.

I have had to send the watch to a watchmaker. He says that the gent who last repaired it put in some of the machinery upside down, & made sure of the rest too tight, & some of it too loose. An ingenuous person, this! -- I am to have it back to day.

C.B. is still most unwell. He will probably winter in Algiers.11

During all this, I did my best to keep sober, for somebody's sake. I did not quite succeed, but I was more successful than I ever dared to hope. So I hope you will be pleased with me, & give me a good loving kiss when next we meet for my reward & as a slight token of affection & esteem.

The Missus seems in a poor way.12 You mind & make her see a good dentist at once, & make her take tonics and as much good fortifying grub as possible. I asked her yesterday how long the academician was to stay; & she told me, two or three weeks. I laughed secretly & subtly, & had a vision of a picnic in the back shop at an earlier date than we anticipated. But she told me after all that her term of travel was doubtful, entirely depended on such arrangements as might be
made. Mind you keep me posted, my darling! -- It has more than once occurred to me that this visit may end in your own transfer to London. If there is any hint of that you must object strongly; decline, in fact, to be bamboozled in any such wise. If we once say goodbye, there is no knowing what may happen. I am directing my energies to make a stay in Edinburgh or at farthest in Glasgow, & you must help me. If you went to London, I should have to follow you, & they would win without an effort, Dear Love of my Heart, for it would kill me.\(^1\)

I will write to you again on Sunday, so that you may expect a letter on Monday morning. I hope by that time to have heard from you, & to have something nice to say to you about your own letter. You mustn't be angry with me for not writing. You know by this time that I would if I could. How many times I've thought of you I needn't say. I have dreamed myself to sleep with you every night, & have been more glad in the dreaming than I can tell.

I hear that you've had more neuralgia.\(^1\) I feel very very angry with you, for I know it's all your own wilfulness that you've to thank for it. If I hear any more of it, I won't write to you for ever so long, & I know you'll feel that. So beware!

The time of half sheets is over. We went to a shop for paper to map out the journal upon, & I persuaded
C.B. to purchase me some note paper & envelopes. These are the flower of their respective packets, so be grateful.

And now Goodbye! I wish I were coming over to-morrow, to see & hear & take you again in my arms. But you know the vanity of wishing, my sweet! -- I cannot come, but I shall think of you, -- of that you may be sure! -- & I shall pray for another tête-à-tête as soon as may be. How jolly they are, ain't they? When we are married, we shall have something to talk about after all. I am lame & poor & all that sort of thing, but few couples have ever had a better time of it sweethearting than we. It is only a prophesy of the happier time that is coming, Dear Love! -- Only that! -- At least I think so.

I must stop, for I'm in an awful hurry. I kiss your dear mouth, you know how. Goodbye. Think of me a little sometimes, & write to me as soon as you can.

Your Will.

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1 The publisher.
2 No copies of the rejected article have been found.
3 Location not known.
4 St. Colme Street, the home of Sir Walter Grindlay Simpson, Bt. (1853-1898). He was the son of the well-known gynecologist and obstetrician Sir James Young Simpson, Bt. (1811-1870), who pioneered the use of chloroform.
5 17 Heriot Row was the home of RLS.
6 Location not known.
7 Location not known.
8 This was the first journal that WEH was directly
involved in as a full-time writer and, later, as editor. Brown's early interest waned rather quickly; see Connell, p.80. Benjamin Disraeli (1804-1881), twice Prime Minister, was created Earl of Beaconsfield in 1876.

The journal was entitled London: The Conservative Weekly Journal of Politics, Finance, Society and the Arts, with a quotation from Lord Beaconsfield beneath the title; "A great city, whose image dwells in the memory of man."

London was divided into six sections:

I. St.Stephens -- political news
II. Capel Court -- financial news
III. Feuilleton -- short stories
IV. The Whispering Gallery -- "rumours, gossip, scandals."
V. Vanity Fair -- society news
VI. Bohemia -- the arts, mainly literature.

The first issue was on Saturday 3 February 1877, published from 281, Strand, London W.C., price 6d. The final issue was of 5 April 1879.

In a letter to Anna, WEH writes: "C.B.'s [Baxter's] right lung is slightly affected. He will leave Edinburgh for Algiers (via Glasgow) in a few days." See W.E.Henley, Letter to Anna Boyle, 17 December 1876, MA 1617, Pierpont Morgan Library. Later in the same letter WEH writes that Baxter's parents "won't let him go to Africa."

WEH's mother was visiting him in Edinburgh and also staying with the Boyles in Glasgow.

The Boyles were Roman Catholics; see Guillaume, p.40. Marriage between Catholics and non-Catholics was rare and subject to strict conditions, eg. that any issue were to be brought up as Catholics. In a letter to Anna, WEH writes: "I do not think that we shall ever marry with your people's consent .... Those who love you will seek, for your sake, to make you retract your word, & we shall have no encouragement saving from ourselves." See W.E.Henley, Letter to Anna Boyle, 10 December 1876, MA 1617, Pierpont Morgan Library.

Anna suffered with neuralgia throughout her life.
19 Bristo Place[,] 
Edinburgh[,] 
7 February 1877

My dear & delicate Ariel,¹ how are you? I ask the question, but I know I won't get any reply until I receive it orally.

I have reprused your Falling in Love,² Sir, & I like it better than ever. It is quite the best thing you have done. I liked your Harold too.³ It is very good journalism indeed. A trifle too colourless for London, perhaps, but very good all the same.

I am not sure that I am in the right about it's being too colourless. Brown is modifying his ideas daily. And presently agricultural implements will be the order of the day. The Delane & Schubaloff Echo (he writes) is universally condemned;⁴ & the [?Prive] ditto would be as good as a thousand in the bold sailor's pocket if it appeared. Altogether Echoes are below par. It's a pity, as Rastignac has some fifteen in hand.⁵

The Countess has been a great success, I hear.⁶ Decidedly we were wrong in our late revisements towards the Public. The public is & always will be a great eater of beef.

There is not much news. Ferrier had his "little sphincter ani" cut thro' on Sunday. He writes that he
...is not much loose in his "unhappy fundament" than usual. I shall see him to-morrow. I have enlisted him in the service. As soon as he's able, he's to do a series of "Humourous" -- brief essays, on Sisters, Afternoon Tea & et., like the Saturday mind, only humourous, & not witty.

Grove writes to me that he has lost the MS. of Hospital Moments, which he had to decline "tho' it contained much that was quaint & poetical."

Kegan Paul writes against an initial roundel -- "I think that so short a poem should be done in regular stanzas of four lines each". Hein? Qu'est-ce tu en penses?

I am horribly bored & idle, & something too much of a pilist for life to be absolutely a luxury.

If you see any notice of this month's Cornhill in London, you need not ask me any thing about it. Stephen's Fielding is one of his happiest efforts. I have not heard any thing from Blackwood. I have given up the house; & have paid some debts. Anthony sends his kind love.

Always Yours,

W.E.Henley

R.L.Stevenson Esq.

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1 No. XXV of "In Hospital" published in Henley's _A Book of Verses_ (London: David Nutt, 1888), p.41;
also Works, 1, p.40, is entitled "Apparition," and is a portrait of RLS. The last three lines read:

"A deal of Ariel, just a streak of Puck,
Much Anthony, of Hamlet most of all,
And something of the Shorter-Catechist."

4 "Echoes [poem]," London, 3 February 1877, p.5.
5 Eugène de Rastignac, a man of ruthless ambition, is a character in some of the novels of Balzac's La Comédie Humaine.

WEH is referring to Brown; see Letter No.86, 5 March 1882.
6 "A Gallery of Fair Women. No.1. The Countess of Three Stars [poem]," London, 3 February 1877, p.16. This was the first in a series of twenty-six portraits in verse published in London. The authorship has not been established.
7 Not identified.
9 Charles Kegan Paul (1828-1902), publisher. WEH often refers to him as "Keg" and "the Diplomatic Keg."
Letter No. 29 To John Blackwood

MS: NLS 4360 f.207

19 Bristo Place,
Edinburgh.
9 February 1877

Dear Mr. Blackwood,

I send you an MS. of some verses, in the hope that you may possibly find it worthy of the pages of Blackwood.¹

I have revised & rewritten a great part of the poem. It has no other synthesis than that of Time & place. I was twenty months or so in the Infirmary, & I wished in writing these verses to treat the matter as subjectively as I could. And this I have done.

I pray you to believe that I have not written for effect. There is no word set down in my copy that is not true.

I should like to print my verses of course, & I should like to print them in Edinburgh. They have not the objective interest of their predecessors, but I think they could be interesting to an Edinburgh public.

I shall be glad to hear from you as soon as may be.

Very faithfully yours,

W.E. Henley

John Blackwood Esq.

¹ Not identified.
You needn't be afraid of me, my dearest lady, nor afraid of anyone belonging to me. Things will work round presently. All I can do now, is to try & help them into the best position for working round. And that I am doing with all my might & main. I sent home £3 yesterday; I shall send another pound next week; & if R.G.B. pays me regularly, I shall do the same as long as it's necessary. And in this way, we shall presently see light.

I send you a letter which will interest you; it is on the whole encouraging, taken in connection with certain other utterances of my esteemed editor which I've not thought it worth while to send you. Yesterday you must have got Truth. What did you think of the entrefilet I marked for you? Isn't it clever & good? For my part, till I get official news to the contrary, I shall not believe that Truthful Tommy means any real business. He flourishes & vapours; a man in his position must do so much; but I don't believe he means to do any more. His reputation is not sound enough. There are too many rents in his breeches to allow him to hold them up for public inspection. If he does
venture, & this about Ballantyne be true, why frankly I confess, that I pity him. Between the Sergeant & our own Sir Henry James he is not likely to have a good time of it. He has written too much; we have eighteen months of "In the City" (World) to back us. And he knows it. His bringing any action would surprise me very much indeed.

Meanwhile, we are going on. The Second Article was a little weaker than I intended it to be; but pretty rough for all that. Next week will come the parallel passage. Then the journalist. Then a song (Air -- "The Same Old Game"). Then (I think) a sort of vision of Judgement.

How did you like our last number? I must have had pretty nearly 16 columns in it. R.L.S. thought The Book of the Week disgusting, & I suppose it is. I wish I hadn't printed it. But I wrote it immediately after reading the book, which is unconceivably foul, & it seemed to me hardly strong enough.

I did Wilfred Lawson on Thursday, & last night I worked off my "Californian," the tenth Fair Woman. The Eleventh will be the Ritualist, who will be one of the most charming of all. To night I must try & finish off Mrs.Annie Edwards -- I shall say much good of her. To morrow I've lots of things to do, & on Monday I must do Labou.; on Tuesday reviews & proofs, & my part in No. 10 is done.
You see, Dear Love, that I'm working pretty hard. I wish I could feel that we were approaching each other. If I could only save instead of spending money! If I could only go & buy furniture instead of sending home! -- How much better it would be! -- But we will wait patiently, my pet, & as for sunshine Dear One, it is always sunshine when you speak or look love at me. Your letter this morning was inexpressible [rest of letter missing].

[Written either side of the date by WEH at right angles] Mind you send back letter & write. Sock must be at least two inches longer & half wider[.] God bless you!

1 WEH was presumably still at this address. The extant letter prior to this was from the same address; see Letter No.29, 9 February 1877. The present letter to Anna is the only extant letter known to the writer of this study to have been written in March 1877. The next known extant letter is in August 1877; see Letter No.31, 4 August 1877.
2 Robert Glasgow Brown.
3 Truth, a weekly journal, 4 January 1877-27 December 1957.
4 "Truthful Tommy" wrote the first section of Truth called "Entre Nous." The passage has not been identified. The author was probably Henry du Pré Labouchere (1831-1912), politician, and founding editor of Truth. He had been attacked in London as a parvenu and "Mr. Labouchere and Truth are not after all such absolute strangers to each other as he would have us believe." See "Our City Men. No. II. Mr. Henry Labouchere," London, 24 March 1877, p. 174.
5 Probably R(obert) M(ichael) Ballantyne (1825-1894), novelist, best known for his The Coral Island: a tale of the Pacific Ocean (London: Thomas Nelson
and Sons, 1858). The reference is not known.

6 Sergeant has not been identified. Henry James is Sir Henry James (1828-1911), 1st Lord James of Hereford 1895, statesman.

7 "In the City," The World, economic and political notes. WEH is probably referring to Labouchere's poor record of financial advice.

8 "The Situation," London, 31 March 1877, p.196. The article dealt with the political relations between Turkey and Russia.

9 "Peace -- And Then?," London, 7 April 1877, pp.219-20.

10 Not identified.

11 Not identified.

12 Not identified.

13 The issue of 31 March 1877.

14 WEH is referring to the current issue as the book in question was Zola's L'Assommoir; see [W.E.Henley], "Book of the Week," rev. of L'Assommoir, by Emile Zola, London, 31 March 1877, pp.211-12. WEH, while acknowledging the genius of Zola, finds fault with the presentation of everything vile, yet admits that "the book is miserably successful -- a wretched masterpiece."

15 [W.E.Henley], "Sir Wilfrid Lawson," London, 7 April 1877, pp.221-22. Sir Wilfrid Lawson (1829-1906), politician, advocated the abstinence of drink and WEH's article is light hearted in its attack: "The day that shall witness the divorce of cakes and ale has not yet arrived. When it does come Sir Wilfrid will be a great man."


Letter No. 31  To John Blackwood

MS: NLS 4360 f.208

2 South Saint David St.,
Edinburgh.¹
4 August 1877

Dear Mr. Blackwood,

Looking thro' my papers. I came across the MS of a cycle of songs.² They do not seem to me utterly bad. In fact I have decided to send them to you, in the hope that you may find them worthy of Maga.³

The pencil marks are due to the pencils of friends & not of editors.

I need not say that I shall be glad of an answer at your earliest convenience particularly if it be an answer in the affirmative. I enclose the usual stamps for return of MS., in case it be the other way.

Permit me to hope that you are satisfied with the prospects of "Mottiscliffe."⁴ I read it myself with great pleasure, & was very glad indeed to have the chance of reviewing it.⁵

Very obediently yours,

W. E. Henley

Jno. Blackwood Esq.

¹ It is not known when WEH moved to this address. No other letter from here has been found. WEH gave this address on his Marriage Certificate; see the Register of Marriage for the district of St. Andrew, Edinburgh, 23 January 1878.

² These sets of poems have been identified as A
Seaside Fantasy and A Commonplace Fantasy; see W.M. Parker, "W.E. Henley: Twenty-Five New Poems. A Centenary Discovery," The Poetry Review, 40 (June-July 1949), 188-99. In a letter to Blackwood, see Letter No. 37, 18 March 1878, WEH mentions a song cycle called A Love by the Sea, which he had sent from the same address to Blackwood. It would appear, therefore, that at least three sets of poems were sent, though not together. Only one poem from A Love by the Sea, No. XX, has been found; see the Huntington Library, San Marino, California. The two song cycles mentioned by Parker are in the Blackwood Papers at the National Library of Scotland, Edinburgh. The MS of A Seaside Fantasy bears the South Saint David Street address, & also some pencil marks; see this letter, paragraph two. There is no evidence to suggest that A Commonplace Fantasy is referred to in this letter. Parker is incorrect in reading this letter as 4 October 1878. A Seaside Fantasy consists of an introductory poem and ten others. Two were republished in WEH's A Book of Verses, one in his Hawthorn and Lavender with other verses (London: David Nutt, 1901), and the remaining eight were first published in Parker's article. The poems are:

"Beside the idle summer sea," A Book of Verses, p. 153; also Works, 1, p. 114.

"Mixing a dream by the way [revised]," A Book of Verses, pp. 51-52; also Works, 1, pp. 121-22.


"When I behold her, on the quiet sands," The Poetry Review, 40 (June-July 1949), 189.

"The west ablaze with insupportable gold [major revision]," Hawthorn and Lavender, p. 30; also Works, 2, p. 30.


"The sea was loud and splendid," The Poetry Review, 40 (June-July 1949), 192.

3 Popular term for Blackwood's Magazine.
21 Park Side,  
Albert Gate, S.W.  
[London.]¹

My dear Charles,

I managed to get our Editor away (to Trouville, I think) last night.² He is a veritable wreck. But I hope he'll pull through.

I am located in his rooms; in charge of copy & proofs. I am rather impressed with the greatness of my position, & am extremely dubious as to capacity. But I shall do my best. If the 31st "London" is not as good as the others,³ you will know what to attribute it to, & whom.

I shall send you some lists of subscribers. And I will try & make up a whole set for you. Do what you can. We need it. Our publisher is an ass -- a sumph.⁴ It is to his ridiculous apathy that the decrease in advts. is owing; entirely. Also a decrease in the circulation. He has been discharged, & a new & younger man comes in his room on Monday.⁵ We hope much of this one. God grant that our hopes be not disappointed!

There is money (between you & me). How much I know not. But we don't yet know whether life or death is to be our portion.

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Payn will give us his novel. But not until February. Meantime, we are thinking of translating Gaboriau's "Crime d'Orcival." What think you?

I had intended to do some "In & Out's," but R.G.B. has taken his key with him, & the family retires at ten p.m. So that unless I make a night of it in St. James's Park, I don't see how it's to be done.

I've seen Stephen, who has given me introductions to "Saturday Review" & "Pall Mall Gazette." I've dined with Payn. I've sent £20 to R.L.S. (between you and me). And I hear that Ruskin is much pleased with Anthony's work, & that Ruskin's adopted nephew, a landscapist of some note, is enthusiastic about it. Nevertheless, I feel dubious & repressed.

I shall stay at least three weeks longer. Write to me if you can. If all goes well, when next you press my hand, it will be the hand of a Benedict & a brother.

May I salute Mrs. Baxter? If I may, I will. Can you send me a Whisper or two? Or an article of some sort? Do, if you can.

Yours always,

W.E. Henley

1 Brown's residence; see W.E. Henley, Letter to Charles Baxter, 13 October 1876, Beinecke uncatalogued, Yale University.
2 Brown.
The issue of 25 August 1877.

George Edmund Shepherd.

Frederick Evans.


Emile Gaboriau (1832-1873), French crime novelist. His *Crime d'Orcival* was published in 1867. A translation was published in *London* in thirty-seven weekly instalments; see "The Orcival Murder. From the French of Emile Gaboriau," *London*, 22 September 1877-1 June 1878.

"In and Out of London," a section within "Vanity Fair." For example; see "In and Out of London. The Moore and Burgess Minstrels," *London*, 1 September 1877, p. 111. They were playing at St. James's Hall, hence WEH's reference to St. James's Park.

The *Pall Mall Gazette*, an evening newspaper, 1865-1921.

In a letter to WEH Leslie Stephen writes that he is going on holiday to Wakehead Hotel, Coniston, Ambleside, and: "I shall be a neighbour of Mr. Ruskin's with whom I have some acquaintance. If you could send me any drawing of your brother's [Anthony's] I might be able to show it to that [ ] genius & his opinion, if encouraging, might be worth something." See Leslie Stephen, Letter to W. E. Henley, 12 July 1877, MA 1617, Pierpont Morgan Library.

Not identified.

That is, WEH would be married. The reference is to Benedick, a bachelor of long standing, who finally marries, in Shakespeare's *Much Ado About Nothing*, published 1600. In a letter to Anna WEH writes: "My idea is this; to give Brown 3 weeks holiday, & then to bring him back for a week. During that time I should run over to Ireland, & -- you know what. Then I should return to London -- with you?" See W. E. Henley, Letter to Anna Boyle, Saturday [25 August 1877], in private hands.

It has not been possible to identify any contributions from Baxter in *London*.
Letter No. 33 To Anna Boyle

MS: Mitchell

[21 Park Side,
Albert Gate,
London, S.W.]

1 September 1877

I am glad to have heard from my darling even tho' the letter contains such ill news.

But why did you not say more? I am half-mad & wholly miserable at the thought of it. Do write & tell me why it cannot be managed as we wished. Explain it in full, for I ought to know.

I cannot do without you, Dear Love, & if you hold me off longer it will be good for neither of us. Wife of my heart, you must be mine at once, or the world is over for me. I need your hand in mine to make life tolerable & liveable. Why must you delay to achieve the fruition of that love which has made you what you are?

For God's sake write soon.

Always & only yours,

W.E. Henley

The current Contemporary contains a bitter attack on the new weeklies -- "London" among the number. I am referred to as "the scribbler who gives himself airs of pedantry on the strength of being able to 'spell through Gautier's Historie du Romantisme'." Let. I am - 212 -
at once amused & saddened by it. I don't know whether
we shall take notice of it.4 I've seen the Saturday.
I'm to do "Life in Hospital" for him.5

[Added by WEH at right angles at the top of the letter]
I sent you "London" yesterday I hope you have it. A
kiss, Dear Soul, on that mouth that is all the world to
me. God bless you. Write soon.
My dearest Nancy,

Your letter made me heavy hearted. I wish you would try & find time to be a little more explicit. It is a good thing that you are happy & bent on surprizing yourself; but I think you need not try to be so altogether at my expense. A while ago, I do not opine that you would have cared to do so. And now -- but never mind.

I do not know how things are going to be. I know, however, that I can earn a living, & that if London fails I can get elsewhere as much work as I can do. I am not, therefore, rash or indiscreet in pressing you to become my wife; & that as soon as may be.

As I have already told you, I can do nothing without you. My one chance of life & success lies in your hands & as you deal with it the issue will be. Will you venture with me? Answer me that, my Dear Love. If you will, I will move heaven & earth but you shall have an opportunity.

I cannot make plans for you to break. But this is what I should like to do. As soon as you return to
Scotland, you must arrange the formalities; I will come specially to marry you. Then I will return, & you will follow as soon as may be.

There is yet another way. That Mrs. Kennedy should come to London, & that you should join her here. And that we should be married, with or without her consent, while you are in town.

And another yet. That she should join you in Ireland, & that I should come to you; & either marry or arrange the preliminaries for a union as speedy as might be.

The second & third of these are what she wrote about to you -- minus, of course the marriage. Things have been going wrong in Edinburgh ever since I left. That ruffian Kennedy, has made a descent on Saint David St. & has kicked up a great row. I have placed the matter in Baxter's hands, & I have no doubt that we shall suppress him effectually. But it is necessary that she should take a holiday, & of course she would like to come to you. Either to London or Ireland. If the latter I might be able to join you. If the former you would come to me.

She desired me not to tell you, of Kennedy's black-guardism but I think you ought to know. I think, too, that you should write at once & ask her to take her holiday with you -- next week. She wishes very much to do so, & it's quite the best she can do.

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I am very glad that you have spoken to the Bishop. Be so good as to thank him in my name for his countenance, & to assure him anew of my desire & determination neither to interfere myself nor to suffer any interference with your religious conscience.

And why, my Nannie, why should he not marry us or, at least, help us to marry? I think he would do as you asked him. Do ask him, Dear Love! -- And let me know. It will make me happier than I am, as you know.

I approve of your determination to tell the Missus. I shall do so myself if you do not. Writing a line to her yesterday, I spoke of you as my affianced wife, & begged her to sanction our marriage immediately. I suppose she will not do so; but we can try. And I don't think it likely that if she were with us, she would soon yield. At any rate you must tell her boldly what we are going to do. If, Dear Wife of my heart, your old vows hold good, that means we have resolved our union as soon as ever we can arrange the formalities. It looks hazardous, but I know you are courageous & I think you love me -- dearly, too! And once she were informed of our intent, we should have no more to do than to put it into execution.

Brown will return, I think, at the end of the month; And I shall possibly get ten days or a week to myself. It is during that time that I hope to win you to myself. Shall it be so? O say, my darling, my
sweet Saint, say that it shall. You shall do as you will afterwards. So that I know you mine & that you come to me presently, I am content.

Things are in an unsatisfactory state. But I think they'll mend. I am doing all I can to work up the journal, & I am succeeding. The four numbers I have edited have been a good advance on the others: & the last, as you will see, is the best & strongest that has yet appeared. I suppose, however, that you've not been reading them. I am sorry, for there is much of you in them. I cannot help thinking of you always & only; my thoughts run into verse sometimes -- as you have seen.

You did not say whether I did right in taking the house. Why don't you be more interested in what I'm doing? Are you not my Wife? Are you not the only one in the world to whom I can lay bare my heart & my soul? Does it not become you to counsel & aid & approve me in what I do? -- Ah, Nannie, Nannie -- life & time are bitter enough on all of us; but God forbid, my true one, that they should ever be so bitter upon you as they have been, since I left you, upon me.

If you must be married out of Scotland I will return to Edinburgh. But I am afraid my Scottish life is over. And if you do not marry me soon, as that is the case, who knows what may be our lot? -- I shall hope & pray not to outlive the winter, unless it is for your dear sake. Come to me, Dear One! Be mine in deed,
as you are in thought & hope. We shall be happy to­
gether as few people are; & this will be but the
beginning of a fair & honourable life for you as for
me. But if you leave me to myself, who knows? --
Forget you, leave you, cease to love, release you, I
never shall; but the world is full of adverse charms, &
wanting you I may not escape them, nor care to escape.

A new journal is starting, the proprietor of which

\(\text{will not}\) does not want to start till he gets me.\(^6\)

Chatto & Windus, the richest & most liberal publishers
in London, have engaged me to write for them.\(^7\) I am
known to the \textit{Saturday Review}, & they will take from me
as much as I can give. "London" if Brown has the
money, will under my care become the best & most
popular weekly going. \textit{If} or it will die. If it
succeeds, think of my success! If it fails, it will
leave me free for other work. You see I do not speak
without authority. Come to me, & you shall see what I
can do. All I have done shall be as nothing to what I
will & can do in the light of your kind eyes, with the
consolation of your dear presence. Come to me, Nannie,
& I will work for you \& for you only -- as never woman
was worked for before, & I will love you so well that
those who see you shall envy you the great love I give
to you. You are all my life, all my hope, all my
dream. If you left me, or I lost you, I would
assuredly kill myself. Why should I live without you?

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You have opened my soul to me, & I have won you to myself.. O my dear one, make haste!

God bless you always.

Your husband,

W.E.Henley

[Added by WEH at right angles at the top left of the letter] Write soon to me. But write at once to the Missus, & tell her her what to do.

1 Anna was staying in Wexford, Eire; see W.E.Henley, Letter to Anna Boyle, 22 September 1877, MA 1617, Pierpont Morgan Library.
2 The cause of Kennedy's behaviour has not been established.
3 The issues of London from 1 September to 22 September 1877.
4 WEH expressed his love and longing for Anna in many unsigned poems printed in London; see "Holiday Pantoum. In the burning August weather," London, 1 September 1877, p.110; "Villanelle. I send a villanelle to you!" London, 8 September 1877, p.130; and "Villanelle. A promise you made," London, 22 September 1877, p.187. None of these was reprinted in his Works.
5 This was probably the flat over the grocer's shop at 1 Goldhawk Road; see Kennedy Williamson, pp. 56- 67.
6 Not identified.
7 Presumably Belgravia, a monthly, November 1866-June 1899.
11 Adelaide Road,
Shepherds Bush, W.
14 December 1877

My dear Lewis,

I should have writ to you last week, but I was too busy & had besides a hell of a cold. It is a bit better, but it's left me as weak as water, & a disposition to see the world in gray which is truly indomitable.

The brutal & licentious sent for me last week, & asked me, in his absence to take charge of the proofs. This is tantamount to editing the paper, as I suppose you know. But he is obliged to fineese over everything. I am to receive a pound a week for the work. But finesse again steps in & shuffles the cards; so far from having a weekly pound, I've not yet received my last week's screw. As the b. & l. has flown to the contonong, it's doubtful when I shall get it. As before he fled, he contrived to quarrel violently with Runciman, & entirely to sever the connection between them, it's still more doubtful what he really wishes to be at. My own opinion is that his disease has degraded him so much that he doesn't know what he's doing; that in fact he's maliciously & trannically mad. I don't think he'll ever return. I'm
afraid he's too far gone. In quarrelling with Runciman, moreover, he has laid up a store for a tremendous "difficulty." Jim is a good fellow, as you know -- but he thinks Brown has been damnably insolent to him, & insolence is a thing he never takes from anyone. He dreams fervidly of horsewhips & the manly fist. And of other engines too less lethal but in finality more dangerous. So that Brown will have his hands full. I must say that, ill as he is -- & he's at death's door -- I can hardly find it in my heart to pity him. I've not got any animosity for I don't bear ill-will long to anyone. But such interest as I take in him, which is rather kindly on the whole, is purely intellectual & scientific.

You men spoiled me, Lewis, & that is the truth. I believed that everybody was like you. And oh! what a dreadful mistake I made! After all, it's comforting enough in its way, the reflections that one's friends are good men, & that one is not all unworthy of them. Don't you think so?

As for me, I'm trying to play my game as cautiously & as honourably as may be. I have determined, if its possible, to marry in January.¹ To that end I may need your help -- or rather Simpson's thro' you,² -- to the extent of a loan of £50, to be repaid by installments within the year. That will clear me of all my debts, & enable me & my dear one to start with a good deal less

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of encumbrance than falls to the lot of most. I am tolerably sure of getting work, & more even than I can do. I don't think, modesty apart that I am the worst journalist before the public, & I've good friends & true who'll help me with introductions, & back up my own work. I've averaged 1 1/3 cols. a week for the last nine numbers; & you know it hasn't been all bad. How long it will last is another pair of sleeves. Not long, I fancy, unless I marry. This dreadful loneliness is killing me. For, my dear lad, I'm as lonely as you, & my mind & brain are not nearly as yours. I cannot & will not live much longer like it. If I fail (but I shall not fail) I mean to return to my old haunts & my oldest friends. We have known each other, Lewis of my heart, but a little while, as time goes; & yet how much you have been to me! My life seems to date from that moment when Stephen brought you into the darkened room in the old Infirmary. The love that has filled my life was only a dear & impossible dream then, & but for your help & counsel & companionship would never have been other. Truly in revisiting these glimpses of this London moon, tho' I worked & suffered under it not so long syne, I seem & am a stranger in a strange land. I think that my wife & I will be happy enough in our little way. But I don't think we ought to live here. I have laid out my life to exault & complete her life; but glad as I shall make her -- & I know I have that in
me that makes women glad & good -- I think she nor I will ever consider this great hateful selfish London our home. To live here a little is to understand Arcadia.

Let us have lambs & merry milkmaids & cockcrow & mown meadows & shepherds piping on a hill! Frieze is your only wear. Augusta & Phyllis are a long chalk better than Miss Blank & Misses Niminy & Piminy. This is not journalism, tho' it reads like it. So mind.

London is a vile hole, & the theatres are its worst corners. Saw "La Cigale" the other evening. Good play in the original, particularly for an actress of the Chaumont's genius -- I say genius advisedly. Farren, "the English Chaumont," is a dancing cad, with neat feet, immense hogdenishness, & the voice of a cheap jack. She played damned bad -- yet this morning her manager advertises that the "first act shows her command of pathos" (which in an inverse sense is certainly true) & that "her physical attributes[" are fitter for the part than those of the Chaumont!! theby. There's more of it. And yet John Hollingshead's an intelligent man. Isn't it lamentable, grandsire? I've not yet seen a bit of good acting since I've been in town.

Over there in Paris, our own great man has been playing "Othello" & "Hamlet." He has not been entirely successful, of course, for he doesn't happen
to be a Frenchman. The critics have not yet settled, it would seem, whether he or Rossi is the better Othello. I've not seen what Sarcey says, but really, after that, my faith in French dramatic criticism has received a certain shock. But he's had his moments, the good man that he is. He plays a piece called "La Morte Civile." The house is thin, indifferent, conversationally given. Suddenly Tommaso goes in for one of his dying scenes. Some interval elapsed after the curtain fell before the audience ventured to applaud. Then they recalled Salvini repeatedly, but -- strangest tribute of all to the impression produced -- they still linger about their places, unwilling to leave. The women sobbing & the men very pale." Throw up your hat, my Son! And drain (with me in spirit) a bumper of health to him. I copy from the D.T. -- an eyewitness. I've sent the cutting to Queen Anne.

I've heard a little from Bob. Anthony's had a touch of rheumatic fever. Polizzi is very much pleased with him.

Before the brutal & licentious left, I arranged with him about settlement with Katharine & James Walter. I regret to say that he's not paid Katherine (£5..2..6 for seven numbers), & I suppose he hasn't yet paid J.W. either. It's not my fault, for I went as far with him, as under existing circumstances, I could. Teddy, I'm happy to say, is not pipped. A bad, a very
bad cold & a hard whatshisname. But you can send the watch, in spite of that. My own's in pawn, so are the spoons I'd bought for my marriage.

And now how are you? What are you doing? They tell me that you are being handed over to the Philistines -- that they are searching among for young ladies to mate with you in the bonds of wedlock. Is it true? I'm afraid it is. I do not kid you, for I know you ever so much wiser than I, & in these cases a man[']s stout heart is his best friend and truest counsellor. But write to me as soon as you conveniently can. Your letters do me good. Try to send me back Austin Dobson's first vol., which I want my mother to read. 12 Would you like "Locker's London Lyrics" in return? 13 They will please you mightily. How did you like my quatrains? 14 I am very very proud of them? Axiom: [?"]No person of intelligence ever persued ["?Emanuel] et [?Carnées]" without profit". 15

Tell me, tell me Shepherd, if I'm to write a review of anything ("a bright & pleasant little paper," say) in January. 16 I hope I am. While I've command of a journal, an orgin so to speak, that horgin is always at the service of those I love.

How is Baxter married, or the married Baxter? 17 Has Simpson returned to Edinburgh? Have you seen the living Jenkin? Has Queen Anne deserted us, & gone over to the recreant Irving? If you can find time to answer
some of these questions, do so. If not, you may retire
hup, & hold converse with the Immensities there.

God bless you. My mother sends her kindest love.

Yours always,

W.E.H.

Good news from Paris? I thought about Paris a little
when I heard Woodhull.

[Added by WEH at top left of the letter] This of Brown
had better be held privy & confidential.

1 WEH and Anna were married at St. Mary's Roman
Catholic Chapel, Broughton Street, Edinburgh, on 22
January 1878.
2 Walter Simpson.
3 La Cigale, adapted from the French by John
Holingshead, was at the Gaiety Theatre, London,
from 10 December 1877 to 30 March 1878.
4 Nellie (Ellen) Farren (1848-1904) and the French
actress Céline Chaumont (1848-1926).
5 John Hollingshead (1827-1904), author, journalist
and theatre manager, founded the Gaiety Theatre,
London, in 1868. He was the inventor of the
matinée performance.
6 Salvini.
7 Francisque Sarcey (1827-1899), well-known French
drama critic who wrote for the daily newspaper Le
Temps, published 25 April 1861-30 November 1942.
8 La Morte Civile, a play by Paolo Giacometti (1816-
1882), Italian dramatist.
9 See "The French Crisis," The Daily Telegraph, 14
December 1877, p.5, col.8. The Daily Telegraph,
1855 to present.
10 Not identified.
11 Katharine de Mattos, sister of Bob Stevenson and
cousin of RLS, and James Walter Ferrier.
12 Austin Dobson, Vignettes in Rhyme and Vera de
Société (London: H.S. Kinglake, 1874). (Henry)
Austin Dobson (1840-1921), civil servant, writer
and poet, who wrote much in the French ballade
form. He and WEH became firm friends and they
corresponded from 1878 until WEH's death in 1903.
WEH often consulted Dobson about his own poetry.
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15 Not identified.


17 Charles Baxter was married to Grace Louisa Stewart on 24 July 1877.

18 Not identified.

22 February 1878

Dear Sir,

You do me much honour in asking an opinion of me concerning your verse. I shall give you one with all frankness -- promising, simply, that it is merely [----], & in no wise to be regarded as authoritative.

I think, to begin with, that you have a great deal too much facility, & that you are apt to fall into a mistake that, however common to the young rhythmists, is none the less to be violently & steadily eschewed: the mistake, that is, of being content with mere fluency, & of disdaining the higher needs of verse. Verse, as verse, is valueless utterly unless it is well made, and it is not usually well made without the expenditure of a great deal of thought & consideration. This much you do not seem to me to give. You write a great deal & correct, I should fancy very little indeed. Your verse therefore shows too-frequent signs of a looseness, a laxity, a slovenliness of fancy & of craftsmanship, that are greatly to be deprecated. I shall not now enter on the question of whether you may happen to have in you aught that is worth saying. I shall contend myself with pointing out that whatever &
however it may be, you have yet to learn how to say it. When you are a little further advanced in skill, in the art of making verses, we will perhaps consider the other. Meanwhile if you wish to win consideration of any sort, you must soigner your style, & learn to know affectation from originality: weakness from violence, good stuff from bad.

I hardly think, if you will allow me to say so, that you are fortunate in your choice of models. Your last copy of verse, for instance, seemed to me an imitation of an imitation of a poet who is perhaps of all poets the one to be most carefully avoided by a young writer who is not quite strong enough to stand on his own base. You are fluent & facile, enough, sometimes even graceful in a kind of way; but you lack force, you lack precision, the quality of definiteness, & you do not seem to have much knowledge of words except as metrical feet or as rhymes. I have written much verse in my time, & do not think that I have been wise in doing so; but my experience has been quite the same as your own. As you are beginning, so did I begin. I ran away after inspiration, rhythmic drunkenness, what you will; & I was a nuisance to everyone who came near me. I date the beginning of my own return to sanity from the time when I came to see that the old artists, the great wordsmen, were the best. Whatever I have since written (if you will pardon my egotism) has been
written under their guidance, & if any of it be good at all, it is because I have, in a manner, exampled myself with them, & have cultivated as well as I could my intelligence of their more imitable qualities.

This what I should like you also to do. Have you ever heard of Théophile Gautier? That incomparable stylist was wont to the last to study his dictionary. If it paid him to do so, surely we may do the same. Avoid contemporary verse as much as you may -- above all the verse of journalists & magazine writers; & if you read Tennyson, read him only as a master of phrase & diction, & by way of comparing him, from that point of view, with Wordsworth & Milton. These two men you may read always -- particularly the latter. If to these you add Chaucer & Burns, & write as little & polish as much as you can for a twelve month, you will be a great deal more considerable than you are.

What you want, in fact, is to draw from the antique. Let Milton and Chaucer be your critique, & do you draw from them -- read & analyse them, that is -- as much as you can. Presently you may enter the life class, & then, you know, you can begin to paint pictures; but not till then.

I return your Valentine. Frankly, I am not surprised at its rejection. It is very crude indeed. But if you care to try & follow the advice I have presumed to give you, you will do so much better by
this time next year, that you will wonder how you could
have tolerated it at all.

I have not much time for letter-writing, & none at
all for the periphrases of delicacy. Pray forgive me
if I have hurt you very much. I know that most of that I
have said will jar a great deal. But I have had too
much good from the application of the rod myself, to
shrink from administering it when I think it is
necessary. I shall be glad to see anything you may
have to send me; but I shall be still more glad to hear
that you have taken my advice. If I have taught you
anything of the value of reticence, restraint,
sobriety, I shall congratulate myself a good deal.

Faithfully Yours,

W.E.Henley

Mr.W.H.Brett.

1 William Howard Brett (1846-1918), American
   librarian. From 1874 to 1884 he worked for the
   Cobb and Andrews Book Store, Cleveland, Ohio. He
   made its reputation as the best informed bookshop
   of the city. It is not known how he knew of WEH.

2 Théophile Gautier (1811-1872), French poet,
   novelist and journalist.

3 The poem has not been identified.
Dear Sir,

Some months ago I sent, from 2 St. David St[.,] Edinburgh, the MS. of a cycle of songs; for your consideration & Blackwood. Stamps were enclosed for the return of MS. Since that time[,] I've heard nothing at all about it. I shall be glad if you will let me know if it have any chance, or if you will please return it.

The cycle is called "A Love by the Sea."

Faithfully Yours,

W.E. Henley

Jno. Blackwood Esq.

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1 See Letter No.31, 4 August 1877.
Letter No. 38 To Robert Louis Stevenson

MS: Beinecke 4714

[11 Adelaide Road, Shepherds Bush W.]

Wednesday.

[April or May 1878]¹

Thanks, O thanks, dear poet of my heart, for "El Dorado." I have read it: but now: not without tears. I feel a regret that it should go forth in "London," & that I cannot give it the 50,000 it deserves.²

Surely, surely, to know you is a liberal education.

It has been so to me at least.

My wife sends her love to you, & bids you hope. She thinks as I do of "El Dorado."

J.W.F. is in C.H.³ Do go & see him. I hope you received my last letter with P.O.⁴ I forgot that you must be at seventeen.⁵

Yours always,

W.E.H.

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¹ The letter can be dated from the information in the first paragraph; see note 2.
³ Ferrier was in Chalmer's Hospital, Edinburgh, with a rectum complaint; see J.W.Ferrier, Letter to W.E.Henley, 11 April 1878, MA 1617, Pierpont Morgan Library.
⁴ Postal Order for money.
⁵ RLS had been in Paris and maybe WEH had written there instead of 17 Heriot Row, Edinburgh.
Letter No. 39 To Austin Dobson
MS: London MS.810/I/770
Quoted: Connell, pp.82-83

11 Adelaide Rd.,
Shepherds Bush W.
6 June 1878

My dear Sir,

I hope you don't very much object to parodies. I really couldn't help it.

I am vexed about the "Ballade of Names." I think I will go off, and leave the field to you. I am sure the world will be obliged to me.

I have read thro Miss Robinson's "Handfull." She is really a most pleasing young person. I do like your selections ("Le Roi est Mort" & "Apollo's Garden" are they not? I've mislaid your letter & don't remember certainly), but I think her little "Pastoral," I will not say the best, but the most promising of all.

Faithfully Yours,
W.E.Henley

Austin Dobson Esq.

The Chant Royal won't come, I'm glad to say.

1 The first two paragraphs are quoted by Connell.
2 WEH's parody of Dobson's, "The Beggars," Evening Hours, 3 (May 1876), pp.309-310, appeared unsigned as "The Prodigals. (Ballade: after Mr.Austin Dobson) Dedicated to Mr.Chaplin, M.P., Mr.Richard Power, M.P., and the two hundred and twenty-three who followed them," London, 8 June 1878, p.443. Mr.Chaplin, M.P., proposed the motion that the
House of Commons adjourn as usual for Derby Day. The motion was carried with ninety-five against; see The Times, 5 June 1878, p.9, cols.3-4. Evening Hours, a Church of England family magazine, 1871-1877.


The Chant Royal is an extended version of the French Ballade containing five verses, each of eleven lines with an envoi of four or five lines. The Ballade has three verses, each of eight or ten lines with an envoi of five lines. In a letter to Dobson, WEH writes: "I've velleities of Chant Royalism, I'm sorry to say." See W.E.Henley, Letter to Austin Dobson, 31 May 1878, MS.810/III/101, University of London.
Letter No. 40  To Robert Louis Stevenson

MS: Beinecke 4715

12 Wilton Villas,
Uxbridge Rd.[,]
London. W[.]

20 June 1878

Lang says that the "Young Man" "has given him a grue" & that he doesn't like it at all. Also he wishes "Inland Voyage" were in ten volumes.

Stephen has only read part of "Voyage"; thinks what he has read "excellent." Doesn't greatly care for "Young Man." Wishes he could see you settle down to a serious piece of work.

Called on Chatto on Thursday with "Young Man" in my poche. Chatto was out on a Special Jury. The palladium of our liberties is really a bloody nuisance. Cost me 2/6.

Have not seen the Kegan. Am going to write to him about "Young Man." God knows to what end.

21/6/78

To-day I send your Academy notice. I like mine better, but of course this is nicer for you.

Also £4 (in sovs.). Your account is for £4..7..6. But I can't post three half-crowns; I must owe them, tho' I've received them. It's embezzlement, but I can't help that.

Mind that the "Physician" turns up right.
Yours always,
W.E.Henley

The new house is beautiful. Green fields, leaves, larks all day long; & civilization in the shape of a tram, every twenty minutes.

Anna will be home on Monday, & will arrange for you.

I wish your contribs. were even columns. I've had to write up to you thrice, & to write up hard so as to make the full as easy as possible.9

Mind & acknowledge coins.
WEH was in the habit of writing "fillers" to complete a column. For example, see his unsigned "Ballade of Rain," London, 22 June 1878, p.491, col.2, which comes immediately after the last installment of RLS's "The Story of the Young Man with the Cream Tarts." It is reprinted in Works, 2, pp.201-202.
Many thanks, my Charles, for your last notes. Only don't ever write to me at [the] office again. My publisher has an ugly knack of opening letters. (This, of course, [in] confidence).

I hope you've seen my wife to-day. She'll give me news of how you're looking Let. I hope your own little plant will come off better than ours.¹

How do you like "Arabian Nights"? & W[].G. last week & this one -- the one to appear this week, that is?² Mind you let me know, for a particular reason.

Send me anything in the way of tips about "Irrespressible."³ I've no doubt we shall be able to help you get rid of him.

It's awful 'ot, & I'm perspiring ruefully. So no more at present from

Yours very truly,

My dear Sir,

W.E.H.

I'll tell you about Lewis presently[.] Meanwhile, read Hamerton in current "Academy" on an Inland Voyage.⁴
1 It is known that Anna had more than one miscarriage; see Connell, p.91; also Letter No.55, [?November 1879]. Doranna Mitchell stated that Anna had a few miscarriages though see could not date them; personal interview with Mrs. Mitchell, 8 December 1984.


3 Not identified.

4 Philip Gilbert Hamerton (1834-1894), artist, art critic and editor of The Portfolio 1870-1894. The Portfolio, a monthly art journal, January 1870-October 1907.
Letter No. 42 To Austin Dobson

MS: London MS.810/I/771

12 Wilton Villas,
Uxbridge Rd[.] W.
29 July 1878

My dear Sir,

Richepin has just turned up. He will be posted to you with this note. I hope you will enjoy him.

Some of the Ballades are very nice. One by Alain Chartier seems to me particular good.

I have tried the rhythm from Musset you suggested. You will see next week how grossly & shamefully I have misused it. It would be quite possible to use the feminine & masculine rhyme in it -- I think -- even $\text{fFf}$ thro' a long string. But it would need more time than I have to do it with the needful grace.

Shall you be passing on Wednesday? Let me recommend to you Richepin's "Un venerable." I admire it a good deal.

I wonder would it be possible to do a Ballade in slang?

Faithfully Yours,

W.E. Henley

Austin Dobson Esq.

1 Jean Richepin (1849-1926), French poet and dramatist. WEH is referring to Richepin's La
Chanson des Gueux (Paris: Maurice Dreyfus, 1876).

It is not known to which rhythms Dobson was referring. No letters from Dobson have been found.


WEH did write such a ballade though the date of writing is not known; see W.E. Henley, "Villon's Straight Tip to All Cross Coves," in Ballades and Rondeaux, Chants Royal, Sestinas, Villanelles, &c., ed. Gleeson White (London and Newcastle-on-Tyne: Walter Scott, 1887), p.288; also Works, 2, pp.230-31.
Letter No. 43  To Charles Baxter

MS: Beinecke 4555

[12] Wilton Villas,
Uxbridge Rd[.] W.

12 September 1878

My dear Charles,

My wife's congratulations & mine own. Of the fullest, highest, most friendly order. May the new Baxter have all the virtues of his sire & few or none of those vices which let let. Seriously I am very glad. So is Anna. We hope the boy will be a great success.

Enclosed is a cheque for Lewis's last two "Londons."¹

I've just come from Paris. I left England at 8 p.m. on Saturday last: arrived at Saint Lazare on Sunday at 2 p.m. Left Saint Lazare on Tuesday at 9 p.m.: arrived at Victoria last evening at 6. In the 55 hours between saw Paris, Millet's "Angelus,"² & the Venus of Milo.³ I have lived.

Always Yours,

W.E.H.

"London" 83 = £3..5
84 = £2..0⁴

¹ Robert Louis Stevenson, "Latter-Day Arabian Nights. The Rajah's Diamond. Story of the Young Man in Holy - 243 -
Orders," London, 31 August 1878, pp.201-203; and
the completion of the story in London, 7 September
1878, pp.226-27.

2  L'Angélus, a painting by Jean-François Millet
(1814-1875) in the Louvre, Paris.

3  The Venus de Milo, a sculpture in the Louvre.

4  The issues of 31 August 1878 and 7 September 1878.
12 Wilton Villas,
Uxbridge Rd. W.
2 October 1878

My dear Sir,

Did you receive Richepin? And if you did, what do you think of him? & isn't the Ballade "Ponchon" a good one?¹ Now, isn't it?

I'm not asking him back again. I only want to know your views about him. And since I am on the subject of books, let me ask if there's any place in town I could bring your "Ballades" to, & see you at the same time.² We live so far apart, & I am so very unable to entertain a guest, that I don't like to ask you to come to me. Nevertheless, if you ever have time to spare, & are not afraid of a long journey (it's the second station from Earl's Court, & a tram ride after that I should be very glad to see you & talk to you. Particularly if you would let me know beforehand, so that I might make sure of the evening, or afternoon, or whatever it happened to be.

I've not lived much in the world, & do not know whether I am going too far in writing thus to you. If I am, I pray you pardon me & let things be as they were.

Since I saw you I am a discrowned man, & have
(apparently) given up the writing of verse for evermore. I have, however, a Ballade in the Belgravia Annual; & there is another one in type for the Illustrated Sporting & Dramatic -- a "Ballade of Actresses," this one; & there is yet another, which is nowhere, & which I send you. If you can suggest improvement, please to do so. I should like to print it, but it doesn't sound right yet, I think, & I don't know what to do about it.

I am writing a play, & dreaming day & night of "the glories of the apotheosis." As [?Vermensch] says. It is in collaboration with Louis Stevenson.

Faithfully Yours,

W.E.Henley

Austin Dobson Esq.

3 This poem has not been identified. WEH's first signed poem in the Belgravia is "Ballade of Youth and Age," Belgravia Holiday Number 1879, p.22. However, this issue has not been located.
4 [W.E.Henley], "Ballade of Actresses," The Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News, 12 October 1878, p.94. The Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News, a weekly journal, 28 February 1874-1943.
5 This ballade has not been identified. Dobson wrote that "it seems unimpeachable in form; but it strikes me as a little unfortunate that the refrain, which plays a larger part in the form, should be a quotation. Then the 'envoi' does not run quite strong enough yet." See Austin Dobson, Letter to W.E.Henley, 5 October 1878, MA 1617, Pierpont Morgan Library.
6 WEH and RLS were revising RLS's earlier Deacon Brodie; see Swearingen, pp.36-38.
12 Wilton Villas[ ,]
Uxbridge Rd. W.
Sunday
[?October 1878]\(^1\)

My dear Charles,

Excuse the blunder. Here's the cheque; with one for last Arabian. I should have sent them both before, but have been lamentably idle.

I hope Mrs. Baxter & the boy are doing well.

If a certain [?Cowland] asks a reference of you (I took the liberty of giving you. One's solution, you know) give him one, please!\(^2\)

I am hard at work on the tragedy of "Deacon Brodie": a drammy in 3 acts & ever so many tableaux, by R.L.S. & W.E.H.\(^3\)

Always Yours, my dear Charles,

W.E.H.

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1 McKay gives 1878 but no month; see George L. McKay, ed., A Stevenson Library: Catalogue of a Collection of Writings by and about Robert Louis Stevenson Formed by Edwin J. Beinecke, (New Haven, Conn.: Yale University Press, 1951-1964), 4, 1356. The contents of the letter suggest November 1878 as RLS's final story of The Latter-Day Arabian Nights appeared in the issue of London of 23 November 1878. The last known extant dated letter from Wilton Villas is in October; see Letter No.44, 2 October 1878. However, by 28 October 1878 WEH appears to be at 4 Earl's Terrace, Devonport Road,
Shepherds Bush; see Delancey Ferguson and Marshall Waingrow, eds. _R.L.S.: Stevenson's Letters to Charles Baxter_ (New Haven, Conn.: Yale University Press, 1956), p.58. WEH's reference to "for last Arabian" may be taken to refer to the latest one published and not the final installment; this, together with the new address strongly suggests October 1878 as the date of this letter.

2 Not identified.

3 For the final version of the play, see W.E. Henley and R.L. Stevenson, _Three Plays: Deacon Brodie; Beau Austin; Admiral Guinea_ (London: David Nutt, 1892), pp.1-109; also _Works_, 7, pp.1-111.
Letter No. 46  To Robert Louis Stevenson

MS: Beinecke 4713

[4 Earls Terrace,
Devonport Road,
Shepherds Bush, W.]

1 February 1879

My dear Louis,

Lang says he has done a Saturday "columns long" on your "Edinburgh." He complains with some feeling of the size of your work; owing to which he found it impossible even to read to the end of a line.

He also adds that he found your "Odyssey" loafing about the Savile. He hopes you have ere this received it. I'd have sent you his letter, but 'tis gone astray. 'Tis very nice. Do write to him, shake off this lechery, & write to him.

Gosse has been writing to the public prints, that the English drammy is dead & that there are no English drammytists. We'll dedicate him the Deakin. Of whom, by the way, no news.

Read the Vlth Labiche. Three three-acts, my boy, & two ones. Much of it first rate.

I've not done much. Having been principally occupied with going about after work & meditating on the chances of the gay Deakin. I read acts 3 & 4 to Runciman the other night: Thursday. they were quite fresh to me. They have given me heart for Esther...
Noble. I think we shall pull the play off well, dear lad. I compliment you on your Fiscal. At Jean Watt's he is admirable & lovely: the best thing in the play. The Pieman's protest, too, is really on it. Don't be ashamed of your part in the play, Louis. Tis by many degrees your best & strongest, your most human, work. I can imagine a contemporary writing better (even) than you about Truth & lies than you. But you are the only living man who could do the Procurator. I'm not sure that Walter [Sco]tt could have been happier or righter than you. I don't believe he could[.]. So take heart, man! The £350 will soon come. And then -- we shall see! The P.M.G. notice is tacked to the [?advt.] of your "Edinburgh[.]". The New Quarterly notice is tacked to the [?advt.] of Hamerton's "Turner." How's that? My "Beleaguered City's" in print.

Bowles is a curious type. I do not like him, nor do I trust. I have discovered that Sutton is actively & positively my enemy. 'Tis strange, is it not? I'll keep him for our "Suicide Club." I confess that as yet I don't understand ingratitude of the blacker order; but perhaps it will come. Don't mention this interesting fact (about Sutton), I tell it you to excuse myself for going in with the VF. As regular drama critic I've no chance. But I'm promised the French plays I'm asked for reviews ect, I'm implored for new ideas. And so runs the world.

- 250 -
I'm reading Bunyan & Cromwell. Slowly and erratically. But I'm reading them. And I hope to start on Autolycus next week. In thinking over the "Rudens"; I have come to the conclusion that Autolycus must be the theatrical manager; I also think that (with a very imperfect knowledge of the plot) that he must pursue the recovered chest & Gripus. But of this anon.

I mean to make the parson as sweet and simple a lecher as I can. Does that please you?

My wife is anxious for good news of you. So am I. Keep up thy heart, my dear lad! Care, after all, only killed a cat. I could wish you here if it were only to see & know you brave & resolute. I imagine you to be both, but I should like the testimony of my own eyes.

Write when you can.

Yours[,]  

W.E.H.

1 WEH had written 2/1/78. The year is established by the contents of the letter.
3 The Odyssey of Homer, trans S.H.Butcher and Andrew Lang (London: Macmillan and Co., 1879). The Savile Club, London, was founded in 1868. RLS was elected a member in 1874 and WEH in 1886.
4 Gosse's articles have not been identified. Edmund William Gosse (1849-1928), writer, poet and scholar.
5 Deacon Brodie had no dedicatee.
Hester Noble's Mistake; or a word from Cromwell. Drama in four acts (Unpublished). A rough draft of this play was written in January 1879; see Sweeringen, p.39.

The Fiscal, Jean Watt and the Pieman are characters in Deacon Brodie.

A character in Deacon Brodie.

Sir Walter Scott (1771-1832), Scottish novelist and poet.

This may refer to the production rights of Deacon Brodie which WEH had offered to Henry Irving; see Sweeringen, p.37.

This is not clear, but WEH may be referring to reviews; see [?W.E.Henley], "The Book of the Week. A Book about Edinburgh," rev. of Edinburgh: Picturesque Notes, by Robert Louis Stevenson, London, 4 January 1879, p.16. The P.M.G. notice is not identified.


Thomas Gibson Bowles (1844-1922), politician and founder of Vanity Fair.

Possibly Henry Septimus Sutton (1825-1901), writer and editor of the Alliance News 1854 to 1898. No reason has been found for WEH's comment. The Alliance News, 4 January 1862-28 December 1905.

The Suicide Club was the title of the first three stories of The Latter-Day Arabian Nights published in London, 8 June 1878-27 July 1878.

Vanity Fair.

[W.E.Henley], "At the Play. The Comédie Française," Vanity Fair, 7 June 1879, p.336.

John Bunyan (1628-1688), preacher and writer. WEH may be referring to Victor Hugo's play Cromwell written in 1827. Victor(-Marie) Hugo (1802-1885), French novelist, dramatist and poet.

A comedy by Titus Maccius Plautus (254 B.C.-184 B.C.).
Letter No. 47 To Robert Louis Stevenson
MS: Beinecke 4720

[4 Earls Terrace, Devonport Road, Shepherds Bush W.]
4 February 1879

My dear Louis,

The first news of the Deacon is unpleasant. I couldn't get David's paragraph till to-day, so consequently I couldn't send it on. Now I do so. It's very nasty indeed -- & very davidorish. I suppose that Alfred Sutton may be the author. I can only think of him in this connection, & I know him capable of anything.

I've just writ to Colvin asking him if he would like D'Avid horsewhipped. Let me know what you think. If you think we ought to write to the Examiner, or if we ought to be silent. I'd a long talk with Colvin on Sunday. I don't really see why Irving should not withdraw "Hamlet" for us. He seems to like the idea of the play as well as possible. He was told he was a hellicate, & hellicatism smiled on him, or seemed to; & the difficulty of the Scotch parts is no difficulty at all.

Write there's a good lad. I can do no work, & have come down to 2 cols. in London this week. If I could only leave it, I'd be happier than the Deakin were on
the bills & Hamlet's last nights were announced.

Yours Ever[,]  

W.E.H.

1 WEH had written 4/2/78 and the 8 had been crossed out and a 9 written in another hand, possibly by RLS. The envelope is postmarked 1879.

2 "Stray Leaves," The Examiner, 1 February 1879, p.154. The following paragraph appeared in the above notes: "Those two talented authors, Messrs. Henley and R. L. Stevenson, have taken advantage of the remarkable popularity obtained by the convict Peace to write a play on 'Deacon Brodie: the Deacon by Day and Housebreaker by Night.' The elevating study of so noble a life will certainly prove very attractive to play goers from both sides of the Thames, and Mr. Irving will, we understand, withdraw 'Hamlet' in its favour." The Examiner; an Independent Weekly Review of Politics, Literature, Science, and Art. 3 January 1880-26 February 1881. David has not been identified.

3 Irving was playing the title role in Hamlet at the Lyceum Theatre, London, which opened on 23 December 1878 and closed on 19 July 1879.
Letter No. 48 To Robert Louis Stevenson
MS: Beinecke 4721

[4 Earls Terrace,
Devonport Road,
Shepherds Bush W.]
Thursday
[?March 1879]¹

My dear Louis[,]

There was much joy over your letter. It was so much better than the one before. Why didn't you send it earlier[?] I wrote last night still under the impression of that one, which I'd not been able to shake off of me. And I am afraid the letter will hurt you. Do not let it do so. And write me again like a good lad.

It's snowing heavily, & you'll see by the enclosed from the Runciman, there's good hope that the winter will be a hard one yet. But I must go away for a few days and to night I'll cross the channel, & hide myself in Dieppe for a week or so. If I've funds I'll go on to Paris, & see Régamey,² & try & hear of something in the way of work there. If I've not I'll just stay quietly on at Dieppe, read Calderon (I've taken him over with me for the plots), & come back refreshed for another bout with fortune.

The humourous part of the business is, that Runciman saw D'Avigdor last week in the presence of
Bowles, Ranken, & Lord Desart, called him a liar & a blackguard & several other hard names & threatened to kick his bottom. He feels (unaided) that Sutton was David's informant.

I say "I" very freely, do I not? I would I could say "we". But foreign travel for two is so expensive; & then we're moving; and someone must stay at home to pull things thro. So someone is of course to be the devoted Châtelaine. She is glad to hear a better account of you; & she was much enraged to find that in my last letter I had spoken of myself throughout as a single man. As she'll likely read this ere it goes, I take the opportunity of explaining my position.

Jenkin on Farringdon is Jenkin all over. But I'm not so sure as I might be that he's right. So much would depend on the way that Farringdon was written & played that I don't feel called upon to say yes to Jenkin unequivocally. As a matter of fact, he has hit the cardinal defect of the play, my boy. Tell him so from me. But tell him, too, that I think that, properly handled, the Farringdon might come to be the play's strong point instead of its weakest. I'm sure it would have been so in the hands of of W. Shakespäre. In ours -- c'est autre chose, of course.

I agree about Dead Heart. But 'tis a d - d fine piece, ain't it, my boy? If you & I had written it, eh? That scene under the scaffold, ha? And that one
between Robert & the Abbé -- the duel? And the cabaret, eh? And -- in fact, & all of it? I send you "Society" -- a horse of another colour, this, but with merits of its own, which I would not have you despise. I saw "Caste" 'tother night; & I've read "Society"; and I know my Robertson. His great quality is his "actability." He was bred an actor, & knew how to make dialogue that would speak. A stage cabinet-maker quoi? Do read "Society" very carefully. You'll see at once that there's nothing in it, that it's not even next door to literature; but you'll see a stage text, a scenic intelligence that is worthy of much praise. I don't intend to take example by it; one could only do so at the expense of all passion, all emotion, all tragedy. But I am glad to have seen it.

By the way, Watts Philips owed a great deal to a certain Marc Fournier, but just dead. My friend Nichols, a pittite of some years standing, tells me that the Dead Heart thrilled its audience to the marrow; & that, in his opinion, the best played part in it was Old David Fisher's Abbé de latour -- that, he thought, was a good deal before Webster's Robert Landy, tho' that was good.

I am short of coins or I would have got one or two more of Watt Philips' pieces -- "The Poor Strollers," "The Huguenot Captain," & so on. By the way, I'm pretty sure that the Marc Fournier I've mentioned in
this connection was the author of "Paillasse,"
Englished as "Belphegor the Mountebank." If you get
any brochures, pass 'em on.

I rejoice that you met Henry James; And I am
exceeding glad that my dramatic games have moved the
heart of Lang, Gosse, & Whallock. I wish I could
move the heart of an editor with 'em likewise.

Get Henry James's new book, & read it. It is
worth much. And work on at your own serials. I am
making, or trying to make, you a market for them. I
will write more at length when I may. If it come off,
it will be a golden chance for you.

Anthony is still here. I doubt he will remain. He
is wrestling earnestly with a big picture and the
French verbs, & is altogether a noble spectacle.

Yours, dear boy,

W.E.H.

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1 This letter can be dated from the next extent
letter to RLS from Dieppe; see W.E.Henley, Letter
to Robert Louis Stevenson, March [18]79, Beinecke
4722, Yale University.
2 Not identified.
3 Ranken, of Ranken & Co., Printers, Drury Lane,
London. William Ulick O'Conner Cuffe, 4th Earl of
Desart (1845-1898), novelist. The subject matter is
not identified.
4 The Henleys moved to 36 Loftus Road, Shepherds
Bush.
5 WEH's name for Anna.
6 Presumably a character in one of the many projected
plays of WEH and RLS.
7 Dead Heart, a play by Watts Philips (1825-1874),
novelist and dramatist, was first produced at the

8 Society, a play by Thomas William Robertson (1829-1871).

9 Caste, a comedy by Robertson, opened at the Prince of Wales's Royal Theatre, London, on 11 January 1879 and closed on 30 May 1879.

10 Marc Fournier (1818-1879), French dramatist who died on 5 January 1879.


13 A.D. Dennery and Marc Fournier's play Pailasse. It was performed as Belphegor the Mountebank at the Adelphi Theatre, London, on 13 January 1851.

14 The reference is to RLS becoming acquainted with the works of the American novelist Henry James (1843-1916) as they did not meet until 1885 in Bournemouth.

15 Walter Herries Pollock (1850-1926), journalist. Editor of The Saturday Review 1883-1894.

16 Henry James, Daisy Miller: A Study (London: Macmillan and Co., 1879). It was published on 15 February 1879.
Letter No. 49 To Robert Louis Stevenson

MS: Beinecke 4719

[4 Earls Terrace,
Devonport Road,
Shepherds Bush, W.]

[?March/April 1879]¹

My dear Louis,

Let's meet again if poss. And here. Je suis à sec -- dans un beau déche. Which is, being interpreted, I can't afford cabs.

And then I want you to pay Nigel the shillings he claims on account of the play.

And then, I want to speak about the additions to Autolycus.² I can't quite see how -- but there I won't say that. I'll think it over once more ere I cry queer St.

I read it aloud to Anna to-day. We liked it a good deal. Thape's horsewhip will be, I think, an event in the literature of the drammy.

I'm a coward, am I not? C'est convenu. I want to throw up London. Had I but a small fortune! -- We were thinking of flying to Edinburgh for awhile. I think we'd almost come were you to be there this summer, & spring.

The Count (Autolycus) I don't yet like. The Miller has good notes about him. The Parson is but a splash. O Louis, Louis, Louis, what a clever boy you are! How

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bloody good we'll make these Autolycus plays!! How damnably the public will like them!!!

I've reread Scapin. You're right. It is heroic.

His "On y songera" is really colossal.

Yours[,]

W.E.H.

1 WEH had spent some time in January with RLS at Swanston Cottage in the Pentland Hills, to the south of Edinburgh. Here he and RLS had worked on Deacon Brodie, and suggested another play Autolycus at Service; see Swearingen, pp.40-41. The contents of this letter suggest March or April 1879.

2 An April Day: or Autolycus in Service was a three act play started by RLS in February 1879.

3 Molière's play Les Fourberies de Scapin written in 1671.

Dear Mr. Dobson,

I am ever so much obliged to you for your kindly word about those verses. It brings back to me the days when I too was a craftsman: when I polished my phrases & took (if I could) my vocables in the past, & said to myself "Aha! Aha! Why, here be truths, I hope."

'Tis so long since I had that unprofitable habit, that I had forgot it's existence. But you have picked me up always & everywhere. I should have liked, had the thing been worth the trouble, to have gone thro' the MS. with you face to face. It would have been a lesson & a delight. Thanks, however, for the verdict. It has pleased me very much. Monsieur mon capitaine, c'est trop d'honneur que vous me faites.

I accept your suggestions all: with one exception "Her chestnut chignon" must go on filling my senses for evermore. The rest shall be attended to. Some day or other, at the Greek Kalends. Doubtless, I shall perhaps attempt to publish a little book. First of all will come a prologue: in quatrains such as Theophilus
"Then the Hospital Outlines, the Cornhill sonnets, revised & rewritten. Then a ballade connecting. Then these blank verse rhythms. Then an epilogue en [ ] with the epigraph from Balzac. "C'est un rêve que j'ai rêvé." What do you think of it.? Would it pay, think you? Or rather, would it be worth doing? Would it be any kind of Art? Would you poets own me for a brother?

"London" is dead. It expired on Saturday last, in the 114th week of its age, deeply regretted by none who knew it, excepting myself, its author, founder, & its slave. It has cost me a great deal, & has left me pretty well sick & tired of all kinds of journalism but the kind called dramatic criticism, the which, unhappily, is a kind I do not think I have the ghost of a chance of practising elsewhere. 'Tis pity, is it not? I am as much in earnest about the drama as someone I know is about verse. And I can not get a pulpit of any sort -- not even an inverted hogshead, not even a lamppost & a campstool & two square feet of curb.

Talking of drama, I suppose you're going to see Coquelin as Gringoire? If I see him (I doubt I'll not; there's Molière & Musset & Augier, & they're all of 'em better sport than Banville, even with Coquelin to quicken him into dramatics), if I see him I shall look out for the z's in "C'est le verger du Roi Louis." And I suppose you will do the same.
I have tried my hand at some paraphrases of Charles of Orleans: two ballades, two roundels, & a chanson: but with such indifferent success I shall try my hand at him no more. I sent them to Lang, who was kind enough to say the ill of them they deserved. I think I'll remember his virtue next time I have to untruss a post.

I have a poem in my house just now the author of which, a youthful Yankie, intimates in his preface that his work is, if not the finest of the century, at least the equal of the finest. Should you like to see it?

I am dreaming always of plays, & never now write verse. I hope that if I have won your esteem, I shall not lose it by this confession, which is absolutely true. I hope too that you won't find my letter too long. We have balladised together, & you have criticised with kindness & best good will a copy of verse that has been declined with thanks & without, by every editor of parts in the habitable globe. That must be my excuse.

Faithfully Yours,

W.E. Henley

Austin Dobson Esq.

1 The penultimate three paragraphs have not been quoted by Connell.
2 This is the first known extant letter from this address.

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3 The "In Hospital" verses.

4 See W.E. Henley, "Music," in Voluntaries for an East London Hospital, ed. H. B. Donkin (London: D. Stott, 1887), pp. 130-148. This poem was revised before publication in WEH's A Book of Verses, pp. 37-38. See also Works, 1, pp. 36-37. The phrase "her chestnut chignon" was retained.

5 Theophilus (385-412), Athenian poet.

6 Not identified.

7 The final issue of London, 5 April 1879. The journal failed through financial loss.

8 Benoit Constant Coquelin (1841-1909), French actor. Gringore, a play by Théodore de Banville (1823-1891), French dramatist and poet. It was one of the French plays at the Gaiety Theatre, London, from 2 June 1879 to 12 July 1879.

9 Alfred de Musset (1810-1857), French poet and dramatist. Emile Augier (1820-1889), French dramatist.

10 Not identified.
Letter No. 51

To Richard Bentley

MS: Illinois Bentley

36 Loftus Rd.[,]
Shepherds Bush W.
19 May 1879

Sir,

I have the honour to present to you for consideration the MS. herewith enclosed. I should be glad to know you thought it worthy of a place in Temple Bar.

In case of rejection, I shall be obliged to you for the MS. I enclose stamps.

Very Faithfully Yours,

W.E. Henley

Richard Bentley Esq.

PS. I should mention that the essay is not my own, & that I have read it with great amusement; also that, if any of its details be found too crude, the author would be glad to modify them as you might desire.

1 Richard Bentley (1854-1936), publisher.
2 Neither the MS. nor the author has been identified.
Will you, my dear Charles, be good & send me some shillings on Ted's account? I want you to continue for a while to hold the two & a half out of the three quid you promised in trust for him & send him a half-sov. of it. If possible, by return. Will you, will you, will you? If you do you'll relieve me of a difficulty.

I'm out of coins myself or I wouldn't ask you. The French play which, as a piece of education, I'm bound to see as much as I can of, stripped me of every spare shilling. Were you here, you beggar, I'd make you stand me a stall. Why aren't you?

Things are better than they were. I've something to do for the Pall Mall Gazette, & I've an article in next Cornhill (July), & I've just missed getting one into the Fortnightly. But money is still very scarce.

This is only a far cry & a brief. I'm off at once to try & get sight of "L'Etrangère." Sarah Bernhardt is a d - d bad actress; Queen Anne is worth a gross of such creatures; but Coquelin is the Dook de Septments, & that I've yet to see.

But I'll write to you again shortly. Try & write
to me by return. And tell me how you are, & the wife, & the wean. Etsettyry.

My wife is well & happy & desires me to send you messages.

Yours always[,]  
W.E.H.

I'd almost forgot to say that Ted has been very ill. Some kind of bilious fever, & that the half sov's wanted for boots. It's raining in torrents here to day & yesterday.

---

1 The date "27 June 79" has been written in the top left corner of the letter, presumably by Baxter.
2 The Comédie Française season of French plays at the Gaiety Theatre.
3 W.E.H had three articles in the P.M.G.; see [W.E.Henley], "The Lessons of the Comédie Française. I. Literary," The Pall Mall Gazette, 8 July 1879, pp.11-12; "The Lessons of the Comédie Française. II. Historic," The Pall Mall Gazette, 10 July 1879, pp.11-12; and, "The Lessons of the Comédie Française. III. Histronic," The Pall Mall Gazette, 12 July 1879, pp.11-12; see W.E.Henley, Letter to Harry Nichols, 13 July 1879, Huntington Library, San Marino, California, quoted by Connell, p.88.
5 The Fortnightly Review, 1865-1934.
6 A play by Alexander Dumas fils (1824-1895) written in 1876.
7 Sarah-(Marie-Henriette) Bernhardt (1844-1923), French actress.
8 The Duke de Septments in L'Etrangère.
Dear Sir,

Many thanks for your letter. I esteem it an honour to have been asked to take part in your project, & will do my best with Butler for you. He is not a favourite of mine, but perhaps I shall do him better justice than if he were.

You ask me to name the poets, or the period of poetry with which I am most familiar. I am afraid that I can hardly give you a very satisfactory answer. The poets I should like to speak of & to select from are Burns & Scott -- particularly the latter. If you could allow me one or the other -- or both -- of these, I should do them for you very willingly. Outside of these I have no predilections -- or none I could advance with any show of reason, unless it be those for the makers of society verse & the writers of songs in general.

I assume that Herrick is already in hand; had he not been so I should have been glad of him. Apart, however, for the poets of whom I have spoken, I should be glad to have any work alloted to me. What ever it be, I will do it to the best of my ability.
Very Faithfully Yours,
W.E.Henley

T.H.Ward Esq.

1 Thomas Humphery Ward (1845-1926), journalist, editor and writer.
2 WEH had written 15/9/7. WEH was at Loftus Road only in 1879.
4 Robert Herrick (1591-1674), poet.
My dear Sir,

I enclose a notice, with a few lines of extracts, from Cleveland. He is a tiresome creature, & I am glad to be done with him.

For Henryson I must ask you to wait a few days. His language is cramped & I cannot work at him as I must at the Museum. I have ordered Laing's edition, & will dispatch him with all speed when I get it. I suppose you could not lend it to me. It is an old book, & my bookseller may not be able to get it at once, though he has promised to use all dispatch in the matter. If you had it & could lend it to me, it might advance things by a day or two.

I see that Henryson is very lengthy. Can you give me no more than four pages for him? I hardly think to be able to show him at his best within these limits. As he is a story-teller, a raconteur, it will be advisable, I opine, to quote him in his entegrity [sic], & not to make detached excerpts from him, as I've had to do with Butler & Cleveland.

Faithfully Yours,

W.E. Henley
T. Ward Esq.

PS. I've done the circumstances of Cleveland's life at greater length than is, perhaps, to be desired because they explain the fragmentation of his verse.

1 This is the first known extant letter from this address.
2 John Cleveland (1613-1658), poet, was not included. The reason is not known.
More French journals -- for [L] [P] --
"herewith[.]"

I can only write you a line to-day, dear lad, for I'm very busy, & in trouble to-boot. My wife had a dead-baby yesterday, & we are very much disappointed. She is wonderfully well, & sends you her love. But you can understand us, can't you?

Constable has repeated his offer to print the play: & the first two tableaux leave to-day for the printers. I've rewritten the bout de scene you wot of: with some modifications, among which a first reference to the Excise Office. George's description of Ainslie now is "He wouldn't lay a finger on his own mother, much less on you; & there's no more guile in him than a set of sheep's trotters." The dying game, too, has become an old plant of the Deacon's -- & has been tried, among others, on "G.S. & Co's friend & French correspondent the Admiral from Nantz" -- by whom I suppose the Dook to mean the commander of the smuggler lugger. Instead of "All serene" let, I've "Bloom on my Sweet William, in peaceful array." That's all. For
the rest, I've left Mary Brodie Idee quelle. I won't touch her. The rest is easy. When I've the third tableau (not "The Thieves Kitchen" but "Mother Clarke's"; the old title a vast mistake), in shape, the job's done. If we succeed Constable thinks we may pay him something. If we don't, then nothing. It is very kind of him, & I've thanked him for you & myself as handsomely as I know how. I expect the Deacon will come out in the Michel Lévy format -- you know. I've sent in the "Diables Noirs" as a specimen.

I hope to get the Pavilion read to morrow. I got proofs of my Cornhill article last night. 18 pp. long, & not unpleasant reading.

God bless you; my boy[.] Try & come back to us soon[.]

Your friend[,] W.E.H.

1 McKay, 4, 1391, dates this letter as late 1879. There is nothing to suggest otherwise.
2 Not identified.
3 As the baby was still-born it would not have been baptised (unless by the person delivering it) and no record can be found, in the local Catholic churches, of any burial.
5 Deacon Brodie, Act 1, Sc.vii. The line is slightly altered in the final version.
6 Deacon Brodie, Act 1, Sc.vii.
French publisher.  
Not identified.  
WEH would have been reading a draft of RLS's The Pavilion on the Links; see Swearingen, p.38.  
RLS had sailed for America on 7 August 1879.
1 [The] Parade,
Shepherds Bush W.
Monday.
9 December 1879

If ever there was an ungrateful brute, that ungrateful brute, my dear Charles, is you! Why haven't you found time to scrawl me a word as to yourself, & Mrs. Baxter, & the small Miss Baxter? I am really indignant with you. After the pains & trouble I was in making that ode, too! It is disgusting.

I have never heard of the Rev. Egan. Have you? I suppose you have -- indirectly. O fie! And you an Elder in posse & a burgess in esse! How can you? O how can you?

Do you know anything of Louis? I heard from him some days ago. It was a letter of no moment, except that it showed him in capital health & spirits, or I would have sent it on before. I do so now. Then (as you must send it back) I shall get a sight of your handwriting. I saw Colvin, too, soon afterwards, & he told me of your troubles in the business. I must say that you are badly off, & have done, & had to do, as much for friendship as most people. I hope Louis will see & know as much.

I proposed the Dutch tour to Stephen but it doesn't
seem to smile on him.\(^5\) Flippancy, I said, & no sort of information -- aesthetic or the other. That was my programme. I must try it & see what I can do. Meanwhile I've 3 pp. of verse in the Belgravia Annual I would like you very much to see.\(^6\) And an article (Molieresque) that you, a kind of Molierist, might do worse than read.\(^7\) I am principally engaged, however, in working off games for the Pall Mall & Athenaeum. Did a Dickens in the latter journal that likes me well.\(^8\) In the former, have done many theatres; the writer of an article in the current Blackwood (do you know [who] he is?) seems to have read them & not profited very much by them.\(^9\) I hope I've sold my first set of hospital sketches to the Nineteenth Century.\(^10\) You'll read them, won't you? For the rest, I am better than I've been for some time, & nervously anxious to make money. Otherwise I would write oftener than I do.

The Chatelaine sends her kindest to you & Mrs.Baxter. She is very well, but not always in good spirits. Anthony has painted (at last!) a very decent picture. I don't suppose you'll ever be allowed to have the one you bought. The chances are that, being already disgusted with it, he will paint you another. We shall send you one or the other by Mrs.Kennedy, whom we expect here one of these days -- probably very soon.

It's horrid cold. Horrid. That accounts for the illegibility and brevity of this letter. I spend my
time principally dodging between my writing table & the
fire-place. And you? Is there any good news of you?
are you always "violently carried away from Grace"?
Alas & alas again! Write to me soon, if you only write
a single line.

Affectionately Yours[,]  
W.E.H.

Have you nothing to tell me about WEG?\(^1\) His chances &
so forth?

---
1 The date is written in another hand, presumably
Baxter's.
2 Not identified.
3 Not identified.
4 RLS was in San Francisco with Fanny Osbourne.
Frances Matilda Vandegrift Osbourne (1840-1914).
After divorcing her husband Samuel Osbourne early
in 1880 she married RLS on 18 May 1880.
5 Not identified.
6 W.E.Henley, "Joe Symonds," The Belgravia Annual,
(Christmas 1879), pp.102-104. This is not included
in WEH's Works.
7 See Letter No.55, [?November 1879], note 11.
8 [W.E.Henley], Rev. of The Letters of Charles
Dickens, ed. his Sister-in-Law and his Eldest
Daughter, The Athenaeum, 29 November 1879, pp. 687-
89.
9 [Theodore Martin], "Theatrical reform: the Merchant
of Venice at the Lyceum," Blackwood's Magazine, 126
(December 1879), 641-56. Theodore Martin (1816-
1909), lawyer and writer.
10 The poems were rejected. The Nineteenth Century, a
monthly journal, March 1877-1950.
11 Gladstone was fighting a general election.
My dear Colvin,

I wrote you a note yesterday. I write again in the hope that another may find you ere you return.

I know no more of Runciman's doings than yesterday. I hope, however, all will go well; I think it will. The right of excision I have reserved.\(^1\)

Write by all means. If you've not sent what you had written, send it. Don't defer expostulation because he's ill. On the contrary, it is absolutely necessary that he should be brought to see that England & a quiet life are what he wants & must have if he means to make -- I won't say a reputation -- but money by literature. We shall pass off all he's done, but I won't answer for much more. Come back he must, & that soon. Married or unmarried -- je m'en fiche. If we can't have our Louis without the vice, we must have him with it.\(^2\)

I don't believe that our letters (I've not yet written being too blasphemously given towards California & Californian things to trust myself) will
have any effect at all in diverting him from his project. He has gone too far to retract; he had acted & gushed & excited himself too nearly into the heroic spirit to be asked to forbear his point. All we can hope to do is to make him get through his book quickly & come back quickly.

The threat of disinheriting is unhappily of little use to anyone. If aught had been wanted to hasten on the marriage, that threat would have filled the gap. I don't know whether father or son is nearer lunacy. There isn't much to choose.

I shall try & write to-morrow, though I don't quite know what to say. I am hopeful as far as Louis himself is concerned -- very hopeful. As regards the other actors, I am not hopeful at all. You may expect that Louis will resent our criticisms of the last three works; I know he will. But I think it right he should get them; et avec, a confident expression of hope for the future, & as confident a prediction that Monterey and he will never produce anything worth a damn.

You are too rough on the Egoist. I read over my Athenaenum article yesterday (first time since Cambridge) & stand by it. You push my theory too far (pardon my vanity, Colvin!). The book is as good & not as bad as you say. It is an attempt at Art by an elderly apprentice of genius. It is the material for a perfect comedy -- not of intrigue; d - n intrigue;
intrigue is not comic -- but of character -- the Missing Link between Art & Nonsense. An inorganic "Misanthrope." Do you know the French for jellyfish? Then Meredith, c'est Molière - méduse. The devil will surely damn him hot & deep. I hate & admire him. Won't you try an article on "The Egoist" somewhere? Surely you could get The Times & three columns to do it in? How I wish -- how I wish you would! I withdraw "ripe & sound" from my Athenaeum note. The Egoist is rotten-ripe, & only sound by reason of complete syphilisation. How far do I differ from you after all? Faith, I don't know. I think that we should everywhere agree -- everywhere but on the question of dialogue. I'm to do a fourth Egoist, & will re-peruse. Then we'll see.

Try & see the Bob. When you return you will look upon the face of one who has read "Fine Arts," by Professor Colvin. I swear it.

I dine with Lang to-night. Let me see you soon. I won't detain you long, & I'll try to do my best (in return) to see you often. Don't imagine you are going to effuse wisdom at the cost of me. I look upon you for the vacation as partly beholden to me, & I shall worry you as much as ever I can.

No more plays from the infamous Greenwood. He did his "Falcon" for himself. I earned last month a matter of £20 from P.M.G. I'd have had half as much
again but for the editorialism & that sort of thing.

The Deacon's got as far as "O heving of hevings that I were a good man!" It looks nice in print. Read H.James's "Confidence." It will console you for much in G.Meredith's "Egoist." There's a harrist if you like.

Yours ever,

W.E.Henley

1 E.V.Lucas, The Colvins and their Friends (London: Methuen & Co., 1928). Most of this letter is published by Lucas but he has omitted WEH's strong views on RLS, no doubt to avoid tarnishing the image of RLS. The omitted passages are indicated in the footnotes below.

2 The first two paragraphs are omitted. Runciman was trying to have RLS's The Amateur Emigrant published. RLS had originally sent the MS. to Colvin; see Swearingen, p.43.

3 The last sentence of this paragraph is omitted. WEH's view of Fanny is probably too strong for Lucas.

4 This sentence is omitted.

5 This paragraph is omitted. RLS's parents were violently opposed to his leaving Scotland and joining Fanny.

6 This sentence is omitted.

7 RLS had been staying in Monterey, California.

8 [W.E.Henley], Rev. of The Egoist, by George Meredith, The Athenaeum, 1 November 1879, pp.555-56. George Meredith (1828-1909), critic and poet, was one of the major novelists of the nineteenth century.

9 This sentence is omitted.

10 Molière's comedy Le Misanthrope, produced in 1666.

11 Colvin did not review The Egoist, as far as can be judged.

12 This sentence is omitted.

Le Galliene, George Meredith: Some Characteristics, 5th ed. (London and New York: John Lane, The Bodley Head, 1900), p.xxxvi. The Teacher, a weekly, 21 June 1879-25 March 1881. WEH wrote two more reviews of The Egoist; see [W.E.Henley], Rev. of The Egoist, by George Meredith, The Pall Mall Gazette, 3 November 1879, p.10; for confirmation, see Lane, in Le Galliene, p.xxxvi. [W.E.Henley], Rev. of The Egoist, by George Meredith, The Academy, 22 November 1879, p.369; for confirmation, see Lane above.


15 This paragraph is omitted.


17 Deacon Brodie, Act 2, Sc. viii. In the final version it became: "O heaven of heavens, if I were a good man." See Works, 6, p.67.

Letter No. 58  To Robert Louis Stevenson
MS: Beinecke 4730

1 The Parade,
Shepherds Bush W.
20 January 1880

Hurray, my Louis! Compliments[,] congratulations, love, best wishes, etcettery! I am very glad, thou art very glad, he is very glad, we are very glad, & so on! Make haste & get married & come home & live happy ever afterwards.¹ That is all we ask.

I think it's like your d--d impudence to complain of me as a correspondent. I've written about 3 letters to your one. I wrote to you last to Monterey -- a slasher.² It has been put out of date & made impertinent by circumstances. I suppose you'll never forgive me.

There's no news, except that my hospital experiences won't do for Cornhill. Any more than for Nineteenth Century. "Too long & too minute," says Stephen; & no doubt he's right. My only comfort is in the reflection that they are a damned sight better than the Emigrant. I wish you were here to help me redact them.

Herewith, registered, I send a copy of the "Deacon." Be good enough not to let it get abroad. I will write further about it presently; when I know the law of copyright. I've been trying to arrange a scheme
for you to employ your leisure on in the States, but as yet I've failed. You must please take care of the Deacon, not let him out into the world, unless I tell you, or it's safe to do so. The modern dramatist is a hungry hound, & would have him in a twinkling. It's not a bad play as you'll see, & would be a godsend to most playwrights. Don't show it to any body, till you hear from me further about it.

Which you shall do by the next mail. Anna's love & mine.

Yours ever[,] W.E.H.

Take care of yourself, & don't despond il n'y a vraiment pas de quoi.3

1 This contrasts with his views expressed to Colvin; see Letter No.57, 2 January 1880.
2 WEH must have written in November 1879 as RLS replied to him on 11 December 1879; see Colvin, Letters, 2, 89-92.
3 "There is nothing to be despondent about."
My dear Louis,

Your last letters have pleased me mightily. I am glad to hear you are out of deep waters & in a fair way of getting into haven. I've not written much of late, for I wanted to give you news; & as news, which seemed always on the point of coming, has somehow never come, I've not thought it worth while merely to write & say so.

I've not much to tell you now. The "Emigrant" is not yet sold, but we are determined to bring it to an end this week. It would be better, I think, to give Ibister a fair chance of it,¹ as you'd make so much more of it, in magazine & book form, than in book form alone. By your last, which reached me yesterday, you did not seem to have heard that Stephen had taken the "Pavilion."² When you've done the "Vendetta" send it on to me, & I'll engage to sell it.³ The "Thoreau" I suppose is already disposed of.⁴ Now, by the way, that you are in America you might easily manage, I should think, to sell the same article in both countries: by arranging simultaneous publication, say in Overland & Cornhill, or in International & Nineteenth Century.⁵
For the rest, my dear lad, there's no doubt but you can get as much work as you want. Lang writes to me that Longman is delighted with the "Donkey," & willing to take all you can give; also that Fraser Tulloch is pining for your works. The "Emigrant" is, as we've said, poor stuff but it will go; where my hospital sketches, which are not so poor, decline to go at all. Keep up your heart then. There's no earthly reason, nor heavenly neither, why you shouldn't be able to thrive.

Since I last wrote there has been news of the play. Irving swears he read & admired (particularly George S.) but didn't think the thing a stage-play. On the other hand Warner -- the Coupeau of Coquelin's dram -- has been wonderfully fetched by it. I hope to see him to-morrow, or next day; I should have seen him last Sunday, but it couldn't be arranged. Of course I shall let you know step by step. Meanwhile, Jenkin, dear lad, the admirable Jenkin, won't look at the Deacon. We have started, he says, in a wrong direction, & beyond the fact that he objects to it bodily, he will say nothing. But, he writes -- & here is our crown of glory, my son! here is the real encouragement! here is the true "Go on, and prosper!" -- "I feel convinced that both you & Louis possess not only the necessary intensity and refinement of feeling, but the power of expression required to produce a play..."
"which would give intense & lasting pleasure not only to me but to the world." Praise of this sort from the living Jenkin's praise indeed. And if it don't set you thinking of that scenario of E. Noble, nothing will. I must add that the scenario's all I want. I don't need a first draft -- not at all. Only the acts, scenes, & personages fairly writ out; & then to work. Do, please, try & start it. I calculate that by the time this reaches you, you'll be tolerably well on and able to think of it. I am glad you like, the P.P.,¹¹ & hope to hear of it anon. But "Esther" is the real thing.¹²

Legros has promised to design the costumes & look after the stage-pictures. Not only that -- he will paint Warner as the Deacon for next Grosvenor,¹³ & so send up that young man into a place not very remote from that of the egregious Henry. If the thing's wanted at once, I shall consult Jenkin about the cuts, let. And if -- as I believe -- my brother Edward John is up to it (he is doing very well at Leicester pantomine;¹⁴ playing his superiors of the stage) he shall make the part of George. As regards the States, remember this: that the play must be produced in London first, or we lose our rights here. I will write more about this presently. Meanwhile don't stir in the matter till you hear further. I sent a couple of copies to your father: one to Lang, one to James, one to Gosse. Colvin has fourteen or fifteen; one goes to
Pigott, Licenser of Plays, at once. Lang appears to have fallen in love with the power of George. His great regret is that the Deacon's only a Deacon. "If he could only have been a Lord-Provost!" Bob has been wonderfully good to the play; he 'pears to be a true admirer of most of it; says he was surprised to find it so fit & strong. But Mary he draws the line at. Says that she is a portrait by Bloomer. Scoffs at her, scorns, yells, dances, uses improper language, whenever her name's mentioned. On Sunday night we wrote a song for her:

How sweet the thought of that dear hour
   When timid at thy side
   I heaved the tender sigh of love
   And sought thee for my bride.
   With joy upon thy damask cheek
   I viewed the mantling rose
   herald the dawn of And something, something happy days
   That death alone can close.

And so on! It's tolerably revolting, isn't it? All the same I wont change a hair of Mary's head. Given a decent actress, she'll play charmingly; to everybody but Bob, that is. It's not any use you're rewriting the part, 'cause I wont stand it. She'll do, & there's the end. Esther Noble's what you've got to do, my
young friend. And so goodbye to Mary Brodie.

I think that's about all. The news is, that I'm very poor & unhappy. Can't get along nohow with Greenwood. Last month's earnings, but 11 quid only. If I had but £50 in the world, I'd say goodbye to him & try to get elsewhere. As it is, I can't. I must submit to all he can say or do; I've to turn my tender bottom to his manly boot, & thank him for the moderation of his leg. God help us, dear lad! It's a foolish kind of world after all. If I hadn't always done my level best for the P.M.G. (Colvin calls Greenwood the Badger) I'd be a heavy-hearted person. As it is, I'm not gay, for the P.M.G. means income to me. Without it I should starve -- & the châtelaine with me. Let us hope for better things. My hospitals have gone all wrong; & there's no hope of them, I guess. Altogether, if it weren't for the "Deacon" I'd not have much opinion of myself for the moment. Anthony's better off. Legros has taken him in charge, & swears to make a man of him. He's not here, but a large part of his heart is with you, I know.

When you next write, tell me, if you can, a few of the objections against your homecoming. I stick to it that Cal. is not good for you; & I would like to welcome your wife & you to-morrow, instead of -- when
is it to be? Can't you give us a guess? I've been very unhappy about you; indeed we all have. A good deal your fault, I think it was. You write so vaguely always were, the person in a well-coloured cloak can make himself horrendous & pathetic. I adjure never to do it again. Be more explicit, I beg of you. The time is passed, I hope, when you've anything but good to tell us. but if ever it should return -- But there! Why should I write like this? I've an impression that I may be writing in the air & fighting with shadows, as in my last letter to Monterey. I had better shut up. I'll only say that I, we, think you would be better, live cheaper, & make more money in London than at San Francisco; & that we shall make [?you] welcome as the Conquering Hero. I'll learn more Beethoven [right hand of letter torn] to play you back to life & letters again.

My wife is very well; she met Colvin the other night -- he [letter torn] to give her great satisfaction. She sends her love. So do I. [letter torn] thing of you turns up I'll send that too. Salute the future [letter torn] me. I hope to heaven she is well in health -- or better th[letter torn] as I can make out, she appeared to be. Do not bother about [letter torn] parents; they may seem ungenerous, but they have their own [?views] about life & death, &,
they must put them out; in the end, as you [letter torn] stronger, they will be dutiful & sensible as they ought to be. Take care [letter torn] yourself for the Drammy's sake. And so God be with you both[.]

Your friend,

W.E.H.

1 Ibister and Co., publishers.
3 A Vendetta in the West was not completed; see Swearingen, p.46.
5 The Overland Mail. A Newspaper published For Despatch by the Mail to India and the Eastern Settlements, via Brindisi. 10 July 1855-8 May 1914. The International has not been identified.
7 John Tulloch (1823-1886), editor of Fraser's Magazine. Fraser's Magazine for town and country, 26 February 1830-October 1882, a monthly.
8 Deacon Brodie.
9 George Smith, a character in Deacon Brodie.
11 The Pied Piper, a projected joint play; see Colvin, Letters, 2, 96.
12 Hester Noble.
13 The summer art exhibition at the Grosvenor Gallery, London. The picture was not undertaken.
14 The Leicester Mercury gives a "Mr.C.Henley" as playing the Caliph's Vizier in Ali Baba, and the Forty Thieves; see "The Pantomimes," The Leicester Mercury, 27 December 1879, p.4, col.3. The pantomime was at the Royal Opera House, Leicester,

15 Edward Frederick Smyth Pigott (1824-1895), barrister.
16 Hiram Reynolds Bloomer (1845-?), American painter.
17 The reviews have not been identified.
My dear Louis,

I think the Deakin's right at last. I saw Warner -- Coquelin's Coupeau -- on Sunday, & talked Deacon to him for close on three hours.

He was enthusiastic -- had read the monologue (second act) & following scene to several persons & never without tears. Unhappily he had got from it the idea that the Deacon was a good fellow at bottom. He thought the whole 4th act a mistake, & wanted the play to [----] close with what he called that "magnificent scene" at Leslie's -- the Deacon being shot by Hunt & dying a penitent.¹ I read through the play with him, however, & obliged him to admit that his view was bosh, & that if we suppressed our 4th act, we should have to reconstitute the play du fond au comble, approach the story under a new aspect, change the interest & the durée -- & generally, give him a Deacon of a different type to the deacon of his dreams. I arranged to see him again very shortly: he in the meanwhile being to take up the Deacon from the right point of view & consider his practicability.

Of course, I promised to make what cuts he pleased.
Curiously enough, he didn't seem to want a word of his part away: excepting the 4th act, & only there, I could see, because he takes it boldly, & sticks to every word we've written.

Our earliest chance is in the Autumn: when, on a new drama, the new[,,] clean[,] splendid Princesses will arise. If he says yes to it, in the Autumn it will be. He's far too much in love with the part & the play to put off his chance. Says he'll lift 'em out of their seats with it-- & upon my word I believe he will.

The fee, he thought, would be about £5 per night; I'll be satisfied with £6, & something down. All rights reserved, of course. When I tell you Charles Reade has made £9000 by his pimping, miserable, half-hearted Assommoir, you'll see that we ought to make a good deal of wins by our own affair. Here & in the provinces. And, if you're still an exile, in the States as well. Remember, though, that the Deacon must be produced here, in England, first, or we can't claim a penny, here or where you are.

Warner is a very amiable fellow, full of ambition of a modest kind & very confident in his own powers. When I tell you he did not see Gil-Naza & that his Coupeau is altogether his own, & owes nothing either to Zola or Charles Reade, you'll think he's right. In much of the Deacon he'll lick Irving into fits; in much Irving would lick him. On the whole, dear lad, if we
get him, we may chuck journalism & the penny novel for ever & a day. Gooch, he told me, would not spare in the matter of actors, & we'll have a good swabble [sic]. I begged to be allowed to help him with his part, & he acquiesced with gratitude. I shall I think, be able to manage any rehearsals admirably, & if you're not back by that time, I [shall] show you an ensemble that'll warm your heart when you do come. Voilà!

All this, & lots more, I wrote to Colvin yesterday, begging him to send you on the letter, as I'd a heavy review on to day, & was afraid I wouldn't be able to write you at all. I hope he will send it. In case he doesn't, note this: I as good as promised Warner the revision of Hester Noble -- indeed I offered help & opportunity as much as we could give, & suggested that there was no earthly reason that I knew of why the Lyceum should not be the first playhouse in London & not the princesses. In effect, I see none. And if you stick to me, dearlad, & we can do Hester & the rest, the first house in London the Princesses shall be. Mark my words, if it shan't. [rest of letter missing]

[written across the top of the first page by WEH]: but that's no matter. Here it is, & Sir ever will be, yours affectionately, George the Pieman, alias the Dook, alias W.E.Henley, your friend.
1 In the final version Hunt kills the Deacon with a sword.
2 The Princess Theatre, Oxford Street, London, closed on 19 May 1880 for rebuilding and reopened on 6 November 1880.
3 Gil-Naza, a French actor.
4 Walter Gooch, actor and manager of the Princess's Theatre, London.
5 The review has not been identified.
I haven't much more to say, dear lad, this mail than the last. But your letter the Georgian one -- has rejoiced me greatly;¹ & I write. There's no news yet of the "Emigrant." The last accounts of it were good, if a little peculiar. Macleod is anxious to keep it² -- would take it very ill if you withdrew it; but his arrangements for the year are made, & he would like to hold it over till 1881. To this we made no objection, provided he paid posh on the nail. If he would, it would be the best thing possible. The "Emigrant" is feeble, dull, pretentious; & if you saw it now, you'd wither & cower over it. If it be held over, you'll probably get a chance of rewriting.

I wrote off to Payn about the price of "Pavillion" [sic] at once. He hasn't replied; but I'll go see him to-morrow, & write you on Saturday. I thought the news would warm your heart. Stephen really thought as well of it as you do. Whether you'll get proofs of it I don't know. I shouldn't think you would. If you don't, I'll see it carefully through the press, as per M.S., & do my utmost to content you.

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The "Vendetta" we must think of as something destined for one of next year's mags. Let me have vol.I of it as soon as you can, & I'll consider which one it will do for. Remember, in its connection, it must be Mag. or nothing. If 'tis good & exciting, I'll try the Glasgow Herald with it, or try & work off a syndicate of country journals -- seven at a blow -- for it, as Payn does. I like the journal notion better than the Mag. one. They publish quicker & pay quite as well; & they don't hurt the London sale of the book. Only let me have as much "Vendetta" as you can as soon as you can. And you shall see. I should think the Glasgow tip a very good one indeed, & I'll speak to Colvin about it as soon's I see him.

I am very glad indeed to hear of "Don Juan" & "Hester." We must remember to get to work on another as soon as possible. The "Deacon's" fairly under weigh, we must succeed somehow & somewhere; & I ought to be hard at it on the next. I wish to God I'd kept that rough draft of "Hester" we drew up at Swanston. I would have turned you out a first sketch by this time. It's all I wanted, a thing of that kind. The "Piper" can wait; but one or other of the others we must do. You may guess, therefore, how I rejoice to hear that you see your way to consideration. To tell you the truth, my dear lad, I should very much prefer the scenario to the draft. I could do better -- far better
-- with it, & content you more. If you can, do let me have it. I'm inclined to think that between "Hester" & the "Don" we must have a third great success. The "Don" is a grand idea, but to do it well we must be pretty sure of ourselves, & to impose it on the public we must have the authority of at least three big & splendid hits. I know my public well; & the Deacon is certain to succeed. Nothing can prevent it -- not even the namelessness of one of its authors. But to cram down "Don Juan," we must have taken our place (as we shall) at the head of the modern drama & to do that we want more than we have. The "Duke's Heart" & the "Suicide Club" don't smile for the moment on me. Have you ever considered the practicability of Nihilism as a dramatic factor? The political ideal to hold a larger place than the sexual (but not to exclude it), & the Abstract Fanatic, of both sexes, to be incarnated in it? The argument & sentiment of both parties, the revolutionary & the reactionary, to be fully developed, & the nobility of the one as patient as that of the other? -- If it were practicable, & I think it is) a grand drama might be the result. At first glance, of course, the contrast which is needful in a good play seems out of it; but only at first glance. I shall think it over, & try & have imagination.

They are all devilish half-hearted about the Deacon's wickedness. Warner took him up as a man with
more possibilities of good in him than possibilities of evil; & now Colvin has gone to work on the last act & improved it down to the level of his own stomach. I've not yet seen the work, but I'll do so soon. Rely upon me to see that our poor bedevilled scarecrow gets full justice. I really think they'd like a pistol-shot & a penitent praying on his stomach; & I'm positive they don't know the public mind one bit. The Deacon is of a new order of things, & is strong enough to force his way down & out. By the way, it has only just occurred to me that, if we get him out, we'll be able to reckon d'advance on a year's decent income each, & do our "Esther," or whatever it is, at leisure & with no thought of the morrow. Put £5..5 per night as the minimum; & take a run of a hundred nights as a fair average; & we divide £525 between us. Exclusive all this, mind, of the provinces & what we may make in the states.

I've lost the Pall Mall Gazette, & shall be very poor now, & probably idle. So you see that if I'd the scenario, I'd be able to work at it; so you see that in pegging away at you as I do, I've reason enough to back me. Greenwood thinks that we differ too much on too many things for me to become a current Pall-Mallist; & I've no choice but to acquiesce & be damned. Now I've only the Athenaeum to depend upon, & shall be a long way poorer even than the Parson in a Wall-Columned
I've read the Jenkin's play, & shouldn't I like to rewrite it! Tis a noble drama, & honour the Jenk for it more than I can say. But O my Louis! isn't it badly written! There's more blank verse in it than I ever saw in a prosework before. I've felt constrained to tell the Jenk so, & I suppose I'll get a rasp & a rub-down that'll make my ears tingle. Never mind! We shall never beat it in the point of nobleness & charm -- our minds & tendencies are too generally tragic for that; but even in the poor despised Deacon, we've beaten it in style; & that's always something when a prodigy like Jenk's in question.

I shall write again on Saturday, so I'll shut this letter now. My dear mother has been, & is, very very ill. I hope the thing has turned, but I don't know. My wife is round with her now, doing like the dear soul she is. They are a pair of good women, & they love you with all their hearts. I think you should be proud of it.

Legros has shown himself of late a very good & companionable man. He helped Teddy off; he is taking a strong interest in Anthony; he has promised to paint Warner as the Deacon for next year's Grosvenor (& afterwards, it may be, for the Garrick Club Gallery) & to design the costumes & look after the stage groups. Bob & he get on right well together. Anthony is
painting right well & is now busied on a four-foot toile, painted in the oping [sic] hair. I've read both "Auguste" & the "Crime." They're rare sport, truly. But they're not bad neither. the "[?Slinfies]" is a work unknown to me except by name. I've not read anything of late except James's "Hawthorne," which is bloody good, & a work called "Old England," of which I send a review -- the last contributed by me to the P.M.G. By this same post, too, please expect a Figaro, with an interesting article on Victorien Sardou. I've purchased the works of that gent, & am going to do a study on him. Also the works of Gozzi -- a gent who wrote féeries in five acts, & who may possibly help us wi' the "Piper." Patrie, by the way, is bougrement corsée. Write soon. A letter from me by Saturday's mail, mind!

affectionately yours[

W.E.Henley

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1 WEH may be referring to RLS's letter of 23 January 1880 in which he signs himself "George the Pieman," after a character in Deacon Brodie; see Colvin, Letters, 2, 97-98.
2 Rev. Donald Macleod (?-1916), Celtic scholar and founding editor of Good Words 1872-1905.
3 The Glasgow Herald, a daily newspaper, 23 August 1859-present.
4 Don Juan, a projected play.
5 Projected plays.
6 Nihilism was a revolution against the existing religious, social and moral order in Russia. The term was coined by Turgenev in his novel Fathers and Sons (1862). Ivan Sergeevich Turgenev (1818-1883).
1883), Russian novelist and dramatist.


8 In a letter to WEH Jenkin accepts nine tenths of the criticism; see H.C. Fleeming Jenkin, Letter to W.E. Henley, 12 February 1880, MA 1617, Pierpont Morgan Library.

9 The Garrick Club, London, was founded in 1831. It houses a portrait gallery of actors and actresses.


11 Not identified.


15 No study has been identified.

16 Count Carlo Gozzi (1720-1806), Italian dramatist. "feeries" is a reference to plays with the theme of fairy stories.

17 Patrice, a play by Sardou, published in 1869.

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Letter No. 62 To Robert Louis Stevenson

MS: Beinecke 4734

1 The Parade,
Shepherds Bush W.

2 March 1880

Your last two letters, my dear lad, have warmed my heart a good deal. I got the last -- the Deacon -- *this* yesterday morning. I was glad to find you had not repudiated the play bodily. I was afraid you would.

I agree pretty much with all you say. I am just now preparing a final copy for Warner; I hope to see him on Thursday, & arrange for an early production to Gooch. I will send you a marked copy immediately; with all the corrections & excisions. These are not yet done, though they are sketched & decided on. And, if the play comes to the proof of rehearsal, they will not all stand.

I have rewritten the first scene *du fond une comble*. It is longer & more conversational but warmer & fuller & I think, better. I have given Mary & Leslie a little more to do in the way of lovemaking, & I have introduced some references to the Deacon's status & importance as a party-man -- designed to increase the sense we have of that other part of the double life, the part least in evidence. The excisions have been principally confined to the name of God & to the Deacon's virtuous sentiments. Everyone has found
the character inconsistent; principally, I think, because R.L.S. is such a much better hand at beautiful sentiment than at vice & cynicism. I believe, with you, that the Deacon's blackguardism is more strong & real than the Deacon's repentances; but others don't, & I am obliged to sacrifice. I believe that Frederick Lemaitre would have understanding & have accepted the part as we wrote it¹-- textually -- & would have made his audience accept it too, but others don't, our actor don't, & I've no choice. However, you'll see the revisions, & you can better on them if you will.

I am sick of the Deacon -- sick of talking writing, hoping about it. I am bound to add that I've a complete faith in it; unless I'm greatly mistaken in my public, it will be the greatest success we shall ever make. It is a bad play, but it is well written in many ways -- better written than anything I know; & it will play like thunder. Its great defect is a kind of febrile meagreness -- it is all nerves & skeleton. We took up a set of tremendous situations, & wrought at them carefully, unselfishly & earnestly as though we had been producing real literature. And I think we were mistaken. If Sardou had written Deacon Brodie, it would have been twice as long. In Esther Noble & the Duke we must envisager our situations otherwise. I have no fear of the results. They will not be perfect -- God knows! but they will be good sound manly work,
& the public will be grateful for them. If we do no more than clear the way for the real big man, we shall do as much as we need & more than, ere we wrote our poor old Deacon, we could have hoped.

There, dear lad, though I regret the Deacon in some ways I am glad of it in others. Jenkin takes us seriously as possible dramatists, & upon my word I do not see why we should be less charitable than Jenkin. Do you? What Mrs. Stevenson (is that right?) says about Thackeray & the musical glasses is quite right;² But in its way the Deacon's just as right as it. We will attempt the highest, & will do our best to hit it. If we fail -- well -- well! Shakespeare didn't always succeed. And, credit me, we shall not all fail. Je [n'] connais trop. We shall produce a quite respectable imitation of literature, & have a highly distinguished place and name in the British Theatre.

And we shall make money. I expect to clear between six & seven hundred as my share of the Deacon -- our first play. I see that Sothern has just paid Gilbert three thousand guineas for a fairy piece.³ Bancroft paid Sardou a thousand down ere a line of D.Rochester was written,⁴ & has forfeited every penny of it. When you consider that the Voyage only brought you £25 the theatre is worth trying.

You will please tell Mrs. Stevenson -- from me -- that, after what she has said about Mary Brodie, I
shall look with great suspicion on Clara Middleton.\textsuperscript{5} I'm afraid that woman no more understood men in art than men understand women. But that's by the way. By this post I send Arthur Mathison.\textsuperscript{6} You can give her that; &, when she's read it, box her ears with the "Deacon." Soundly.

I've been thinking over Esther & the Duke. Warner's the very man for both Roger & his Grace. As soon as you can let me have that scenario, let me have it, please. I am longing to get to work at it.

As regards the cast of the Deacon, our great difficulty lies in the Leslie & the Mary. All the others I can think of in the person of someone or other. The ideal would be as follows: Warner (Brodie), Chevalier [(]Old B. & Doctor)[,] E.J.Henley (George), MacIntyre (Moore), Hayes (Hunt), Macintosh [(]Ainslie), Louisa Gourlay (Jean Watt), Gibson (Lawson); Clayton & Marian Terry (Leslie & Mary).\textsuperscript{7} Most of these we may get; but I doubt the two last we will not even be able to hope for.

As regards our verse, it don't much matter as you say: & I'll change it out, parci, parler. It's a common fault. In Froude's "John Bunyan\textsuperscript{8}" -- a very clever book, by the way -- I found three within nine lines:

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"For in this world of change the point of view"

and so on. Then "The river which has

"Been gliding deep & slow along the plain,

"Leaps suddenly over a precipice

"And plunges foaming down a sunless gorge" --

which, I think, pretty steep.® When I get hold of your

Japanese friend® -- I've written to Payn to ask him to

send your copy to your parents -- I'll engage to turn
him into verse too -- or some of him. "O give him, heaven," shall come out, or I shall die.

Send us the Emigrant as soon as poss. Part One is
in the hands of the Diplomatic Keg.; & the D.K. wants
Part Two. Whether to accept or reject I know not. To
get Runciman to write you should write to Runciman. he
is awful anxious to be a gentleman, & stands much on
his dignity; then he's possessed -- or says so -- with
the idea that you don't want of him & can't be bothered
with hearing from him. As I wrote, he failed to sell
the Emigrant for Good Words; it came a month too late
for inclusion in this year's issue, & as, though they'd
have liked to keep it over till next -- 1881-- they
wouldn't pay rubis sur l'ongle, he withdrew it. This I
am sure, has a little dashed his spirits; for in small
matters he is accustomed to succeed. In my last note I
told you of Sutton's forgeries.® They extended over a
long period. Runciman saw him, & the wretch grovelled
& all very hideously. Therefore R. went to Ranken, in
whose employment Sutton is, made a clean breast of the
whole business, got a document exonerating himself in
past & future, & -- got Ranken to take Sutton again!
When I tell you that he has persuaded himself -- or
says so -- that Sutton has never injured him & that his
action in this business is the action of an âme forte,
you will see that whatever heights of self-deception he
had reached when you knew him, they were molehills to
the attitude he is winning now. I wish you'd write to
him. I am afraid he is not for our world. He is so
ergous & restless when he's here that he makes me
nervous too. I've had to bully him a great deal, & it
seems to do him no good. His vanity is the most
pretentious fact with which I'm acquainted. Do write
to him; & don't draw any parallels between yourself &
him. C'est aprez d'une fois. That letter of yours
which was right enough for you & me, did him, I'll take
my oath of it, more harm than good.

Lang I've not heard of for some weeks. He was
suffering from sleeplessness -- acutely. I must write
to Edinburgh about him. Bob's off to France on
Saturday; his uncle, A.Jones, has behaved like a brick
to him, & given him £50. He, I, Anthony & Legros are
all bound for Cambridge next Friday (the fifth), where
Legros is to paint before Colvin's pupils. As I think
I told you, Legros has taken a great fancy to Bob, &
may possibly do him good. Bob's great misfortune is, that he thinks nobody has taken him seriously. Legros & I are taking him very seriously indeed, & I do not despair of his doing good things this year. Anthony has painted a big, strong, dignified landscape; & is going to do another; we hope they'll go into the Grosvenor. Teddy has come home; full of spirits, crible with experiences, & desperately in earnest about acting. I think he's all right now. My mother's illness-- which for an hour meant fifty to one in favour of pyaemia is over; & she's getting well. At her worst she thought muckle of you, & spoke of you very affectingly. My wife is all right; she sends her love to both of you; we are poor but happy. As you'll see by the Fig. I post herewith, Labiche is an academician. Read the anniversary Hugo Banquet, & tell me, if you can, how they could have played the fence to the end. I am reading hard for a Sardou; but it seems far off yet. This is unpleasant, as I've no work & no money & no hopes. Knowles has heard of me -- as a possible of Belles Lettres for the XIX Century; but you know Knowles. Of the Hospitals, no word. Don't forget Hester & the Piper, there's a dear lad! I'm only sorry that we shan't have a play or two in hand by the time the Deacon's produced, that we may make our fortune right away, as it is, it shall not be my fault if we don't. So send scenario & be damned to
you. All my business suggestions in last letters hold good, mind. And so, God bless you both. I've all faith in you & all hopes.

Affectionately Yours,

W.E.H.

[Added by WEH to the left of the address]: Do you like G.S. yet? Or has he got fade? Did you get Labiche Athenaeum?

1 Frédéric Lemaître (1800-1876), French actor.
2 William Makepeace Thackerary (1811-1863), novelist.
3 "Mr. Sothern says that, although his new comedy, by Gilbert, has cost him 3,000 guineas, he would not take 6,000 guineas for it now," Era, 29 February 1880, p.6, col.1. The comedy was Foggerty's Fairy. W(illiam) S(chwenk) Gilbert (1836-1911), dramatist and opera writer. Edward Askew Sothern (1826-1881), actor. Era, a weekly theatrical journal, 30 September 1838-21 September 1939.
4 Squire Bancroft Bancroft (1841-1926), actor and manager of the Prince of Wales's Royal Theatre, London, from 29 September 1871 to 20 February 1880, and the Theatre Royal, Haymarket, from 31 August 1880 to 20 September 1888 and from 16 October 1888 to 27 September 1889. Sardou's play Rochester was not written.
5 Clara Middleton, a character in The Egoist.
6 Arthur Matthison (1826-1883), dramatist and actor. The work has not been identified.
7 Albert Chevalier (1861-1923); probably T(homas) P(ercival) Haynes (?1850-1915); John Alfred Clayton (1845-1888); and Marian Terry (?1841-1904). The rest have not been identified.
9 Not identified.
11 Not identified.
12 They were not in the exhibition.
13 An infection of the blood.
16 James Knowles (1831-1908), founder and editor of The Nineteenth Century.
17 This may be George Saintsbury's, A Primer of French Literature (London: Oxford University, Clarendon Press Series, 1880). George Edward Bateman Saintsbury (1845-1933), writer and literary critic. He was Professor of Rhetoric and English Literature at Edinburgh University from 1895 to 1915, a post for which WEH applied; see Letter No.415, 19 May 1895. Saintsbury was a contributor to London; see George Saintsbury, A Scrap Book (London: Macmillan and Co., Ltd, 1922), p.154.
18 [W.E.Henley], Rev. of Théâtre Complet de Eugène Labiche, The Athenaeum, 21 February 1880, pp.259-60.
My dear Louis[,]  

I got your two last letters to-day: one by first post this morning, the other at noon. God bless you for your good news of yourself. I wish (of course its no use) but I wish you had been married right away. It could have done no harm, & would have probably done great good. However, it's only got to be some other time. The sooner the better. You always were a most steep person in the way of kindness to other people; & I think that perhaps you're a little too steep in that way now & show too much respect for this person & too much consideration for that, & too much unselfishness to the other. Anyhow, I wish you were married & on your way home. In my way I'm as selfish as you are, & I want you back bitterly. So do we all. I'm afraid that, as for money-making goes you've taken up unpromising quarters. However, here's to you, dear lad, & with all my heart! Only, mind! -- The sooner the better!

The Deacon ain't so promising as once he were. Warner has no influence with Gooch & Gooch -- absolutely unlettered -- is mad for sensation, clous,
extraordinary effects, & is buying French melodramas like fun. However, we have arranged a reading to him; & next Sunday, if he's de retour from Paris, the trick will be done. The worst of it is that we come a little late. That accursed Irving, on whose grave may the jackass bog for ever & ever, has really done us no end of harm. Had he but given us an answer, yes or no, within three months, the Deacon would now have been a popular play. As it is, we may have to wait some months. I'm not at all sure that I shall close with Gooch unless there's a good prospect of our getting out the thing within a reasonable time. I think of the Adelphi (with Clayton & Taylor) as possible & even probable. The theatre's in a bad deveine, & I believe the proprietors -- who are penny-ice people named Gatti -- would go for us.

As to the production in America, we must make sure of how the law stands ere we attempt it. If your actor's an honest fellow, I don't know that there will be any harm in showing him the thing. But I'll see. Presently I'll send you a copy for him; together with the new first scene & the last scenes also (as Warner has shaped them), & a copy of the bulk of the play, with the excisions agreed upon. Herewith (as we're on the subject of copyright) an extract from the Daily News, which gives me strange thoughts about the Duke's Heart. I'm afraid we must make the play first, or that
you must so write the story as to hide its dramatic potentialities pretty carefully. But of that anon.

All right about "Hester." I'm not sure but I'll change the opening, & I feel pretty certain that Scene 11 will be Hester, Dorothy & Roger. Meantime, do you try & let me have the rest (11, 111, & 1IV) in detail. I don't want much; only the lie of the thing -- that, however, I must have. Have no fear as to the results. I told Warner about it, & he was much fetched. I think he believes in us. His constant cry is "Why didn't you do better? You've done so well that you ought to have done better. You've done so well that you may do, anything." He says we are capable of doing the biggest thing ever done since W.S. And so on. On the other hand, he is certainly an actor.

Warner thought Moore a gorgeous part; I think I'll teach that actor, he told me of[,] to make a Badger that'll make their hair curl! As for George S[,]. I expect it'll be Edward John Henley's first creation. If he's up to it, I certainly mean to consider the question.

Apart from this, I've no news. I've read Jenkin's play -- or rather, I've read a part of it. The Jenkin is very much on the spot in idea & intention; the possibilities of the thing are infinite; but it's as bald as my backside. I should like to try & rewrite it -- or rather write it in. Anthony's painted a picter
[sic] pronounced by Legros to be fit for the Grosvenor[.] he's going to try & paint one or two more of the same pattern. My Mother has been very ill; she is better now. She sends her love & blessing. So does my wife, who's very well indeed. So do we all. If you'd only think out the scenario of Hester -- rein que le scenario! I'd far rather have it than a first draft! -- I would bless ye, bless ye, dear kind gentleman, while there[']s breath in my body. So I wull, wulln't I?

Do try & get the scenario, dear lad! I'm doing nothing particular, & want it bad. Not the draft -- only the bald program of character & scenes.

We are to settle about the Emigrant to-morrow. News by next mail, therefore. Your stern parent has not said a word about the Deacon. Colvin sends an Athenaeum with a par. in it by yours truly.7 Read my letters carefully[,] I mean all I say; especially all that relates to business. I can sell, or get sold, all you do. Voilà.

Colvin sent me on your last -- the letter descriptive of life as it is to you. How I wish I could but drop down at 608 Bush St,8 chuck your little hatchet out of the window, & work you off on the spree -- as you used to walk me off in Edinburgh's historic streets. Never mind! here's a good letter, with glad tidings of good things! You're a poor correspondent &
don't deserve it. On to page 19 [rest of letter missing].

1 McKay, 4, 1393, reads the date as 28 March. The writer of this edition reads it as 23 March.
2 The Adelphi Theatre, the Strand, London.
3 Agostino and Stefano Gatti were the proprietors from 29 September 1878 to 28 September 1885. James Goulde Taylor (1837-1904), actor.
4 To obtain copyright in America before 1891 a book had to have its title deposited in Washington, and be published in Great Britain and America with a deposit copy within ten days in America and within two months in Great Britain. Failure to do this would enable the book to be pirated in America as the Americans considered a book protected only in its country of publication.
6 Shakespeare.
8 608 Bush Street, San Francisco, California.
9 This is written on the right hand edge of the page.
Ehem, my dear Louis! Ehem for Deacon Brodie! Vide enclosure; received last week from manager Gooch. Warner says it was refused because there was no room in it for scenic effect. Such is life.

It has gone to Clayton (whom I met tother night), & in due time I shall report progress. I don't hope so much as I did. But one man could play it, & that man is C.Warner. Probably Colvin will have either to build a theatre for us, or to find a married [?hammington]. Of such is the kingdom of heaven.. I am not going to despair, even of the Deacon; while as to what we are going to do, I've absolute faith in it. Your dream will come true; we shall be at least the gents who potentialise (a vile phrase!) the better order of things. Up, then, my heart! Abort, my hair. Imagination, I call on thee! Make me plots, & let them be good & full of noble people. No more [?grince] & no more devilery. The true dramatist is not an incarnate Del. Trem.² He is a person who lifts, consoles, strengthens, charms. And Deacon Brodie -- which has real style & real guts -- is an artistic crime as well as an artistic blunder. Warner is fascinated by the
part -- fascinated, eaten up, overcome with it; but he does not love it. He is a good man; & to be in love with the Deacon he would have to be as wicked as Frederick. He would play it, & with a mighty joy; but he would feel a martyr in it too. The Public could not sympathise with him, sympathise the public must; or the play goes to hell. One day we shall see him go heroically to the stage, & produce his Deacon; I shall feel assured of that. Meanwhile, he reads & admires &, aspires & hates. Rogue Denzil he would love; but he don't see his way to to John Farringdon. That play, my young & accomplished friend, is not yet made. Or rather, it's for later on. There's a screw loose in it somewhere. I think it must be a five act play. Act 1 "J.F." & Act 5 pretty much as it stands, with a daring concentration of all the interest on the man we've only seen in Act 1. In Act 1 we must take care to make him as good & noble & valiant as we can, & so make our audience in love with him. It must pass, the act must, in J.F's quarters, & must end with Cromwell's arrest of him. Or something of the sort; I leave the what to you.

As for the nihilistic [---] when you can. I'll get to work at it as soon as I get it. Last Sunday I met a good type -- one Lineff; also Hartmann of [?explicable] memory -- a curious little intellectual-rat kind of cove, with the face of a man who has suffered tortures & been half hunted to
death. So, you see, I'm preparing.

In thinking over characters -- chief ones -- remember this: that Warner's great quality, which is peculiar to him, is an irresistible amalgam of power & charm. He would play the Deacon superbly, because he is a great actor; but I'm not sure but he'd play Othello a d--d sight better. That reminds me, that play the Deacon he must & shall. I'll starve rather than give it to any one else. By the way, Kyrle Bellow makes Don Juan, not only possible, but a positive duty.

I've just looked at the "Agamemnon." Ah, my dear lad, what devils those Greeks Gents were! Talk to me of Sardou & Augier, of Dumas & those other little[ , ] little nastinesses we know of after that! Even W.S. had best avoid the comparisons! What simplicity, dignity, strength, humanity! By God, I am as ashamed of Deacon Brodie as if I had been publicly whipped for it.

I hear that you've been very ill & are still far from well. I need not tell you what we felt, my wife & I. We love you so much that to lose you would be like losing a part of ourselves. Of course I believe in you & the future. Your work, whether as man or poet, is not yet done; & if you were to go in for dying just now, you would have betrayed your trust. Of course you are taking care of your poor old frame, of course you
will presently be returned to us, sound in body &
strong in mind. I understand that you are forbid to
work. You must not believe from what has gone before
that I want you to make any exception in favour of
plays. God forbid! Only you must think, & you may as
well think about plays as any thing else. Away among
the beautiful hills, with God's own heaven blue above
you & God's own breath a blowing round you in the
mountains, you will soon recover health & strength. I
pray God that all be better with you even now. Think
of us sometimes; & think of me, that if I have [----]
thought a little angrily of you I never thought hardly,
& that my very discontent has been as [dish--------ted]
as friendship itself. Remember that, for all our
sakes, you've got to get well. We should like to have
you here, but we will wait patiently till you can come,
& find know us once more for the friends we are. And
so, God be with you.

Your friend,

W.E.Henley

[Added by WEH to the left of the address]: Anthony, my
mother, everyone sends his love & hope.

1  McKay, 4, 1393, reads the date as 20 April. The
writer of this edition reads 26 April.
2  Delirium Tremens.
3  Frederick is not identified.
4  Rogue Denzil is a character in Hester Noble; see
Swearingen, p.39. John Farringdon, a projected
play.
5 Not identified.
6 Not identified.
7 Harold Kyrle Bellow (1855-1911), actor and dramatist. Don Juan is probably a projected play.
8 Agamemnon, a play by the Greek dramatist and poet Aeschylus (525 B.C.-456 B.C.).
9 Alexandre Dumas père (1802-1870), French novelist and dramatist.
51 Richmond Gardens[,]  
Shepherds Bush W.¹  
15 June 1880

Your letter, dear lad, arrive most welcome. These are indeed tidings of great joy.² May both of you be happy in each other always; you have fairly earned the right. Now the good time has come, I don't suppose it will be in a hurry to go. There is much good in that thought, isn't there? believe me, we all feel the happier for the knowledge of your happiness. And, Sir, even will be, George the Pieman.

I've not much time to-day, & a heap of things to talk about. So I'd better begin on the Essential. I am not much in love with the "House Divided."³ It is no more made than "Hester"; indeed, we know the story far less well than Miss Noble's. It wants a good deal of combing & cutting; then, truth to tell, I funk, I horribly funk, that big situation. A father licking his son avec son steak! I think it impossible. The B.P. would never stand it. Of Vanda I've already spoken;⁴ I shall think it all over again, & let you have a solemn letter, critical & objective. Meanwhile, try & look at the thing in some other way. You have the idea; -- father & son, & Loyal Combat;⁵ & you have the [ ] situation -- the provocation; on political & - 324 -
domestic grounds, of son by father. But the shape of
the situation is horribly strange & unpleasing; & the
story into which you have developed the idea is neither
simple enough to be coherent or intelligible, nor human
enough to be tragic, nor inhuman & eventful enough to
be melodramatic. Try again. As regards "Hester,"
don't be afraid of the Actor. Any one would bound on
the double part, & do it with joy. I'll wait as long
as you please; we shall never be too strong to do it
well. Shakespeare himself might have been proud to be
asked for a collaborator. As regards "Brodie," I'll
draft a scene & send it off to you shortly; when my
mind is easier about other things.

As to the present: now that you are happy & at
rest, dream a little of plots. Let the "Combat" idea
lie germinating for a while, & turn to other things.
Let me have good scenario soon: simple, human,
striking; pathetic in type but kindly in aim; & I'll
answer for the success of it. "Hester" & the "Combat"
are both to be done; or I shall have lived in vain.
But not yet. Try me something less ingenious & more
common, less debatable & more generally sympathetic.
And by the time you return, there shall be a brilliant
first draft for the pair of us to work at & finish out
of hand. Your game of playmaking has rejoiced my heart
more than I can say; & to Colvin it will be the best
news he's had for many a long day. Go on & fear not. I
am, slowly but steadily, going among actors, & for the
next drammy we do we shall have, I promise you, no need
of introduction.

I had a long talk with John Clayton 'tother
morning. You know him -- an admirable actor. His
talk, my boy, is better than his acting. He criticised
the Brodie pretty roughly. Idea, but no plot;
situation, but no story. "Damme, the thing's no play
at all; it's a bastard; it's worse than a bastard --
it's an abortion; all head, & yet with a hand that hits
you now & then." And so on. Then we fell to talk
about plays in general. I suggested Hester was a good
one; he thought not (he's the Hugh Trevor of "All For
Her") to needlessly unhappy. I said, did he mean to
banish tragedy? No, he didn't; but to dabble
successfully in blood we ought to be Hugo or
Shakespeare. I assented cheerfully enough, promising
myself to upset him with "Hester" done & splendid &
made some one of these days. Then he told me that he
adored melodrama. "What I want is a cloak, & a hat, &
a broadsword, & a badge, & what they call 'a cut word';
& then I can go in!" You would have wept on his neck; I
did -- almost. But says, I, where are your openings
for melodrama? Ah, says he, for the moment there are
but two, these two -- Gooch & Gatti -- are as good as
none. Then, says I, you & Stevenson & I are
superfluous? "Not a bit of it," says he. "] The time
& the manager must come, & they will come. And soon!
Meanwhile, where are your plays? Suppose that I want
to open a theatre to-morrow, what would you do?" ["I
should bring you the Deacon!"] "And I should refuse it.
E poi?" ["]I should say I'll write you one quick.["] "My dear Sir, your promise is waste paper.
My theatre opens next week. I must try someone else!"
I was greatly cheered & comforted by the critic view,
though, as Boncicault's son-in-law & an admirer of
Scribe, I saw that Clayton's idea of what a play
should be & mine were different. In effect, dear lad,
where are our plays? There's the Deacon -- and -- and
-- there's the Deacon! What we must do is write, &
still write, & again write; & after the trick is done,
rest on our oars, & work off the old stuff. The Deacon
is done & one day the "Deacon" will bring in coins.
Meanwhile, abort my brains, & produce scenarios.
"Hester" is pretty well made, the "Combat" is in gear;
there must be more yet. Et pas plus vite que ça! So
fork out.

Colvin has a lovely Lionnese story; a story made
for a play & nothing else. He burns to see his name in
l.c.s. on hoardings & programs with ours. I'll send
it to you to hammer at shortly -- as soon as ever I can
get it. I have forced Jenkin to eat the first draft of
"Griselda," & I am busily engaged in forcing him to eat
the second. He is taking it all splendidly, & is going

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to try & write something like prose. I am pretty sure Griselda will end as a real piece of literature. He despairs, I think, that we shall ever do a play, owing to our habit of making structures & stories first. As for me, I am doing very little & earning next to nothing. And I really think of trying to write a burlesque — "Culture";¹⁰ the love story of an aesthetic Fellow of St. Hobannob's & the lovely & aesthetic Lady Clara Vere de Vere, daughter of the Bishop of Oxchester (fr. Oxetter). The Fellow has disguised himself as an Italian model for love of Lady Clara; he is III il bello Alessandro; he wears a picturesque suit of clo' & bears an organ; he has been engaged to serve as a picturesque accessory in the Bishop's park. Scene 1, the Park; Alessandro discovered reclining on his organ in a mediaeval-model attitude. Ballades & rondels & aesthetic verses; symphonies, in Gregorian music [on] the hurdy gurdy. Enter Clara, with easel, etc. Scene. Enter the Aesthetic Lord Mayor (with ditto sword & di. macebearer) Alessandro's rival. Scene à trois. And so on. Scene II, Clara's boudoir. You see the decoration from here. Five o'clock tea; Clara & her aesthetic companions. Clara in love & so on. Enter the Bishop; a Jingo & Philistine Scene. The Bishop praises Frith;¹¹ all faint. Sandro's orgin [sic] heard without; joy of Clara & disgust of Bishop. Enter Sandro, orgin & all.
Scene, culminating in sad & solemn breakdown of whole company, to Sandro's orgin. Scene III; the Bishop's library. Clara wooed & won by Lord Mayor (with Mace & Sword) enter Alessandro; scene of passion. Alessandro denounces the Lord Mayor as a reader of Greenwood's new journal & as having (in secret) the finest collection of Dutch pictures in England. Disgust & rapture of Clara. Come to my arms, says sandro! "D--n it," says the Bishop, (an out & out Lowchurchman)"this is really too steep. My Clara has run off with an organgrinding model. Come, come!" "Old man," says Sandro, "I am not what I seem." He takes off his coat, & all the AEsthetics point to his braces & shriek. Wildly excited, And apologetic in gesture, he proceeds to unbutton his bags; & all the Aesthetics faint dead off. Enter his gyp; a solemn cove in black, who spreads the Times en écran before his wild master. Then, Discovery of Sandro in cap & gown, backed by chorus of Senior Wranglers come to do him honour! The Bishop awful proud; Clara do.; Lord mayor stumped completely. "Take her & be happy, dear Boy!" says the Bishop[,]"I care not how soon I am a grandsire!" Fellow utters a piteous shriek, regards the Bishop delicately, & faints dead away. Clara reproves her father majestically, & Fellow is brought to his senses. He forgives the Bishop, & announces his intention of living henceforth at his Lady's feet, the husband only of her soul. And

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so on, & so on! Whether I shall do it, whether is's worth doing, I don't yet know. If you can make anything like an intrigue for it, brief & simple, do like a dear boy, do.

Queen Anne is coming to town to play the Cassandra & Clytemnestra. You should be here to see them! Sarah has been here for a month, & I've given her her paiks pretty free. Vide enclosure. Also in P.M.G. Morley who is now editing P.M.G. admits that I can do drammy & acting no end: says he likes my work & it's all that even Colvin's fancy painted; but he has an "old friend," let. & the O.F. is to do his drammy. The said O.F.'s supposed to be Minto: according to Wollock, Minto's the worst critic in the world. Such is life! Whether Morley will give me books, as he said he would, whether he'll let me do him Coquelin & the Palais-Royal as he said he wanted to let me, I know not. Meanwhile, I am idle & not content

Bob has been Beethovenising most free of late. Bloomer has a hundred & fifty in commissions since he got the cimaise in the Grosvenor. Bob has sold nought; nor has Anthony, who is shabby beyond belief. Debts are accumulating largely about us both. Meanwhile Anthony sticks to his work, & he is painting very well. Colvin, who is really a born angel, & whom I see very much of -- as much as I suppose as most people -- is trying to help him to a sale; & will, I feel sure
succeed. What good things good men are! I wish I were one myself. Meanwhile, the next best thing is to have good men for one's intimates & friends -- as, God be thanked! I have. Runciman has been d--d ill -- damnation ill. Awhile ago, he got egregiously testy & shifty & proud; I saw him no more; so that he wrote to me saying that there was a shadow between us & of his making. Then, his head being gone so far, his kidneys struck work altogether, & he was d--d queer for some days. At last, he has thrown up his work & gone away. I've been preaching, praying, bullying, laughing at him to do the same for months & months past. This time I think he has got a sickener, & won't be such an infernal fool any more. I've the MS. of Simpson's book in my drawer; I want to bring it out for him. I forgot to tell you that Charles Baxter is Second Chorus -- an [?Arguee] Elder -- in the Agamemnon, & will sustain that part in London here next month. Also that one of Smurock's pups is coming shortly to reside with us. Also that I saw & saluted Smurock while I was north. Also, that I've not yet read the Thoreau. Also that Lang has published a charming little book of "Ballades in Blue China." Also that I've met Comyns Carr & like him (as you did) very much. Also that "La Cagnotte," "Le Plus Heureux," & "L'Affaire de la Rue Lourcine" are to be played here next week & after. Also that Coquelin is in town, & that I'll very
possibly meet & talk Molierè to him.

I said at the Savile 'tother day that I believed you'd be home in the Autumn ("It's home, Deary, home! And it's home you ought to be!") & everybody was overjoyed. Wife or no wife, I doubt there'll be a good deal of two in the morning to begin with; my own wife thinks so too, & will, I doubt not, aid & abet in the work. She sends her kind love to you both; with all the wishes of her heart for your welfare & happiness. So, I am sure, do all that know you. And so, God bless you,

Yours Affectionately[,] 

W.E.Henley

1 The first known extant letter from this address is in January 1880; see W.E.Henley, Letter to Charles Baxter, 10 January 1880, Beinecke uncatalogued, Yale University. Between that letter and this are seven known extant letters from 1 The Parade.

2 RLS had married Fanny Osbourne.

3 WEH had received a draft of RLS's play The House Divided; Fate of the House which, due to WEH's criticisms in this letter, was later abandoned; see Swearingen, p.52.

4 Presumably the projected but unwritten play, The Passing of Vanderdecken: (Legend!) in Four Acts; see Swearingen, p.92.

5 Loyal Combat, a projected play.

6 All for Her, a play by John Palgrave Simpson (1807-1887) and Herman Merivale (1839-1906).

7 Dion Boncicault (1820-1890), Irish dramatist. He wrote or adapted some two hundred plays. (Augustuine-) Eugène Scribe (1791-1861), French dramatist.

8 Lyonesse was the site of the final battle between King Arthur and his half-brother Mordred.

9 Large coloured signs?

10 Not written.
11 William Powell Frith (1819-1909), artist.
12 Greenwood's new journal was the daily St. James's Gazette, 31 May 1880-13 March 1905.
13 The performance has not been identified.
14 Sarah Bernhardt was appearing in three French plays at the Gaiety Theatre from 24 May 1880 to 19 June 1880. The enclosure was probably WEH's unsigned article, "Mdlle. Sarah Bernhardt," The Manchester Guardian, 31 May 1880, p.5, col.6; see Lucas, pp.120-21. The Manchester Guardian, a daily newspaper, 1821-1959, then The Guardian to present. 
17 William Minto (1845-1893), critic and writer. Professor of Logic and English Literature, Aberdeen University 1880-1893. The old friend was Joseph Knight; see Letter No.91, 15 June 1880.
18 W.H.Pollock.
19 The Palais Royal Company was at the Gaiety Theatre from 21 June 1880 to 16 July 1880. It is not known whether WEH reviewed the performances.
20 Presumably attending concerts rather than writing reviews.
21 Not identified.
22 Andrew Lang, XXII Ballades in Blue China (London: Kegan Paul, 1880).
24 The Palais Royal Company.
25 RLS returned in August 1880.
I've been a-meaning to write this long time, my boy, but I've never managed to make my meaning clear; even to myself; till now. Last night, however, I received the two facts of your message. I am greatly obliged for them. They fit me, & I have 'em on. I have had 'em on all morning -- & all morning, I need hardly say, I have been beset with bawdy thoughts & impure imaginings. Voilà. I am grateful all the same; as, for the rest, without any telling from me, you know.

And I am more grateful still for the service you have rendered us over the shop. I don't know much about it; but I am given to understand that you've been kindness itself. As is your nature to. The next time I see you I'll promise to be fon wi'ye (forgive the pedantry) by way of thanks. And if there's any other way in which I can render unto Baxter those thanks which are Baxter's, why I'd thank you to trot it out, & give the honour of a name.

I am bloody poor, & have no prospects. Except the very gloomy one of having a little to do for Truth. Don't scorn me when I tell you that, gloomy as it is, I
am glad to command it. The new P.M.G. & I do not agree. I don't know why; except it be that I am au
fond, (more Scotch, you see!) a duffer. At present, I am mainly busied upon a new immortal work,3 destined to revive the tarnished glories of the British Stage, & which I have as much chance of producing as if I were an inmate of Colney Hatch -- the local Morningside.4 Of that anon.

Simpson gave me strange accounts of your attitude towards the Emigrant's Bride. I wish they had been incredible as well as strange; but, as you know, I can believe anything of you. Was it you, by the way, who sent me Fraser, per Douglas & Foulis?5 Or was it the Baronet?6 Whoever it was, much thanks to him. Mr.Thomson is poorer than I've ever known him.7

Our kindest regards to Mrs.Baxter. And more to that beautiful Broadwood of yours. I am learning some Beethoven specially for its sake; & when I come north, which I hope to do again ere I die, you shall judge of the effect. I wish you'd wade in on your own account. It makes me wild to think of that lovely piano a mere futility & the good pianist who might be a mere potentialist. I don't know whose is the more prevented & unnatural destiny, yours or the instruments.

Write when you can. We are friends enough to keep silence & inflect neglect, & letters are not much after all. But write when you can, all the same.

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Affectionately Yours,

W.E.H.

1 This may be a reference to 1 Goldhawk Road, Shepherds Bush. According to Williamson, pp.66-67, WEH and Anna moved there after their wedding in 1878. No letters bearing this address are known. They lived over a grocer's shop.

2 No articles have been identified.

3 Not identified.

4 Colney Hatch was the local lunatic asylum. The Royal Edinburgh Hospital, Morningside, was, and still is, a mental hospital in Edinburgh.

5 This was probably a reference to an article by RLS; see Robert Louis Stevenson, "The Old Pacific Capital," Fraser's Magazine, 131 (November 1880), 647-57. Douglas and Foulis, booksellers, 9 Castle Street, Edinburgh.

6 Simpson.

7 Possibly RLS's father.
Letter No. 67 To Robert Louis Stevenson
MS: Beinecke 4745

51 Richmond Gardings[
Shepherds Bush W[.

Tuesday
[15 March 1881]¹

I was glad, indeed, of your letter, my dear lad. And I hasten to say so. I shan't write much, having fish to fry that won't bear keeping. Sprats -- sprats; & be d--d to them but. But fish, & therefore salable.

About Henry James. I think you look at him too loftily: as from a Pizgah,² where honest plain idiots like myself can't follow. And I think you do not do the man full justice in another respect. You don't, or won't see that he's perfectly sincere -- that he's not a humbug & a liar like W.M.T. but that he speaks out as much of the better as is visible to him.³ The excellence of his workmanship, too, appears to have made you forget that he is passing through a certain stage of development, & not yet himself. I am much mistaken if that's not so, at all events: but I may be in error, so I won't push it. As regards the cynicism -- voyons, voyons! James is a child of a miserable & cynical age -- the age of Balzac, Turguenieff, Zola, Flaubert, Thackeray, the Goncourt people;⁴ & he writes as his epoch bids him. He is not heroic, I grant; & he likes to treat of failures. But I don't find him
cynical, & I don't find that he leaves a bad taste in the mouth. On the contrary, he is, to any thinking, a good deal too dispassionate & too full of amenity. "Washington Square" is unhappily enough in its way, but look how revoltingly discomforting it might -- & would -- have been if any one of the gents I've named above had done it. To me, it's merely a piece of pure prose -- conceived, constructed, executed by a man who is prose incarnate. As the man is exceedingly good tempered, & as the man's work is irreproachable of its kind, I am uncommon glad to know both the one & the other. The common place is not my game, as you know; but of such quintessence of the commonplace as "Washington Square" -- clear of bad temper, clear of cruelty & of malice, free from vileness -- I shall welcome as many as come right heartily.

"Fizzle" is too strong; but that H.J. was ever looked upon as "an open air stand-up man" by anybody but yourself, I never heard. All the same, his work has the human quality in it; & that is just now a rare enough commodity to make me grateful for it when I happen to see it.

I haven't read the "Reminiscences." I wish I had. Colvin promised 'em, but he seems too busy to do anything but overwork himself, just now, & I haven't yet seen his promise realised. Soon I shall, no doubt, & then I'll communicate. Meanwhile, I've seen
extracts, & they don't, to me, seem calculated to better the old boy's reputation, either for good sense or good feeling. I thank God that his work is what we know, or the howl about him would be just now loud -- loud, my boy, & the condemnation pretty general. I can't help suspecting that the book will modify the best men's judgements not a little, & that his biography will resolve itself into a study of an abnormal egoism, as intense & almost as savage as George Meredith's, & with a twist in it, of melancholia & of hypochondriasis, that makes it monstrous -- like a distorted oak, tortured by storms -- & gives it something of a fantastic & grotesque quality, which is lacking in the other. Egoism for egoism, I prefer the egoism of Dickens; it was more generous & kindly in itself, & infinitely more benificent in its action. I suppose I am wrong, but I can't help it.

And this mention of Caryle's extraordinary contempt for all the world that wasn't sib to him, brings me to a very curious reflection. Have you not observed that, consistent with the "honourable catholicity" you noted in Swinburne 'tother day, & which is apparently the aim & object of every writing person in these times, there is to be seen in action a passion for depreciation as well? We are all of us inclined to make most damnably light of each other. I come for cash, I know; and so are many others I could name. The human is to be
generous, & even exquisite in print; & *de vive voix*,
the exact reverse. In both these ways, & by both these
means, the critic proves his superiority -- his
peculiar & unquestionable superiority; & he is happy.
I don't believe I am, myself, so violently carried away
from grace as most men; for there's something canine in
me, & I take a pleasure in the recognition of
superiorities. But oh! Louis, if it were not so, how
bloody ill natured & right I could be! I am going to
gibbet William Black for his "Sunshine";7 very shortly.
And if my temper doesn't sweeten between this hence &
then, the poor intense letters man will catch it.

You will like Saintsbury's "Dryden."8 Four-fifths
of it are damn good -- as good as I want to read. The
other fifth, Dryden as a dramatist, is not good at all.
I am sorry for this because I had to fall foul of
Saintsbury for his drama games in the "Primer of French
Literature";9 & I shan't be honest if I don't fall foul
of him again. I think I must content to be dishonest
for the nonce, rather than blow about the drama any
more. It looks so much as if you thought that you only
knew anything at all about it! By the way, I believe
that you and I and Fleeming Jenkin are the only three
men in England who do; but it doesn't do to say so --
either in print or *de vive voix*. All this to the
contrary, Saintsbury's damn instructive & sensible on
many points, & I feel sure that you'll read him with

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the greatest pleasure.

As regards the Swinburne article,¹⁰ we praised it piecemeal. I read the Rizpah page,¹¹ & refrained from the rest; you read the rest, & refrained from the Rizpah page. Voilà. Only you've been luckier than I, for you carried away with you matters for gratitude & an honourable kindliness; while as for me I got nothing but stuff for wrath & scorn. Thus was it ever.

What in the world put it into your head to write to Morley, you dear & generous & delightful jackass, you? Did you really expect that a Roman-Brumagen cove like him was going back on his opinion for a mere Sentimental Journalist like you?¹² God bless you all the same. I wouldn't have let you do it if I had fully understood your little game; but since it's done, why God bless the gent as done it. I should like to know what he said, if you don't mind telling me, for the wretch is an able wretch in his way (I wish I were as half as able, d--n him!), & it might be useful to me. As he sacked me without a word of warning or advice, I'm not ashamed to confess myself curious in the matter. I can hardly think it was my prose -- altogether my prose at any rate. I believe it was my opinions; & my manners. These communistic people are greatly afflicted with personal dignity; & for a capacity of universal dogmatism commend me to your professional anarchist! -- Are these remarks unworthy?

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Bon! then I withdraw them. But I was, & am, very sore; & from the attack of dry-rot which I owe to the Able bird in question, from the demoralisation consequent on his proceedings, I haven't yet recovered. So my spitefulness is explicable, if it's also inexcusable.

When's your "Pepys" a-coming out? Soon, I hope. And what news is there to hand of "Virginibus Puerisque"? What says the diplomatic Kegan? Answer, answer, for information there is none.

I think my Berlioz (on which I ought to be hard at work this minute) will be readable enough. But long articles are not my game at all. Et puis, I am a stupid cove, & know not whether I do well or ill. I may have at the mags, like fun, but it's beating the air, & nothing else, dear lad. I have had a fair offer at letters, & -- somehow or other -- I have failed. That I shall succeed I haven't the faintest hope. What I am doing now, & what I expect to have to do while I live, is for bread & cheese & onions. I am like Falstaff's boy:-- "I would give all my hopes of fame for a pot of ale & solvency." I have discovered Beethoven, & the rest may go hang. What says C.Sly Esq[.]? "Come, madame wife, sit by my side, & let the world slide. We shall ne'er be younger." Isn't that sound philosophy? It's mine -- at least for the moment; & I defy Morley, with all his logic, to prove that I'm not wiser than he is. Perhaps the play will
come off one of these years; but après? I answer myself with the reflection that Teddy is going to be a good actor & that Anthony's landscapes are getting, year by year, to be more & more like Art, with a great A. They are partly my creations, & -- for the moment, at least! -- I am content. Insolvency is not a pleasant state; & just now I am quite too insolvent to be thought about with composure. But I'd rather be stone-broke than such a ghastly caricature of greatness than Meredith, or such a beautiful expression of the Ridiculously clever as Gosse, or such a monstrous abortion of success as Zola. All for the moment, mind you! What I shall think the day after to-morrow is, as R.L.S. would say (that bright & pleasant creature, R.L.S. -- Do you know him?) "another pair of sleeves."

For the present, there are some thousands of ideas, by J.L.[sic] Beethoven, to be read; & that's enough.

Symonds must be a curious bird.™ I should like to see you two together a good deal. And I should enjoy a talk about him horrid. When is one to be expected? He's at it again, like a good 'un, too, in the current Cornhill.™ Foregad, these fellows [make] such affection out of everything. Their mothers must have bred them in a place like Abbotsford.™ among French jewellery, & in the wake of Bulwer Lytton.™

M.StrógoFF was produced last night.™ A great success; but Warner cut his hand horribly in the fight,
in the last scene. Ted seems to have done capitally. The great Byron was very nice to him. Warner was bereft of a good deal of blood, & fainted largely. Ted says that he (Ted) was the only one who kept cool, & that he it was who sent for the doctor, & directed the others, who were all off their heads, to ligature the wrist & keep out the fingers of the injured hand. But if this is true or not I don't know. If true it is, Warner ought to be grateful. How the devil they came to be playing with a cutting knife I can't say. But they were, & it pierced the actor's hand, at the palm, almost through, cutting a tendon, & making a very nasty hole. I [rest of letter missing].

1 McKay, 4, 1395, suggests June as the month. This letter can be dated from the production of Michael Strogoff at the Adelphi Theatre, London; see note 22 below.
2 Not identified.
3 Thackeray.
4 The brothers Edmond Goncourt (1822-1896) and Jules de Goncourt (1830-1870), French writers.
9 WEH may be referring to an unidentified review.
10 A.C. Swinburne, "Tennyson and Musset," The Fortnightly Review, n.s. 29 (February 1881), 129-53.
11 A twenty-seven verse poem by Tennyson; see Alfred - 344 -

12 "Roman-Brummagen" may refer to Morley's friendship with the liberal politician Joseph Chamberlain (1836-1914) of Birmingham. Brum is a colloquial term for Birmingham.


16 "I would give all my fame for a pot of ale, and safety," Henry V, Act III, Scene ii.

17 Christopher Sly in Shakespeare's Taming of the Shrew, Introduction, Scene ii.

18 John Addington Symonds (1840-1893), writer, critic and poet.


20 The home of Sir Walter Scott.

21 Edward George Earle Bulwer-Lytton (1803-1873), novelist and politician. Created Baron Lytton in 1866.

22 Michael Strogoff, a play by Henry James Byron (1834-1884), which opened at the Adelphi Theatre, London, on 14 March 1881 and closed on 8 July 1881.
My dear Colvin[,]  

I don't know how or why it is that I have left you letterless for so long. One reason is that I've been dreadfully inert of mornings lately, & that my evenings have been full & too full. Another, that I hoped you'd have been able to scribble a word or two of news to me. 

By your silence I knew that the worst had happened; & I fear that as you say no word, you are in great trouble. Be sure that I have thought of your poor mother very often. I wish I could do something to show my sympathy. Be sure that she is much & often in my thoughts, & that I shall be truly grateful for good news of her.

I have nothing much to say. I have done a lot for "Our Times" including a notice of the Millais Gallery, which I wonder how you'll like.¹ I had to take up the Fine Arts at the last moment, as Gosse deserted; & I did the Millais lot, the Painter-Etcher, & the French Gallery. Of these notices I have just seen a revise (so-called) reeking with errors. The "Romeo & Juliette" & the theatres I didn't see in proof,² & I

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shudder to think what they will turn out to be. If I'd had them, I wouldn't have minded, but I haven't. I was writing with difficulty when I did them, & got very clotted & congested; And I thought with joy of proofs, & the corrections & improvements I'd be able to make. Unhappily, I have been deceived.

I have done a Legros for Huish; but I can't settle down to the Millet yet. I am to get but £10 for it; & I am restricted to 10 pp., of biography criticism, description of 20 illustrations. It will be a pitiful work. Pollock has sent me a novel from the S.R., but hasn't printed either of the articles he has in hand.

Other literary news I've none.

Gosse's "English Odes" are nicely selected, but he omits M. Arnold's works from his scheme, & has rather murdered a very clever & able introduction by dragging in a reference to the "unequalled drama of Erechtheus." Tell Louis I shall write to him when I've read the dedication. I am told that it is very nice indeed, so that I shall probably write gratefully.

Lang came in to-day, & wished he hadn't called the work "Virginibus Puerisque." Says he went & asked for it in a shop, & they knew nothing about it, & regarded it -- evidently -- as a companion work to the "Elegantiae" & the letters of the Elder Perdonian. A good notice has appeared in the P.M.G. I haven't read it, but both Jenkin & Lang say it's very nice.
I am a good deal surprised to find that the dedication has not operated any change in my morality, nor my intelligence. Nor has it added any part -- even the least -- of a cubit to my stature. How is this? Is it usual? or am I an exception?

Tell Lewis (show him this letter[,] it will be best) that I wrote to his father about "Boxiana,"12 & that if he will send to 17 Heriot Row the name & address of the gent of whom the work was borrowed, the work will presently be borrowed for me. When I shall shortly earn £12 or so, & bless him, bless him while there's breath in my body.13

The new Legros etchings are very fine indeed; incomparably the best in the Gallery. Talking of etchings, we have all gone mad over Piranesi,14 whom we perceive to have been as great an aquafortist as Rembrandt. How is it that nobody ever says the strong things about right people? Here are a parcel of Burtys & Colvins & Carrs going off their highly aesthetic heads about Meryon,15 & leaving Piranesi -- the giant P., the "M.Angelo of Architecture," as poynter calls him16 -- unhonoured & unsung! I am going to point this out in an article on Piranesi, & opine that P. is on the whole superior to the celebrated Whistler.17

The Grosvenor show promises to be sportive this year. No Burne Jones,18, only a couple of Legros, a whole cargo of Halle's,19 & a vast & weird "intensity"
by the gifted Sir Coutts Lindsay. I am to do it for Duffield, who is much taken, by the way, with my Millais, & considers me a highly accomplished gent. I am also to do him Mrs. Kendal's "Money-Spinner," & Irving's Doricourt. How I am to manage I don't know; I shall strike for tickets. Just now, I am feebly endeavouring to compass seats, for Bob & myself, for the "Episode de la Vie d'Un Artiste" (Berlioz) & Richter's First Concert (9th May), when I shall hear the Ninth Symphony, which -- for reasons known to you -- I did not hear last year. Also for Gluck's Orfeo & Wagner's "Tristan," which I mean to know or perish.

Last night Jenkin & I went to the Gaiety. Connie Gilchrist is charming & full of talent. Terry is funny. Farren is Farren. Afterwards, I sat at the Savile talking Cervantes with his accomplished translator. To-day I have had a bad headache, & feel corpse-like in the extreme.

Bob is studying water-colours hard under the direction of your brother Slade. Tother night we heard some Handel together. How is it that the English mind revolts and scunner so much at style? The performance (Costa's) was ignobly instructive. Nothing seemed left of Handel but the sense of mass & the power. All the delicacy, all the dignity, all the pomp, all the distinction had vanished: replaced by a kind of bourgeois religiosity -- quite foreign to
Handel & his art -- & sentiment of the lewdest épicière type. In Handel's room there stood a species of [??primus] drum-major. All the papers said the performance was tip-top. Louis, my dear lad, if you had heard "Honour & Arms" delivered like like a Moody & Sankey hymn & Mr. Joseph Mass bleating & baaing at "Go, baffled coward" -- as if he had been a melodic sheep! -- & "Let the Bright Seraphim" sang with a tremolo, like an air from *Travatore.* -- you would have cussed yourself black in the face. It set me -- & Bob -- thinking about style, & truly, I think, to some little purpose. When comes your work on that great question? If it does not state, in a formal manner, that the English mind is a solvent of style, I won't read it. Gosse's "Odes" are a fine test for anyone to preach on to this effect. There are monuments of style in it, & there are monuments of personality. Being personal is the English game, & it's rather rot. Try Swinburne to "Victor Hugo in Exile" in conjunction with "Alexander's Feast"; try Cowley with Milton "On Time"; try Gray with Rochester & Tennyson; & see. I am curious to hear you on this matter; & I wish you'd speak out. Or persuade Colvin to give up writing about pictures, & take to descanting upon style; & live for ever. What is style? I am beginning to see, for the first time in my life -- to have a glimmer of the meaning of 'what'
style. Make it plain to me, I beseech you; or make Colvin make it plain.

Payn has been reading the Morality article, and is much amused to find himself quoted in it. I want to read it much. Why, O my Colvin, has this ingenious young friend of ours got beautiful upon the mountains to this extent? I hear that in future, his [sic] purposes to make over all his copy rights to the Keg, free gratis for nothing, and live teaching languages, nor even accept a sinful farthing for his immortal works? Is it true? Or is he as resolutely determined to prove the Keg a light hand at working accounts, and to form a Protection Society, as ever?

Assez jasé, for to-night. Had I been fit to work, I wouldn't have jasé'd so much. So there's for you. This must serve for both Louis and yourself. Which of you is going to present me with a "Virginibus Puerisque"? Or, must I expend coin on it? It doesn't matter which way I get it, so that I get it. Warner, by the way, seems bettering. I've writ to him to-night. My love to everybody. I have been a batchelor these three weeks, and am likely to be on for at least a fortnight longer.

Yours ever, my dear Colvin,

W.E.H.

Herewith a copy of the Nation. There are supposed to be affinities between R.L.S. and the gent referred to in
the marked article.

Indeed, I believe he acknowledges the corn himself.

Read Geo. W. Cable's "Madame Delphine." 42

Shd. have writ yesterday, but Bob came, & I couldn't.

1 [W. E. Henley], "Some other Fine Arts I-III," Our Times, 1 (May 1881), 130-34. This was a review of exhibitions of the Millais Gallery, the French Gallery and the New Society of Painter-Etchers. Our Times, a short lived monthly, May-June 1881.

2 [W. E. Henley], "Roméo et Juliette," Our Times, 1 (May 1881), 103-106; and [W. E. Henley], "Plays and Players," Our Times, 1 (May 1881), 75-83.


4 W. E. Henley, Jean François Millet. Twenty etchings and woodcuts. (London: Fine Art Society, 1881). This appears to have been a commissioned work.

5 The articles and novel have not been identified.

6 E. W. Gosse, English Odes (London: Kegan Paul and Co., 1881)


8 The dedication of Virginibus Puerisque was in the form of a letter addressed to WEH, part of which is quoted here to show RLS's regard for their friendship: "These papers are like milestones on the wayside of my life; and as I look back in memory, there is hardly a stage of that distance but I see you present with advice, reproof, or praise. Meanwhile, many things have changed, you and I among the rest; but I hope that our sympathy, founded on the love of our art, and nourished by mutual assistance, shall survive these little revolutions undiminished, and, with God's help, unite us to the end." See Robert Louis Stevenson, Virginibus Puerisque and Other Papers (London: C. Kegan Paul and Company, 1881), pp.v-vi.

9 Edward Valpy, Latin Elegancies. Original Passages taken from Latin Authors, which have been translated into English, to serve as examples and
experiences in the Elegantiae Latinae (1829). First published 1803. The "Elder Perdonian" has not been identified.


12 Pierce Egan, Boxiana; or Sketches of ancient and modern pugilism (London: G. Smeaton, 1812).

13 This article has not been identified.

14 Giovanni Battista Piranesi (1720-1778), Italian architect and etcher.


16 Edward John Poynter (1836-1919), painter.


18 Edward Coley Burne-Jones (1833-1898), painter and designer.

19 Charles Edward Halle (1846-1919), painter.

20 Sir Coutts Lindsay, Bt. (1824-1913), painter.

21 Duffield, editor of Our Times.

22 Madge Kendal (1848-1935) was appearing in The Money-Spinner by A.W. Pinero, which opened at St. James's Theatre, London, on 8 January 1881 and closed on 26 May 1881. Arthur Wing Pinero (1855-1934), dramatist.

23 Irving played Doricourt in The Belle's Stratagem by Mrs. H. Cowley which opened at the Lyceum Theatre, London, on 16 April 1881 and closed on 22 July 1881. Hannah Cowley (1743-1809), dramatist.

24 Berlioz's Symphonie fantastique (Episode de la vie d'un artiste) was played at St. James's Hall, London, on 30 April and 14 May 1881. The Richter concert was at St. James's Hall on 9 May 1881. WEH is referring to Beethoven's Ninth Symphony. Hans Richter (1843-1916), Austro-Hungarian conductor, was one of the first international conductors.

25 The reasons have not been identified.

26 Gluck's Orpheus in the Underworld was played at a concert at the Crystal Palace, London, on 11 June 1881. Christoph Willibald von Gluck (1714-1787), Austrian composer.

27 The Forty Thieves, a play by Robert Reece, opened at the Gaiety Theatre on 23 December 1880 and closed on 4 June 1881. Robert Reece (1838-1891), dramatist.

28 Constance Gilchrist (1865-1946), actress.

29 Edward O'Conner Terry (1844-1912), actor.

30 Nellie Farren (1848-1904), actress.


32 Handel's Alexander's Feast, a choral work, was
performed at St. James's Hall on 5 April 1881. George Frideric Handel (1685-1759), German born composer who lived in England from 1712 and became a naturalised British citizen in 1726.

33 Michael Costa (1810-1884), conductor and composer.
35 Il Trovatore, an opera by Verdi. Giuseppe (Fortunino Francesco) Verdi (1813-1901), Italian opera composer.
41 The Nation; a weekly journal of politics, literature and the arts. 15 October 1842-July 1897; July 1896-5 June 1897, a Dublin weekly, then a national weekly 12 June 1897-1 September 1900. The issue has not been identified.
Letter No. 69

To Charles Baxter

MS: Beinecke 4565

51 Richmond Gardens[,] Shepherds Bush W.

21 April 1881

My dear Charles,

I send you Truth, as usual. You will be pained, I am sure, by the Lab.'s reflection on the Earl.¹ It is a terrible thing to be wholly compact of villainous prose, & to have no imagination but the libeller's & the stockbroker's. Isn't it? However, I suppose the poor wretch can't help himself. He writes according to his lights; & as he is rather proud of them, though they are mere bawdy-house night-lights, I suppose he is, in his miserable little way, respectable. I am bound to say that, after reading, I despise him, brains & heart, more bitterly than ever. In one sense the little beast is humourous: i.e., when he assumes & works the high moral tone. Think of the high moral tone of a professional libeller, who old does wax & from whose weary limbs honour has been cudgelled utterly! Think of the mein-mouthedness of a dashing Cyprian! He reminds me of the lady Louis knew & went in unto, & whose sentiment of decency obliged her to refuse to perform the act of intromission for him.

It is very pleasant to note the manner of most of the journals in speaking of the old boy. The D.N. has
done him justice at last, or nearly justice as you could expect, & far more nearly than I hoped. The continental prints, too, are very loud & proper indeed. Altogether, I am content. Among the people the feeling seems deep & strong. The Earl's genius was not an English 'genius at all, but the admiration & interest & confidence he inspired have proved to me, very curiously, the fact, wh. I had always suspected, that the English people, bourgeois & thick-witted as it is, can be touched home through its imagination not less surely than through its breeches pocket. It is a mistake to suppose that the masses loved the old man for his pluck & conduct of affairs, & cleverness in debate; they did not hate him for these qualities, it's true, but if he has died the most popular man of his time, if he has seemed for an instant to make the world imperfect in his loss, it was that he had produced a profound imaginative impression on his fellows. He had fascinated them as a good artist fascinates his public; he was mysterious & wonderful & unique to them. In five years hence, with health & strength, he would have been the arbiter of Europe, & the most popular minister at home we have known in history.

Another jolly thing to see is that all the old reproaches -- of trickery, hollowness, charlatanism, insincerity -- have been wiped away, & that the man stands fuller for a true patriot & an earnest &
determined statesman. To the souls that find expression in Labouchere — the souls of mud & [   ] & meat only — he will always be what he was, & he will seem ignoble to them because he is incomprehensible. But the mass of the public has heart, & it is the mass of the public that one has to look to; & with these, he has come to be known for his true self.

What a career it was! Napoleon's own is, in a certain sense, less wonderful. The most surprising, I suppose, in history. And doesn't it prove, my dear Charles, the absolute veracity of Balzac's theory of life & morals & society! Think of Rastignac & De Marsay, & you think of Benjamin D. Only his life surpasses in romance anything the Comédie can show. It is cast on Balzac's lines from first to last, but it is as much greater than Balzac's as the [---] potentialities of truth are greater than those of the imagination: as the story of the Czar's murder, for instance, than the story of Ferragus. On this question there is no end to say, & this morning I don't seem able to say anything at all. So I'll write no more; & only add that Balzac is nearer Shakespeare every year, & that I am proud to think that you & I & Louis didn't wait for death to do our seeing & honouring, but were men enough to begin long ago, & to go on in the right way ever after.

Write to me when you can; & tell me why you haven't
written before. -- If it is that you have lapsed, & are ashamed, I shall be doubly angry. Anna will be in Edinburgh next week, & of course you'll see her. Next week, too, I hope she'll be home. I am beginning to find solitude a bore. I've got the proof of Berlioz: £19.19 worth. And the cheque, too; to-night I shall have just 5/ left. Get the first number of "Our Times"; & read, for me, the Millais Gallery, French Gallery, & Painter-Etchers, the "Roméo et Juliette," & Mick.Strogoff, Modjeska, & Booth's Shylock -- the last, a good deal cut. I've seen no proofs, & don't know what it's all like. The Keg hasn't thought fit to send me Virginibus Puerisque, so I haven't seen the dedication. They tell me it's very nice, & I'm surprised to find that it hasn't added one cubit to my stature. Will you have Berlioz? or won't you? The frame's making, but chips are wanted ere we can send. Hob appears to have sold the Meadows (£13), but the coins haven't yet turned up. Do write, there's a good fellow.

Yours affectionately[,]  

W.E.H.

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1 The Earl of Beaconsfield died on 20 April 1881. An assessment of him as politician and statesman was published in Truth, 21 April 1881, pp.526-27. It was probably written by Labouchere. The writer attacks Beaconsfield for his personal ambition and disregard for his fellow men.

3 Henri de Marsay, a character in Balzac's Comédie Humaine.

4 Ferragus is one of the characters in the Comédie Humaine.

5 Anthony Henley's painting Meadows was sold by Hob.
To Robert Louis Stevenson

51 Richmond Gardens[
Shepherds Bush W[.]

23 April 1881

This is only a kind of hail, my dear lad. You'd have had it before, if I had but known where you were.¹

This morning the Charles sent me your address, & I hasten to make some kind of use of it.

People tell me the Dedication is a fact. But I haven't seen it with these eyes, & am half-inclined to doubt the good fortune still. Colvin says, you ordered a copy to be sent to me. The Wily Keg has very subtly omitted to do so. I suppose that presently I shall hear from him. When I do, you shall hear from me. Or, if I see it in any other way. I am too poor to purchase, of course, or I'd have done so long ago.

You are advertised in _Athenaeum_ at length.² I send the page herewith. I've seen no reviews, though I suppose there have been many. I see so few journals! I doubt not that all will be good.

My old master, Brown, whose letters I used to show you, has written an admirable book of "Fo'c'stle Yarns."³ I've reviewed it for Maccoll;⁴ but Maccoll thinks my review "an extravagant panegyric," & I shall most likely write no more for him over it. Of course, he's wrong. But I note that he has no confidence in my
judgement; & that vexes me a good deal. The man who does most of his poetry is an Ass, & writes stuff about Browning & Swinburne that is really preposterous. But it passes unquestioned; while I have only to say that a new man's a good man, & a new book by him real literature, to be accused of panegyric. I think it will end by my retiring to an estate in the country, & bidding journalism go hang itself in its own tripes. I'm afraid, too, that it's all your fault. I was a dullard when you found me, & I could have followed the bell-wether then with anyone. You taught me to think for myself, & to speak in the name of my own conscience & heart. And Lo! I am what I am. Why didn't you leave me ignorant & anserine & happy? I could have earned a living if you had. Now, I am a man who likes what's good in Art, & above all what is great, & who cannot stand what's bad or small or most peculiar; & I owe my tradesmen. It's Bouvard & Pécuchet o'er again. I am B. & P., & I ought to stick to my desk, & leave the higher life to the higher men. Come, undo your work, ye bitch! Fork out the gross of quills & a copying table; & let me work out my destiny.

The Old man's death has impressed me a great deal. Twas a wonderful life; & a heart & brain not less wonderful. I think a good man, too; & I am a man [----] of an abundant & shining sincerity. In some ways, his personality is more interesting. A king of men, truly.
His eminence was and is a splendid proof that in the English constitution one great element is Imagination. It's all very well to say that the English saw a self-made man in Dizzy, & admired his pluck, & his resolution, & his artfulness. The truth is, that he had touched them like great art, & to the same purpose & extent. He got to their heart through their imaginations, & back to their intelligence through their emotions. Could he have lived 5 years longer, with health & brain & energy still active & ardent; he would have died the most popular minister we ever had. As it is, he has had to die the most popular man merely. I feel a sense of personal loss; Charles tells me that his is the same; & indeed, it is the same with most of us, I think -- the Rads & dogmatists & doctrinaires excepted, of course. With him the Artistic type & element & spirit evanish from English politics; & we fall into the slough of pure grocerism -- grocerism, that's to say, that would be pure but for a leaven of doctrinairism & professorism & intellectualism generally. Such is life! The biggest man & the biggest Force in England -- the England of Clive & Cromwell, & Shakespeare & Nelson, & Chatham & Fox & Malborough⁷ -- is an Ideal Banker. The Union Jack is a pocket-handkerchief full of shavings; & the Empire's heart is a Parish Pump. Vive la Verity! -- -- --

I perceive that I'm running on somehow. Allons!

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Since I'm in for it, I'll be in to the throat. Jenkin came in just where you see these -- -- dashes. He sends you his love. He had his last proofs in his pocket, & is a happy man. Of "Griselda," I mean. A damn good play it is. I think we could beat it, if we set ourselves to do so; but only in the writing. I am no end pleased with it. And Jenkin has every right to be proud of it. -- -- He tells me, by the way, that Froude has a pecuniary interest in the "Reminiscences," all the profits of which are his, & which he sent to the printers while the old man lay a-dying. It's awkward for Froude, isn't it? At the same time, dear lad, I am not with those who want a man's work to be dished & sauced before the public is let sit down to it. It's a bad plan & a bad principle. Comes, I suppose, of general minormouthedness & falseness; part of our general scheme of Insincerity. Caryle hasn't improved himself in men's hearts by the enormous peevishness of his Egoism, it's true; but what then? If we care for him at all, we are more or less interested in him in any state; & the "Reminiscences" are, in a certain sense, as valuable & as personal as the "Frederick" itself. I think somehow that I did not say a very foolish thing when I said that, in the end, the final portrait of Caryle would prove to be a study in Hypochondriasis. It's a pity we can't take our sage with his onions all about him, & that the
instant he's found imperfect, we all want to try & cease caring for him. Respectability has been the ruin of us, dear lad; and a little villainous company would do us no end of good. We expect our [despised] heroes to have no vices & not much sex; & if they have either one or the other, they are heroic no more[,] they cease to be examples, Mr. Smiles couldn't possibly put them into a book.\footnote{Actum est. It's all over with 'em! An odd thing, isn't it? Out of the religion of Christ has come the cult of the Respectable; Respectability is one of the last forms of Christianity -- a heel on the dying dolphin, a shape of the falling Proteus.} Christ was the aboriginal of those who live in squares, only copulate among watch-pockets, or would rather die than use "bloody" as an expletive! Of course respectability is very well in its way; but I don't see that it has anything in common with aesthetics; & I think the two should be kept apart -- even on the Walls of the Academy, even on the shelves of Mudie. Art, however, is no longer a matter of personal expression. It's a question of supply & demand -- a commercial question, flushed over with a [pages 9-12 of the holograph missing]. [page 13] hand on the style; for I got no proofs excepting "Fine Arts,"\footnote{& -- as I made sure of getting them, & over pressed for time -- I left the stuff a good deal rougher than I ought. As regards other}
matters, I've 19 pp. of "Hector Berlioz" in proof for the Cornhill. All the coins are gone of course; but I'm £20 out of debt in comparison with what I was ere I got 'em. The article's only biography & not very good at that, I think. It would have been far better as it stood at first; in 30 pp. or so. But Stephen wouldn't, & he was doubtlessly right from his own point of view. As it is, I think it's readable; and that's all.

I have been a widower these four weeks, & expect to be so for a fortnight yet. The Chatelaine's away north. She needed rest & change a good deal. She asked more than once after you; but news of you I'd none to give. Runciman's away to Messina,¹² a pallid wreck. Rest & change or a madhouse was the word & he preferred the first alternative to the second.

How are you? What a dog of a correspondent it is! I can't believe in this weakness of yours human[ ] you are. Particularly as there's the Secretary,¹³ who loves me well, owes me one for a doggie eased of worms, & who, she said, is always ready to assist. Do try & get up a little Christian sentiment: enough to enable you to tell how you are, & what are your intentions as regards "location," & so forth. (Location is of course a touch of local colour; not without a humourous intent). It's terrible writing to you. It's like writing to the Post-Master General! I feel, when I post to you, as if I were slipping a letter into the
mysterious vastness within the Lion's Mouth. Fie on't! O fie! And you a literary man, too! By the way, Payn says you have been talking of him (very nicely, he thinks) as a man keen for his price. What's this new Morality of yours? That the only hire we labourers ought to think worthy of us is the wage of Truth? I agree with you; but -- alas! Alas the day! We are the children of a corrupt civilisation, & the servants of an Art that is only another name for Profit; & what can we do?

I wrote to Colvin awhile ago;¹⁴ a long letter, meant for you as well as for him. And I was agreeably surprised to find that you had cut Davos, & were loafing around in Paris. Next week my game is J.-F. Millet;¹⁵ I would I'd coins, & I'd come & hunt for his works, & see you at the same time. By the way, our scheme for producing Deacon B. in the provinces has fallen through; the drammy is now in the hands of Coghlan,¹⁶ who will probably wash them of it as soon as possible.

My love to you both. Try & get up a fit of ink & paper if its only two lines long.

Affectionately Yours, Dear Louis,

W.E.H.

¹ RLS was in Paris after his stay in Davos, Switzerland.


(Walter) Theodore Watts-Dunton (1832-1914), poet, writer and critic, who added Dunton to his name in 1896. He contributed many reviews to *The Athenaeum*; see the marked files of *The Athenaeum*, the Library, City University, London.

Flaubert's unfinished novel published posthumously in 1881.


Probably Samuel Smiles (1812-1904), writer, surgeon and journalist, who wrote on political and social reform.

Proteus was a herdsman of Greek legend who could assume different shapes.

*Our Times.*

*Sicily.*

Letter No.68, 17 April 1881.


Charles F. Coghlan (1842-1899), actor and manager.
My dear R.L.S.,

The "Virginibus" arrived this morning; and a handsome apology has just come in from the Nefarious. So that I'm all right.

The dedication has pleased & moved me much. I am really very grateful to you, & very proud of it. I think the better of myself for having inspired such an evidence of regard; & I always shall. Life is a pleasant & curious business, isn't it? Do you remember that kind of back kitchen in the old Infirmary? And our first talks there? I laid down the book to think, & it all came back to me: -- all the good talk, & the fine feeling, & the precious counsel, the advice & the reproof & the praise; & I felt uncommon happy. Since those days we have entered upon new adventures, & have been blown wide apart, over strange seas, & distant; & the sight of each others faces & the sound of each other's voice are not familiar now, as once they were. But the old life was real, & it will abide with us for ever. I am less changed than you, I think; for I do
not doubt. I look back, & I know my heart the same as ever. I have loved & won, & been happy; but I still feel, as then I felt, that with no more than we found in each other, I should not have held that I had lived in vain. I have been angry with you, & I have grieved over you; but what then? You can answer the question better than I; indeed, you have answered it already. I have never thought of change or decay in my regard for you; & revolutions little or big to the contrary, I believe I never should, I know I never shall. Let it be with God's help, if you will. Let him help us no more than he has already, & for the rest we can answer. The gift of love is from him, even as the gift of art; & of that I think we have enough, & need fear in no wise for the future. If you had not been ill, & wretched, & a self-tormented, fortune-buffeted wanderer, I am sure you would never have doubted it.

I have read some of the essays. They have made me heartily ashamed of my own style. That's effect number one. Number two is that they are about the best things of their kind I know. I think they'll live: as Charles Lamb lives, if in no other way. Another impression I seem to have is, that I like the style of the new essays better than that of the others -- the earlier ones. It is clear, more sufficient, less foppish or rather less tricksy (not tricky, mind) & more like Style; has more distinction, in fact, & less
personality. It's an admirable piece of writing. In "Pan" and "Lamps" -- I got wafts of Carlyle. Here and there -- passim -- I came upon odds and ends of verse: chiefly inserted to round off sentences! My practice with the Jenk has given me a nose for verse-in-prose, you know. truly, I think, a la fin des fins, that you are a tip-top writist. You have Style, dear lad -- the great quality, the distinguishing sign of the Artist, the Amateur's unattainable thing. You are eclectic, reflective, constructive in it; but by Gad, you've got it. Your writing is -- as it seems to me -- is a creation: an example of that union of the Personal with the Absolute in art which is only to be twigged in the work of the very good men. Va, mon fils. I am proud of thee. I used to doubt; but of late I have got wiser, & I doubt no more. I have learned, & I am fresh from my lesson. You are a Writer & a Stylist -- or, to be more correct, a master of style. little or big. I care not; but a Master certainly. I would I could think one half as much of myself, or speak one half as well of -- well! of most of them.

I agree, du reste; with Colvin. The book's your best by a long way. And it's a privilege [sic] to have my name associated with it. It will take me far.

And now, one word. I shall be glad & sorry to see you. You know why. Are you sure you do wisely in
coming to England? Truly, I'm not. Better it were, I think, -- to refrain from the Savile awhile longer, & go quietly off to Cannes, or the Riviera, or Monte Carlo. Don't you think with me, Mrs. Stevenson? Take your husband by the ear, & lead him far away, out of reach of fog, beyond the influence of the pleasing Eastern breeze. If he treads these deadly shores, let it be but for tendays or a fortnight at most, & only because he must. If he needn't, away with him. He is a Writer. Writers are few. Therefore, he must be taken care of, & not allowed to get bust.

Our letters crossed, of course. I knew they would. That's why I wrote. The gifted John A.S. -- who is not a Writer, he -- returned me my Flaubert. I guessed it was he, by the Italian post-mark. Bob & I admire B. & P. a good deal. It has cured us completely of Zola, for one thing; & we think it good in other ways. Talking of Flaubert, your "Crime" is going a round of admiring readers. People take it up on visits, & then decline to go away without it. In this way, it has gone a regular tour du monde; increasing Fortune's renown enormously.

Your dedicatee has just had the honour to receive a wigging from the Translated Bagman who sub-edits Truth. The T.B. thinks his articles long-winded, talks much of "valuable space," & hints at a prolonged study of the reviews in the World as desirable --
And to think that I can't write to the T.B., & bid him go to hell! I reviewed fourteen several books in my last article, & that article was but a few lines over a page, & Truth its pages are light; & nearly all fourteen did I read, honestly & nobly; & I get but two quid for all of it. -- the T.B. included! The T.B. is a cousin of Payn's; but Payn has never spoken to him & is not proud of him; so I can't even take it out on Payn's new novel. The d---d journal, by the way, is worth over £12,000 a year to its abominable proprietor. Truly, the Mammon of Mighteousness is a great & mighty God!

I have just had a line from Jenkin, which comes to me like balm. Say[s] Jenk. to me, apropos of an article on that brute Millais -- more Mammon, my boy! -- "In this child's opinion, you don't know the first word of the business of a critic of painting"; & he goes on to snort at Carolus Duran, who seems to be a kind of cleverer Millais, & no more. Now that Jenk says I don't know anything of art, I feel sure that I must know something; & I am mightily elated, for I always believed I knew nought. Jenkin couldn't possibly be right about art, I think -- nay, I know; & his belief that I'm wrong gives me hope no end, & confidence too. I feel that I have a chance in art-criticism, after all; & a chance that few art-critics ever had -- a chance of being right.

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Mrs. Jenkin called on me to-day; & we had some good talk. She looks very well, & very fresh. I like her more & more. Don't for heaven's sake, imagine that because I laugh at Jenkin, I don't like him, too. I do; & much. He is a good & true man; & I think he is my friend.

I am reading Sensier's biography of J-F. Millet. There's a noble & beautiful life, & a heroic and beautiful soul, if you will. His "Angelus" sold tother day for 160,000 francs; he parted with [it] for a thousand, & glad to get it. Our English Millais speaks of his work as "Nonsense"; so does Burne-Jones; Jenkin saw his "Turkey-Farm" -- a kind of Beethoven slow-movement in colours -- & said it was [a] kind of sign-painting. Bob & I adore him; & we are going to remonter ourselves with his "Samson" one day this week. Bob is not, by the way, at the R.A., & sorely vexed I am for him; nobody is to know it (Legros says, & he agrees; in consequence of the Cambridge business), & we're all to say that he couldn't get his framing in time, & didn't send. Talking of Beethoven, I shall play you one or two of his slow movements -- rather ill, of course -- when you come; & I think they'll warm your heart. For the nonce, good bye. Write when you can, & don't let me write to Paris. That's to say, a word in advance of yourself, if you really mean venturing.
Affectionately Yours, dear lad,

W.E.H.

Anthony's love.

[Added by WEH at right angles, either side of the address] Ere I fold up. I hear the postman: two proofs from Saturday! & an order for an article on Caldecott for Art Journal.

1 The first three sentences of paragraph two, and the third and fourth paragraphs are quoted.
2 WEH's prior letter would be that of 23 April 1881; see Letter No.70. In a letter to Baxter WEH writes: "I have only just seen Louis' dedication." See Letter No.72, 28 April 1881. This "Tuesday Night" letter is therefore dated between the above letters as Tuesday, 26 April 1881. Parts of the letter are written on note paper printed with Vestry Hall, Kennington Green, [London] 186.
3 Kegan Paul.
4 Charles Lamb (1775-1834), essayist.
5 "Pan's Pipes," Virginibus Puerisque, pp.262-70.
7 J.A.Symonds.
8 Not identified.
9 Not identified.
10 The World; a journal for men and women. A weekly, 8 July 1874-25 March 1922.
11 Not identified.
12 James Payn, A Confidential Agent, 3 vols. (London: Chatto and Windus, 1880)
13 John Everett Millais (1829-1896), painter. He was a founder member of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood.
14 (Charles-)Emile-Auguste (Durand) Carolus Duran (1837-1917), French painter.
15 Gardeuse de dindons, l'automne (Girl looking after turkeys, Autumn) (1848).
16 Samson and Delilah (1848).
17 Not identified.
18 Not identified.
My dear Charles,

The "Pool" -- not hung at Burlington House\(^1\) -- will be sent on for Brown in a few days.\(^2\) I hope he's game for it. 'Tis a very good work, and did not come back from the Academy till the last moment.

I've to do the "Fantastique" yet;\(^3\) on Saturday. Then, my Berlioz work is done for the present. And you shall have the volumes.

I can't come. Have you seen the Wife? I hope so. She'll have told you why. I wish I could; for I've eight or ten days work ahead of me, & would give much at the end of it for change of air & a little conversation. Perhaps I may manage after all; I want to so much. But I doubt it. If I do, it will be in about a fortnight; for until then, I'm engaged.

Get "Our Times" (Newman) & read me.\(^4\) I'm not all fired bad, I think. Pollock, who loves the "Damnation,"\(^5\) And is a timid creature besides, has chopped the "Roméo et Juliette," & made me say several things I didn't mean to. I would I'd seen proofs! I should have known what to do. As it is, I find myself in the "R et J," saying exactly the opposite of what I
think. Which is amazing.

Jenkin thinks my art-criticism awful rot. It isn't first-chop of course, but it's better than his & miles nearer the Absolute. I have told him so. If he says anything to you about it, jump down his throat, to the same effect.

Write soon. I have only just seen Louis' dedication. It has pleased & moved me much.

Yours Always, my dear Charles,

W.E.H.

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1 A painting by either Bob Stevenson or Anthony Henley. It may be Bob Stevenson's rejection by the Royal Academy.
2 Brown has not been identified.
3 WEH is possibly referring to the concert of 30 April 1881 and it is likely that he was to write a review for the July issue of Our Times, an issue which did not materialise. However, it may be a reference to his Cornhill article.
5 Berlioz's The Damnation of Faust.
Letter No. 73  To Marcus B. Huish

MS: Beinecke MS Vault File

51 Richmond Gardens[,]  
Shepherds Bush W.  
29 April 1881  

Dear Sir,  

If possible, I should like to review for you Macmillan's new "Millet." Do you think you can let me have it?²  

The MS. of my own Millet will reach you on Monday morning.³ The Caldecott, not later than Thursday.  

Thank you for your promise of the "Moore" cheque.⁴ I shall be glad to get it.  

A revise of the Legros article seems indispensable. When do you return the plate, to be lettered & baptised & retouched?  

Very Truly Yours,  

W.E. Henley

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1 This letter is catalogued as "to an unidentified recipient." The contents identify Huish.  
2 WEH's review of Sensier's Millet.  
3 See Letter No. 68, 17 April 1881, note 4.  
My dear Louis,

I send you herewith, per register post, the scraps of the drammy. I want you to read them through, & give me your opinion about them. And I want you to take care of them, as I've no second copy. And to send them back soon -- soon -- soon; with a long letter (for which I beg the Secretary on my bended knees!), telling me bluntly what's your views.

There is enough, I think, to enable you to understand the drift of the thing, & the way in which I've seen it for the stage. I've not corrected anything, nor tried to rewrite any part. I send it with all its imperfections on its head. Be patient with it, & if it's worth combing out, the crunch if you please. And soon -- soon.

I don't know what to think of it myself. There are times when I'm mighty cock-a-hoop about it, & ready to back it at long odds against anything on the stage. There are others when I wouldn't refuse two bob for the whole [?biling]. At the worst I am ready to take my oath that there are right scenes & right drama in it. Am I wrong? Or is my despondency ill placed? It's for
you to judge.

I would I could be with you, to point out the novelty of certain parts: -- of the prologue, for instance, of which I feel pretty sure. In a week we might talk it into shape. But I'm here in Shepherds Bush, & you're there in Pershire; & I can do nothing but agonise & ruminate, & be the pitiful dullard I am.

I don't want any scenes of conspiracy, mind. The emotional interest is the one; & if they want more sensation than they get in the last act, they must go elsewhere for it.

I have done nothing since you left, but ruminate like an ox, & read J. Byron [sic]. He is the gent for my money just now. I prefer him to Swinburne, strange as it may seem; & to Tennyson likewise. If I do him for the Athenaeum, I will send you the article. I have also read Barry Lyndon, which I admire, but do not like. It confirms my theory of Thackeray: as the original Stupid Man -- narrow, spiteful, illiberal, unintelligent; a London Clubster with a genius for prose & the prose imagination in perfection. I have much to say on the subject, & will likely return to it. I've also read Martin Chuzzlewit. Voilà de l'imagination, mon fils! The death of old Anthony, & the murder, & all that follows it to the capture & suicide, are magnificent. Why should those devils of hell cross the Channel to fawn on old Hugo, when
they've stuff like that chez eux? Construe me that.
I've also read (& bought) the cheap edition of *Travels with a Donkey*, by one, R.L. Stevenson. A charming booklet it is. If you see the author, tell him that I was right about it having been through a second edition, inasmuch as the present is called "the third." It's a delightful work, Sir! Colvin affects to think that there's too much ashplant & goad in it; but that's my eye.

It confirmed me fully of the *Emigrant*. I could have done the *Emigrant*; I couldn't the *Donkey*, not to be made a postmaster. The one's art, the other's journalism. *Voilà*.

Colvin, by the way, is well pleased with my Millet, & thinks that I ought to do a book on 1830.6 Says I'm the gent for it & would do it well. I'm mighty proud, but I don't know. Said Colvin abuses you for remaining dumb, but supposes that it's because you're happy. And is therefore content.

Bob & I heard Gluck's *Orpheus* very ill done on Saturday.7 It fetched us down to the ground. A critic in the *Daily News* -- a blood-relation of the Wollock's, I'm sure! -- is pleased to note the "occasional dramatic power" of the work!8 Think of that! -- It's as if I said "the occasional dramatic power" of Sophocles. It's a most magnificent & surprising work, is *Orpheus* & it warms my heart to think of it. In
certain ways Gluck seems to me to go higher than Beethoven himself. Aprops de Beethoven, we heard his Egmont overture, & his Seventh Symphony last night. And the way in which he écrasera gents like Wagner (who is bloody clever, certainly) is a thing to see. "A noble old man, Sir!" Next Monday they give his Coriolan overture & the Frocia; & we are [?praying] to God for the half-quid needful for a couple of seats. If we get it, I shall turn professing Christian, & pal on with curates. Richter is a most gaudy conductor, & his Beethovenisms are all so many revelations. Unhappily, he is an ardent Wagnerite; & your professional Wagnerite doesn't, so far as I can find, admit anybody but Wagner & Beethoven. The consequence is that Richter hasn't played a bar of Gluck in England. Gluck, as you know, invented opera, & worked off Wagner's discovery a century or so ago, & that to infinite purpose. It follows that to be a good Wagnerite you must ignore Gluck; & you must also ignore Berlioz, who adored Gluck, invented the famous principle of leit-motive, & taught Wagner the true meaning of the word "instrumentalism." I believe, too, that you must also believe in Schopenhauer, hate all Jews, & go in for Blue China & its accompaniment generally. But of that I'm not so sure.

How do you like the Mémoires? And why did you not hand them over to C.B., as it was agreed &
convenanted & determined, between us? If you lose 'em -- well! no matter! But -- ! no matter, I say. The Souvenirs are disappointing but there's first-rate stuff in them, for all that.*

Anthony has sold to the tune of £40, & expects to sell more. He is out of debt, & radiant with hope. My future is damn bad. I would sell it for two pence, & warrant it unsound, with the utmost freedom.

Chatto is out of town for a few days. I shall see him about the English Prose book as soon as ever he returns & I shall mention the Slate as well; so get to work as soon as you like.

Is there any chance of a letter? I suppose not, or I'd ask you to tell me how you found our beloved Cockshott? He has succeeded in persuading me of my own ineptitude in which I now believe as in the existence of a Deity. God bless him! He is a powerful creature. I've a long letter from him in my drawer, & I haven't energy to answer it. He is as irrepressible, & as indestructible, & as impervious, as the hero Punch. He was born to have the last word & the last blow, & to be always partly right. When I think of the number of absurdities to which I stand committed in his eyes -- owing to an injudicious indulgence in epistolary argument with him -- I feel that my self-respect is flown forever.

The Chatelaine sends her love to you both, & hopes
you are all right, & that Mrs. Louis will write to her. Also Woggs. My mother's dear love to you. She would have liked to see you bitterly. Write soon, & criticise me.

Yours, dear lad,

W.E. Henley

1 A draft of WEH's play Husband and Wife; see Letter No. 76, [July 1881]. No MS. has been found.
5 Charles Dickens, The Life and Adventures of Martin Chuzzlewit, first published 1843-1844.
6 WEH did not produce a book on 1830.
7 11 June 1881.
8 "Mr. Ganz's Orchestral Concerts," The Daily News, 13 June 1881, p. 2, col. 8. The music critic of The Daily News from 1866 to 1886 was Henry John Lincoln (1814-1901).
9 A concert at St. James's Hall, London, on 13 June 1881.
10 A concert at St. James's Hall on 20 June 1881.
11 Arthur Schopenhauer (1788-1860), German philosopher, who developed the idea that in order to ease the suffering in the world Man must control his will and lessen the desire to reproduce.
14 The English Prose has not been identified. What was on the Slate was an unpublished MS. by RLS; see Swearingen, p. 47.
15 Cockshot was a nickname for Fleeming Jenkin; see Colvin, Letters, 2, 197.
16 Punch was a traditional English puppet in the show Punch and Judy.
17 RLS's Skye terrier.
My dear Louis,

I fully meant to have writ about H[.] & W[.] before; but I was too much excited. The fact is, that I'm afraid to believe. I can't help fearing the "practical friend"; & though I know you honest, & the best judge of plays in England, I doubt. It is almost too good to be true, is what you say. If it were true as it's good, then am I made a man. If it be not, then have I another illusion to muse; one that will do more harm to me, because it's so much more respectable, than any of my own breeding. And I shall be ruined. If, then, you have the patience, think over the thing again, as severely as you can, & don't fear to tell me if your conclusions are other than they were.

As regards the prologue:-- The changes you propose are excellent, & go far to make the play possible. I am not quite prepared to give up the spectacle of the general fight, though I doubt not that I shall. At the same time, I believe that it would be well to do so. Not because there's any fear of the battle being too much for the rest of the play, but because its unnecessary & even impertinent. Think over the
prologue for me a little more; & if your invention will serve you to any purpose, it will be a good help to me, for mine is "a frightful minus quantity," & Sir, ever will be.

Act I, I think, will do; as it's sketched; if I can only write it. Natheless, suggestions will be received with thanks. Act II, which is the most ambitiious of the lot, should do. Still, it would be better -- from the point of view of the spectator -- if Koschkine were in it, for half-a-minute even. Now I don't see my way to bringing Koschkine in. Do you? To do so, I should have to re-invent the last scene & the point on which the drop comes down; & these I esteem too much to modify in any way. I think, mind you, that, decently played, the art would improve itself on the public with some authority, & that Koschkine's absence would be neither felt nor unmarked. There's a steady crescendo of interest in it, & the crescendo doesn't stop at the fall of the drop, but goes on into Act III, & there's a human sentiment enough to help me over any defects of construction; at least I think so. What do you say?

As regards Act III: -- I notice that you make no objections to Vassiliff listening. I do make one; but can't bring him in in any other way, & it's absolutely necessary -- for the sake of the emotional interest; the interest of the wronged son, & the
sorrowing mother, & the high old father -- that he must be present at the interview, between Elena, Koschkine, & the Prince. N'est-ce pas? That's my feeling, & I imagine that it's just. With a better carpenter, the difficulty had not existed, I suppose. And yet, I don't see why I should. Conventionalisms of this kind occur in the best regulated families -- in Scribe, in Dumas, in Sardou! Why not in mine? You see, mere prentice as I am. I don't lack vanity, & am as ready to commit a fault on the example of my betters as ere a one of them .... as regards the asides --! well, thereby hangs a little tale. It is psychologically of some interest. You know that I'm not quite a hass? And that I'm not much stuck up in my own works? Very well then. Listen. I wrote down these asides in [ ] transport of admiration; I copied them out in another; I read them to the Châtelaine in a third; & when she mildly represented that she failed to see their point or their propriety, I waved her loftily away in a fourth. Then "Michael Strogoff" came & took the wind out of my sails, & I put away my play in a transport of disgust. It lay by for two or three months, & then one day I took it out, to read to Teddy. I had completely forgotten it. When I came on these asides -- which I did with in a rapture of anticipation -- I got my paiks. The first one smote me on the cheek; & I blushed like a rose. The second flew up, & blacked my
eye. The third took me in the pit of the stomach, & produced an unpleasant sensation of nausea. At the fourth & fifth, I thanked God that I hadn't to review my own play for an influential journal[.] At the sixth, I burst into tears of shame, & could read no more. For many days I was the meanest thing alive. My self-respect had left me; as I thought, never to return. And it was long ere I regained that habit of modest & equable composure for which I am so justly celebrated.

Now, how is this? Of course Vassiliff ought not to speak at all. Of course, if he does speak, he must say something. Here was I breaking both these golden rules in the most outrageous terms, & vaulting myself [ ] on the burglary. Two months afterwards I came on the proofs of my crime, & know myself dishonoured for life!

Olga, as you say, is foredoomed to non-entity. I recalled your Wandering Willie with peals of laughter. "Dark & cold" must come out, of course. If in going through the MS. you will be kind enough to annotate, I'll take it very kindly indeed.

Anthony sends his love, & hopes that when you are Professor Stevenson,¹ you'll be so kind as to give him a commission to paint your portrait. Says he thinks he could work you off à la Bloomer, with much dexterity.

I expect Baxter to-morrow or Saturday, & I suppose that shortly, therefore, I may consider myself booked
for a bad appetite, & a headache, at breakfast. I am impatient to hear an account of this wonderful trial. Aren't you? Baxter seems to have rushed through it splendidly, & to have given Kennedy not the ghost of a chance. It is a good thing, the issue is, for all of us. It gives the late Mrs. K. a dozen good & useful years of life, & clears us all of a connection with a very sorry scoundrel. It would have been a reaming thing had the ruffian's slanders been allowed to thrust themselves into serious consideration, though that vexation would certainly have been followed by a great & abiding consolation -- that of knowing its author a [-----] lodger at Smith's Hotel. So that all's for the best in this best of all possible worlds, just now as always.

I can't imagine why Kennedy fixed on you. Was it that he wanted to do a little chantage? Was it the snake's last hiss, the scorpion's last wither? Was he serious? I don't think so. The game was up, & he thought he'd give us an uncomfortable moment; & he did, well knowing that he had nothing to say afterwards. On the other hand, it's just possible that he may have imagined that he had those to deal with who would rather pay than fight; & that he looked to make a nice little sum out of us. Any way, he has been deceived.

I will do all I possibly can with any MSS. you may send. Of that you may be sure. So send on your - 388 -
horrors when you like. A good motto for the book would be the Fat Boy's from *Pickwick*: "I wants to make your flesh creep." What say you? I am thinking of the book, you see, already.

I am to have £20 for the Millet (not £10, as was originally arranged), so that I suppose they're content with it. Also, I may get Albrecht Durer & F. Walker to do likewise. Bob & I were at the F.A. Society's exposition yesterday, & Bob fell in love with that picture whose double you saw in the Salon. We know it must be the same, for Huish, who bought it, went to the Salon & had your experience all to himself. Which is first [ ] or [Pinguell] (is that the name) he knows not. We also saw, Bob & I, the Salon à Londres -- Bonnat, Vollon, Lefebvre, Baudry, Levy, Harpignies, & others. I was [----] by Bonnat. Bob was much disgusted, in the presence of "Chill October" by the thought that you had seen something in it that reminded you of him; so was I -- & puzzled besides. Puzzled, no end.

I have done Arnold's "Byron" for the *Athenaeum*. I will send you the article, though it has been cut, & I hate it besides. I must be getting fast demoralised, for the thought of the damn thing, & the mistakes I may have made in it oppresses me continually, & I shan't breathe free for days.

Do you know Colvin's address? I've lost it. Bob &
I heard the Erocia on Monday (& some twopenny Wagner, with it!) & we are almost inclined to agree with your estimate of it. Write soon. Our love to you both. You will write, won't you?

W.E.H.

[Added by WEH in the top left hand corner of the letter, at right angles] Excuse scrappiness[.] I've been interrupted three-&-twenty times at least. About Hazlitt next time.  

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1 Aeneas James George Mackay (1839-1911) was retiring as Professor of History and Constitutional Law at Edinburgh University and RLS made an unsuccessful application.

2 Margaret Mackie Kennedy obtained a divorce from her husband William Wemyss Kennedy on 22 June 1881; information received from Ernest J. Mehew, 8 March 1991.

3 Joe, the Fat Boy, in Dickens' The Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club, first published in monthly parts April 1836 to November 1837. RLS was working on some supernatural stories called The Blackman and Other Tales, which was unpublished; see Swearingen, p.60.

4 Albrecht Durer (1471-1528), German painter and engraver. Frederick Walker (1840-1875), painter. Work on these two artists was not forthcoming.

5 The Fine Arts Society Millais exhibition at 148 New Bond Street, London.

6 The painting has not been identified.

7 Leon Joseph Florentin Bonnat (1833-1922), French portrait painter; Anton Vollon (1833-1900), French painter; Jules Joseph Lefebvre (1846/7-1912), French portrait painter; Paul Jacques Aimé Baudry (1828-1886), French landscape painter; Emile Lévy (1826-1890), French painter; Henry Joseph Harpignies (1819-1916), French landscape painter.

8 Millais's Chill October.

9 William Hazlitt (1778-1830), essayist and critic. WEH is probably referring to RLS's projected work; see Swearingen, p.73.
My dear Louis,

You must be worse than I took you for. A country doctor, forsooth. You might as well be a horse (or a dead body) at once.

Try the Tinct. Quin.& Spirt. Am.² It's sure to do you good. And let me have news of you soon.

I am very glad that only [?Matthewsiansisms] are approved. Mrs. Louis is evidently far wiser than you, & you must be guided by her in all things. Or you'll come to no good.

Have sent letter on to Runciman, to send to Japp. Japp is a hass. Why annotate his melodies?

Colvin is to breakfast with us on Saturday. His "Landor" is tip-top.³ He spews a little over Landor's drammy -- which, you know, dear lad, isn't drammy at all[. But his English is so sound, & his humanity so sweet & whole-hearted, & his view of life so pleasant & so healthy, & his literary criticism so good, that I forgive him. I have wigged him horrid over it for all that; & I've no doubt that, if he had got my letter, he is now amusing himself by devising elaborate answers to it, as he homeward rolls.⁴
Talking of drammy reminds that I've got my Sheil-Barryism, I think, & got it with a vengeance. Such an opportunity for me! And such an opportunity for him! A real play, by the Lord. A big figure, a big vice, a big passion; & all the scenes & situations & emotions absolutely dependent upon & proceeding from this primary & central idea. There's for you!!! O Louis, if I can but write it, if I can but make it! By Jove, when I think on't, I feel proud.

Tis too broken as yet to speak of, but I shall shape it out & send on to you presently for criticism. It's my old Gambler, my boy. I've been thinking & reading up the possibilities of late. Tried Barry Lyndon; no good. Tried Leone Leoni; no good. Tried The Gamester; worse than none. Tried -- what? The Old Curiosity Shop. And got it. That devil of a man, Sir, has anticipated us all! I start from Nell & her Grandsire; & I have my innings. Of course, I merely take the idea of the old boy [ ] between the passion & the vice, between gaming & the domestic affections. I adapt the figure to my own uses & purposes, so changing it that even Dickens wouldn't know it if he saw it. Et violà.

I forbid you to think it out, or to let your imagination get to dallying with its potentialities[.] For I want you to see what I can do, first of all, & afterwards to help me all you know. My play is to be a
tragedy in prose -- a melodrama-tragedy, or a tragi-melo, I suppose I ought to call it. It will contain some startling situations, but I rather think the emotion will be all there, & I am pretty sure that as I see it there will be an opportunity to explain the gambling minormania, or rather to paint & portray it; even as jealousy is done in Othello & paternity on the rack in Lear.10

This sounds my eye, don't it? I dare say. But, as you know, I don't go in much for cocking & crowing; & this time I am hard hit. I will, however, instantly come down a peg, & save my reputation for modesty.

There is much, ever so much to be arranged, ere the conception can be considered ripe for conclusion or for execution. Ere this is done, it may fall through, & prove worthless. Till then, dear lad, forget it, & imagine me writing Husband and Wife, which I intend to finish ere I touch a line of this new-fangled one. That I'll ever finish either I don't seriously believe. I want money too badly, & I am too feeble-minded & spineless. Money -- money! To be a bold bad banker for an hour -- for the time it [rest of letter missing].

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1 Dated by Meheu; information received from Ernest J. Meheu, 16 March 1986.
2 Tincture of quinine and spirit of ammonia.
3 Sidney Colvin, Landor. English Men of Letters

4 See Lucas, pp.135-39.

5 Shiel Barry (1842-1897), actor.


7 Not identified.

8 The Gamester, a comedy by James Shirley (1596-1666), written in 1633.


10 Shakespeare's King Lear, written in 1604-1605.
Since I wrote that first sheet, your letter & packet have arrived.

I will sketch out the prologue & send it on. I agree thoroughly now with what you say about the acrobatics, but my invention is a dullard, & I must have time to think things out. As for Act III, get me out of that difficulty, & you'll do me a service indeed. I shall rewrite, & so forth; but modify the situation I cannot. Perhaps I'll be clearer & positive enough, when I've done; but just now I don't know. If I am, All right. If I'm not, you are hon the spot.

The prologue I can wait about & go about, till I've done the four acts. It can be fitted to these; & these, without loss, can hardly be fitted to it.

Of course the things a melo. The worst is that it's not a pure melo. Here & there it is -- or ought to be -- a real drama. The combination ought, I think, to prove rather a paying one.

"Vassilitich" won't do. Warner tells me -- with cheerful stupidity peculiar to him -- that no Russian theme is ever popular, or ever has been, & instances
the Danicheffs & Mike Strogoff in proof of the assertion. Both are damn bad plays, while Vassilitch is -- well! no matter. But we must keep Holy Russian as quiet as we can, in the bills, & sick-like. So Vassilitch won't do. I thought myself of "Wassili's Wengeance"; but gave it up, for the similar reasons.

I knew Stephen would like Thrawn Janet. Ask him to send me the proof, & I'll forward it to you.

I have read the Shadow. It's a most creepy business. Mrs. Louis, mam, here's my best respects to you! And many thanks for the shudder you've given me, which was a remarkably good one. I hope to hear from you again.

But, here's the point. On a first reading, the Shadow seems hardly written or made enough. In places it moves too rapidly, & is not easily followed; & I am not sure that in its present condition, it would sell. I fear it would hardly fetch an editor, as it ought, in fact. And I expect that I shall have to insist on reconsideration. May I mark the MS.? if, on re-reading, to my wife, à haute voix, the same objections occur to me. Let me know at once.

That I can get rid of it for you I don't for an instant doubt. I am much fetched by it, & want to see it armed at point.

Yours ever,

W.E.H.

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1 This letter can be dated from its contents; see notes 5 and 6. McKay, 4, 1396, gives October 1881.
2 Husband and Wife.
3 Husband and Wife.
5 R.L.S. [Robert Louis Stevenson], "Thrawn Janet," Cornhill Magazine, 44 (October 1881), 436-43. The story was accepted by Stephen on 23 June 1881 and RLS received the proofs in August 1881; see Swearingen, p.59.
6 The Shadow on the Bed, an unpublished story by Fanny Stevenson was finished in July 1881; see Swearingen, p.60.
To Charles Baxter

MS: Beinecke

[Richmond Gardens, Shepherds Bush W.]

Friday.

8 Oct 81 [8 October 1881]

My dear Charles,

We leave on Sunday night. So you may expect me, photos & all, on Monday morning.

The good news is real. After 1st Nov. I am editor of the Mag. of Art, & in receipt, for 3½ hours daily, of £300 a year.  

I want you to get me some £30 till Christmas. You must. For if you don't, I'm bust.

Lots to tell you. Goodbye now, & don't fail to drink good luck to my new adventure, in a glass of the best when next you sit down to dinner.

Our kindest regards to Mrs. Baxter[.]

Yours ever,

W.E.H.

Ain't it fun? I can see you grinning as you read. And it's real, dear lad! I signed & sealed last night.

1 The date is written in another hand, most likely Baxter's.
2 For Edinburgh.
3 The Magazine of Art, a monthly journal from 1878 to 1904, published by Cassell, Petter, Galpin and Co. WEH was a surprising choice as he was against the
staid orthodox view of art as propounded by the M.
of A. The journal recognised art as being English
rather than universal and rooted in the Royal
Academy of Art: "After passing through the hands of
Professor Eric Robertson, Mr. W.E. Henley became
[its] editor in 1881, when the magazine, now
enlarged and its price increased to a shilling,
assumed a position of authority, and succeeded in
commanding, what it has since retained, the largest
circulation of any art paper in the world." See The
Annual Index of Review of Reviews: Index to the
Periodicals of the Past Year: List of Standard
Photographs (London; Review of Reviews, 1891),
p.108.
Letter No. 79  To Robert Louis Stevenson
MS: Beinecke 4755

51 Richmond Gardens,
Shepherds Bush W.
26 October 1881

My dear Louis,

I am awful sorry to hear of the cold. I trust in God it's but a little one. Take all the care of yourself you can, I beg & pray. Or we shall all be ill with thinking of you.

Now (for this must be but a scrawl; the truth this morning) for news. Stephen has sent me back the Shadow. Very glad to have read it, but doesn't think it quite suitable for the Cornhill. I hope to use it myself.

Next, I have fetched Gosse, & I think he's mine. I am to see him to-morrow, & talk things over. Dobson, who saw my letter, says that if I am artful as that with all my contributors, I shall make a damn good editor. I wrote from my heart. Voilà.

Lang joins me; book & all, I hope;^2 -- but of that there's a slight doubt. Dobson & Monkhouse are body & breeches mine.^3 Clifton Brown (tell Symonds) has promised.^4 The lively Fleaming [sic] is eager for the fray, & sniffs the battle from afar. Colvin is an of course. They promise me Blackmore & Jeffries.^5 I can get at Kate Greenaway when I will.^6 Also at May Probyn
-- who has been writing verses that Dobson says he'd be very proud to sign.⁷ You & your wife I have already. I can have heaps beside; but that's enough to start with. Don't you think so?

The Child Art is a good idea.⁸ Think it over, & develop it a little. The Pilgrim’s Progress paper is to be of another series: Byways of Book Illustration.⁹ It will have Stackhouse's Bible,¹⁰ Quarles & the Dutch Emblemologists,¹¹ Boydell's Shakespeare,¹² set for its companions. Get to work at it as soon as you receive the book; for the more I have in hand the better.

A certain Kate Lawson has been suggested as a possible artist for your verses.¹³ She is good enough, but I shall try for Kate Greenaway. Aprops de both, send me your Davos imprecations for Dobson.¹⁴ He wants to read em badly.

I asked Runciman to write for me. He refused. I incline to think he'll regret it. He is getting vainer than ever. I haven't the time to give instances. But that's so.

I did little or nothing to Diogenes in Edinburgh.¹⁵ Since I've returned I've done nothing but cut hither & thither, in search of contributors. To day I'm fairly plastered. Runciman is crying out for a draft of the thing, which he's evidently funkimg heart & soul. Thanks to your supplies, I hope to send him one to-
night or to-morrow.

All you send will do well. At all events for a basis. More when I've read it finally. As regards the Colvin, right you are. As regards the others, remember that they are just now being kind to me, & that we mustn't be other than kind to them. Cruelty might cost me my staff, & my place in the Club. So don't be frolicsome.

I have a splendid motif for Gladstone. The others will come, I've no doubt. Get the song of the medical man done, if you can. I've peppered Oscar most damnably. I think the Prince de Galles will be a real hit. Baxter (d--n him) was completely bust by it. I suppose I'll leave your introduction & Savile description much as they are, so you may write em as you like. D--n Henry Jones, & all his kind.

I saw your father; dined with him at Rothsay Place, & am to have the book. Insisted on the introduction of Pepys. He loves the Canallettos [sic] I got for Charles; so I insisted on giving him two which I have by me. Nigel is framing them just now for him. I'd a great mind to tell him of your two Piranesis, but didn't as the framer is in the family, & it mightn't have looked well. Piranesi, by the way, fetched the Bart. more than I could have believed. He ordered six on the spot. I dined with him. The Lady Bart is amusing enough, but I'd rather she were the wife to
someone else. I saw Baynes, & told him to read your "Pepys." I were afishing for the E.B. article for you; hope you'll get it.\textsuperscript{24} Shouldn't be surprised if I did. Also brought up the subject of J.W.F. in connection with a life of his sire for one of Blackwood's series, & rather fancy I may have done that graceless dog (whom I love with all my heart) a good turn.\textsuperscript{25} I can write no more now. I am too much played out. Love to both of you. Take care of yourselves, & write no more than is good for you.

Yours affectionately, dear lad,

W.E.H.

[Added by WEH to the left of the central motif, at right angles to the text] I am told to beware of Dr. Shaw.\textsuperscript{26}

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\textsuperscript{1} Written on stationery with the unidentified monogram BLCR.
\textsuperscript{2} The reference to the book has not been identified.
\textsuperscript{3} William Cosmo Monkhouse (1840-1901), civil servant, poet and critic.
\textsuperscript{4} Probably T. E. Brown, who was now Second Master at Clifton College, Bristol.
\textsuperscript{5} R(ichard) D(odderidge) Blackmore (1825-1900), novelist and author of Lorna Doone (1869). Richard Jeffries (1848-1887), novelist and naturalist.
\textsuperscript{6} Kate Greenaway (1846-1901), writer and illustrator of children's books.
\textsuperscript{8} This reference is not clear, as WEH may be referring to art for children or the art of children. It is more likely to be the former.
\textsuperscript{9} Byways of Book Illustration was a three part series on books and their illustrations. RLS contributed two articles and Dobson one. See Robert Louis


Francis Quarles (1592-1644), writer on biblical themes. His Emblems, a book of devotional poems, was published in 1635. Emblem books were symbolically illustrated verse books; see "Emblem book," The Oxford Companion to English Literature, (1985).


Lady Kate Lawson, Illustrator.

Poems written by RLS during his stay at Davos in the winter of 1880 and early 1881.


William Ewart Gladstone (1809-1898), Liberal statesman, four times Prime Minister.

Not identified.

Oscar Fingal O'Flaheritie Wills Wilde (1854-1900), poet, dramatist and critic.

Probably Henry Arthur Jones (1851-1929), dramatist.

The book has not been identified.

This may be a reference to the projected play Pepys' Diary: Comedy; see Swearingen, p.91.

Giovanni Antonio Canal Canaletto (1697-1768), Venetian painter.

The Bart is Simpson.

RLS did not write the article.

Not published.

Not identified.
51 Richmond Gardens[,]
Shepherds Bush W[.]
31 October 1881

My dear Dobson,

All manner of thanks. I have so much to say to you that I must put off the greater part of it till it can be told by word of mouth. Which will be soon.

Meanwhile, the word is Festina lente. I have much to do, & innovations must come gingerly & slowly (an advb. & an adjt! -- I am getting Cassellish already!), so that there's no need to dun you for copy yet. So far as I can see, all our plans have an excellent chance of taking effect. So you may begin writing & thinking when you will.

About André Gill. Either send me a brief note on him (for the "Notes" column[]), or send me the D.T. with the account you speak of. The latter, perhaps, will be the better: -- as I don't yet know how far I am at liberty as regards the said "Notes."

If you could see the heap of useless copy I have to deal with you would pity me.

Miss Probyn is a charming young person.

Tell Gosse, from me, I shall either write to him or call on him: directly. You may read him this letter,
if you will. 'Twill not be useless for him to know of
the Festina lente there.

Will you send me your fable?6

Yours Always[,]  

W.E.H.

B. Matthews is great fun, I think.7 I am to write to
him immediately.

1 The first paragraph, except the first sentence, and
paragraphs two and four have been quoted.
2 Dobson's letter congratulating WEH on his
appointment; see Austin Dobson, Letter to
W.E. Henley, 24 October 1881, Pierpont Morgan
Library.
3 Louis-André Gosset, called André Gill (1840-1885),
French caricaturist; see "Art Notes," The Magazine
of Art, 5 (1882), vii.
4 Four pages of general notes on art and artists each
month.
5 [4th. Leader], The Daily Telegraph, 29 October
1881, p.5, cols.4-5.
6 Austin Dobson, "The Two Painters. An Art Fable,"
7 [James] Brander Matthews (1852-1929), American
teacher, critic and writer on the theatre.
Professor of Literature at Columbia University,
U.S.A., 1892-1900. Professor of Dramatic
Literature at Columbia 1900-1924.
scarce a single writer on our staff who can string two
sentences together. If I hadn't such a light heart &
such a thin pair of breeches, I'd give up the ghost
to-morrow. As it is, I festinate slowly; I am full of
amibility & modesty, & I am deferentially aggressive; I
ask advice all round, & I sometimes take it; & I hope
for better things. The world I find, is very full of
E.W.G's -- E.W.G.'s minus the intelligence, that is: &
I think I have proved my capacity to deal with it, in
the general & the particular both.

As regards the January issue, my first, I think it
will do me good rather than ill with the firm.
Everything I have done for it I have shown to Gell
-- a delightful gent; laborious, patient, boyish, sweet; &
everything I print will be marked, & seen by the
partners in solemn conclave. Over one passage supplied
by me Gell roared with laughter. I suffer under an
American contributor, you must know -- one Benjamin.
Benjamin is a devil of hell. How they discovered him I
know not; but they believe in him mightily. When I
first read the works of Benjamin I tore my hair & wept.
The English of Benjamin is a kind of maniacally feeble of Johnsonese: a Johnsonese whose mind has gone through frigging. Not an organic phrase does it contain; not a sentence that will stand on its own feet; not a metaphor that will hold water. I at once sat down & rewrote Benjamin, & I am bound to say that I succeeded in making a man of him. By an inspiration, I was moved to send up the proof for approbation ere I dispatched it to the printer. The consequences were alarming. They wagged their heads; their face was grave & melancholy; they were alarmed; they couldn't think of such a thing. Benjamin they said, has the whole American press at his back; he would consider himself slighted if his style were so far improved; he would resent the slight in print, & so would all his friends; & good bye to our American circulation. I swore; but I tried again. And after a good deal of trouble I hit the golden mean. I did something for Benjamin after all. I sewed him on [----] a button or two, I provided him with a brace, I wiped his nose, & I tucked in his shirt at two or three holes behind; & I got him off my hands with credit. When the proof came back in page form, I was horrified to find that 19 lines were wanting. I waded in, & tried to write honestly. But it was no go. The demon of parody took possession of me. And the nineteen lines I wrote were true Benjamin. I took 'em up to Gell, & Gell shouted
with laughter. "The sentences are a little too straight & concise," he said, "but Benjamin won't know 'em from his own." You may be sure that I rejoiced. If only I'd dared, to "develop these traits," as Benjamin dares, I'd have done some Benjaminisms that would have killed Benjamin off at sight. But I didn't. As it is, I think you'll allow that I've been tolerably cheeky.

The odd thing is that Benjamin is unknown outside Belle Sauvage Yard. Gosse, whose Americanism you know, swears positively that Benjamin invented himself (like a pill!), & that his influence is a myth, a matter for Lang or Max Muller. A prime jest is that Benjamin -- Little Benjamin, as Gell & I now call him -- on being asked for copy, refused to write under 50 dols. per article. A still primer jest is that they gave him all he asked: "Like wealthy men that care not how they give": So that Benjamin's bad Americanese is to the full as marketable as your good English. A consequence of this misplaced generosity was that Benjamin sent in six articles at a burst -- broke out into Benjaminese all over the shop, in fact. Three of these are yet on my hands. I purpose to get rid of them as quickly as I can. I need not add that I cherish the same intention, in a much higher state of development, with regard to their author.

I mentioned Lang just now. Did I tell you that the name by which he goes -- when he's out of earshot of
the speakers -- is "the Merry Andrew"? That's by the way. The facts are these. I wrote a formal letter to the Merry A., inviting him (as "Dear Sir") to contribute some articles on Savage Art, & on English preRaphaelitism. What does he do but write back to me as "Damned Sir"? What does he do but go on to say that "the art of savages principally consists in carving & gliding their behinds"? This precious epistle, addressed to "The Editor," was opened -- as all letters so addressed are opened -- at the central office, & there men looked at it as at a case of dynamite. Authority was fearfully hurt & fearfully scandalised. Such an insult to the house! Such a reflection on the magazine! such an affront to the altar! -- The consternation was universal, for the missive went from hand to hand, from office to office; -- spreading like a poison through the veins of the whole establishment. Till at last it got to Gell (who knows his Lang), & who read it with yells of laughter, & -- by explanations prompt & ingenious -- succeeded in restoring the House to its accustomed equanimity.

I am curious to see if I shall be paid for my excess-matter in the January number. I am under agreement to contribute 3 pp. per month. I start by contributing some 6 pp. at least. If they don't pay me my £3..3, I shall be a heavy loser. Mais nous allons voir.

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As regards your own business, I suppose you will have heard that -- as I expected -- the "Essays" are a failure. They decline the book, through me, with every circumstance of respect; but they decline it. The fact is (between ourselves) that the new departure of which I trumpeted so loudly & clear, is my eye. It's not yet ready to come off, & I doubt if it ever will be. Cassell's is still Cassell's, & vast as their publishing arrangements are, they do not comprehend the issue of such books as yours. They feel they could not send it out as it deserves, nor circulate it in its proper sphere; & they prefer to have nothing to do with it. Gell (who only knew you anonymously; as the author of those Davos games in the P.M.G.) behaved very charmingly about the matter, & volunteered to do all he could to put the matter to you in its proper light. I thought it best, however, that you should hear of it from me. The chances are, though, that you'll hear of it from him.

The "Songs of Innocence" (as I can't help calling 'em) are another pair of sleeves. There you have 'em, & have em as you will. Of these they see the practicability, & its odds but you & they will deal. They look on your verses, dear lad, as a new thing in child literature; & they are fully prepared, on certain conditions, to go for 'em through thick & thin, to regard them as the withal, not only "of a passing
success, but of an abiding popularity. The conditions are one in number. They have the good sense to see that they've nobody in their employ who can do the verses justice in the matter of illustration; and they have resolved, either to associate Caldecott with you, or not to publish you at all: This I regard as sound policy & I'm delighted to think that they have been so wise about the thing. My great fear was that they would jump at the poems, & hand 'em over to one of their own artists; & I cannot say how much pleased I am to find them resolved to do nothing of the kind, but to make the book the best in every way it can possibly be.

Matters are now at this pass, then. Colvin has the verses, & is to impose them upon Caldecott with all the weight of his influence & authority. He thinks that Caldecott will turn out of his way to oblige him, & that, deep in work as he says he is, he will probably prove to be not so deep but he can buckle to at the "Songs of Innocence." Once we have his promise, your own action begins. You will add as much as you think fit to the MS., & you will -- or Colvin will for you -- make a formal offer of the book to C., P., G., & Co., associating yourself with Caldecott, &, if possible naming a price. That done, the matter will be settled in two twos; & you'll be, I reckon, in a fair way of getting at the biggest public in existence, & of becoming a household oracle in the Universal Nursery.

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Am I too sanguine? I don't think so. Everything depends on Caldecott & on Colvin. If Colvin works the oracle aright, he will nick his Caldecott exactly; & if Caldecott ain't a hass, he'll be only too grateful for such an opportunity -- of a new departure & a steady & abiding popularity -- as your verses give him. That's my way of looking at the business. I am bound to add that I think that Caldecott, if he's a human being, should not be unwilling to stretch a point to oblige me. I have never spoken to him in my life; but I've written more pleasantly & more steadily about him than I've written about anybody living -- yourself alone excepted.

While I am dealing with the subject, I may as well notefy the fact that Greenaway -- whose little book, "Mother Goose,"¹⁴ is immensely popular -- was sounded by Austin Dobson, & found to be impossible. She has three years' work in hand, & doesn't know which way to turn.

Gosse's "Buccaneers" is now with the printer.¹⁵ I'll tell you all about it when I've read the proof. I accepted it blindfold. The said Gosse has promised me a set of sculptures. I am afraid he is preposterously unsound; mais que veux-tu? I lunched with him last Saturday (at the Savile), and we had a very pleasant talk thereby. I confessed defeat over Diogenes (as I did to Colvin), & told him the cause of it. He was that

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stumped; as well he might be. I need hardly add that I told him that "we had projected, among other details, a Savile Club that would have lifted the roof off the establishment." Bowles & Runciman, you see, are not to be depended on; & it's as well, in a matter of this sort, to get first one on. They may never gab; but, on the other hand, they may. If they do, we had disclosed our secret for ourselves. If they don't, we have done no harm, for we have said next to nothing. I ought to add that Colvin, when I confessed our crime, ceased suddenly from beaming, & was inclined to be angry with the pair of us. In no great while, however, he began to beam once more. So, as I suppose, we are forgiven.

Did I tell you Bowles's criticism of the "Modern Arabian Nights"? I forget. Anyhow, here it is. "These," said our addleheaded nobleman, "These are a set of fairly clever imitations of Society Tales, obviously the work of a writer who is not one of us, & knows nothing at all about Society." And this creature edits & irons a journal, & makes £3000 per annum by it! Such, dear lad, is life. Gosse told me a delicious story about the said T.E.B., by the way, which some day I must try to tell you. Not this trip, however. I am feeling tired & must push on.

I am afraid that Mrs.Gosse is not a great writer. Like her husband, she seems capable of a good deal of misplaced admiration. Still, I intend to ask her to go
on writing. She will save me some trouble, & give me a chance of being nice to Gosse (as I wish to be) forbye. I needn't add that all I've written to night is for your private ear alone, & that not for worlds would I talk as freely as I have to anyone but R.L.S.

I shall hope to see your "Pilgrim's Progress" soon. And to have an answer (in the affirmative) to the San Francisco proposal,¹⁸ which you may consider as formal. Will you ask Symonds please, with reference to our "Byways & Alleys of Book Illustration" series, if he could work off a little prelection about the Anatomy of Vesalius?¹⁹ He knows the one I mean; the one that was said to have been illustrated by Titian.²⁰ This is not formal; but I should like to hear his views ere I proceed further in the matter, & enquire into the questions of propriety, feasibility, facsimiles, & so forth. I have thought of him in connection with several other books; but of these I won't say anything at present. Tell him, please, that Dobson is to do Bowdler's Shakespeare for the series,²¹ & that I am bent on working off the Delacroix "Faust."²² I am going to tempt Lang into the Byway (or Alley) which is blocked with Major's edition of I.Walton's "Complete Angler."²³ Tell Symonds, please, that for any hints or suggestions from him I shall be truly grateful, & that I have it in mind, & at my tongue's end, to ask him for some notes on certain of the Castles of Lombardy:²⁴ the
names of them to be sent on presently.

How about a Skelt? Could you write one? We want some "Art for Children"; badly. Let me know. I will sound, & discover meanwhile. Don't write a line, or think a thought, till your hear further, as Petter is a tremendous Noncon. & holds the theatre an antechamber of hell.

How did you like my Thackeray? There have been onslaughts more than one upon it. One in the World, I hear; another in a sixpenny sheet, called Life, which is owned & edited by a Hungarian Jew, & is (very naturally) inclined to dogmatise on the question of style. This one I had the pleasure of reading for myself. Oddly enough, I had never read a line of the journal before. I picked it up by accident, took my punishment meekly, & with some amazement, & went through the journal religiously. In no great while I found myself struggling with a prose-poem upon Robert Buchanan's new novel. Then I began to understand the why & wherefore of my whipping. I am not sure, by the way, that Sutton is not in some way or other, concerned in Life. It would be complete, if he were. Wouldn't it?

Herewith I send you my Dickens note. Macollie (the beast!) has cut it down considerably, but it's a courageous, & not an ineffective, little plaidoyer for all that, I think. I had developed the "Dickens a
great artist" thesis at greater length than it stands; & I had gone so far as to institute a comparison between him & Hugo on this head, & to prove that, as an Artist, he is infinitely the Frenchman's superior. This I take to be self-evident. It's easily demonstrable, at any rate; & I had proved it so. Maccoll was, I take it, afraid of Swinburne, so that my proof had to come out. When you read, you'll see that he has been daring in no mean degree, inasmuch as, though he has shrunk from publishing the demonstration; & rather belittled my adjectivity all over the article, he has not refrained from the comparison of Dickens with the Frenchman generally, but has even let me do more than hint at Gautier & Hugo particularly. I am afraid that if he'd published me as I stood, there would have been war in Isreal with a vengeance.. I was as respectful as I could be; but I couldn't help noting that Hugo is still the Hugo of Hernani & the Orientales; that in 50 years he has not learned any thing, nor forgotten any thing; & that at eighty years old he is as capable of attitude, of insincerity, of mendacity, of ineptitude, as he was when he put forth "Cromwell" as a serious contribution to the literature of drama, & Didier, the gent in Marion Lorme, as an essay in the manner of Shakespeare. I added that extraordinary popularity had demoralised him, & that he had got to be so conscious of his own Godhead as to
have contemptuous of merely human means. And I
contrasted all these facts with the facts that make up
the artistic life of Dickens. I think I was justified
in my conclusions if I was a little premature in my
argument. Don't you? Now confess you do. Confess, Ye
bitch, that you wouldn't write that "Victor Hugo's
Romances" of yours like that nowadays. You know you
wouldn't. You wouldn't be R.L.S. if you could so write
it. If you say me nay to all this, I renounce you.
I'll have no more to do with you. And I'll jump on
your next book in these [- - - -] journals.

Of course this is all my little jest. I know that
you are with me heart & soul in this matter, & that,
who ever may cant of France & the French, you hold the
even [     ] of your way, & listen to nobody. To me
Hugo is, like Shelley, an incarnation of the Evil
Principle in AEsthetics. They may call him an Artist
who will. He is really the most gigantic Amateur in
history. Meredith & Swinburne monstrositical of the
same type. Their idea of art is the Amateur's
merely; -- to be as mannered, as personal, as egoistic,
as eccentric, as abnormal, as one can possibly be;
ever to set down a sentence that, by the operation of
inscription, does not become consecrate to
immortality; never to tēlētē deny oneself a single
freak in the matter of epigram, or a single frenzy in
the matter of antithesis, or a single orgasm in the

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matter of rhetoric; to have no law but one's own appetite, no canons of composition but one's own desires -- this is to be an Artist. You can't deny it, my dear boy. It's the old dispute -- the Personal V. the Absolute -- embodied in a fact; & if some of our swell critics would only condescend to talk about art a little less, & think about art a little more, they wouldn't be the blind guides they are. As for me, I think, by my soul I do! old Dumas is worth sixteen Hugos & eight & forty Gautiers as an artist, & I think Dickens even better than Dumas. And so, I believe, do you.

Truly, it's odd to find how fearfully a clever man can blunder. Symonds, for instance, gravely applies to Italian tragedy old Goethe's test of drama, & opinest that as it is lacking "in essentials of tragedy; [ ], that is, & the motiviren of each incident," it is therefore a failure. Not a word about emotion, you see; not a hint of the only true essential in drama; not a suspicion that Goethe's description applies far better & far more closely to "Une Cause Célèbre" than to "Othello." Tis the same with Colvin & the dramatist in Landor. He cannot be brought to see clearly that Landor is always Landor, & was absolutely incapable of true drama; he goes about spotting bits, & tips, & passing fancies, which mean nothing at all where they are & would mean little even were they
properly placed; & he addles his big head with the theory that Landor knew all about it, & that this sort of thing, though it isn't absolute drama, is as who should say a beginning of it, & that these settled notions prove their author to have had in him dramatic embryonisms -- dramatic ovaries, even! -- not much inferior to Shakespeare. Swinburne -- God bless him! -- goes miles farther than Colvin, &, gravely maniacal, writes down Landor as "a second Shakespeare" right away. Blest if I don't think honest, cautious, old Stephen -- the walking negation that he is -- a thousand miles nearer the truth than the nearest of 'em.

I talked with Colvin tother day, & was was moved to own that I think Whitman, in very many ways, [----] far stronger as a man, & far more vivifying & ennobling as an influence, than W.S.L. But he regarded me with an astonished coldness that made me feel afraid; & I made haste to change the subject.

Meanwhile, read my Dickens, & report on it, & on the Thackerary, at your leisure. I must tell you that the Dickens proof was lost in the post, so, that the article -- which must have been originally some six or seven columns long, & was written & transcribed in two evenings -- went to press unrevised. I wish it hadn't, for I wanted much to look it over, having been too tired to go through the MS. ere I sent it off. I felt
sure, too, that my editor would chip, & prune, & frigg about the thing; & I meant to restore after him as much as I could. I don't say this apologetically, for I really think the thing runs swiftly & smoothly in its way, & will serve its purpose as well as most Athenaeumisms; but lest you should think me more slovenly than usual, & reproach me with crimes of which I ain't guilty.

Now for a little news, & then to bed. We are all well, & we are all anxious to have good news of you. Teddy has been staying for a day or two with C.B. He has likewise been playing old Eccles (Henry's part in Caste; one of the most trying games in the Robertsonian repertory) &\textsuperscript{38}, apparently, doing the thing quite cleverly & well. I think, dear lad, that he'll do, & that we shall take our wack of H.Irving Esq. in several ways. Anthony has made a great stride forward of late, & is actually painting pictures. I am more pleased than I can say with him. I really do think cheerfully of him at last. Nigel framed the two Canalettos for your father,\textsuperscript{39} & very well he did 'em. I wished he had worked off your Piranesi at the same time. Your father seems very much pleased with the Canalettos, I am glad to say; & I feel very happy that I thought of asking him to accept them. Bob I haven't seen for an age[;] I must write to him next week. If I hadn't been so busy all this while, of course I'd have written
before. Of Ferrier I heard this morning. I hadn't seen him since the beginning of my official life; & I wrote off to him my first chance. He replies that he has had hemorrhage, & is very dicky. Poor old boy! I am fond of him, & that's the truth. I hope & trust he'll mend; & I am inclined to think he will. Of Runciman I haven't heard for an age. The latest news from Rothsay Place is amusing. I sent on there, to complete the drawn room decoration, Michelangelo's "Night" & "Twilight" -- the two tremendous nudities--tremendously nude they are, too! from the tomb of Giuliano di Medici. Mrs. B. refused to hang them in the saloon; Charles insisted; it was haul devil[,] pull baker for many days. Charles says it was almost causing a petition for divorce. He has taken the nudities down into the smoking room, & there Mrs. B. vows & declares she nevermore will sit. He says that, if she don't, she shall sit nowhere, & that if the figures were good enough for Miche, they're good enough for Charles Baxter, & his wife also. There the matter stands. The figures are colossally naked to be sure; but indecent they're not. I fear that Mrs.Baxter's sense of decency is exaggerated[.] I have written to make peace, & of course I have declared her absolutely justified in excluding the things from her drawing room.

How are you? How is it, my dear Mrs.Louis, that
you don't secretary it a little oftener? I am ashamed of you. So is my wife. Our love to you all the same. And our love to Louis, too. How is he? Do please tell us. Not that I think you will; you'll never get so far as this; you'll stop at page 12 or so. Never mind. You asked for a letter, & here one is. If you're not very good, you shall have another the very first opportunity. Meanwhile, God bless you both. we would give much to be near you.

W.E.H.

1 McKay dates this letter as early 1882; see McKay, 4, 1397. The contents of the letter suggest late November or, possibly, December 1881. Mehew dates this letter as 1881; information received from Ernest J. Mehew, 16 March 1986.

2 Presumably Gladstone.

3 Phillip Lylleton Gell (1852-1926), educational director of Cassell's.

4 Samuel Greene Wheeler Benjamin (1837-1914), American writer, painter and diplomat. He was the first American minister to Persia, 1883-1885.


6 Cassell's address; La Belle Sauvage Yard, Ludgate Hill, London, E.C.

7 Friedrich Max Müller (1823-1900), German born naturalised Briton. Taylorian Professor of modern European languages, Oxford University, 1854-1868, and from 1868 until his death Professor of comparative philology at Oxford.

8 Not identified.


10 Not identified.

11 Not identified.

12 Five unsigned articles by RLS about Switzerland in the P.M.G. during February and March 1881; see
Swearingen, p.58.


14 Mother Goose; or, the old nursery rhymes, illustrated by Kate Greenaway (London: Routledge and Sons, 1881).


16 RLS's Latter-Day Arabian Nights.

17 Ellen (Nellie) Epps (1850-1929) had married Gosse in 1875. She wrote children's stories, contributed to various journals, and also exhibited paintings at the Grosvenor Gallery.

18 WEH had asked RLS for an article on San Francisco. The letter has not been found. See Robert Louis Stevenson, "A Modern Cosmopolis," The Magazine of Art, 6 (1883), 272-76.

19 Symonds was convalescing from tuberculosis in Davos. No article was published. Andreas Vesalius (1514-1564), a Flemish physician, born Andries Van Wesel, who wrote De humani corporis fabrica libri septem [The Seven Books on the Structure of the Human Body], published in 1543. It is commonly known as the Fabrica.

20 Titian (Tiziano Vecelli) (c.1487-1576), Venetian painter.

21 This did not materialise. Thomas Boudler (1754-1825) published an expurgated edition of Shakespeare, fit for family reading, in 1818.


24 No such article was published.

25 Robert Louis Stevenson, "A Penny Plain and Twopence Coloured," The Magazine of Art, 7 (1884), 227-32. This was an article on Skelt's Juvenile Drama or toy theatre.

26 George William Petter (1824-1888), a partner in Cassell's.


30 [W.E. Henley], Rev. of The Letters of Charles Dickens, edited his Sister-in-Law and his Eldest Daughter, The Athenaeum, 19 November 1881, pp. 659-60. The review was almost five columns long.


32 Hugo's play Cromwell, published in 1827.

33 Hugo's play Marion de Lorme, published in 1829.


35 The aesthetic movement in England had its roots in France and it espoused the belief in beauty as all important in life and art. Art existed for itself rather than a means to moralise or examine conditions of life. The aesthete person stood out from the crowd and demanded that he be noticed.


37 Une Cause Célèbre has not been identified.

38 T.W. Robinson's Castæ, at the Theatre Royal, Edinburgh, from 24 October 1881 to 29 October 1881.

39 Canaletto (Giovanni Antonio Canal) (1697-1768), Venetian painter.

40 5 Rothesay Place, Edinburgh, was the home of Charles Baxter. WEH was sending various pictures to Baxter and he also seems to have been involved in the decoration of at least one of Baxter's rooms; see W.E. Henley, Letter to Charles Baxter, Thursday [Autumn 1881], Beinecke uncatalogued, Yale University.

41 Giuliano de Medici, Duc de Nemours (1479-1516). Michelangelo did four reclining marble figures to represent the times of the day; Dawn, Day, Dusk, and Night.
La Belle Sauvage Yard,
Ludgate Hill,
London, E.C.
14 December 1881

My dear Sir,

If you think the pictures referred to in my enclosure worth writing about, I should be glad to have a note on them for the February issue.

And could you send me a paragraph on the "Institute of Painters in Water Colours"? I should like one much. I have not received any tickets for the exhibition; so, if you write, please charge the cost to the Magazine.

I am, my dear Sir,

Very faithfully Yours,

The Editor.

W. Meynell Esq.


SOME UNPUBLISHED LETTERS OF

WILLIAM ERNEST HENLEY 1849-1903

Volume 2

Thesis submitted for the degree of
Doctor of Philosophy
University of Leicester

by

Damian Anthony Patrick Atkinson

April 1991
My dear Louis,

I blush for my ingratitude. Of my silence I am fearfully ashamed. But I do get so damned bored with editing & jawing that when I am at last chez moi, which seldom comes off before four or five o'clock, I feel more bust than I can say. This is why I haven't been writing so free as I ought. I've been hoping, too, to have had news to send when I did write; & so I find myself axing pardon, & imploring you not to believe me forgetful & unkind.

I saw Chatto on Friday, & concluded the purchase. The coins will be paid, by a bill at 3 months, the day of publication. The said bill is instantly negotiable; & if the thing is necessary, a banker will be provided who will cash on the spot.

The day of publication wholly depends on yourself. Chatto is anxious to get the book out as early next year as possible; & we only wait for the typification of the "Pepys," & for the MS. of the "Preface." You had better write to Chatto I think, & say something nice to him, as it's plain he means to be as nice as a
publisher can be to you. Likewise, please, give him your new title. I have forgot it; but I told him, as an approximation, that it would be something like "Studies in Men & Books." That was as near as I could get it. He approved of it highly.

I have Chatto in communication with C.B., as your agent; & I have asked your father to transfer his account with Clark to the new publisher. So that the thing is as good as settled. I am happy to say that, so far as I know, it shouldn't cost your father a single pound.

I have more to tell. Colvin & I discussed the advisability of getting Chatto to take over your copyrights from the Keg. I broached the matter to Chatto, & found him very willing indeed to consider it. I rather fancy that, if you're that, way inclined, the business may be done. What do you say? Write at once, to Colvin or to me, & let us know your views. Just now Colvin is a gay Londoner, & if you thought well of the tip, it might be worked out ere he returns to Cambridge & becomes once more a Don. I shall add that he goes for the idea like fun.

If the thing were done at all, it would have to be done through your father, I think, who would take over & transfer. All depends on the price the Paul & Partner Joe put on their victims spoils. The robber-in-chief declares, I know, that the property is not
worth sixpence to him; but I imagine that if we put him
to the proof, it would turn out a horse of another
colour. We shall see, no doubt, strange things, in
fact, if we come at him practically.

That's all my business talk for the present.
Except that I think it will be well for you to take to
thinking out the Theatre on Style as seriously &
steadily as you can; & that you won't do any harm by
letting me have full proofs of "Treasure Island," when
such is the will of your good editor.

The "Pilgrim's Progress" is not in your best vain,
I admit. Still it's a green island in my sea of
misery: a place of palms, & fountains, & the song of
birds in the midst of that waste & idle desert which
men call the Mag. of Art. Colvin overlooked the slips,
& suggested some changes, several of which I made bold
to adopt. I am just now waiting for electros of some
twenty of the cuts, & hope to have it out in my
February issue. That's as much as to say that I shall
be pasting it up on Monday or Tuesday next. As yet
I've found out nothing about Mr. T. Conder, about whom
I've written to Garnett at the B.M., & to Cundall
likewise: both swells, & up to all sorts of tips. As
it happens, the edition is no longer Bagister's. It is
reissuing by a brute named Benjamin West, at 2/6 (in
French & English; dedicated to W. Ewart G.), at 1/0,
5d., & 1d -- and, in pamphlet form, in French
likewise[,] so an article will help it off a good deal. West has suppressed the plan of the route, & put in its place a staring frontis representing the Bunyan statue. He has also inserted a dithyrambic inscription in praise of W.E.G. In other respects, his issue is the same with Bagister's.

I hope to put you on the free list, & so let you see how I am working month by month. I shall have a good number in March; -- Lang, Colvin, Creighton, B. Champneys, & Monkhouse to the front.¹² Qu'en penses-tu? That is, if all comes off, as I have arranged. Which, in all probability, it won't. To these, you may add, if so disposed, Percy Fitzgerald & Mrs. Sitwell¹³ -- the one on "Coalscuttles," & the other on "Art Needlework" -- & yours truly on things in general.¹⁴ Altogether ça a l'air pas mal. If I hadn't so much vile matter to work off, so much dead horse to flog into space, I would show such a clean pair of heels to Messrs. Portfolio, Art-Journal, & Co. as never were seen before.

Gosse's poem, "The Cruise of the Rover," is really devilish good. I am much pleased, & a little surprised. Gosse & I are now, I may add, sworn friends. Dobson tells me that he's very anxious to be nice to me & to know what I think of him. As a matter of fact I have been as pleasant & as amiable over his poem -- practically so, I mean -- as I know how; & I
think, dear lad, you'll confess that when I do go in
for that sort of thing, I am rather a swell at it. O
hear from Colvin that Gosse met Gell at dinner, & spent
a long time talking of me very magnificently indeed to
him. I was a little hurt by this, for some days after
the conversation I had amused myself by describing
Gosse to Gell, & had been anxious that I was rather on
the spot in my description. I felt easier in my
conscience when Gosse, in his neatest & best style,
told me about the conversation himself. Still I
thought it best to dish matters up a little to Gell; so
I said to him, with the air of mingled candour &
remorse you would have liked to see, "By the way[,] Gosse is fearfully kind to me that I must ask you to
forget what I said tother day of him. I don't retract
a word of it (I went on) but you must forget it as soon
as ever you can." Gell, who is an intelligent
creature, & very full of tact & amiability, enjoyed the
jest as much, I think, as I did.

Gosse has discovered Benjamin for me. Benjamin is
by no means the Hannibal Chollup we had supposed. He
is a mild, short, bald elderly gent who is always
borrowing money, & who wouldn't (& couldn't) hurt a
worm. He has filled with credit to himself, the
honourable office of art-critic to the Denver (or
Danbury, or Durgan) Banner & Courant, I don't know
the name of the place, but it's somewhere in

- 431 -
Massachusetts. It was considered by his friends that the Magazine of Art was sent from heaven to relieve his wants & save their purses. Voilà. I am afraid the poor old boy has not much to hope for now. I feel sorry for him. Don't you? I do indeed. But he really ought to have taken the pains to learn to write something like English. It was damn artful of him, too[,] refusing to put pen to paper under 50 dolls., wasn't it? and giving himself out for a regular tiger, to boot! -- upon my word, if only he were a little better I wouldn't have the heart to send him packing. Editor as I am (& editing hardens the heart most fearfully), I would cherish & make much of him, & show him for the Tiger of the Tribe of Benjamin he isn't.\footnote{17}

I heard yesterday, from Payn, that you'd been writing nuts to him. 'Tis the vainest, cheeriest, kindest creature living! He seemed immensely pleased, & roared with laughter when I quoted your last letter to him. Bob I saw last night; & to day we went & heard a Razimoffsky quartet together.\footnote{18} Reis, Zerbini, & Piatti were on the spot;\footnote{19} & I had hard work not to fall asleep. Bob & yourself have had a like experience over another Razimoffsky, I believe. The fact is Razimoffsky is my eye. Santley came on next, & electrified us with a mauvaise romance d'Arthur Sullivan.\footnote{20} What a gorgeous thing it is to deal with a real, right-down, tip-top Artist, isn't it? Santley
also sang a chanson Arabs of Gounod's -- a very jolly, sexual business, it is -- & sang it magnificently. We were enchanted. The AEsthetes, I should note, prefer Henschel to Santley almost to a man; & Henschel, who's a clever fellow & a good musician, is worthy to be let cough in the same field with him. Tis another proof that to be an Aesthete is not to have not a single glimmering of the meaning of Art. I needn't remind you that most of the Aesthetes batten on Chopin, & think Wagner a far greater swell, not only than Berlioz & Handel & Gluck & Bach, but then J. Beethoven himself. I met one tother day -- he's not so much an Aesthete as a gent gone maniacal with translating Wagner's operas & Hugo's dramas, by the way -- & he confessed that he thought it absurd to prefer Wagner to Beethoven. He said he thought them about equal. Also the Wag. might very fairly be described as Shakespeare's brother, & his work the complement of the AEschylean & Shakespearean drammy. Such, dear lad, is the Art-talk of to-day.

The truth is, the artistic intelligence & sentiment are dousid rare & the culture-mongers, holding that culture would do everything, have only succeeded thus far in bashing the cause they uphold, by according to everybody a kind of certificate of permission to believe in himself as an artistic somebody. We all have learned to jaw & to be aesthetic; and as the world
is a dull & dense & idiotic world; the first ass who chooses to lift his face & bray to the four winds has as much chance of attention & respect as Colvin himself. This I can't help telling Colvin now & then. Last Sunday I swore to him that he reminded me of the prentice wizard in Goethe's ballad, who knew enough of the charm to raise the devil, but not enough to lay him, & so perished miserably. Oddly enough, he didn't seem to see the humour of the comparison. Strange, wasn't it? Bob, too, appears to have given him some shrewd knocks at Cambridge. I fear that, between the two of us, he is not always happy.

He is lecturing at the Working Men's College to-night; on Walter S. Landor, no less. I hoped to have gone to hear him; but I was dead tired when I got home, & hadn't coins for cabs. So I'm writing to you instead. I feel such a tenderness towards him, & such an admiration for his very weaknesses, that I've scarce heart enough to laugh at him. God bless him, I say, for a good & true man. You were a happy gent in your first friend, dear lad; & you deserved the happiness for your willingness to share him with the likes of me.

Apropos de Bob. He is grinding at -- what? What do you think[?] A Book On Art!! When I said I'd make him write, I didn't know how near to consummation I was. He told me of it last night. If he gets through, it will be one of the most suggestive works in
literature. His difficulty is, that he can't write. But that is a difficulty that we've all had to fight, & that we've all contrived, to a greater or less extent, to overcome. Be sure that if he fails, it won't be fault of mine. Be sure, too, that he has promised communication, & that I'll have him in print ere he knows where he is. He shall lose his virginity before he's aware of it. The day I send you the proofs thereof -- the bloody sheet, so to speak; the -- number of the Magazine of Art -- I shall be a proud & happy gent. Do you, when you write, encourage him by taking the fact, of authorship on his part, for granted, & express all the interest you have as imperiously & matter-of-factishly as you know how. Colvin & I'll answer for the rest.

Did I tell you that the Simp is grinding hard at his novel? Baxter tells me that he has read the same, & that Lady S. & her talk are simply photographically perfect. I hope to take the book to Chatto. Charles himself has started literary composition. In the intervals of aestheticism & the study of M. Angelo, he wrestles with a Digest or a Codex -- I don't know which -- of certain points in Scots law. Simpson says he's "reconciling the four Gospels"; but that's a Simpsonism. Probably I shall see the pair of 'em in a month or so; as, if I possibly can, I must go north & see "Griselda." The Jenk is
hard at work on it; &, if he had but a Marquis,\textsuperscript{32} would be perfectly happy. But Burnett's health has given way,\textsuperscript{33} & he hasn't. What he'll do I can't imagine.

Katherine I know not of. She has left De Mattos & that's all I can say.\textsuperscript{34} Rosy Simpson,\textsuperscript{35} who has a wonderful capacity for finding people's destiny for them, is said to have written to say how very glad she was to hear that De Mattos is now a postman in Australia: that being a kind of lay for which, by nature & passion, he is pre-eminently suited. I ought to say that I got this story from Bob, & won't vouch for the truth of it.

I have heaps to write about yet. But I must draw in; for I'm getting dead beat. We are all very anxious about you, & sorely afraid that you may be unwise enough to leave Davos. What on earth is the matter with Mrs. Louis?\textsuperscript{36} How much we regret your & her ill plight I cannot tell you. We do hope that, ere this, you have good news of her, & that you won't hesitate to communicate it. With all you can about yourself as well. Our love to both of you, meanwhile. The Chatelaine is a trifle wretched to-day; for the Smike took himself off last night,\textsuperscript{37} & -- contrary to his usual habits; which are exemplary -- has not yet returned. We suppose him to have gone seeking some charming fair; but we are a little upset about him, as he's a model of punctuality & domesticity, & has never
been away so long before. As for the doggie, he is really more intelligent & uproarious than words can express. Tell Mrs. Louis that he reflects the highest honour on her judgement. I fully expect him to prove capable of acting as my secretary & amanuensis. If he were not so hungry, & so passionately interested in grub, I believe he would ere this have taken to reading the paper to me at breakfast. His intellect alarms & astonishes me. Talking of him, I fall to thinking of the Woggs, & hoping, with all my heart, that he is healed of his hurt, & able to companion you in your loneliness.

Anthony is painting very well indeed, but is not selling. His love to you. Nigel has knocked the Jenk with a frame, & is to have photos galore from him. Joe, whom I think you've seen, marries two hundred a year & a nice girl, next Tuesday. I've so much to do, & am so far behind with it, that I fear I won't be able to be at the wedding. Such is the practical translation of "10 till 1½ daily"! Ted returns to-morrow, & is away three days after, with a new engagement. Mrs. Sitwell has been very poorly indeed, but she's now better.

Warner I've not seen for an age; nor Clayton; nor Shiel Barry. I never seem to have a moment's time. More than ever do I see that I was wise to decline absorption, & to stand for my own hand. The drama --
my one passion -- is miles away as it is. Where it would have lain had I sworn myself a Cassellite, I don't think. Meanwhile, the work is doing me good. I am in right health, & writing fairly well at least. The worst is, that I've no time to read & none to think for myself. I suppose I'm safe for a year. After that, we'll see. By that time I shall know what I'm worth, and, as books are coming in fast (thanks entirely to me, I am bound to say) be the owner of a very fair art library. I shall likewise have paid off a little debt. The engagement, however, is plainly not so good as I had hoped & believed; and, between ourselves, I shouldn't be excessively sorry, if I knew that with '82 it would surely come to an end.

Don't resent these confidences. I write à coeur ouvert & can't help saying what I feel. And don't be afraid that I shall neglect my duties. I believe in doing things well, & I shall do as well as I know how. Indeed I am not sparing myself. I am a little vexed to think that much of my labour is in vain, & that I might have been spared the most of it had my predecessors been worth their salt. I have to repair their blunders; & I don't care for the job. They seem to have edited the Magazine much as the most of their contributors write English; & I am putting their work into shape as I'm putting their contribution into grammar. For the dear honour's sake, you may be sure
that I am not going to fail.

I had almost forgot. Of Ferrier I haven't heard these some weeks past. I fear he is ill indeed. I'll write to morrow. Runciman I never see, & seldom hear from. He is, I fancy, mad with vanity, & will end wildly. Ruskin (who is quite insane at times) & he exchange long & passionate letters. He is seldom himself just now; & will presently come forth with the air of a saint released (you can see him from here!) and the MSS. of his novel. Which, of course, is a masterpiece. He is so bent on producing his wretched individuality, that (he writes) he is "shutting himself from the consideration of all forms of art." Can you imagine him? He has found out his Books, he says, & when the time comes is prepared to throw the wretch over. Did I tell you that he has been writing for Morley? He has; & he says his stuff "looks well." I'm afraid that I'm sick of him, & that, when I think of things, I let myself be d--d angry with, & contemptuous of, his new editor. That was my great chance; & that thick-headed, clever, brilliant doctrinaire declined to let him take it. [My] life, but for that, had been just now a good & honest game. By God, I'll not forget, nor forgive, him, while that life lasts.

How I chatter, to be sure! Here I am at the end of my fourteenth page, & heaps on heaps to say yet. I am
glad to be done for the moment, as I feel myself
getting melancholy & I want to cheer & hearten you as
much as I can.

Since I wrote of Smike, he has turned up once more,
& the Chatelaine is a happy young woman again. He is
safe & sound but he has the air of one who has spent a
number of hours in some such seclusion as that which is
afforded by a coal-hole.

Affectionately Yours,

W.E.H.

[Two lines, written by WEH at right angles to the text
on the last page, have been deleted]
See W.E. Henley, Letter to Richard Garnett, 16 December 1881, MS (Garnett, R) Recip, University of Texas at Austin, U.S.A. Richard Garnett (1835-1906), Superintendent of the Reading Room at the British Museum, 1875-1884, and from 1884 chief editor of the first catalogue of the library at the British Museum.

Frank Cundall (1858-1937), historian and writer on Jamaica.

The Illustrated Polyglot Pilgrim's Progress. In English and French. (London: Benjamin West, 1876).


WEH's contribution to the March issue has not been identified.

Hannibal Chollop has not been identified.

The Danvers Courier, Danvers, Mass., weekly, 15 March 1845-1902.

A reference to the Tribe of Benjamin in the Old Testament.

Beethoven's Quartet in C major, opus 59, known as the Rasoumowski, performed at St.James's Hall, London, on 17 December 1881.

Alfredo Carlo Piatti (1822-1901), cellist. Reis and Zerbini have not been identified.


Gounod's "Medje." Charles François Gounod (1818-1893), French composer.

George Henschel (1850-1934), baritone.

Frédéric Chopin (1810-1849), Polish composer.

Johann Sebastian Bach (1685-1750).

"Der Zauberlehrling" in Die Musenalmanach für 1798; see The Oxford Companion to German Literature (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 1986).

Not identified.
27 WEH seems to suggest an original work by Bob but his first published book was a translation; see R.A.M.Stevenson, trans., Engraving: its origin, processes, and history (London: Cassell and Co., 1886). His major work was The Art of Velasquez (London: George Bell and Sons, 1895).

28 For his first contribution to the M. of A, see R.A.M.Stevenson, "Art in France," The Magazine of Art, 7 (1884), 461-67.

29 Simpson did not publish a novel.

30 Lady Anne Fitzgerald Simpson, wife of Sir Walter Grindlay Simpson.

31 Not identified.

32 A character in Jenkin's play Griselda.

33 Probably J.P.Burnett (?1846-1917), actor and dramatist.

34 Katherine had left her husband W.Sidney de Mattos.

35 Not identified.


37 The Henleys' cat.

38 The Stevensons' cat.


40 Edward Henley's part has not been identified.

41 James Runciman, Romance of the Coast (London: George Bell and Sons, 1883).

42 No signed contribution by Runciman has been found in The Pall Mall Gazette.
Say no to it just yet. I want Chatto to take the "Shadow," & shall send it on to him next week. The man who spoke of the "Shadow" to the St.James's is a certain Watt: an honest, sympathetic countryman of yours, who seems to be (somehow) a sufferer, & who -- a great admirer of R.L.S. -- read "Thrawn Janet" without knowing it was his, & was proud when (in a cold sweat) he got to the end to find that his it was.

Why are you such an impersonal devil? Why don't you you tell us a bit about yourself? Why, when we want to hear of you & your wife, do you insist on blowing about your brave old-iron Arthur? I seem to have heard that your wife was not expected to survive the week? has she survived it? or have you buried her, & are you busy on an epitaph & a Memorial study? I suppose she yet lives, for I feel sure that you'd have told me both of the study & epitaph. Give her our love, & say that we think less of her -- as a correspondent -- than can be expressed in words. And your own knee-cap? Did I dream that you had slipped
it? or how? I can't help thinking that somebody told me you had disarranged some part of your anatomy. Was it your diaphragm? or was it Mrs. Louis's diaphragm? or was it your finger that fractured? Did you have an abscess in your ear? or was it Sam? Or was it Woggs that slipped his knee-cap in jumping off a tombstone, that time when you burst your diaphragm in calling for doctors because Mrs. Louis had broken her finger, & Sam was busily getting rid of his gall-stones? -- I get mixed when I think of you & your tumbles, & wish to God I had a better head for mathematics. Why don't you try (when you know my infirmity) to be a little less casual & more precise.

That reminds me that I have been seeing something of Hake. He seems a very good fellow, & as staunch an admirer of R.L.S. as of Chinese Gordon. He has tried his hardest to get that portrait he promised you; but the Colonel hates admiration, & won't part: However, he swears you shall have one, or he'll bust. He has all his cousin's letters & papers in hand this moment, & is busy editing a selection from his correspondence, from the Sebastopol days down to the Sudan. He is a contributor, & we often meet at lunch, his office (the Overland Mail) being not far from mine. He told me several comic things about the Colonel, which I'll some day tell you. But not now. Oddly enough I met Greenwood (my old enemy) one afternoon, & we
fraternised as becomes two rival potentates; & he told me he knew Gordon too, & that -- to look at -- he is about as unlike the hero he is as you could well imagine. Hake, by the way, is just now writing me some Boucher;¹⁰ & I hope to get some articles from his father also.¹¹ A new recruit (I had almost forgot to add) is -- whom do you think? Why, W. Morris!¹²

I am stark mad just now; about Wagner. Bob, & the Châtelaine went tother night to hear "Lohengrin,"¹³ & had hard work not to quit before the end. It is so bloody dull -- and so bloody inartistic! Above all, so bloody inartistic! When I reflect that the author of it -- if you'll believe himself -- the honour of having invented the Work of Art, that he denies Gluck (he rewrote Iphigénie en Tauride!!) & Berlioz,¹⁴ only accepts Beethoven in symphony, is the original author of Jew-baiting,¹⁵ wrote a parody of the Siege of Paris,¹⁶ abjures melody because he can't make it, & has for years been absolutely mad with vanity & envy, & is the best beslavered idol the idiots of the world have in their temple, I feel kind of maniacal. If the brute had but genius, instead of a number of not very splendid talents, I should call him the Gladstone of Music. He has dealt with the art much as Wm. Ewart (God damn him) has dealt with the British Empire; & he is about as good & representative a type of this mad, futile, arrogant, blundering, flatulent, noisy, vain,
imperfect[, selfish, clever, pretentious, insincere, & mistaken Nineteenth Century as you'll find.

Art is a good & holy thing after all; & it's a pleasure to be an artist. I had rather have written the Ninth Symphony than have won Waterloo; I prefer Shakespeare (even Dumas!) to that brave old iron Boyshop of Yours. But the worst is that art is for the few, & that for the many, an imitation of it -- such as "Sunrise," or "Lohengrin" -- is even better than the real thing. Just, I suppose, as for the million Hollaway's Piles & Ointment are preferable to Antiseptics & Listerism. Such is life. As far as art is concerned, the word is "mostly fools." Wagner is more knave than fool, I think; but his theory of the Work of Art -- the Musik-Drama -- is the work of a maniac, & very naturally, it pleases the public.

I never read. I think I never wrote a play in my life. I am editing a damn picture book. Hooray. Here we go again & damn the expense. Write soon.

Ever Affectionately Yours,

W.E.H.

1 Dated October by Mackay, 4, 1396. Mehew gives January or February 1882; information received from Ernest J. Mehew, 16 March 1986. Internal evidence supports this; see note 13.
2 Francis Watt (1849-1927), lawyer and writer.
3 Not identified.
4 Samuel Lloyd Osbourne (1868-1947), son of Fanny Stevenson by her first marriage; see Margaret-ip-446-
Alfred Egmont Hake, journalist and writer.

Charles George Gordon (1833-1885), English soldier. He acquired his nickname after defeating rebels in China. He was killed at Khartoum and is known as General Gordon.


Hake's first signed contribution under WEH's editorship was "A 'Rose-Water Raphael,'" The Magazine of Art, 5 (1882), 294-301.

The address has not been identified.

François Boucher (1704-1770), French painter; see note 8.

Thomas Gordon Hake (1809-1895), physician and poet. No signed article appeared in the M. of A. under WEH's editorship.

William Morris (1834-1896), architect, artist, designer and poet. No signed article appeared in the M. of A. under WEH's editorship.

Wagner's opera Lohengrin was performed by the Carl Rosa Opera Company at Her Majesty's Theatre, Haymarket, London, on 14, 18, 23, and 27 January 1882 and 1 and 7 February 1882.

WEH is mistaken as Wagner did not rewrite Gluck's opera Iphigénie en Tauride. However, he did rewrite Gluck's opera Iphigénie en Aulide as Iphigenia in Aulis in 1847.


Not identified.

Not identified.

Presumably W. Black's book.
My dear Dobson,

I forgot to tell you that we have obtained permission to engrave the Normanton Hogarth -- the "Graham Family,"¹ & that -- if we can contrive the engraving; as I doubt not we shall -- I look to you for a page of matter to illustrate the picture, which will be full-page.

I have seen Graves,² & the two canvasses are now upstairs.³

Truly Yours[,]  
The Editor[.]

Austin Dobson Esq.

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¹ William Hogarth's The Graham Family, owned by the Earl of Normanton. The picture was reproduced half page size with Dobson's comments; see Austin Dobson, "The Normanton Hogarth," The Magazine of Art, 5 (1882), 441-43. William Hogarth (1697-1764), painter and engraver.
² Probably Henry Graves (1806-1892), print seller.
³ Not identified.
My dear Louis,

I saw Mennell to-day,^{2} & told him of the adhesion. He swore mightily, & said your first doctor^{3} -- he of the bandages -- is a common bloody fool. Ice & exercise, he says, would have been proper -- nay the only treatment. This will teach you not to pin your faith on the average medical man. Meanwhile, I hope the adhesion's giving way. I don't want you to suffer more than you can help; & I should be glad indeed to hear that it had been broken down, so perpend.

You will be surprised to hear that the said Mennell thinks hopefully of W.Simpson, who, under treatment for dipsomania, has begun to blossom like the rose. The Zeb is not yet sure, but he's hopefuller than he was. I don't know whether to be glad or sorry. For Walter's sake -- who seems to have set his heart on the case -- I ought to be glad. But really I don't know.

I can find by the way this runs, that I'm not in for a long letter. It's a pity, ain't it? But it ain't my fault. The familiar is out for a stroll, & without him my pen won't stir.

I've been dipping into the old Londons of late.
How preposterously cheeky, how devilishly clever, how very right & honest we often were! And what a place we ought to have made for ourselves in journalism! As regards myself, the principal reflection I've to make is this -- that once on a time I wrote very badly indeed, far worse than I write now. Such is life! Then I'd heaps to say, & I couldn't say it. Now I've nothing to say & I can say it fairly ill. I should like to republish some of my games. If I could, what an example I'd make of their sentences! What a havoc there would be among adjectives & adverbs & Elizabethanisms! The results would be almost readable, I think: as readable as Pater, at all events. Of course, I never shall republish; but I in a mild way over the idea. And I confess to regretting the old journal a good deal. A little honesty in our leader, & it might yet have been alive; & by this time, having learned our trade, & found that too much cleverness is almost worse than none, we should have a power in the state, & be cursing the [soul] of William Ewart to some purpose. But to what end regrets? Poor Rastignac's asleep at Bordighera; & James Walter can neither work nor wait; & Saintsbury has become a Saturday Reviewer & an authority on French literature; & you are an out-patient (with a wife & an adhesion!) at Davos; & I am editing a damn picture-book; & Runciman has developed into a cheap & nasty private
Gladstone. If I could only add that Sutton was hanged
three months ago, I'd be almost happy in my catalogue.
But I can't; & a consequence is that I'm rather
wretched in it than otherwise. Labby is now an M.P.,
& to all intents & purposes a respectable character --
as who should say a Penitent Thief before the
crucifixion; & Truth's worth £12,000 a year. And the
World is a fortune; & the Whitehall Review a property;
& even Life is alive & kicking -- with Buchanan's hoof
in every kick. And London, that was worth them all put
together -- the print on which the Old Man looked with
interest & amusement, & which he designed to help &
countenance & advance -- London is as dead as it's
first editor. And Irving plays Romeo next week; &
Gladstone's prime minister; and Herkomer is a great
artist. Decidely the irony of facts is a little too
free.

Excuse these tears. As the editor of a bloody
picture book, I may be permitted to recall -- now &
then -- the days when I was young & strong & valiant, &
didn't give a damn for anything but what I thought the
right. I'm bound to add that I am, if anything, a good
deal fiercer & stauncher in the cause than ever. But I
cannot be an active influence. I can only talk & say
smart things. And I do a little repine.

Of course the days in Bristo Place were good &
happy days. Who ever said they weren't? Your brave
old-iron [Jorny] is making you too damn moral. You should have a cocked hat presented to you by public subscription, that you shall. Who is there that would have the heart, or the face, to regret such a past as ours? Did we not live? did we not love? did we not drink?, & talk, & write? Were we not friends? did we not suffer & enjoy & fool? Answer me that! How should the days have been other than good? I protest that if you've qualified your opinion of those times by so much as a single "if," I shall be an angry man. A little more, & you'll out-Colvin Colvin.

For the rest, I'm curious to read the "Talk & Talkers." It will amuse & please me much, I know. As for your secret magazine (which sounds as though I'd cribbed the expression from "Treasure Island"), I guess I know as much about it as a mere outsider may, & live. I suppose you refer to that concern of Longman's, don't you? I hear that it's going to be a clinker, & no mistake, & to revolutionise the art of magazine-making; but that's all I can get at. The secret is well kept with a vengeance. I can't help wondering if they've room on their staff for a broken down dramatic critic like me. If the theatre comes within these limits of their scheme, I'd like to handle it for 'em. But I suppose it will be handed over (if it does) to the veteran Joe Knight, or Moy Thomas skilled in old playbills, or the brilliant Clement Scott. After
all, it's as well. I am too much in earnest about things to be profitable to anyone. So I think I'll go till my garden (i.e. look after my picture book) as graciously as I can.

Yesterday I sent you my note on J.-F.Millet, from the current Cornhill.¹⁷ I hope you don't dislike it very much. Tell me your thoughts frankly in any case. I have nothing else in hand & don't know when I'll get anything. Of making picture-books there is no end, with the "Millet" a Citizen containing a reference by one Burroughs to Stevenson's "amusing Travels with a Donkey,"¹⁸ which I hope will amuse you. I wish I could send you my picture book for March; but I can't afford it.

What do you mean by your account of Symmonds? Did I ruffle his dignity by rejecting his MS?¹⁹ Answer presently. For I am really curious to know.

Colvin I've not seen these ten or fourteen days. He has just been re-elected to the Slade Professorship, for a fourth term of three years. I am amused by your deletion of the Colvin element in the Talk & Talkers.

William I am, it is that we with all love & veneration to Colvin we should neither of us care to print exactly what we think of it. Isn't it? Bob (to go on with my news) has flown over to France, & [?]enfield, & picture-making for the coming Academy. Katherine I've not seen this many a day. Ferrier I dined with (&
Coggie) some days ago. He is as cheerful, as kindly, as hopeless, as ever. Runciman might be dead for aught I know to the contrary. Lang is pegging away at the Iliad in prose, & a big Epic of Helen, or some such work, in verse; also at immortal works on "Savage Art" for the picture book. Gosse is alert & active, & astute, & Becky-Sharpish and kindly as ever. The Chatelaine has been pretty bad these some months past (at intervals), but is now, I hope, better. She is looking remarkably well. That's all the news I've got to give.

"Numa Roumestan" is a real masterpiece, I think -- an admirable book, Sir. Morris's "Hopes & Fears for Art" is uncommon well written in its way, & will be pursued with pleasure & profit. Mat Arnold's "Irish Essays" are first rate reading. Mat, by the way, has gone out of his path to be delighted with Dickens, for the which I forgive him much. The joy of our hearts is evidently peeling up, dear lad, & nearer classicality then we'd hoped. Another bit of news (I jot as I remember) is that Comyns Carr has at last got out a play. At Liverpool. A "Far From The Madding Crowd"; in collaboration with Hardy. It appears to be the usual dramatised novel, only better written than such bastard drama usually is; but of course I am only judging by the descriptions of the newspapers. As I think you know, I'm a frightful heretic as regards the Comyns; & I
think the accounts of his success have made me a fright fuller.

I like your "Studies". "The "Hugo"'s rather young & guileless,27 & the "Thoreau" rather dull,28 & the "Yoshida" rather [    ]. The rest is mostly good, sound, vigorous work, & would make anyone but you a reputation, & not a mean one. I am pleased with the dedication;30 I could see you smile with joy when you wrote that word "devices." Didn't you? I know you well not to be sure of it.

Here's wishing the little stranger all the luck imaginable.31 And here's a kindly thought for poor Wogg. And, finally, here's all our love to Wogg's master & mistress, & a good deal of hope, & courage; from both of us[.]

Affectionately Yours,

W.E.H.
March 1882 and closed on 29 July 1882.

11 Hubert von Herkomer (1849-1914), painter. He was Slade Professor of Fine Arts, Oxford University.

12 R.L.S., "Talker and Talkers," Cornhill Magazine, 45 (April 1882), 410-18. In this essay about some of his friends RLS has hidden their identity. In a letter to his mother RLS identifies them; see Colvin, Letters, 2, 197. WEH appears as Burly.


14 Joseph Knight (1829-1907), journalist and drama critic of The Athenaeum 1869-1907.


16 Clement William Scott (1841-1904), journalist, civil servant and dramatist. Drama critic of The Daily Telegraph 1871-1898. Editor of The Theatre 1880-1889. The Theatre, a weekly, then a monthly journal, 1877-1897.


18 The article has not been identified.

19 Not identified.

20 Elizabeth Anne (Coggie) Ferrier (1844-1917), sister of James Walter Ferrier.


22 Becky Sharp, a character in Thackeray's novel Vanity Fair (1847) who uses situations and people to advance herself. WEH often refers to Gosse as Becky or Becky Sharp.

23 Numa Roumenstan (1881) a novel by Alphonse Daudet (1840-1897), French journalist and writer.

24 William Morris, Hopes and Fears for Art (London: Ellis and White, 1882).


30 Familiar Studies was dedicated to Thomas Stevenson. Presumably a pet.
The foregoing pages were written on Sunday;¹ to be posted next day. But the Châtelaine forgot -- to her sorrow she forgot -- & while she was forgetting, in came your letter. Of course, I'm very proud to have had it. Not that I accept your valuation of the "Millet." Pas si bête, dear lad. I don't & can't; nor half of it either. But it's a good thing indeed to me that you've read with interest & approval, & that you can praise me warmly & sincerely. Believe me, I am proud of your praises, & think them not all undeserved.

As for the comparison, though, between my work & your own (here comes the conscientious critic), it's bosh; its brave old-iron Arthurism; it's the worst form of my eye. More I won't condescend to say.

All the same, it's very nice. Your heartfelt belief in the Russian play has kept my faith in myself alive this many a long month;² & I find that faith grew strong in other ways & for other reasons. Something 'll come of it yet; & if anything does, a lot of it will be your work. I find in reading & in considering other men -- that I've the root of the master -- the art root -- in me after all; & by Jove it shall one day
come out.

I am reading "Evan Harrington," which I bought for four & six a while ago. What a delightful book it is! What a good & pleasant artist the [ ] was when he wrote it; & how much ashamed of himself he ought to be when he reads it! Harry & the Countess Saldar are really delightful.

We've been to the Old Masters this morning -- the Châtelaine & I. There's a lionceau by P.P. Rubens Esq. that fairly brings your heart into your mouth; two tip-top & guady & magnificent Rembrandts; an Alonzo Cano like a page torn out of the noblest part of Cervantes — & with a dash of "Un B[ ]" about it; a mysterious formula by Luini; a lovely Poussin; some heavenly Claudes & Wilsons; & some lovely Constables. But I wish you could see the lionceau of P.P. Rubens Esq[.].!! It's heroic art, my boy -- that's what's the matter with P.P.R., gent. He could paint your Millais & Carolus people all round his hat, & then remark that he thought he might as well go to work & do something.

Yours ever,

W.E.H.

[Added by WEH, at right angles, across the top of the letter] Hard Times is not good. Still, as you say! -- let -- Bob says that Gradgrind is [?delicious] --
more like de [?Mutter] than he can say; & I believe him.

1 See Letter No.86, 5 March 1882
2 WEH's projected play Vassilitch.
3 George Meredith, Evan Harrington (London: Bradbury and Evans, 1861).
5 Peter Paul Rubens (1577-1640), Flemish painter.
6 Alonzo Cano (1601-1667), Spanish painter. Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra (1547-1616), Spanish novelist and dramatist. His novel Don Quixote was published in two parts in 1605 and 1615.
7 Bernardino Luini (1475-1532), Italian painter.
8 Nicholas Poussin (1594-1665), French painter.
10 John Constable (1776-1837), landscape painter.
11 Charles Dickens, Hard Times (London: Bradbury and Evans, 1854).
12 Thomas Gradgrind, a character in Hard Times.
My dear James,

Your letter is more like passion than anything I have seen from your pen.

Of course I won't take your no for an answer. As for the [?Concord] fakement is concerned, I will.¹ I will because I must. But I cherish the hope that you will one day contribute to the M. of A.² Why shouldn't you? I am sure that you have in your head lots of aesthetic novelettes -- such, for instance, as that one which is included in the "Madame de Mauves" volumes;³ stories about art & artists; improvements on the "Chef d’Oeuvre Inconnu" & the "Debut dans la Vie" of the Master;⁴ games that leave "Manette Solomon" & things of that sort nowhere!⁵ Confess that you have; & promise me the first offer of one of them -- not the longest -- & I shall be happy. If you don’t I shall think you not half the cosmopolitan you would have us believe.

I imagine that what you say about the incompatability of the two nations is pretty right. But I'm not my own master. I've a sale of over 2,0,000 [?20,000] (another reason why you should write for me); & a great part of it is American. Consequently I am in

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demand to cater for Columbia, happy land, & to do as much for the home of the brave & land of the free as I possibly can. I believe that the command is a mistake; & that if your people buy me at all, they buy me because I tell them not about themselves, but about the art of England -- such as it is. But my orders are imperative; & I must obey them. If, therefore, you know of any American who can write well & graphically about his own country, I shall be grateful for his name & address.

I have read "Numa Roumestan": not without tears. It is an admirable book. The new Zolaisms -- biographical, critical, & so forth -- I have not seen, nor shall I be at the pains of seeing. I hate the whole movement. It's aesthetic syphilis. And as for the heavy handed & stupid insolence of the great man himself I have a very genuine disgust. Life is really too short to waste on such experiences. I think I'll never read a line of his again.

I don't know why I'm prattling to you in this vein. I suppose that Zolaism, Wagnerism, Whistlerism -- aesthetic cockneyisms generally -- put me into a passion, & make me roar. I am sure that as I grow older, I grow choicer; & that the less time I have to spend, the more I want to know what's best to spend it on. Hence these oaths. If I could I would purchase the works of Dumas, & forget that naturalism ever.
existed. I can't get rid of the thing any more than I
can get rid of the "Genius" of Wagner, & the
"Shakespearean quality" of Hugo's plays, & the
"generous & noble humanity" of Thackerary's novels. I
think I must look about for a maniac with money, & make
him found a journal, in which I may gild at everything.
If I don't, I may end up in Colney Hatch: a Quixote who
died of suppressed adventure.

I shall be glad indeed to call on you when you
return. I hope that you are well in health & active in
mind, & deep in a new Mrs.Prettyman.6

Truly Yours Always,
W.E.Henley

"Madame Delphine" seems to me a very good work indeed.7
A little this side of white, if anything; but excellent
in no mean degree. I am not sorry to say that I found
it for myself.

I shall send you our March number to-morrow. It
is, I think, the best that has yet appeared; & I hope
to make the new ones better still. Of course the
public is a pig; & I shall probably $&$ earn a rending.
But I can't help it.

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1 Not identified.
2 James did not contribute to the M. of A.
3 "Madame De Mauves" is one of the stories in Henry
   James's A Passionate Pilgrim and Other Tales
   (Boston: James R. Osgood and Company, 1875).
4 Chef d'Oeuvre Inconnu and Debut dans la Vie
have not been identified.

Not identified.

Dear Mr. Meynell,

Enclosed please find a letter from Mr. Carl Haag.¹ I shall be glad to have the memoir in (say) some six weeks' time[.] I should like you, if you will, to see the pictures of which the artist speaks, & advise me as to their fitness for engraving, & to let me hear from you on the matter as soon as you can.²

When will you let me have your "Broughton"?³ I am waiting for him now. Please let me see some time within the next fortnight.

The Herkomer's House cuts will be sent on very soon.⁴ That, for the moment, is all I have to say, I think. Except that I envy you your idleness & your quarters, & I hope you are doing honour to both. I am tied up in town, so my envy won't hurt you if I address to
Phillmore Gardens.⁵

Very truly Yours,
The Editor[.]

W.Meynell Esq.

¹ Letter No. 89 To Wilfrid Meynell
² MS: Texas MS File (Henley, W.E.) Letters
³ MAGAZINE OF ART
⁴ LA BELLE SAUVAGE YARD,
⁵ LUDGATE HILL,
⁶ LONDON, E.C.
⁷ 5 April 1882
⁸ - 464 -
1 Carl Haag (1820-1915), German painter.
2 Meynell did not complete any memoir nor has Haag's name appeared on any illustrations in the M. of A. during WEH's editorship.
3 This article on the American painter George Henry Broughton (1833-1905) was not written by Wilfrid Meynell but by his wife; see Alice Meynell, "An American A.R.A.,” The Magazine of Art, 5 (1882), 397-401. Alice Christiana Gertrude Meynell (1847-1922), poet and essayist. She married Wilfrid Meynell in 1877. The Meynells were a major literary Catholic family.
4 Alice Meynell, "Artists' Homes: Mr. Hubert Herkomer's, at Bushy, Herts.,” The Magazine of Art, 6 (1882), 96-101.
5 In 1881 the Meynells moved from Inkermann Terrace, Kensington, to Upper Philmore Place, Kensington.
My dear Louis,

I am horrid vexed to hear of your pickle. What in God's name has put you into it? When I last saw Mennell, he said that Mrs. Louis, as she appeared at the Great Northern, was very much better;¹ & lo! the next I hear of you is, that you are all in the Downs to an extent that cannot be expressed in words. What is the reason?

I don't hate you at all. Why accuse me of wanting so to do? O Louis, Louis! Child that you are! Am I not W.E.H., & do I not owe myself to you? Of course I oughtn't to take you so seriously, I know. For what are you if not lyrical? Egad, dear boy -- you are as personal as Byron; every whit! And I'm a jackass of the right Hyrcanian breed² -- distinguished over all for length of ear & grossness of temperament -- to take any notice of you.

I got your very formal note this morning. It came to me intact, for you had carefully addressed it to me personally. However, there's no harm done; so don't go & tear at your little wool, & think yourself the hero of a complication à la Merry Andrew.³ Cos you ain't

¹
²
³
As a fact, the photos ain't good; & as another, we'll need some more. But of this anon.

As regards the Japanese,⁴ I insist on you taking your own time, & I promise you solemnly that if you go on forcing yourself to work, & sending me in an article not in your good vein, I'll refuse it. I'll decline it with thanks, by God. Beware, Sir, how you palter with a desperate Editor. When you are right, well & good, je ne dis pas non. But meanwhile, no. You've heaps of other things to do. You've your Arabians,⁵ for instance, to put straight. What's more, I'm in no immediate need of the article. If I asked you for't, 'twas that I believed you at leisure & fit. Voilà. Of course I accept the "Agricole" d'avance;⁶ & on the same terms.

My wife is still in the West. But to-morrow she'll be in Edinburgh, & she'll call on you at once. Had she been within visiting distance, she'd have seen you before. I think she has made up her mind to see Balfour.⁷ I am very anxious that she should. So if you can be at all useful in that direction, I shall be grateful. As, dear lad, for any other kindness you may be able to show her during her stay, which -- unless there happen something of untoward -- will last a fortnight yet.

Now I must stop: having much to do, & not feeling very fit nor very willing. I am sorefooted; & I'm
languid with weather & loneliness; & I've fractured a tooth; & I've a folio to read & review in two days. Altogether I'm a gent to be pitied. I'll write again soon; & in all probability I'll be beating up your quarters in person within two months at latest. Meanwhile, -- !

Yours affectionately Alwys[,] W.E.H.

[Added by WEH at right angles in the top left of the letter] Have you seen my current number? If not, do -- please! There is good fun to be had, I assure you.

1 Mennell would have seen the Stevensons at the Great Northern Hotel, London, on their return from Davos en route to Scotland.
2 Hyrcania (Wolf's Land), part of Persia.
3 See Letter No.81, [November 1881].
4 RLS's second "Byways of Book Illustration."
5 New Arabian Nights.
6 Not identified.
7 Dr. George Balfour (1823-1903), RLS's uncle.
8 Not identified.
51 Richmond Gardens[,]  
Shepherds Bush W[.]  
3 July 1882

My dear Louis,

I've got to be such a damn bad correspondent that I can't write you a decent letter. At all events not now. I am Atlas with a world of stale news om my shoulders,¹ & only a little conduit pipe of pen to discharge it withal. What am I to do? It would take me hours to work off the half of it; & I've got but 30 minutes for you at the most. For I'm deep -- deep in my September number & the conclusion of the issue for August; & I've letters to write; & proofs to turn into sense & English; & a tired mind at the back of all of it. And I don't know where to turn.

To begin with, a little business. (1) Consider yourself booked for the Agricola. "By Way," & let me have your copy in as soon as ever you can.² Write like a good lad, & say when I may expect it. (2) There can be but one article on Frisco after all. The photos won't run to two. So I shall send you pulls of our cuts, & ask you to write in and on about 1500 words more. At least, I expect that's how it will come out. (3) I've Quantin's "Ruines" for you;³ a good book copiously pictured. You must guard it as the apple of

¹
²
³
your eye, & swear -- by all your Gods! Love, wine, morality, the Iron Dook, & a Black Shirt -- to take care of it, & return it quickly. We will take it in conjunction with Dickins's, & you needn't stint yourself for pictures, for Quantin offers us as many as we please. There.

The worst is, that I've to do it for Hake, & know not when I can find time to read it. Consequently I'm loth to send it on. And yet I want it done. On the whole, I think I'll dispatch it to you to-day, & trust to your generosity to let me have it back in a few days -- say eight or ten; with 3½ pp. of copy, & a list of the cuts. Can you, will you do so? To oblige an old pal? Will you make an effort for this once? I must have a good article, mind; that's a a priori a non. And I want it all pretty soon.

Look here, ye bitch. You must. This is for why. I've Cotton's promise for an article -- mind! an article -- on the Nights; and Hake has askit me to write on the Nights & the Studies at one & the same time in the O.M. Now if you won't be virtuous, or if you can't, there's nothing for me to do but to start a career of vice, & prove you in print & in two places, the rottenest imposter alive. Which, by this light, I promise faithfully to do.

Joe Knight, my laddie, is a man of might. He is none other than Morley's "Old Friend" to begin with;
then he is the theatrical critic of the Athenæum, the Sunday Times, the People, & the Globe -- with the P.M.G. thrown in. When you learn that it was for this jack of all hands that Morley threw over the earnest young beginner, you'll not, I think, feel grateful to him as you ought. For the rest, J.K. is a big man with a big handsome head, which he admires; a big rich voice, the sound of which he loves; a big white hand, which he holds up publicly & considers with respect. He is rather intelligent than honest, I fear, though after all his honesty, for a journalist's at all events, is sound enough. He is a great friend & crony of Chatto's. He also knows Paradise Lost by heart. He is also (in print) an ardent admirer of the literary perfection of Mr. Wilde's blank verse. Voilà.

What said he of you in Le Livre? Was the rogue kindly? or patronising? or merely futile? It wouldn't a bit surprise me to hear he'd written right intelligently & well. Tis a scholarly knave & an intelligent after all; & though, as the "Old Friend" of that preposterous Shitehouse, Morley, I ought to owe him a grudge, I don't feel called upon to deny his parts. And I won't.

Talking of Morley, I had a rare rap in at his fancy man, Ward, & his fancy man's monograph on Charles Dickens. I rather think, my Louis, that I butchered that poor old dummy in good style & with good
discretion & judgement. Man, but I enjoyed it! The Lord delivered him into my hand. Every page was addled. The only difficulty was, what to choose? The heart of Becky rejoiced within him when he read, & Colvin wept on my neck after reading, & Hake reprinted two thirds of the butchery.15 When I think what I could have done with that book, had Morley not been the Patent Digester he is, I feel sorry that the butchery wasn't real, and that I'm not writing this from the Condemned Cell in Newgate16 [rest of letter missing].

[Added by WEH at right angles in the top left corner of the letter] On reflection "Ruines" this day week. Shall read it between then & now. So you on with "Agricola[.]

1 Atlas, in Greek mythology, held the world above his head.
2 "Agricola" would seem to have been a projected article in WEH's "Byways of Book Illustration."
4 Arthur Wellesley, first Duke of Wellington (1769-1852), victor over Napoleon at Waterloo 1815.
5 Not identified.
6 Frederick V.Dickins, trans., Chiushingura, or the Loyal League (London: W.H.Allen and Co., 1881). This book, together with Les Fidèles, was the basis of RLS's second "Byways of Book Illustration."
7 Not reviewed by WEH.
8 James Sutherland Cotton (1847-1918), barrister and writer on India. Editor of The Academy, January 1881-November 1896. No review of RLS's New Arabian Nights by WEH has been found in The Academy.

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Paradise Lost, a poem by John Milton, published in 1667.

Le Livre, Revue mensuelle de monde littéraire, 1880-1889.

Adolphus William Ward (1837-1924), historian.


The notorious London prison.
Letter No. 92 To Austin Dobson

MS: London MS.810/I/790

C  51 Richmond Gardens[,]  
Shepherds Bush W.  
27 September 1882

My dear Dobson,

We are waiting for the final copy of the "Thrush" which must appear in January.\(^1\) As the verse has to be engraved in the border, send us as correct a draft as you can, & as soon as you can.

I hope the new house is all your fancy painted.\(^2\)

Decidedly the antepenultimate stanza of the "Butterfly" is de trop.\(^3\)

Yours ever,

W.E.H.

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1  Austin Dobson, "The Ballad of the Thrush," The Magazine of Art, 6 (1883), 108.
Letter No. 93 To Austin Dobson

MS: London MS.810/I/791

MAGAZINE OF ART LA BELLE SAUVAGE YARD,
LUDGATE HILL,
LONDON, E.C.
3 October 1882

My dear Dobson,

Very many thanks for the corrected copy of the Ballade.¹

I find that there is no room for the subtitle, so perforce it must be omitted.² This, I am bound to add, is partly your own fault. Why, when you consulted with Mr. Fitchard,³ did you not arrange the necessary space?

Yours ever,

W.E.H.

Many thanks for the Velasquez.⁴

¹ The Ballade of the Thrush.
² No subtitle appears in the M. of A., nor in Dobson's Works, p.344.
³ Presumably a member of Cassells.
⁴ An unidentified book on Velasquez used by WEH in preparing his article; see W.E.H. [W.E.Henley], "Velasquez. I.," The Magazine of Art, 6 (1883), 82-87. No second article appeared.
Letter No. 94     To Austin Dobson
MS: London MS.810/I/792

MAGAZINE OF ART

LA BELLE SAUVAGE YARD,
LUDGATE HILL,
LONDON, E.C.
18 October 1882

My dear Dobson,

There is no objection to Miss Greenaway's terms.¹ We shall be glad to give her £10 for the page design, & to return the original. Of course, the thing must be appropriate & good; or we shall have to return it.

Will you tell Miss Greenaway all this, & encourage & counsel a little in her work? As the author of the verse she has to illustrate, you can approach her much more nearly & directly than we; & I feel sure that she will -- you aiding -- succeed quite brilliantly.

What we want, as you know, is some "Mother Goose" in monochrome & more or less in outline.² If we get that, we shall be content.

Very faithfully Yours,

The Editor.

Austin Dobson Esq.

1 Kate Greenaway illustrated Dobson's poem "Home Beauty," The Magazine of Art, 6 (1883), 277.
2 The illustration was in the "Mother Goose" style.
51 Richmond Gardens[,]  
Shepherds Bush [.]  
20 November 1882  

My dear Louis[,]  

I've only time for a few lines. Partly to say how glad I am that you are on the mend; partly to announce the sending of four journals -- the Critic,\(^1\) the Athenaeum, the Saturday, & the Pink 'Un;\(^2\) & partly to praise Mrs. Louis for the qualities of heart & head she is displaying in keeping you out of reach of pen & ink.

I shall not consult Mennell until after your next bulletin. Which I expect to receive next Monday. Make it as exact as the last; not this morning's which consists of alarms [and] excursions, but the one before -- the one that drew out the prescription. And don't fail to send it; as we are anxious to know, & as a change of treatment may be necessary.

The poison was probably copper poison; not malarial. If it had been the latter, Woggs [(Woggs)] would have snapped his fingers at it. You should not have suppressed your nausea, but have vomited all your fancy painted. As regards the dose -- the first dose -- you really must have been at a loss for practical insanities to pitch upon that of taking poison such as the Pirate mingles on an empty stomach.\(^3\) Please don't
do it any more. Digitalis & strychnine are stubborn
chiels & wanna ding; not even for the author of "An
Inland Voyage." Take them not fasting, but full; or I
really must decline to facilitate your intercourse with
them.

I saw Lang yesterday. He told me of the fair young
creature, all diamonds & culture, who called you her
favourite author. I believe you'd have answered his
letter at your last gasp, & in your red heart's blood.
Lang, by the way, is dying to see me publish a volume
of verse. What say you? Upon me the idea rather
simles; but the simle is icy & sarcastic -- as of
Maxime de Trailles! Hake seems bent on the same
errand; & Dobson is expanding some misdirected energy
in that quarter too. On the whole, I am in a parlous
case; & my virginity seems in danger of destruction --
Aged & Withered as it is!

Read little Watts on "Sterne" in the Athenaeum. That kind of twaddle is called "criticism." There are
some engaging smartnesses in the "Critic." If, by the
way, you purchase any of the bawdy novels mentioned by
the reviewer in this latter publication, I beg you to
post them to me. As I should like to read them. I've
just been grinning over poor old Theodore de Banville's
"Souveniers." Tis an amiable book; mostly rubbish, &
written like a lyric poem. Do look at it. I am going
to do it in the Athenaeum. And for Saintsbury's French
lyrics, & Dobson's "Gay's Fables" as well. And need I add that I am counting the hours till I get my fist in Meredith his scruff?

Bob & I heard a Richter concert tother evening. The "Euryanthe" overture first; superbly played. Then some elaborate commonplace signed "Richard Wagner." Next the longest & dullest concerto (signed "Brahms") ever written; as the pianist was Edward Dannreuther, who plays exactly like Gladstone, it seemed even longer & duller than it really is. Then more Tweedle-dum & Tweedledee from the Divine Richard. Then a interval of ten minutes, and -- The Fifth Symphony! It was magnificent. Twenty bars, & all Brahms & Wagner had retired -- hup! Twenty more, & they had ceased to exist! Twenty more, & they had never been at all!!! Destiny knocked at Beethoven's door, & by God, Sir, she found him at home. And us, too! I think we never enjoyed ourselves better in [rest of letter missing].

1  The Critic, a fortnightly (later monthly) New York journal of literature, 15 January 1881-September 1906.
2  The Sporting Times, (known as "The Pink 'Un"), a chronicle of racing, literature, art and drama, 11 February 1865-5 December 1931.
3  Mennell was known as the Pirate; see Letter No.130, 8 May 1884.
4  Comte Maxime de Trailles, a character in the Comédie Humaine.
6  "French Notes," The Critic, 4 November 1882.
11 St. James's Hall, 14 November 1882. The programme was Weber's overture Euryanthe, Introduction to Act 3 of Wagner's Die Meistersinger, Brahms's Piano Concerto in B Flat, Introduction and closing scene from Wagner's Tristan and Isolde, and Beethoven's Symphony No. 5 in C minor.
12 Edward Dannreuther (1844-1905), pianist.
My dear Baxter,

I am in treaty, for the Deacon, with a country manager, one Haldane Crichton, now at Hanley, Staffordshire.\(^1\)

We propose to assign him the provincial rights of the play for one, two, or three years; at 5 p.c. on the gross receipts. Reserving absolutely the right for London, America, & the Colonies.

Please prepare an agreement for signature on these terms. As the authors' loyal advisor.

Teddy's gone down to Hanley to night, to settle finally, & to-morrow night I shall know all that's going on, & be able to give you complete instruction[.] An old Scotch psalm-tune -- eights & sixes--particularly wanted. For the psalm in Act I, Tableau III.

No time to write more now.

Affectionately Yours[,] 

W.E.H.

Keep mum to Heriot Row till I've done the trick.

\(^1\) Haldane Crichton (?1853-1938), theatre manager.
Dear Lad,

As I expected, the proof cannot be received as final. As I did not expect, a great many good qualities revealed themselves. Crichton declines to pronounce an opinion until after Saturday night, when -- with an understudy of the Deacon -- the piece will be tested on an audience three thousand strong.¹ I shall hear of this anon. Meanwhile, I will give you my own impressions.

We had everything against us. Crichton had been unlucky in his attempts at casting us appropriately & well. Nobody had come, & substitutes had to be found at the last moment. None of them knew his part, none of them looked his part; some -- Bretton,³ for instance were rehearsing pantomimes elsewhere. The stage at Pullan's is lightless, & was so dark that at times I could not follow my book; for the weather is bad & gloomy, & we could only get the people together in the afternoon. Then there were no properties & no scenery; no chair could be found for Old Brodie; no windows at the back could be put up for Leslie's & the Deacon's;
the limelight wouldn't work; Leslie's door shut to in the midst of one of his most important speeches; & twice did the curtain fall a half-minute too soon -- at the end of the third & fourth acts; the Procurator bungled his scene with the Deacon; Mary left a candle burning on the Deacon's table, & it was discovered within the empty room, waiting the broken door; Moore had to leave the stage during the scene at Clarke's, & Smith & Ainslie had to share his words for some few speeches; Smith did low comedy business in & out of season, sat down during Moore's defiance, made the audience laugh at the Deacon's downfall, & introduced several impertinent gags, and failed to score off our own with a quite depressing regularity; Mary & Jean were all but inaudible for the carpenters behind; & so forth. Then, the night was the worst of all the three hundred & sixty-five -- the night on which the theatrical flood is at lowest ebb; the night between the season & the pantomimes. The audience was wretchedly cold & miserably thin. And for three minutes my heart stood still, & flight seemed beautiful & full of honour. Then, however, I lit a cigarette, & saw the curtain rise. And the play began.

I felt at once that I was well astride the thing & could look on pretty calmly. This feeling I never lost. Even the voice of Smith -- which was like unto that of a cheap-jack -- though it made me long for
dynamite, did not succeed in making me a partizan. I watched the thing from end to end; & I believe that my behaviour under fire was good. I can assure you that I felt as cool as if I had been sitting in judgement upon a Byronism or an Adelphi melo. I incline from this to auger well of my future failure. I was born to be d--d; the Almighty who is responsible for my virtues & for me, could hardly have fitted me so well for endurance if he had not intended me to endure.

This, however, is by the way. The play's the thing just now. It was most ineptly done. Bretton took the Deacon at top speed, as if, "hurry hurry" were indeed the road to safty, & played in a boisterous rough & ready way, with a certain rough & tumble energy & swagger, that were on the whole effective. He carried our fortunes on his shoulder; & though he bore himself too spasmodically & noisily, he pulled us fairly through. His absence was a loss & his presence a gain -- no end! Mary was vulgar & inefficient; Leslie worked hard, but couldn't get up to the passion pitch; the Procurator, a lad of talent, approved himself a kind of actor; Smith, as I've said, did cheap-jack all the which -- much to his satisfaction; Moore looked thin, & spoke sluggishly & with effort; Ainslie was English & inoffensive; Jean was inoffensive & English; Hunt, an actor of the Hawtree type, was more unlike a Bow St. Runner than one can be expressed in words; Old
Brodie tried his best, & didn't come off. Voilà. There was never such a hodgepodge of blundering since time began.

But the play, dear lad, is a veritable play. It stood the strain superbly. The action moved on from point to point with a vigour & an assurance that surprised me. From situation to situation; from climax to climax; over bungle after bungle the interest advanced & grew. There was not a speech too much; but there were [(were)] places where the speeches seemed too few. And at last, when the curtain had fallen on the Deacon dead, I was able to tell myself that my point was proved, & that we had really made a brilliant & practical play.

This was made clear to me by several circumstances. This among the number. At Pullan\'s we are an audience a-part. We are mostly mill hands, & we have a habit, no matter who, is on the stage, of dispersing at ten o\'clock. Not even George Leybourne (it is said) can give us pause; for we have to be up at four & five in the morning, & we must early to bed. We smoke, too, steadily; & we have a habit, when we are displeased[,] of calling down the curtain. Now the Deacon did not begin this life before eight o\[']clock, & did not retire to the privacy of his dressing room until a quarter to eleven. When he did, not a soul had stirred. They didn\'t stay to applaud him; but till the
curtain fell he fixed & held 'em. This (my landlady tells me) is ironic; only "The Green Lanes of England" has the same virtue.6 Again, during the last tableau, no pipes were lit; the smokers were spectators & their heads thrust forward, they followed their Deacon keenly till the end. At certain moments you might have heard a pin drop; Pullan, the great Pullan,7 was seen looking on for the first & only time in history; none went out during the acts but returned as soon as the entracte music ceased from sounding. These facts, noted with wonder by old habitues of Pullan, were not communicated to me until I had formed my opinion of our merits. They rather confirmed me in it than otherwise.

The second act was loudly applauded, & the players had a recall; the third act was bungled, as I've said, but a recall was attempted; the fourth was listened to in desperate silence. The first was merely applauded; not very warmly. I felt that the Mary-Deacon scene in Act II was abominably short, & that in breaking off at "what have you done" (Oh! so vilely said) you had been badly inspired. I also felt that a Leslie-Mary scene, before the Deacon's last entrance, would be an improvement, & a great one. The repulsiveness of the last tableau was not felt; Bretton, very judiciously, threw a touch of mania into his hysterics, I am convinced that the part thus read, would, if properly played, produce a really tremendous affect. My landlady
& her daughter owned to a touch of creepiness, but swore they would be delighted to go again & again. They also remarked that everybody in their party had been interested to know the end, & that nobody had been able to give a guess which was anything near the truth. They added that they'd never seen anything like it before. On the whole, they were fearfully fetched by it. I noted too that the Observer critic & a pompous young [?facetist] & writer of -- pantomimes -- forgot to be captious during this last tableau; & when I remark-ed to him that the play was, after all, alive was uncommon ready to agree with me.

I saw Bretton after all was done, & smoked a pipe with him[.] He believes there's a future in the play, but as Crichton has got it, & as Mrs. Crichton & Mrs. Bretton do not agree, he plays it to night -- in all probability -- for the last time. Crichton, himself, as I've said, refuses to pronounce an opinion until Sunday morning. For myself, I am devilish glad that the ice is broken, & that I've seen for myself that the play not only stands square on its feet, but moves at a d---d sight better pace -- a pace unconceivably swifter & surer -- than that of any melodrama I know.

I hoped to go again to-night, when there will probably be a better house & a better performance. But I find that I've made a mistake in my trains, & that I must leave at 9.20 -- an hour hence -- instead of

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11.15. So that, as far as I'm concerned, you'll hear no more.

To this I'll add no more than that I talked long with Crichton this morning, & that it is his intention, if Saturday is satisfactory, to produce the play, with a special company, & as many perfect rehearsals as he can give me, in Aberdeen; about April, '83.9

I wish my news were better. As I have felt it, however, it is good enough. We had every thing against us -- season, theatre, company, scenery, audience; & we have rather won than lost, and at the worst we have fought a drawn battle.

Affectionately Yours,

W.E.H.

Crichton's theory of drama is this: "No play is worth tuppence unless it has an abundant low comedy."

[Written by WEH vertically through paragraphs four and five] The modern world is subject to many delusions.

1 WEH had lodgings here; see W.E.Henley, Telegram to Charles Baxter, received 22 December 1882, MA 1617, Pierpont Morgan Library.
2 This seems an unusually large number but WEH mentions it in another letter; see W.E.Henley, Letter to Charles Baxter, Thursday Night [28 December 1882], MA 1617, Pierpont Morgan Library.
3 E.W.Bretton played Deacon Brodie.
4 Charles Henry Hawtrey (1858-1923), actor and theatre manager.
5 An early policeman.
6 The Green Lanes of England, a play by George Conquest and Henry Pettit.
7 Pullan, theatre manager.
8 Not identified.
9 Deacon Brodie was produced at Her Majesty's Theatre, Aberdeen, from 16 April to 21 April 1883.
My dear Charles,

I have been wanting to write to you -- more or less ever since we parted; & something always came between us. Damn if I don't seem at work from early morn till dewy eve! If I were only making money I wouldn't mind; but I am I think, rather poorer than ever.

This is only a hail. I am waiting for dinner, & I give you the few minutes I have. I am hungry & tired -- tired! So I can only write a few vague lines.

Why didn't you send me the Scotsman on the Mag. of Art? Why? Do you suppose I see that "feculent rag" on my own account? Do you take me for Lord Rosebery, sir? or a Free Kirk Minister? -- By my soul, but I blush for you.

Do write a little more at length, & tell me something of Edinburgh; & Thomson; & Johnson; Sir Grindlay; & the Grouse; & the Breck Denham; & Princes St.; & all the rest of it. Also of your magnaum opus; & the Liberal press; & the mere currishness of those who govern the country.

If you want to see a real flashing article hunt up
the Saturday of two or three weeks back, & see (among the "Middles") what I have to say on the subject of "A New Anthology." I am afraid it has made me enemies. Why I cannot tell; but I am afraid that it has.

Of course we shall be delighted to have your portrait. In costume, or out of it.

I saw the Jenk for a few minutes at the club. He praised you. In fact he praised everybody. I never heard him so uncritical -- so un-terrierish -- in my life.

My love to Hole. Tell him, the new Hermitage photographs (Autotype Company) are the finest things out. Finest ever seen! And ask him to drop me a line, telling me when the R.S.A. (Arsy-Varsy) opens, & if there's anything in it to engrave.

I am worried with work; & with this infamous business of Krapotkine's sentence. We are going to petition. I wish you were here to sign.

Write soon, won't you?

Affectionately Yours[,]

W.E.H.

For a splendid notice of "New Arabian Nights" see Century for Feb., 83. Tell Tom Stevenson.

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1 "Literature. New Books and New Editions," The Scotsman, 18 January 1883, p.6, cols.5-7. "Another marvel of combined excellence is the Magazine of Art." This is followed by a note on the contents
Archibald Philip Primrose (1847-1929), fifth Earl of Rosebery, statesman and writer. Prime Minister March 1894-June 1895.

RLS and Baxter had adopted the respective names Thomson and Johnson in their correspondence; see Ferguson and Waingrow, p.vii.

Not identified.

Not identified.


William Brassey Hole (1846-1917), Scottish painter and etcher.

[?W.E.Henley], "The Hermitage Autotypes," The Magazine of Art, 6 (1883), 219.

The fifty-seventh Royal Scottish Academy exhibition opened in Edinburgh on 18 February 1883. Nothing from the exhibition was engraved in The Magazine of Art.

See "The Trial of Socialists," The Times, 20 January 1883, p.5, col.3. Prince Krapotkine, a Russian refugee, had been sentenced to five years imprisonment. Although a petition was formed it is not known whether WEH was a signatory.

51 Richmond Gardens[,]  
Shepherds Bush W[.]  
14 February 1883

Dear Mr. Chatto,

Stevenson says:- You are to look out from him for 
two volumes of stories this year; probably for 
production in autumn.

(1) Will o'the Mill  
(2) The Story of a Lie  
(3) Thrawn Janet  
(4) The Merry Men  
(5) The Treasure of Franchard  
(6) Autolycus in Service

About as much in all as the New Arabian Nights; & in 
quality among the best of his work.

I am also trying to regain possession of the MS. of 
his Xmas book -- the "Songs of Innocence" I call it.

Truly Yours Always[,]  
W.E.H.

1 The stories 1, 3, 4, and 5 were published in 1887; see Robert Louis Stevenson, The Merry Men and Other Tales and Fables (London: Chatto and Windus, 1887). The Story of a Lie was not published. Autolycus in Service was not published.
My dear Louis,

Just a few lines. Not a letter. That's always impossible. Try & give me a right answer, for it's mostly business.

(1) Describe "Labor." I don't seem to know it. If I like it, I will engrave it for the M. of A.¹

(2) Try & draw me your idea of "The Wind."² I've a mind to ask the Greenaway, or the Caldecott, to work it off for me; & I should like to send him, or her, your own idea.

(3) Let me hear from you on the subject of Johannes Agrippa, or whatever is his name.³ I want a "By-Way" badly. Dost hear? Badly.

(4) They are bent on making me [(me)] publish. (a) A Volume of Verse; (b) a selection from the London "Novelists."⁴ The latter will be called "The Posthumous Works of John Libbel," or something of that sort; "Edited with notes by A. Egmont Hake, & with a Biographio-Critical Preface, by R.L.Stevenson." It will be published by a new publisher of whom more anon (, & on whose account I may possibly demand of you an introduction to Geo. Meredith);⁵ & what I want to know

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is, "Will you look over the slips, & correct me as to propriety & impropriety? and will you, if publication seems advisable, undertake the memoir?" As you see from here, it will be a famous _blague_; and I think we should have sport out of it.

Did I tell you that "Millet As An Art Critic" was translated _en feuilleton_ for the _Courier du Soir_? and that the Editor asks for more? Did I tell you (no I didn't that I am asked to make one -- with Benedict, Sullivan, Stainer, Cusins, Halle, & others -- of the Berlioz Statue Committee? Such is life!

Somehow, or other, we must meet, & work off a new play. When? how? where? at whose expense? Voyons, voyons! It must be done. Must's the thundering word! But where? when, how? at whose cost -- ? Ah, there you floor me! What's to be done with a collaborator whose bright home is the rising sun? "Ein Fichtenbaum steht einsam" is the situation exactly. Meanwhile, I can see that letter writing is no good. I can also see that, we must finish Old Glory. That I must renounce journalism, in a word, & play King Log at Belle Sauvage Yard, and leave King Stork to perish. But how? where? when? at whose expense? Ah, voyons!

Crichton produces "Brodie" for a night or two at Birkenhead; gratis, for the occasion. To try posters & gents. In about a fortnight's time. Whether I shall be able to get to Aberdeen or not is uncertain. At
present it looks impossible. No money & no time. And there -- is it worth while? Nous verrons. Let us have your chirp[.] And hark in your ear: -- I have made up my mind to publish "Brodie" this year. It is past praying for as a money-making business abroad; & the English right, secured by the performance at Bradford, is absolutely ours. It would not sell; but it would be reviewed everywhere; & the more reviews we have the better. It will break ground for us with our next play, "Old Glory" or "Piparlington." Qu'en dis-tu pein?

Another observation, ere I forget it. Once or twice A'Beckett & the Veteran tried to work off a scene -- a real scene; "deux acteurs et une ombre de passion." These moments it was that the audience applauded. They didn't give a damn for the sensations & they wouldn't be bothered to applaud them.

Whence I conclude that up to a certain point the "Deacon" is certain of success. What I fear is the fourth act -- or rather the last tableau. I oughtn't to say "fear," but "doubt." If it goes, & we were right, I shall guard it more jealously than ever. If it don't, if it leaves our audience amazed & silent, I shall not give up my theory even then. If it ends in a storm of hisses -- oh alors! Then I shall perhaps be convinced that [(that)] we were mistaken. As, of course, we were.
A failure, I put by the book, & wait patiently until Ted is old & strong enough to bring out the work on his own shoulders. We went through it on Saturday; & by God he'll do it yet, & do it well enough to make himself a reputation.

For the present, I am disappointed; in the theatre, the company, the opportunity. Had I known beforehand what kind of a ken Pullan's is, I should not, I think, have said yes. As I didn't I came down; & now I'm glad on the whole that I knew so little. Ere this reaches you, the deed will have been done. We shall have seen the thing in action, & have had our finger on the audience pulse; & damned or not, we shall have learned our lesson. That before had got to be had at any price; & we are fortunate -- on the whole! -- in having compassed it. Even at Pullan's, & with a G.S. like an unhumourous & rather stupid cheap-jack.\footnote{15}

All day to-morrow, or nearly all day, I rehearse. I've Ainslie & the Fiscal from nine to eleven; from eleven till one, I've the scenes in which Brodie is not; from three till five the drama generally. And at one I lunch with the \textit{Bradford Observer}, who is (I need hardly say) a friend of the Archangel,\footnote{16} & who had we come out, not at Pullan's but the Royal,\footnote{17} would have got us a decent house. So you see, I've my day's work cut out for me.

They play the old first scene (Leslie, Mary, Old
Brodie) -- mainly because it's shorter than the new, &
the Leslie had to be got at an hour's notice. That by
the way.

The worst is that if the thing goes, I shall have
to do all over again, & prepare my company for the
spring tour. The immediate result of production, so
far as I can see, will be the bankruptcy of the working
partner. Such is life.

And now, dear lad, adieu. If possible, I'll
telegraph to you on Thursday night. I don't know that
it will be worth while, & perhaps I shall be too poor.
But I'll try.

Affectionately Yours,
W.E.H.
Hallé Orchestra 1858.

8 RLS was staying in the village of Hyères, southern France.

9 Old Glory was a projected but uncompleted play.

10 King Log was an insignificant but peaceful king in Greek mythology.

11 King Stork was a spirited king in Greek mythology.

12 No record has been found of a production of Deacon Brodie at the Theatre Royal, Birkenhead, between March and July 1883.

13 A projected play.

14 Not identified.

15 George Smith, one of the characters in Deacon Brodie.

16 Sidney Colvin; see Connell, p.xix.

17 The Theatre Royal, Bradford.
Letter No. 101 To Charles Baxter

MS: Beinecke 4590

MAGAZINE OF ART LA BELLE SAUVAGE YARD,
LUDGATE HILL,
LONDON, E.C.

7 May 1883

My dear Charles,

Send me Louis's agreement with Henderson, in re "Treasure Island." Or a copy of it. I hope in a few days to place to his credit with you £100: for the said T.I. But of this anon.

Mum, meanwhile.

Yours ever,

W.E.H.

How go the grouse? And the H.C's? Princes Street (to judge by my feelings) must be # perfectly honey-crushed with 'em.

1 The agreement for the publication of Treasure Island in Young Folks.
2 Horse chestnut trees in Princes Street, Edinburgh.
51 RICHMOND GARDENS,
SHEPHERDS BUSH.
14 July 1883

Dear Lad,

Your "Fontainebleau" is delicious.¹ You are the boy that can write! To read you gives me all the pleasure in life; & all the pain. I felt this time as though I'd never write again. I did, indeed.

I shd. like to use you up at once; but it will take some time to get off the pictures. Anthony can hardly go before the early autumn.² So you can trot on with the "Skelt" & "Hokusai" as soon's you like.³

Is your "Otto" fit for a decent, sponsible, God-fearing picter-book?⁴ If it is, there's a chance -- if you don't mind -- of my editing it; as a supplement to the Magazine of Art; in monthly issues.

I've ceased from making money; that, to say, I've had nothing in the S.R. for a fortnight; & I'm disgusted with life.

Baxter has begun upon the Keg. I shall oblige him to render us an account. You see if I shan't. My object is, to get the three books out of his hands, & republish them chez Chatto.⁵ I shall propose to buy them of the original Villain as remainders, & come on you, or your stern Parent, for a cheque for the amount.

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Then I shall sell the stock to Chatto, for its market value plus something handsome for the rights of publication. How does that suit your figure? Of course, the negotiation with Paul will be carried on in your name by Messrs Mitchell & Baxter.  

Ere this, I hope, you'll have received your copy of the "Paradox," for which, dear Lad, you must do what you can with the Century. Of course the dedication -- as Hake himself was first to say -- should have been mine. But that's nothing. The thing is to make it a success. The Wollock, & I, I should add, are not so thick as we were awhile ago. To get him to treat his knee in any otherwise than maniacally, I had to be as brutal & trenchant as I could. It hurt him very much & frightened him still more; & I think (but don't know) that he resents it. Tis a nice fellow, a good fellow, a clever fellow; but a reed -- a reed, boy! I almost despair of him. In Hake & myself he has two such men at his back as never in his life have been interested in him before. But I doubt he's incurable. However, we must hope for the best.

I saw him on Sunday en famille. Everything was explained. I breathed an atmosphere of childish vanity. Lady Pollock, Sir Frederick, the noble Maurice, Walter himself -- oh, it was pitiful! As I drove home, I abandoned hope. I concluded that a vanity found in such a temperature & manured in such a mixen would
prove too strong for me. Since then, I've a little got back my spirits. But, as I've said, the confidence I had is pined & peaky. Still, I mean to do my best.

Here would be a place for a comparison of opportunities; for a contrast between my own & other cases; for a trotting out of all sorts of might-have-beens, an enquiry into all sorts of destinies. Don't, on my account, treat with Gilder at second-hand, but directly -- from man to man. In spite of his bounce, the Becky knows, or knew, nothing of the price you were to receive for the *Squatters.*

The very first time he found himself alone with me, he asked me what you were going to get. Remember this; & remember that you may have as much as you like. American prices are very different things from ours. Howells or James or Cable could get £16 per page from Gilder for a *Squatters.* Your name is rising daily -- will soon be on a level with theirs. Do you know that Howells asked, & got, a hundred pounds of Longman for that trumpery *Lexington* thing of his in the first number of the *Magazine*? If you don't feel equal to sticking up for yourself, turn the whole thing over to me; & I'll see that you make some money.

When I think of Paul, I am a little inclined to go & be a hermit at once. Fortunately or unfortunately, I can't afford to work off the drama. That leaves me no alternative but fighting. When I read his reply to
Baxter's first letter, I vowed vengeance; & by God I'll have it.

I have been little at the club of late. I paid off a lot of debt this month, & left myself almost penniless. I think it was a mistake. I ought to be able to clubbize at least once a week. In the autumn I shall be more regular. I propose, as I think I told you, to spend the first few days of my holiday in bed -- to get rid of that prolapsus (Mennell aiding), & become a new man. After that, I'll go seawards, & refresh me. After that, I'll emerge, & contrive a campaign to some purpose. Next year, if you're better -- as God send you [(you)] may be -- we'll have at the drama once more.

Not, though, at the Deacon. That I refuse to touch. It is what it is; & it shall remain so for me. There is in it the germ of a new formula which -- in the teeth of Cockshot & all his kind -- I purpose to consider later on. It is vain to escamoter the Ugly. It's an essential in modern art; it is to us, perhaps, what the Beautiful was to the Greeks. Balzac has spoken, & Goethe, & Dickens. The Shakespeare of to morrow will take for his hero, not Othello, but Iago. The heroics of iniquity, the epic of immorality, the drama of vice -- voilà la vraie affaire[.] In fifty years the Deacon, if we had but done it, might be a great work. We are syphilised to the core, & we don't
know it. Zola is our popular eruption, as Balzac was our primary source. Presently, we shall get to our tertiaries; & the Ugly will be as the Beautiful, & Esther Noble will tragic & acceptable.

Meanwhile, I've an idea of another sort. I am on the track of a series for Cassell: -- a series of Masterpieces of English, to be edited by myself, & to be selected & prefaced & prepared by the men of my own generation. God knows if the idea will ever come to anything. If it does, I will show John Morley, & the bloody Radicals generally, that we are quite as good as they are. Swift I think in connection with Sainsbury; Bacon, with Fred Pollock; Congreve, with the editor; Hazlitt, with R.L.S.; Gray, with Becky; Dryden, with David Hannay -- a man you'll like to know; Borrow, with Hake; Richardson, with R.L.S.; Keats, with S.C. -- the patriarch of the race. What do you think of it my son? Don't it smile on you? Some twenty or thirty volumes; comely to look at, agreable to handle & read; each one the apotheosis of a masterpiece of English!! Let me hear your views when you write; & wish me all the fortune I deserve meanwhile.

Colvin's appointment is a great joy to us. The poop, Wedmore & the mule, Stephens, have shed tears over the retiring Reid; but that's nothing. The Print-Room is merely chaos. With the Archangel at

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work, & Fiat Lux going forth continually from [----] his lips, it'll presently be the institution it ought. Which is saying much.

Too dark to write any more, & a man waiting besides.

15/7/83

This morning the Archangel breakfasted here. He looks well & happy as he deserves. He is booked for articles in my September & November issues. I gave him your "Fontainbleau," which he proceeded to revise & correct with great spirit & determination. He will send you on the set of slips; to digest at your leisure.

I've been hacking & hewing at Hake's "Story of Chinese Gordon." I can't yet say if it will do, or not. It has cost him a great deal of trouble; but it has been written against time. I don't think he should have attempted it under two years. But we shall see.

At the last Rabelais dinner but one I met Dew Smith. He sought me out, & I feel disposed to like him. 'Tis a humorous bird, & I shd. think, a good fellow.

I read nothing now. I am living on my capital & far from satisfied with the life. I seem always to have something to do & never to have done anything. In the next world we shall make plays, & have Shakespeare & Moliere to sit at our first nights. At least I like to think so. Don't you? The prospect's a pleasing
one; but you mustn't let it hurry you out of this world ere your time[.] On the contrary, you must take the very greatest care of yourself, & rush as little upon disaster as is consistent with the principles of a romantic life.

Farewell. Write soon. I had heaps more to say; but I've forgot 'em all. In my next, news (I hope) of Skelt.

Yours ever, dear lad,

W.E.H.

[Written, by WEH, at the top left of the letter and at right angles to the text] Read Maxime du Camp, "Souvenirs Littéraires," if only for the pages on old Dumas. They will warm your heart. They have mine, I know.

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2 Anthony Henley went to France to produce paintings for the article.
3 The essay on Hokusai was not written; see Swearingen, p.86. Katsushika Hokusai (1760-1849), Japanese artist.
4 WEH did not publish RLS's Prince Otto, but he sent the MS. to Chatto in August 1884; see Letter No.154, 31 August 1884. It was published by Chatto and Windus in 1885; see Swearingen, p.83.
5 The three books were Travels with a Donkey, Inland Voyage, and Virginibus Puerisque.
6 Mitchell and Baxter, Writers to the Signet, 11 South Charlotte Street, Edinburgh.
8 RLS did not review the book for The Century.
9 Lady Juliet Pollock, wife of Sir (William)
Frederick Pollock, Bt. (1815-1888), author and lawyer. Maurice Emilius Pollock (1857-1932), a brother of Walter. Lord Rankin has not been identified.


RLS was paid £40 by Gilder. William Dean Howells (1837-1920), American novelist and journalist.


Iago is one of the main characters in Shakespeare's Othello.

Another name for Hester Noble.

The series did not materialise.

Morley had completed Cassell's Library of English Literature from 1875 to 1881. In 1883 he started Morley's Universal Library, in sixty-three volumes, for Routledge. Henry Morley (1822-1894), journalist, writer and editor. Professor of English Language and Literature, University College, London, 1865-1877. Later Professor of English Language and Literature, Queen's College, London.

David Hannay (1853-1934), journalist and naval historian.

George Henry Borrow (1803-1881), traveller and writer.

Samuel Richardson (1689-1761), novelist.

Sidney Colvin.

Colvin had been appointed Keeper of Prints and Drawings at the British Museum on the retirement of George William Reid (1819-1887).

Frederick Wedmore (1844-1921), short story writer and art critic.


Albert G.Dew Smith, artist and photographer. The Rabelais was a literary club founded by Walter Besant in 1879.

Maxime du Camp (1822-1894), French journalist and novelist. His Souvenirs Littéraires was published in Paris 1882-1883.
51 RICHMOND GARDENS,
SHEPHERDS BUSH.
21 July 1883

Dear Lad,

The idea of commission is pleasing. Very. Oh, very pleasing indeed! But I'll see you damn first.

If you must think of percentages, remember the old one-pound notes at Portobello. But the best you can do, is not to think of percentages at all. But settle down, with a calm smile, & take the goods the gods provide you.

Of course, you are a most ingenious cove. Of certainly! And a literary cove as well. But, you know, there have been ingenious coves, & literary coves before you; as I dare say there will be after. How about my "Velasquez"? And my "Millet"? I could mention more; but I won't. Your pride, Sir, is one that does equal credit to your heart & head. But I am your editor & I must point out that I made the discovery you've just hit out some eighteen months ago.

Baxter has already writ for the letters. Affairs, I am bound to add, seem in a most infernal tangle. As for you, you are wise as the dove, & not more than a million times more harmless than the serpent. How I
I wish I had taken you up before! I feel sure that I could have Keganized the Paul into a cocked hat. Whether I'll be able to do anything with him now I know not; I'm afraid I won't -- I'm afraid it's too late. But I'll try.

Cassell & Co. is licking its chops over the "Whistles." The difficulty is, the artist: Whom to get we can't imagine. In treating, I shall content myself with a short sum (£20 or £25) down; & a decent royalty & an early. If they won't fork ("the word is fork"), I shall go elsewhere. I don't despair of putting off "The Black Arrow" in the same quarter. But of that anon. Ay marry & by'e lakin, anon!

Your constipated letter came yesterday morning; the two others last night. In the interval you seem to have been reading Swinburne his Rondels. Which accounts for the change of tune & the sudden & copious discharge of your bowels.

I saw the Bob about ten days ago. I had commissioned him to produce me text & illustrations for an article on the Norfolk Broads. He brought down his sketch-book; I demurred, & asked for more form & less vagueness; he instantly swore he couldn't do it -- not to save his life! We chaffed him out of that, & he went down next day to see some work of Anthony's. But I haven't seen him since. Nor has Anthony either; though for the moment -- for the next two months, that
is -- he is in temporary possession of the sweetest Corot,\(^9\) & of a Rousseau -- a portrait of Le Rageur\(^{10}\) -- which would make your mouth water.

Of course you shall have your revise. I shall make Anthony draw the Rageur for your articles; & you must refer to Rousseau & the picture.\(^{11}\) Of all of which anon.

I saw the Archangel yesterday. He told me he hadn't sent you his idea of [?Forty]. When he does, be sure you let me see it when you've done with it.

By the way, I don't think of novels as matter to pikterify. Not I. I should publish as a supplement.

Don't forget what I told -- or rather advised -- you about Gilder. Keep the communications open & direct; in my hands or in your own. Chatto offers £50 for the magazine rights of "Otto"; but I think that Gilder will give us at least the double. So to work -- \(\text{à la besogne, mon maitre!}\) Happy days are yet in store for the poë Hauther.

I am seedy -- seedy. And penniless. And witless. And brainless. And nerveless. Altogether a case of my age.

Yours ever,

W.E.H.

[Written, by WEH, at the top left of the letter and at right angles to the text] If you insist on percentages,
my terms are: (1) 75 p.c. on all returns; (2) my name on [---] all title pages; and (3) the right of revising, correcting, & adding on to all works in proof.

W.E.H.

1 This is perhaps giving WEH commission for acting as his literary agent.
2 The "discovery" has not been identified.
3 Baxter was acting for RLS in the negotiations with Kegan Paul and with Chatto and Windus.
4 In a letter to WEH RLS suggests Penny Whistles as a title for his children's verses; see Colvin, Letters, 2, p.231.
6 These letters have not been identified.
7 The Broads are the waterways of Norfolk, England.
8 Bob did not complete this commission.
9 Jean Baptiste Camille Corot (1796-1875), French landscape painter.
10 La Rageur, a painting by Pierre Etienne Theodore Rousseau (1812-1867), French painter.
11 Not forthcoming.
51 RICHMOND GARDENS,  
SHEPHERDS BUSH.  
23 July 1883

My dear Dobson,

By this time you've got your proofs, & can see how the article has been squashed. I should like to engrave the "France"; but I fear that, unless its in line that would process (I don't know it), unless it's something that could be quickly done, we haven't time to attempt it; as I want the article for October. Let me hear from you, or see you at once about it; for time presses.

When may I expect "My Lady Bountiful"? Soon, I hope: -- a rough draft of it at least. I want to map out my page for its reception.

No! Your letter didn't find me laughing. I wish it had. Indeed I am really seedy. A morsam, "a kind of lethargy, a whoreson tingling" -- que sais-je?

Let me see you soon. I am at home all nightss, & only busy Wednesday & Thursday.

Yours ever,

W.E.H.
1  The last two paragraphs are quoted by Connell.
3  Austin Dobson, "Calais Gate," The Magazine of Art, 6 (1883), 508-11.
4  Austin Dobson, "Lady Bountiful," The Magazine of Art, 7 (1884), 14.
My dear Charles,

I hope to get away about September 6th. Next week I propose to get to bed & deliver up my fundament to the knife of Mennell. After that I finish off my number; & then [?hay] for the month.

Whether I'll [sic] can come or not & stay remains to be seen. Are you aware, Sir, that I am a married man? that your invitation seems addressed to me only? that you appear to ignore the existence of Madame? O imbecile! O block head!! O Ass!!! If you really want me to come & stay with you, is that the way to have your wish?

Ever yours,

W.E.H.

[Written, by WEH, at the top right of the letter]

I'm 34 next Thursday!!

Ted was 22 yesterday!!!

Why was I not an actor!!!!

---

1 The date is 18 August 1883, not 28 August. WEH was born on 23 August 1849.

2 The exact nature of the operation is not known though WEH remarked later to Baxter that his
prostate was bruised in the operation; see W.E. Henley, Letter to Charles Baxter, 19 October 1883, Beinecke Collection, Yale University.

3 E.J. Henley was born on 17 August 1860.
Am arranging English copyright of Stevensons book[.]

what date of publication in England will be best for you[?]

[Reply in Chatto's hand]

telegraphed reply same date[.] Almost any date will suit us for Stevensons book provided copyright is secured by first publication in England.
My dear Charles,

I enclose a formal letter: of proposed transfer of Louis's books; from Paul to the author.

I am better, but not at all fit. or I would write you as you deserve.

The swelling t. has subsided;¹ but I've a pain in the groin still.

And the Chatelaine at last has given way, & is very far from well.

The "Souvenirs Littéraires" are worth buying (15 francs). But I shall get 'em myself; so you needn't.

Lang is delighted with "Treasure Island," & meditates a gigantic puff.² So am I as far as I've got; & so do I as far as I can.³ Shouldn't wonder if it turned out a great success.

I suppose you've heard of this proposed tour among the Mediterranean Islands?⁴ I don't think it will come off. I asked £450; & Lippincott won't go so high. Tis a great relief to know it.

I wish I could borrow your "Hood" for a week.⁵ The whole edition. To compare with the one I have for review.⁶ If you could post it by return, it would be
useful.

Yours ever,

W.E.H.

If you see the Flamer, tackle him about musical MS.

It was [?Marme], a musician, who [ ] me on the Messe des Morts[.] See current S.R. for my "Dumas."³

---

1 WEH had a swollen testicle as a result of his operation; see W.E. Henley, Letter to Charles Baxter, 19 October 1883, Beinecke uncatalogued, Yale University.

2 [?Andrew Lang], "Treasure Island," rev. of Treasure Island, by Robert Louis Stevenson, The Pall Mall Gazette, 15 December 1883, pp.4-5. This review is attributed to Lang; see Letter No.110, 25 November 1883.

3 [?W.E. Henley], "Treasure Island," rev. of Treasure Island, by Robert Louis Stevenson, The Saturday Review, 8 December 1883, pp.737-38. This is attributed to WEH; see Letter No.110, 25 November 1883; and W.E. Henley, Letter to Charles Baxter, 10 December 1883, Beinecke 4600, Yale University.

4 Lippincott, the American publishers, had proposed a trip by RLS to the Greek Islands as a subject for a book; see Colvin, Letters, 2, 264-65. The trip did not take place.

5 Thomas Hood (1799-1845), poet and editor.

6 [W.E. Henley], Rev. of The Complete Works of Thomas Hood, ed. his Son and Daughter, The Athenaeum, 22 December 1883, pp.810-12.

7 Fleeming Jenkin.

8 [W.E. Henley], "Alexandre Dumas," The Saturday Review, 10 November 1883, pp.594-95. This was an article on Dumas and the unveiling of a monument to him in Paris on 4 November 1883.
Mon vieux,

Le sieur Garmeson, agent de MM Leepeencott et Cie, vient de slinger son hook, je veux dire de couper son baton de chez novi.

He offers £400, & £100 down. Voilà. I said no, & I added that in any case it was too late for '83. I offered it for next year, for £450; advised him to telegraph or write to that effect to his owners; told him your health was none of the best, that in the Mediterranean there was much hardship & no food, promised to lay his terms before you, assured him that next year we should be all his fancy painted [(painted)] & sent him on his way, not rejoicing but far from unhappy.

The £400, he says, is as high as they can go. I fancy they'll give £450. But the £100 advance sticks in their throats. Damnably.

I can't make out about the M. of A. But the moment I return, you shall have it dispatched by these very
pickers & stealers.

Fear me not with Becky. I am scarce such a windmill as you deem. When I strike -- if ever I strike -- I shall slay.

Which brings me to this: -- Did you get your £67 odd from Gilder, or from the Beck? And is it for "Silverado" in the lump? or for that chunk of "Silverado" only which appears in the current Century? If the former, as I fear, we have been dished, & no mistake; & I've another & better grudge against Becky than ever before. If the latter, it's not so bad, though worse than I could have wished.

One word, now: & one word once for all. When next you Gilderize, you will either make terms beforehand for yourself, or you will let me make them for you. If you don't, you'll be victimised again. Remember, that you are R.L.S. -- no mere scribbling vagabond like yours truly; & that, as R.L.S., you are entitled to special terms, which special terms you must & shall have.

They must pay your Cable about £12 (at least) per page; your James & your Howells even more. Know this -- that Howells got £100 from Longman for "Lexington"? one baddish article? Very well then. Next time you condescend to an American magazine, you condescends to American prices.

Bully for the new "Whistle." I'll keep a corner
for't in the February part. That means I must have it pretty soon. In about ten days, say.

I rejoice to hear of the Coming of Otto. But you should ask Longmans, not £200, but £250. A good novel is a saleable article, & should not be parted with cheap. Do stiffen your neck, & wipe your nose, & put on your gloves & learn to take a proper pride in yourself. Mrs. Louis! -- If you don't make this wildgoose creature of yours a little haughtier & firmer I shall take him back to Kegan Paul.

Yes, "Love in a Valley" has good in it. Of course I don't value your weeps a little damn. You wepted (or wope, or weeped, or whatever it is) over "Harlequin Attila." At Swanston. I remember it perfectly. And you're a friend of George's to boot. You must take your tears elsewhere.

I've not gone far in "Treasure Island." I've been looking over 'The Story of Chinese Gordon." By God, there's a man. One of the simple great ones, he! Your Meredith is a mere Bellman in comparison.

---

1 For the proposed Mediterranean trip.
2 Gosse was acting as the English agent for Gilder; see Sweareingen, p.50.
4 RLS received £250; see Sweareingen, p.82.
5 George Meredith, "Love in the Valley," in his Poems.

6 Not identified.
7 Meredith.
8 Not identified.
Letter No. 109  To Robert Louis Stevenson
MS: Beinecke 4772

51 Richmond Gardens[,]  
Shepherds Bush. W.  
25 November 1883  

Dear Lad[,]  

Some words of business. And then good bye.

(1) I have sent the article, which is the joy of my heart to press.¹

(2) Send me B.Pollock his address; "Hoxton St." is vague.² And I've put the picters in hand toody sweet.³

(3) May I not use the "Picture Books" alone?⁴ to fill up a page? I like it well enough. Tis not of the best, but tis better than many: than "Block City," for instance, which I don't care for at all.

(4) Of course you reserve your copyrights; of "Penny Plain," & any of the "Whistles" I may use.

(5) Whenever you wish to retain your copyright, send me formal notice to that effect with the article. When you fail, I forget. Voilà.

(6) If you revere "Realism," let me know.⁵ As it's passed, I don't think you need to bother. I imagine, that if you want to reprint, they'll give you permission for the asking.

(7) "Hokusai": -- I've just got Gonse's "L'Art Japonais."⁶ It contains many picters we might use electros of. Meanwhile, there's much for us to learn.

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Gonse estimates Hok's œuvre at 30,000 designs. I must ask Colvin to put you in communication with Duret, the great collector of Jap. books. If possible, & if I come, I'll bring the Gonse with me. It's in two vast volumes, at a hundred francs apiece. Of course I shall review it myself.

(8) Cricket all there. No end of thanks for it. I apologise for the Boswell insult, but I couldn't help it. There will be another in my January number. Asses! asses all! -- If I'd not been sick & tired of everything I should have cut the new one out. I rejoice to hear that you are a Daumériiste; he has done ten thousand things like that -- large, human, true; & high art to boot. I'm the only person in England (I & Legros & Mr[.] Pericles Ionides, -- a dear old boy!) who knows or loves him. As for your Milletism, that I knew, was only a matter of time. Do you know that I remember you telling me about the "Sawyers," & the Heroic Bum, God knows how many years ago? -- As you say, the Mascarille is all these. But the critics haven't seen it, not they. Some of my next will please you well, I think. But of that anon.

(9) Next week I hope to trot you over some notices of "Treasure Island." Lang is after it for the P.M.G[.]; I, for the S.R.; a friend for the Academy; Runciman for the Standard. I think it will hit.

(10) Paul offers us 300 quires & 56 (356) bound of
the "Voyage"; 100 quires & 58 (150) bound for the "Donkey"; & 100 quires & 17 (117) bound of "Virginibus Puerisque"; with stereos, frontispieces, & copyright of last, for £100. Chatto offers £56; which is probably quite as much as Paul has any right to ask -- which is probably, in fact, the cost price (which Paul has long since put in his pocket) of the whole set; but on condition only that you will take £20 for your interest & rights. If we won't (as of course -- we won't) Chatto will sell for you, accounting for all sold at half the publishing price, & making the [?advts] the subject of a separate agreement. Do you feel inclined to take over the three books from Paul, on your own account? or shall I leave them with him -- dead, buried, & done for? Say. [rest of the letter missing].

1 This must be RLS's "A Penny Plain and Twopence Coloured."
2 Benjamin Pollock, 73 Hoxton Street, London, a seller of toy theatrical cut-outs.
3 The illustrations accompanying RLS's article.
4 Picture Books and Block City were two of RLS's Whistles but were not published in the M. of A.
7 Théodore Duret, French journalist and art critic.
9 RLS was in the habit of sending WEH a critical note on each item in the current M. of A.; see Julia Ann Alexander, William Ernest Henley, Editor: The National Observer, The Magazine of Art, and The New Review, Ph.D. Diss. University of Texas at Austin, - 525 -
10 Not identified.
11 Not identified.
12 Pericles Ionides has not been identified.
13 The Sawyers is a painting by Millet. The "Heroic Bum" no doubt refers to the posterior of one of the sawyers; see The Magazine of Art, 7 (1884), p.37.
14 Not identified.
16 No review by Runciman has been identified; see Maixner, p.137. The Standard, a daily paper, 1 January 1857-16 March 1916.
Letter No. 110

To Charles Baxter

MS: Beinecke 4599

[51 Richmond Gardens, Shepherds Bush W.]

4 December 1883

My dear Charles,

It weren't drink. It was haste & a bad pen.

and now to answer your letter categorically.¹

(1) Hard up is all jimmy. I am hard up. You! -- oh!!!

(2) Right you are. So am I. And Lewis will die if we fail.

(3) Let your creditors wait. Who are they that they shouldn't?

(4) D--n it. So you shall. An so will I.

(5) No! Oh no! That you will Not. Or if you do, you will alone. The 26th of this month is my eye. I can't do it. Say January 5th, & I'm on it bigger than an Injun. You see, the M. of A. has to appear; & by the 5th it will be all right. By the 26th it cannot.

(6) Yes -- Good. But 5th Jan. in lieu of 26th December; and Henley will meet you for Paris morning mail.

(7th) "We reach Paris that morning, & start same night for Marseille." Do we? yes! Well?

(8th) "We reach Hyères" -- True, true. As you were going to say.

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(9th) "We will stay four or five days & then return as before." O D--n your sentiments.

(10th) I shall write to Mitchell, & make it all right with him? of course I shall. What do you take me for.

So there you are. I agree to everything but the 26th December. That, as you see, is jimmy. If I'd a good side it might be so. But I've nobody but myself; & the exhibitions are heavy; & I must get off as much of the Magazine as I can ere I may depart & be free. So there you are.

I've given way to you in all besides. You must give way to me in this. Write & say you do.

In Paris, I've to see Coquelin, Rodin, Régamey, & W.C.Brownell. And to compare the Boulevard Sebastopol & the Bois de Boulogne with the sunny side of Princes St. on a morning after a nicht wi' Brown. So you must give me at least a day, either coming or going.

See Athenaeum & Academy of Sat. last for more puffs of T.I. I expect a big one from the P.M.G. this week; & another from the S.R. I hear, too, that the Guardian doats on the book; & that he'll give us a flamer. Do not, I pray, neglect to bring all these beneath the eyes of Tom Stevenson, Gent, & to remark to him how little he knows about literature.

Ever yours, my dear Charles,

W.E.H.

- 528 -
Brown turned up on Saturday night. He abused Kirkhope's whisky; said it was wasted for the London market -- I think to excuse himself beforehand for taking a lot of it. But I was obliged to dismiss him; [ ] [ ] [ ] to the throat. I heard some pleasantries of you.

1 Baxter and WEH were planning a trip to see the Stevensons at their home, the Chalet La Solitude, Hyères, southern France. They were at Hyères by 8 December 1883, and probably returned home in January 1884; see Ferguson and Upington, p.129, and p.130.


4 This may seem to refute the suggestion that WEH reviewed Treasure Island for The Saturday Review.


6 A brand of whisky.
My dear Mrs. Louis,

I have written, not one insulting letter to Baxter, but half-a-dozen and I am just now in train to discharge upon him with another. I think he'll come. I know he wants to; bitterly.

Tell Louis that, meanwhile, he has well nigh destroyed the Flamer. "I thought," he writes, "that two or three bottles of champagne & the best part of a bottle of brandy wouldn't harm a fly." And behold Flamer is down with nervous fever.

If we come (I must still say "if") we shall leave London on the 6th or 7th, & come straight on, sleeping in Paris & Lyons, as I don't want to arrive in a dying condition. Bob on Saturday, was kind enough to divide the route for us; "From Dieppe to Lyons," says he, "you drink; from Lyons downwards, you look." I smiled. 'Twas Africa & golden figs I heard, & hearing, loved to dwell on in my heart.

Why have you never said a word of poor Katharine's "Flowers & Flower Painters"? And she, longing for a sound of praise from you! I'm afraid you are very very selfish -- in spite of the [ ] [ ] story.

This is but a line in answer to yours. I must instantly to my work; or for me & you there is no holiday.

My wife was delighted with your letter. From her & me our best love & best wishes.

Always Yours,

W.E.H.

[Added by WEH across the top of the letter at right angles to the text] A first rate Treasure Island in the P.M.G. I'll send it as soon as I can get it. I have been dancing on modern [?poetry]; for Maga, "la grand mere de nous tous." And I haven't once mentioned the name of Becky[.] Wait till January & you'll see.5

1 The date is written along the right hand edge at the top of the letter.
2 Not identified.
3 Katharine de Mattos, "Flowers and Flower-Painters," The Magazine of Art, 6 (1883), 453-55.
4 Not identified.
5 No such article appeared in Blackwood's.
Letter No. 112          To Charles Baxter
MS: Beinecke 4602

[51 Richmond Gardens,
Shepherds Bush.]
29 January 1884

My dear Charles,

Much thanks for your enclosure[.]¹ I return them all herewith.

Simp, I fear is lost. But that, no fault of ours. Let us wipe it up & say no more about it.

Colvin & Anna rejoice greatly to know the worst is over. Your telegram frightened me damn nobly.² I thought it was for to receive his last wishes that Bob was called. To find that it's to help move him to Hyères is an immense relief.

I got your telegram at eleven. I at once went round to Ionides,³ & borrowed the money. His house I left at midnight, & posted to St.John's Wood. There I lost my head & forgot the number of the house. At number seven I knocked up a yellow haired person in the exercise of her calling, & brought her shivering to the door, to tell me I had made a mistake. I was naturally angry; so (which seems inexplicable) was she. This mistake settled me; & I had to post back again, hunt up a catalogue, find the address (which was next door to my yellow headed one's), & post back again. The clock struck two as I started upon Bob's bell. Ten minutes
after he was quaking before me. I handed out the
notes, told him to leave at ten that morning, &
returned to my own home. It was three ere I laid me
down; the tiredest sorrowfullest gent in all London.

Colvin remarks that these attacks are periodical, &
notes that last year, about this time, the lad fell
ill, in much the same fashion, at St.Marcel. I am to
write to Drummond, & ask what's really been the
matter, whether Hyères is right for him, whether he
should to sea, & so forth.

We passed a very pleasant evening together. I
think that little brush you wot of has done good -- has
cleared the air.

Ever Yours, my dear Charles,

W.E.H.

What Fanny wants is reviews; of the "Squatters."

1 RLS had been taken ill at Nice. He was suffering
from "congestion of the lungs and kidneys"; see
Fanny Stevenson's letter to Baxter, Ferguson and
Waingrow, p.132. Presumably one of the enclosures
would have been Fanny's letter to Baxter, received
on 27 January 1884, complaining that she had not
heard from Walter Simpson. The letter suggests
that Fanny saw WEH as the prime organiser of help
during RLS's illness; see Ferguson and Waingrow,
p.133.

2 Although this telegram has not been found, it
would, no doubt, be as a result of Fanny's postcard
of 26 January 1844 and telegram of the same date
to Baxter, both requesting Bob to hurry to Hyères.
This would explain WEH's fright; see Ferguson and
Waingrow, p.134.

3 Constantine Alexander Ionides (1833-1900), art
collector and friend of WEH. He made his fortune on
the Stock Exchange and left his valuable art collection to the Victoria and Albert Museum, London. He was living at 8 Holland Villas Road, Kensington, at this time.

4 St. Marcel, Marseilles.
5 Dr. James Drummond.
Letter No. 113 To Charles Baxter

MS: Beinecke 4603

51 Richmond Gardens[,] Shepherds Bush W[.]

3 February 1884

My dear Charles,

Mrs. Louis is certainly the best alarmist aliving. The G.O.M. himself is a fool to her. She would do the Bulgarian Atrocities Agitation in her stride, & come in without turning a hair.

I enclose a cutting from the Daily News which will, I know, be interesting to Brown. Tell him with my love that I cannot understand how it is that the article contains no mention of the application to the bicycling purposes of the celebrated cast-iron buddy (Brown's Patent).

I hear that Edward has not yet heard of the said Brown. Do pimp the two together, an you love me. 'Tis easy as my eye; & it may do much good.

Ted seems to be doing brilliantly at the Globe. The Chatelaine (the austerest of critics) is delighted with him.

How liked you Lang on the Scotsman? Had you seen the number you'd have seen me -- in my best form -- on the Old Curiosity Shop & Lotta.

Ever Yours,

W.E.H.

- 535 -
Write to Nice, as often as you can; & as cheerfully.
You see, from Mrs. Louis to my wife & you, that the
Simp really made a mistake, & did the wrong thing.7

1  Gladstone.
2  Atrocities by the Turks against a rebellion of the
Bulgarians within the Turkish Empire 1876.
3  "Bicycles, Tricycles, and Accessories," The Daily
News, 4 February 1884, p.2, col.2. The paper
contains advertisements for bicycles on p.7.
4  E.J.Henley was appearing as Mr.Donaldson in Our
Regiment by Henry Hamilton (?1853-1918) at the
Globe Theatre, the Strand, London. It opened on 21
January 1884 and closed on 1 March 1884.
5  Nothing has been found in The Scotsman. WEH
appears to have written "on" in this letter.
6  Not identified.
7  See Ferguson and Waingrow, pp.130-32.
Letter No. 114 To Charles Baxter
MS: Beinecke 4604

[51 Richmond Gardens,
Shepherds Bush.]
4 February 1884

My dear Charles,

Ere this you'll have received (Via Colvin) Bob's first letter. I got it Saturday night. This morning, I received the enclosed. From the two, as you'll see, I was justified in telegraphing as I did.

For the moment I regard the danger as passed. Write all you can, & as cheerfully as you can. That's what's wanted more.

Tell Simp (from me) that he has not shown well. First we suspect his heart; then his head. There's a time for reticence; & a time for the other thing. He seems to have got them mixed. Why in the fiend's name couldn't he tell us of his correspondence with Bob, & the arrangements thereon? He could have saved us some bad minutes anyhow.

However, I'm glad he's all our early fancy painted; & I forgive him.

Ever Yours, dear boy,

W.E.H.

- 537 -
My dears,

Why in thunder don't you date your letters? In emergencies of this sort, when the latest news is all that's wanted, undated letters are just poison.

I say this for you, Mrs. Louis -- more particularly for you. Here's a letter to my wife just in, Via Baxter, which seems to have been penned a week ago, & to have ever since been wandering about in space, blighting & mildewing the world & effusing rotteness & gloom round all with which it has come in contact. Fortunately I've had Bob's own letter already; & another & more cheerful one of your own; so it doesn't much matter. But suppose I had been bursting in ignorance all this time? what then? I put it to you as a mere question of feeling. What then? Answer me, you wicked woman, if you can.

I see the point of the Beckyism.² There's another touch for you! If I'd had this last misbegotten production of yours in time, I should, when Lang mentioned Becky & her heartbrokeness to me on Sunday (this is Tuesday) have been able to put him right in his speculations, & to reconcile my instructions to him
to write cheerfully & often -- with your to Becky --
not to write at all. On the advantages of which I
shall not presume to dwell.

Have no fear of the said Becky. She will treat
with me till she is compelled to do so -- till all hope
of treating with you is at an end. You had better
infrom her, offically, that she must come to me; at
once. When she does, I feel sure, she'll have
discovered that you're worth more than 15 dols. a page
anyhow.

The French publisher is Hetzel. T.I. is
unregistered (it appeared in Little Folks ere it came
out as a book), & there are no rights. I have
assented in your name to Hetzel's proposals; insisting,
in return, on the advisability of Hetzel's sending you
his French proofs. 'Tis a pity that he won't employ an
English artist to illustrate. However, we've sent him
sketches of the costumes; & for the frenchification of
Long John Silver & Co., he only will be responsible.

I enclose a cutting from the P.M.G., probably the
work of Becky; & d--d good. The cause of Burnand's
animosity is my account of his Ariel -- a bestial
vulgarization of The Tempest. Last night I went to
see his Camaralzaman. Je lui promet des émotions!

This morning I saw Symonds's Brown -- Brown
umquhile of Davos, now Brown of Venice. He gave me
good news of Symonds, who is well & lusty, & whose
eldest girl has picked up wonderfully. Also later news
than my own of Brown of Clifton. He seems a nice
companionable fellow, & I am glad to have met him. He
has come over here to try & pick up Rawdon Brown's
function, as editor of the English papers in the
Frari. He left me to go to Kegan Paul. Thus do
extremes meet! -- Paul, it appears, consumed his
first book; in the general fire; & refused him
compensation. He had been deeply warned; but I
couldn't resist the opportunity of warning him again.
-- You will see a note of his on "Venetian Visiting
Cards" in, I think, my May number. With your own
"Fontainebleau."

I have essayed the Firm with a proposal: that I
should go, to the office, not six days a week, but
four, or even three. Wish me luck. I may chance to
be able to do something for our plays, if I get my
terms.

On which farewell -- "long as thou cans't fare
well." There's no more news that I know of, save --
as it seems -- that Gordon has been sent out to arrange
the evacuation of the Sudan. Such is life! Dastards
& doctrinaires all. The world is too much with us.
Get well; or, apart from our own fireside affairs, we
shall soon have nothing left to live for.

Affectionately All of Yours,
A Constant Couple[.]
The date is written above the address.
The subject has not been identified.
Long John Silver was one of the main characters in *Treasure Island*. RLS based the physical characteristics of Silver on WEH; see Colvin, *Letters*, 2, 242.
[W.E. Henley], "The Theatres," *The Saturday Review*, 13 October 1883, pp. 469-70. WEH finds that the play is "merely 'variety entertainment.'"
The play ran from 31 January 1884 to 14 March 1884.
The Scots word "formerly."
Horatio Robert Forbes Brown (1854-1926), historian of Venice and close friend of RLS. He succeeded Rawdon Brown (1803-1883) as historian of the archives of Venice.
Horatio Brown was a pupil at Clifton College while T. E. Brown was Second Master.
The Frari Library, Venice, containing the Venetian Archives, in the church of St. Maria Glorioso dei Frari.
It is not known whether WEH achieved shorter hours. Oscar Wilde, when editing the monthly *Woman's World* for Cassells, worked two days a week; see Newman Flower, *Just As It Happened* (London: Cassell and Company Ltd, 1950), p. 68.
Not identified.
Gordon had left England on 18 November 1883 to arrange the evacuation of the British garrison in the Sudan.
Dear Boy,

Your last letter is jam. Go on; but remember that our first essay must be melodrama.

I am stuck down to my "Salvini." How I hope it will appear! how I hope you will love it if it does appear! how I hope it will please the Old Man!

I think it should do! You remember my old game of analysis & description? Eh bien, c'est la même chose. Only it's a devish different thing applying it to Salvini from what it was applying it to Henry I. The one is so mean & clever & wooden! You spot him at a glance. He is "subtle," as they say; & his subtly is mere a-b-c. The other is so rich, so full, so organically simple & large, that analysis becomes impossible. It's like decomposing life itself. Judge of my fogginess, my wrestling with English & ideas, my blind unhappy inexpressiveness!

Look here! You see Salvini in every line? Why shouldn't Salvini play us? I am to meet him; I am writing about him; he reads English -- allons donc! We may be happy yet.

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Ever Affectionately Yours,

W.E.H.

What of Heap & the consultation? 

14/3/84

This was not sent yesterday; so today I open it, for five minutes gossip.

Could you look at the Russian now? I mean "Old Glory"? Bob gave me a glowing translation of yourself & the Simoom upon it, that I fear to send it. The awakening you'll have will hurt my pride; I almost prefer that it should remain the beautiful illusion it is. Still, could you look at it? R.S.V.P.

Go on steadily play making. We have an opening at last. More of this next week.

To-night, "Il Gladiatore." I am going, of course. But oh dear[,] what a wreck I am! I should finish my "Salvini" this morning; & I am as a dishclout in a corner.

As I told you, Wollock & I have been at loggerheads. We are still at them more or less. I go to the Rabelais on Sunday morning, more to swagger about Salvini than anything else; where I shall see him for the first time for some weeks. The fault is his, not mine. He is, I think, the worst Editor in the world, & the vaguest. Otherwise it wouldn't have happened. Probably it means no more S.R. for me. In which case I'll write a play.
I am kind of parylysed [sic], & want to do nothing but read. The "Salvini" has about killed me. I think you'll like it. The worst is that I've left myself no room for full analysis of the Conrad & the Lear. All I can talk about is conception & generall effect. Which is a pity.

Did I tell you that "beside Salvini most things seem insignificant," according to Colvin? He has profited, as you see.

About the "Whistles": Cassell will not treat unless we sell them outright. That, of course, I do not purpose to do. When I've time, I'll take 'em to Bell. To put 'em into type will cost some £5 or £6; & funds is scarce.

This afternoon, I shall send you on the overmatter of your "Fontainbleau." Herewith a cutting from the Standard which will amuse you.

W.E.H.

1 W.E.H had deleted "4" in 13/4/84.
3 Salvini.
4 Henry Irving.
5 Not identified; probably a medical or theatrical man, but not mentioned in the standard biographies of RLS.
6 The Simoom is a hot, dry wind of the deserts of Africa and Asia. WEH uses it as a nickname for Fanny.
Il Gladiatore, the Italian version of Soumet's *Le Gladiateur* (1841), was one of the plays in the Salvini season at the Covent Garden theatre, London. Louis-Antoine-Alexandre Soumet (1786-1845), French dramatist.

Pollock had cut WEH's review of Camaralzaman by "a column & a quarter.... In all probability it's my last dramatic criticism for the S.R." See W.E. Henley, Letter to Robert Louis and Fanny Stevenson, 9 February 1884, Beinecke 4777, Yale University.

Salvini played the escaped convict Conrad in Giacometti's *La Morte Civile* as part of the Salvini season. He also played Lear. Paolo Giacometti (1816-1882), Italian dramatist.
Letter No. 117
To Robert Louis Stevenson

MS: Beinecke 4781

[51 Richmond Gardens,
Shepherds Bush.]
15 March 1884

Dear Boy,

I perceive -- to my great joy -- that you are only an invalid in jest. Still, I would these commands of mine had been obeyed. Why couldn't they be?

Remember this: Stimulation for the nervous system; fortification of the heart; tranquillisation of the brain. That's your line of country. Get Vidal to look at that.¹ And lo! "Enter God!"

You've said not a syllable about Salvini. Not one word of envy, nor regret, nor sympathy. 'Tis not well of you.

Read the "Salvini" in the current S.R. (sent herewith);² & then reflect that the Editor & inspirer of that infamy is a man we call, & have called, our Friend. Of course, he is no longer friend of mine. Why, I shall not tell you yet. But that that is so is certain. He himself is not unwilling either. Here are three Saturdays running; & with six or seven articles in type I am left out in the cold. And this is the creature for & whose health & moral I fought as for my own. Of course you'll cry "Gigus,"³ & all that sort of thing. But wait till you know; wait till the whole

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littleness of the creature is unveiled.

After the publication of the first "Salvini" Colvin heartily applauded my resignation of the Saturday drama. "Had you stayed on," he said, ["] & got that article in your teeth, you could only have gone down & caned the Editor". I suppose that when the Henry returns, he will have his reward, & go trencher-licking with the other henchermen.

As you see, I'm angry. This worm has turned at the wrong moment. I won't get my bust. Hinc illae!

Tis a kind of misfortune from the point of view of the world to be gifted with an honesty that is not to be bought with a wink & a dinner. But, after all, God is [---] better company than the world; & for my part I am quite satisfied to be with Him & His. 'Tis strange; but 'tis true.

Adieu. For some time we have leisure to work & prepare good things. I have not yet seen God enter; or rather I have seen him enter, look round as if he had not expected to find me alone, & then depart. Next time he comes, we will shut the door on him. That's if ever he does come. I know not, I, if the chance will return. Et toi?

Ever yours,

W.E.H.
Dr.L.-Emp. Vidal, a local doctor in Hyères.

"Signor Salvini," The Saturday Review, 15 March 1884, pp.345-46. · WEH is no doubt angry at the criticism of Salvini: "There can be no doubt that Salvini's reputation as an actor has been greatly lowered by the performance he has lately given at Covent Garden."

Not identified.

"Signor Salvini," The Saturday Review, 8 March 1884, pp.312-13. This was an attack on Salvini's portrayal of Shakespeare's King Lear.

Henry Irving was touring in the U.S.A.

I add a line to say that Mennell doesn't seem to think the eye affliction local,¹ but rather constitutional & cerebral. He advises treatment by a competent man & that without loss of time. Can't you rake out that English doctor?² Do, please, try; & if you please, I'll communicate with him directly.

Of course Mennell's diagnosis is only guess-work.

Write daily, please.

W.E.H.

1 This has been added to an unknown letter.
2 Dr.Drummond?
51 RICHMOND GARDENS,
SHEPHERDS BUSH.
28 March 1884

Dear Boy,

Last night I saw "Claudian": a poetico-spectaculo
sham melodrama, made by Herman, written by le/nommé
Wills.¹ It is superbly dressed, grouped, & staged; but
it is damnable dull. If you & I were together for a
fortnight, on drama bent & of a [-----] collaborating
mind, we could make a better thing with our left hands.
But it's a Success -- Gad, it is a success! Little or
no applause; but a house crowded from floor to ceiling,
& this the hundred & some thingth night. That's to
say, a hundred & fifty a week for le nommé Wills &
ditto ditto ditto for le particulier Hermanay. You may
well lick your lips! And the Simoom, the destroyer,
may well make hay of the furniture. That's what's the
matter with them.

Barrett,² the Claudian, is a very handsome fellow:
well made generally, & with lovely arms & legs. He
plays the part with so much great care & correctness,
with a judicious use of his means, as to seem almost an
actor. At bottom he is thoroughly commonplace; of that
sacred temperamental fire which burns & blazes out in
your true historian he doesn't seem to me to have a
spark. But he is ambitious, intelligent, capable; & he is an immense success.

He has the Princesses, & he has four or five provincial playhouses besides. He is a big man in the profession; he makes better speeches than Irving; he has proved to admiration that he can stage-manage Irving's head off. What is more, he is posing, with admirable tact & dexterity, as Irving's rival. He has announced a Hamlet of his own; he has three or four immense successes -- Claudian, Lights o'London, Silver King -- to his credit; & he is already a very formidable second king of Brentwood.

Now Barrett has read the "Deacon". Runciman knows him; & to make Runciman happy, I asked Runciman to introduce our bad boy to the successful manager[.]. Runciman did so; & in two twos what barrett calls the "power & merit" of our brute had fetched the successful manager. Last night I saw the S.M. for ten minutes between two acts of "Claudian"; & he talked of the "Deacon" very wisely & nicely. Of course, I laughed at the "Deacon," & told him that we purposed to let it lie, as we didn't think it worth recasting. He seemed surprised; & when I told him that we'd a good deal more & better in our bag than that, he said he'd be devilish glad to read it.

What he hinted ("we want a whole day to discuss a play like that," he said) was that he disapproved of
the Deacons shilly-shally between vice & virtue; that he thought the robbery at the Excise should precede the "A/ 0^/ "Face to Face" affair; & that he saw no reason why Brodie should elect to stay & go for death when he might have got away -- at all events that he thought we hadn't made our last emotional & mental attitude quite clear. I could see that he wanted the "Excise" to remain; 'tis too good an acting scene, they think, to be lost; but I could see that you & he joined hands in a curious way about the "Face to Face."

This is only an instalment. Next week I shall call on him one morning, & have a bout royal of explanation & suggestion. I am pretty sure that he'd like to play the Deacon; & I'm as sure that he'd make an awful mess of it; I'm more or less resolved to put it by, & make it over presently to Edward John Henley Esq. But, dear boy, I purpose to cultivate the connection; & I purpose to write him a good ringing, rousing melodrama. Not "Ajax"; he's pounds below it. Not "Old Glory"; he's not in the same field with it. But something which will fit his talent, & give him (& us) an opportunity. Do you remember your Romeo who for love become a slave?. Ah, well! I say nothing; but I shall put my brains about all same.

Ever Yours, dear Johnson,
John Jackson

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1 Claudian, a romantic comedy by W.G.Wills and H.Herman, at the Princess's Theatre, London, from 29 November 1883 to 19 July 1884.

2 Wilson Barrett (1846-1904), actor, theatre manager and dramatist.

3 Shakespeare's Hamlet at the Princess's Theatre from 16 October 1884 to 21 February 1885.

4 The Lights o'London, by G.R.Sims, at the Princess's Theatre from 10 September 1881 to 3 June 1882. The Silver King, by H.A.Jones and H.Herman, at the Princess's Theatre from 16 November 1882 to 24 November 1883.

5 Not identified.

6 Barrett.

7 Ajax: Drama in Four Acts, projected play by WEH and RLS; see Swearingen, p.91.
51 RICMOND GARDENS,
SHEPHERDS BUSH.
1 April 1884

Dear Boy,

Ere this, you'll have seen the Cog, & have read the "Salvini," & unpacked the tableaux. Write, or dictate, & tell me all about the new presences.

The portrait came last night. It is a great joy to us. 'Tis the Simoom in the act of meditating a career of vice; the Simoom pondering a letter, in fact -- the Simoom mapping out her course through spaces, & deciding where she will blast & where she will merely kill. Sometimes the camera is an artist & a seer. Truly on this occasion 'twas inspired. It rose to its opportunity, & towered to the height of its gigantic argument. I should like to buy that camera. I would revere it as a thing possessed of an angel. There are far less precious matters in the Fitzwilliam anyhow.

What we want now is the Simoom at [(at)] work -- the Simoom sword in hand & on the warpath! Who shall give us that? Is this camera of God, think you, capable of such a feat? Try it, in heaven's name; & let us see.

Saw the Othello last night for the last time. The old boy superb; or, as Colvin put it, august. Colvin
was mashed; he dogged round to me, & murmured vaguely of "the most august thing ever produced by man." It sounds phallic, don't it? But it's only artcritical. And the house was mashed likewise. A triple call after the third act! Certainly Thomas was on the job. Here & there I've seen him better & mightier; here & there he was better & mightier than I've ever seen him; & the whole thing such an example of measure & force, of perfect symmetry & perfect soul -- it was. as Colvin said, august. August's the word. I thank my God that I've lived to see & feel such a manifestation of Him.

What a stumping thing is genius! On Sunday night, chez Clayton, I saw my Salvini eye to eye. I took his hand, & spoke to him vaguely in the tongue of France. He is bald, & he is podgy; his arms are short, his eyes are less brilliant & fetching than your own; & I, who am not uncommon tall, I can look down on his pate. He has a good forehead, in truth; but not much more. A most simple, tranquil fellow; bearing himself as a quiet gentleman; sparing of gesture, & sometimes (I noted) almost awkward; touched with commonplace, even -- a good substantial well-mannered Italian diplomatist! And in Lear he is seven feet high & legendary & titanic; & in Othello he can take three thousand people into his hand, & play with 'em like atoms; & in Conrad he is demoralization incarnate; & his eyes are black suns, & his gestures are eloquence.
in action, & he has the speech & bearing & effect of a
king of men! Truly genius is a stumper. To adore
Salvini the artist & to meet Salvini the man is the
most staggering experience of my life. I tell you of
it; but no remarks to offer. Save that if you want a
real stumper, try genius.

We had but five minutes of talk. He told me that
he had purchased three copies of the P.M.G.,\(^{4}\) to send
to New York, & to Italy for translation. That's about
all, I think! Probably he'll purchase a couple of
copies of the N.R., for the same purpose! I told him
who had written the P.M.G. article, & how glad I was
that it had appeared, though it had anticipated me &
mine; & he was polite & amiable & commonplace as you
please. After that, I yawned more or less all the
evening; & looked at Oscar Wilde (with his hair cut), &
got up a tender interest in Ada Cavendish (in old gold
& Indian red),\(^{5}\) & talked nonsense to one or two people
whose names I foget, & marvelled at Salvini's stomach,
which, as I've noted, is fair & round & podgy. And so
I had a brandy & soda; & went. At the door the Master
stood; arm in arm with that amiable blackguard
Pellegrini.\(^{6}\) And in his hat & overcoat he looked more
diplomatic & tranquil & conventional than in his
evening clo. And he was smoking a long Italian cigar
-- one of those damned structures of tobacco & straw.
And I made up my mind (finally) that genius is a
stumper, & that for practical purposes a person in old gold & dark red is all your fancy painted.

The idea of the private Sneak has took away my breath. I shall consult the Zeb, & let you know anon. Till then, mutus!

As for the Arabs, good. I will communicate with the Red Comyns at once. I will interview the Red Comyns even though I am sored angered with him. I will deplete his purse to the utmost. Send me, per return, the names of the cycle & its components that I may flash them before his Olympian eye, & touch with them the chords of his Olympian gizzard. I am your servant. As to finding space in May, that's as it may be. If he buys, he'll pay posh down. Which, I take it, is enough.

I peeped at Old Glory, ere I sent him off to you. The thing is the Prologue; & in the Prologue, the attitude of Mrs. Glory. A mere bitch she cannot & must not be! I'll think of it, & see if I cannot conceive of her soul as it looks upon Koschkine, her husband, & her son. There's the nut. That cracked, the kernel's our own. And, I think, a big one it is!

W.H.P. is certainly a shite. As I told you, I counted on my S.R. wins for Paris & my bust. He has eight articles of mine in type for weeks, & my cheque's so small that Paris is impossible & my bust becomes God's speculation or nobody's. Eight articles in hand
is, you'll own it, steep. If it's not personal shittiness it's damn bad editing. Of course, I refuse to quarrel. If I work no more for the S.R. I shall the sooner produce my play. So perhaps the best thing that could happen would be expulsion. We shall see, & soon.

I took Monkhouse with me last night. I love him much. He has got your letter more or less by heart. We talked of Iago, \footnote{Salvini as Shakespeare's Othello as part of the Salvini season.} & I propounded my theory of that gent in which he recognized John Silver. Which is about as much on the spot as they make 'em.

Ever Yours,

W.E.H.

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1 See W.E. Henley, Letter to Robert Louis Stevenson, 22 March 1884, Beinecke 4783, Yale University. In this letter WEH writes: "Old Glory per Coggie F. Also works of art for the castle walls."

2 An unidentified portrait of Fanny Stevenson.

3 Salvini as Shakespeare's Othello as part of the Salvini season.


5 Ada Cavendish (1839-1895), actress.

6 Carlo Pellegrini (1839-1889), political caricaturist and artist. As "Ape" and later as "Spy" he contributed 333 cartoons to Vanity Fair, 1869-1889.

7 Not identified.

8 Mennell.

9 Comyns Carr.

10 The reason is not known.

11 One of the main characters in Othello.
My dears,

Excuse my neglect. The spring has set in; & I am fallen into a lethargy. I cannot work, or write. I suppose I've been going it too much of late; & now here's the reaction. Take it that I've writ to you every day. As I fully meant to do.

On Thursday night I saw the Hamlet. How I wish I'd been able to speak of it in my article! Tis the most magnificent, from the point of view of method, of all. Truly Salvini is a great actor as well as a great artist. To him, a character has but one basis; & that basis is emotional. Of course he is right; in the intellectual superstructure we are never interested; what touches affects us is the emotional organism. His Hamlet is sublimely simple: is goodness & benevolence the sport of fortune; the heir to a tragic duty. Truly here is a Good Man! And such a gentleman! Such a prince withal! Such a largeness of heart & dignity of soul! One say's of him, not "how clever!", but "how great!" Poor Henry's hysteria, his subtleties, his snarls & savageries, his whims & japes & ingenuities, seemed very vulgar in comparison -- seemed base,
commen, & popular indeed. Of the details I cannot speak. How he did see & feel & love the Ghost! how exquisitely forlorn & tender & melancholy the scene with Ophelia! what a triumph of love & indignation, & terror, & bitter heartbroken scorn was Hamlet's scene with his mother! Dear boy, the house rose at him. 'Twas his benefit; & they flung wreaths & flags & bouquets at him till he could hardly carry them! I saw Leighton demeaning himself like one possessed; & from a box Colvin, his respectability august upon him, a Vision of baldness & shirt front, waded in like mad. I could have sent you the Standard; but it was too pitiful. And besides you'll see it all, with added venom, in the coming S.R. And besides, what does it matter?

No, I don't see the Admiral as an Elizabethan. And I don't know that I want any stirring, bustling scenes in his tragedy. Besides, dear boy, you haven't advanced us a hair. All that (save the Elizabethanism) I had before; & more besides. As I'll write you next week. Please reflect: what you send is nothing -- is not an idea. My situation is not a germinal idea either: only a scene. And voyons! don't think of Barrett in connection with the Admiral. It isn't his game. He'd be much more likely to have a shy at Brodie -- or even at Rogue Denzil; though both, to my mind, are far too heavy for him. I must try & think out
something which will fit him, & on which you may
embroider. I haven't seen him again; I haven't seen
any body. I am fallen into lethargy. And I possess a
"Waverley Novels" of my own! In 48 vols.! Think of
that! D--n Barrett & all his works.

No end of thanks for Fontainbleau. I'll make it
do. You shall have proofs at once.

I send the usual batch of journals. Nought of me,
you'll observe, in the S.R. As for the Athenaeum,
Maccoll cut so deeply into my "Boswell" that I felt
bound to protest. The worm does turn up somewhere.
Tell Coggie that we were glad no end to have her
letter. Tell the Simoom that a batch of liver powders
& a Butterick's Spring patterns shall speed to her next
week. Tell R.L.S. that my brother-in-law, the Cap'n
(who will presently be engaged in overhauling the
seamanship of Treasure Island) is wild over a "Penny
Plain". Into that shop in Leith Walk whatever coins he
could beg, borrow, or steal, went regularly. As for
me, I am ten hundred years old, or thereabouts. I have
forgotten everything. I am struldbrug, & wish to hear
nothing about anything at all.

Only to read Scott, & be at peace with my
contributors.

W.E.H.

1 WEH had overwritten "3" with "4" in 5/4/1884.
2 Salvini's benefit, Thursday 3 April 1884 at Covent
Garden.

3 The Ghost of Hamlet's Father.
4 Ophelia, daughter of Polonius.
5 Sir Frederic Leighton (1830-1896), painter.
6 President of the Royal Academy from 1878.
7 "Signor Salvini," The Standard, 4 April 1884, p.5, col.7.
8 "Signor Salvini's Hamlet," The Saturday Review, 12 April 1884, pp.474-75. The reviewer criticises Salvini for not knowing Hamlet and remarking that it is Salvini's Hamlet rather than Shakespeare's.
9 WEH and RLS were working on their play Admiral Guinea; see W.E.Henley and Robert Louis Stevenson, Admiral Guinea: A Melodrama in Four Acts (Edinburgh: privately printed by R. and R. Clark, 27 September 1884).
12 Butterick's was, and still is, a popular dress-making pattern book.
LA BELLE SAUVAGE YARD,
LUDGATE HILL,
LONDON, E.C.¹

7 April 1884

Dear Lad,

To appear in any May magazine the "Sealskin Coat"
should have been ready & with the printers six weeks
ago.² That Carr should ever think of it for May is
mere midsummer madness. I will see the great man at
once; & I will give Chatto what he is prepared to give
for the volume. My impression is that, however soon
you be paid, you may not hope for publication in any
form this season. But on this I will report anon.

Ever Yours[,]

W.E.H.

Glad you like the picters. Hope to have a word or two
about the "salvini".

¹ Written on Cassell's Art Department paper.
² "The Man in the Sealskin Coat" was Lang's suggested
  but unadopted title for RLS's "The Dynamiter"; see
  *The Dynamiter* (London: Longmans, Green, and Co.,
  1885).
Dear Boy,

Pas de blagues. If you come, you will lodge hard by (not at Chelsea, mind!), & you will consider yourself a prisoner. If not -- ! passe ton chemin, beau sire! We wash our hands of you. Remember, please, no club, no visitors, no excitement. Only Zeb & his drugs, & Bob & I & ours, & an occasional argument about plays. I want you to go back a lump better than when you come; & I believe you will.

I will see Chatto tomorrow, & I will write to Holt. But I don't anticipate Pactolus either where. My first string is Carr; my second, personal publication. As to careless reading, no! I calculate that a single vol. of the old Arabs will make two small novel volumes. Voilà! Am I right? or wrong? According to your old showing, I'm right. For you told me that the "Man in the Sealskin Coat" (that "Head Centre" notion is absurd, & will kill the book) is equal in length to the "Suicide Club" & the "Rajah's Diamond" both.

Meanwhile, as I said before, fork out the manuscript. I can do nothing till I have it.
I agree with you about the "Garland". I've been waiting for more. As the vein seems dry, I'll put I have in type.

In re John Gaunt. All I gave you to begin with was a character & possible situation. That I told you in the beginning. The play I sketched would play -- commonplace as it is. But I prefer to wait for a higher inspiration. Meanwhile, it has more than once occurred to me that I've blundered, & that what I handed on to you was matter not for a play but for a story. The character smiles upon me, I confess; & so does the situation. But where's the play? On the other hand there's my Gambler, ready made to our hand. I'd no difficulty at all with him, save that of locality. He leaped up in my brains; & lo! there was Drama all around! On the whole, I doubt if there's a play in John Gaunt; -- at all events, if there be, we must forget that unhappy situation, & cast about for a real idea.

Frederick Harrison, Postivist, has read T.I. thrice over, & prefers it to Robinson Crusoe. Of course he's an idiot. But -- tis a good work, all the same; and I had rather than forty shillings I had it still to sell.

Are they putting "Otto" into type? Do for heaven's sake take care of yourself. Remember your bust! "Bust of R.L.S. By A.Rodin." Why might we not combine
business with pleasure, Rodin with Zeb, Immortality with the Pothecary's Shop? Verb, sap. O man of mould, O maniac, O hell! Husband to the Simoom, be warned! Your bust! Your Bust!! Your Bust!!!

W.E.H.

Since that, I've seen the Zeb. He remarks in his most piratic tones, "pas de blagues!" Lodgings in the quarter, privacy, tranquility, & pas de blagues. You must do as you're bid --

And behave mannerly at table,
At least as far as you are able -- or we'll none of you. And before all, you must let the Fifteenth May go by ere you make your flitting hitherward.10

No more to say now. O yes! I read the "Fair Maid of Perth" tother day,11 & thought it very good second-rate Scott indeed. Also "Quentin Durward," which is A Work.12 Continue to absorb your Angelus. Il en vaut la peine. Our love to all three of you.

W.E.H.

---

2 A river in Greek mythology which turned everything that was immersed in it into gold.
3 The reference to "Head Centre" has not been identified. The "Rajah's Diamond" was a story in the New Arabian Nights.
4 Probably more of RLS's "Penny Whistles."
5 The main character of Admiral Guinea.
6 A projected play.
7 Frederic Harrison (1831-1923), lawyer and writer. He was Professor of Jurisprudence and International
Law at the Inns of Court, London, from 1877 to 1889 and later President of the English Positivist Committee.


9 WEH had arranged for Rodin to sculpt his and RLS's busts, but due to RLS's illness in February 1884 the visit did not take place. Rodin never did a bust of RLS; see Williamson, p.142.

10 WEH may be referring to the Stevensons' wedding anniversary on 19 May.

11 A Waverley Novel.

12 A Waverley Novel.
Dear Boy,

I have writ to T. junior, accepting his offer; promising proof sheets of second Edition: opining that £20 would be welcomer than £15, but placing ourselves entirely in his hands; & promising advance sheets of "Otto" & the "Sealskin," both of which, however, must ere they appear as books, come out as parts of magazines.

I have also provided T. junior with the "Voyage", the "Travels" & the "Virginibus Puerisque." To the end that he may make us some offers.

Half-dead, but hopeful Weather Aprilish in the extreme. No east wind, however. So begin to prepare to make up your mind for England home & beauty!

Your Affectionate Pal[,]  
W.E.H.

*Prince Otto* was not published by Tauchnitz.

None of these books was published by Tauchnitz.
51 RICHMOND GARDENS,  
SHEPHERDS BUSH.  
3 May 1884

Dear Boy,

Your telegram didn't come in till after eleven o'clock this morning. Hence what must have seemed a dreadful & unpardonable delay. I hope that ere this the right result will have been secured, & that the prescription will finish what the injections have begun. Mennell says that it will stop any bleeding in no time. So that I feel pretty confident about it.

We are very miserable about you. Now, things seem darker than ever; for I can't but think that this last accident will delay your journey, from which I looked for much good. I hope it won't; & above all that it won't so far worsen your state as to make the Ionides place impossible. If you come, I shall do with you exactly as though your life were in my hands, as, God save us, I suppose it will be. What I mean is, that Zeb will be appointed dictator, & instructed to rule with a rod of iron. Of course, it's a risky business; but I've thought things out, & am prepared to accept the responsibility, great as it is.

I've nothing much to say. Except that I'm damn tired. The picture shows have had hold of me all week,
& I've written a long article about them, which is very incomplete & tedious & inefficient. And today -- Saturday -- I am simply a wreck.

Your last letter -- with the Simoom's enclosure -- to which my second paragraph is an answer -- came in soon after the telegram. I am glad you think so well of the Fonties.³ For myself, I prefer the "Wilderness" to the "Bridge" by a good deal.⁴ As you say, the "Gluck" is first chop.⁵ As you say, too, I am really no slouch of an editor. By the rummest chance I learn that I've actually succeeded in editing Cassell & Co. themselves to the point of thinking the Houdons quite admirable & the stars of the number.⁶ I wish I could believe they thought any better of me for my work. But I reckon they don't, & that I'm only there as a visitor. Which sometimes makes me gloomly enough.

Did you see that they've repris [----] "Antony" at the [---] Odeon?⁷ I'd like to have been at the première. Tis odd, is it not, that we've never seen Alexander Maximus in action? By the way, I've writ another note on him -- in connection with the speeches deliverees at the ceremony, tother day, of the unveiling of Dore's Monument, which seems, by the way, a poor affair -- which I think you'll like.⁸ Also I've purchased the complete edition -- Fifteen Wollums -- of his plays.⁹ Out of which something may come. I don't think I shall start on them till you're in a fit &
proper state to discuss them verbally.

I heard the other day a very ugly story of Becky. But I am beginning to learn patience, I think; Alceste will soon become a highly respectable Philinte. Such is life! Becky, the wretch, looks sleeker, fatter, more twinklingly prosperous than ever. W.H.P. on the other hand, is vaguer, ruder, less personal, less dependable than ever. I really believe that he now regards himself as a representative of the British Aristocracy. That he'll long continue to misedit the S.R. is not, I fear me, certain.

Colvin has disappeared into space; at least I've not heard of him for weeks. I suppose he's arranging his new Museum at Cambridge, for the ceremony of inauguration. My chief comforts are Hake & Eustace Balfour (sometimes), & Hannay & Bob, & this last week Hennessy.

As coins are a consideration, shall I offer Carr the "Bed Trilogy" from the "Garden"?

I'd a talk with Besant about the proper form of publication of the "Sealskin Coat". He says that 'tis to the magazine that you must look for real coins. And he gave me the figures of his "Revolt of Woman," published, at half profits, by Blackwood[.]. It is a small book; & was sold at two prices, at 6/ & 3/6, to the amount of 11,000 copies, on which the author received about a hundred and sixty pounds. It was
anonymous, as you know; so that a book of yours would have a better chance. But it had a very great success, & that a book of yours, however good, might possibly not achieve.

Talking of that reminds me that yesterday I went to see Payn to thank him for the Tauchnitz introduction. I spoke of the "Sealskin Coat," but firmly & judiciously. I told him there was a prospect of it's going on to Carr, but added that of course I'd thought of him as well. He asked how much it made; I told him & added that I wanted at least £250 for the magazine right. He was startled; but I told him that Longmans had just given you as much for another story about the same size,\(^{17}\) which he (Longmans) \(\text{(Longmans)}\) considered inferior to "T.I." After which he calmed down, & said he'd be glad to have the refusal.

From him I learnt, too, that a three-vol novel (even) is not nearly so profitable as it used to be. Wm. Black, for instance, is not worth more than £500 in three volume form, & of old he was as good as Croesus.\(^{18}\) The reason is that the librarians have taken to buying up the magazines, & issuing the stories in this form, instead of in their proper three volume clo'. The only way -- a difficult one with a short story -- is to get the start of them, & publish two or even three months in advance.

I can't understand why it is that I've not had
proofs of the "Garden". That I hope to do next week at latest. Meanwhile, the delay is quite inconceivable.

I am glad that "Tauchnitz" has responded. Aren't you? I think I'll have my copy magnificently bound. There should be no difficulty with Cassell. & Co. They have absolutely nothing to do with it. The book, having been published originally in a periodical, with no rights reserved, is not copyright in Germany; so that Tauchnitz his fee is purely pure benevolence & good feeling.

Mennell seemed to think nothing of the rupture, nor to anticipate that it would throw any obstacle in the way of the proposed journey. So that, as you see, I am right to hope.

Did I tell you that Ted is married? Yes, I remember. The bride is a nice little girl; a chanteuse, with a remarkable voice; very ladylike & pretty, & absolutely unprofessional; Grace the name of her. She should, I think, be the making of him; but they are very young -- I call them Mr. & Mrs. Harry Walmers Junior, after the young couple of whom Charles Dickens heard, at the Hollytree Inn (a story which, being a conceited & impure minded ass You professed to scorn). I'm glad to say, too, that his Duc de Blingy is vastly improved since he wrote of it. So much was to be expected, the boy being really an actor.
I ought to tell you that Sir Henry Gordon doesn't believe his brother in any danger, doesn't believe he's ever asked for money or troops, doesn't believe that he wants more than a definite policy on the part of our noble & most damnable government, & does believe that his isolation at Khartoum -- isolation from Gladstone's morality, & Granville's impudence & all the rest of it -- is a blessing.22

I send the four journals as usual. The S.R. leader I commend to you;23 also Lang in the P.M.B. on Beasant's lecture on the Art of Fiction.24 As is usual when Lang has a chance of mentioning R.L.S., he mentions him. The rest is silence, though here & there you may pick out a word that may interest you.

All the picters this year are damn bad; or if not damn bad, damn small. B.J. on the spot, they say;25 but I don't see it. As for the rest -- jimmy! The only real bit of heroic work in the sculpture is Rodin's "Age d'Airain".26 Young Browning's "Dryope" (refused by the Academy) is "nu nu nu," as vulgar & ungraceful as bronze can be.27 Bob is on view -- but aloft, aloft!28 I'd like to boil Carr, Hallé, Lindsay, Wedmore & most of the Forty Academies in their own piss. I would, by God!

Affectionately Yours, dear Louis,

W.E.H.
1 Constantine Ionides had offered to let RLS stay at his house "carte blanche." See W.E. Henley, Letter to Robert Louis Stevenson, 22 April 1884, Beinecke 4791, Yale University.


3 Anthony Henley's illustrations for RLS's Fontainebleau article.


5 Gluck was one of the illustrations to A.E. Hake's, "Sculpture at the Comédie Française: Houdon," The Magazine of Art, 7 (1884), 172-76.

6 Jean-Antoine Houdon (1741-1828), French sculptor.

7 Houdon (père) play Antony at the Odéon theatre in Paris.


9 Probably the Théâtre complet. 15 vols. (Paris; 1863-1874).

10 Alceste, the caustic character of Molière's Le Misanthrope (produced 1666), who is disgusted with the hypocrisy of society.

11 W.H. Pollock.

12 A new gallery was opened in April 1884; see Sir Sidney Colvin, Memories and Notes of Persons and Places 1852-1912 (London: Edward Arnold & Co., 1921), p.222.


14 Not identified.

15 Walter Besant (1836-1901), traveller, novelist, and founder in 1884 of the Society of Authors, an organisation to protect authors' rights.

16 WEH is incorrect in the title. The book was The Revolt of Man (Edinburgh: Blackwood and Sons, 1882).

17 Prince Otto.

18 Croesus, King of Lydia (c. 55 B.C.), famous for his wealth.

19 E.J. Henley's wife has not been identified.


21 The Duc d'Aligny in Ohnet's play Ironmaster.

22 Sir Henry William Gordon (1818-1887), commissary-
general for ordance. Khartoum, in the Sudan, was besieged from 12 March 1884. The Government were finally forced to send troops but Khartoum fell with Gordon's death on 26 December 1884. Granville George Leverson-Gower, 2nd Earl Granville (1815-1891), statesman. At this time he was secretary of state for foreign affairs.

23 Probably, "Egypt," The Saturday Review, 3 May 1884, pp.559-60.


25 Burne-Jones.

26 Rodin's Age of Bronze exhibited at the Royal Academy.

27 Robert Barrett Browning (1846-1912), painter and sculptor, son of Robert and Elizabeth Browning.

28 Afterglow.
Letter No. 126 To an unknown recipient

MS: Huntington HM 2429

51 RICHMOND GARDENS,
SHEPHERDS BUSH.

4 May 1884

Yesterday morning, I -- W.E.Henley -- received a [---] [----] telegram from Hyères.¹ Louis, it said, had broken a bloodvessel; & it instructed me to telegraph Mennell's advice. This I did; & in the course of the day I found that Charles Baxter had been advised of the event through Dr. George Balfour, & that Mennell, on being consulted, thought the circumstances exceedingly alarming.

To-day, Sunday, we the undersigned -- W.E.Henley, Charles Baxter, & R.A.M.Stevenson -- have debated the question thoroughly; & have determined to request Mennell to proceed, as our agent & on our commission, to Hyères, & there take charge of Louis's case; & have resolved, at our own risk, to guarantee him the payment of his fee & all his incidental expenses, & to accept in full the responsibility of his actions.

Our reasons are: that we believe the break in Louis's health to have been preventible; that we do not believe his present medical adviser to understand or care for his case;² & that we think it our duty, as his friends & agents, to place him in the hands of a man in whom we have complete confidence.

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Postscriptum. It was further resolved that we would take this action on our own account, & without inflicting unnecessary alarm upon Louis's parents. This we did on Mennell's advice, based on such facts of the case as we had been able to bring to his notice, which facts, led him to hope a favourable issue.

W.E.Henley
R.A.M.Stevenson
Charles Baxter
Letter No. 127 To whom it may concern

MS: Huntington HM 2427

[4 May 1884]

We, the undersigned, guardians & executors of Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson, of 17 Heriot Row, Edinburgh, & La Solitude, Hyères, hereby authorize & empower request Mr. Zebulon Mennell, Member of the Royal College of Surgeons of England, & Licentiate of the Apothecaries Society, of London, & Member of the British Medical Association, to proceed on our behalf & as our agent, to Hyères & there visit, treat. And we authorize & empower him there to visit Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson in his professional capacity; And if he shall think fit, to take over the Mr. Stevenson's, case & deal with it as he pleases.

Mr. Mennell is a legally qualified medical man, acting on our instructions & looking to us for his fee; & we [are] fully prepared to accept the responsibility of his actions.

W.E. Henley[,] Savile Club

1 The date is given by the Huntington library and would appear to be correct. As the document is signed by WEH alone and has some corrections it may be a draft copy.
51 RICHMOND GARDENS,
SHEPHERDS BUSH.
6 May 1884

Dear Boy,

Another letter from Hyères this morning, written some time (I conceive) on Saturday.\(^1\) Hemorrhage still going on. My telegram received, but -- apparently -- no attempt to apply treatment received. Vidal anxious to cup: why God only knows. This is all. The more I think, the ever I am that we have done the right thing. If the worst must come, it must. But we know this that unless Mennell arrives too late (he left this morning), there will be a fight for it.

I telegraphed his departure this morning. Tis encouraging that we have had no more telegrams. Yesterday Fanny must have received my letter, & with it the prescription which, if she only used it, must certainly have stayed the hemorrhage, even though it did us more [(more)]. Mennell will telegraph as soon as he arrives; so that will shall know very soon what to expect.

Order "Monsieur Nicholas" (Paris: Isadore Liseux) by Retif de la Bretonne in 14 vols. at 5 fr. the vol. Williams & Norgate.\(^2\) 'Tis a larger & richer & ranker Casanova.\(^3\)
In haste to catch post.

Ever yours Affectionately,

W.E.H.

I am very angry with you still. However, I punished you somewhat last night, at the Royal; & I shall presently no doubt be able to punish you again. So that I'm not so angry as I was. I suppose you got your train? I looked for you outside, in Picadilly, after the concert; but you were nowhere to be seen, whence I concluded -- rather optimistically, I own -- that you must certainly have evacuated Flanders. How much of this success in what I looked like a forlorn hope was due to native virtue, & how much to terror of the goblet I shall not stay -- now -- now to enquire.

---

1 See Fanny Stevenson, Letter to W.E.Henley, 3 May 1884, Beinecke 3703, Yale University. In this letter Fanny acknowledges WEH's telegram of 3 May 1884 (not found).
3 Giacomo Casanova (1725-1798), Italian writer and rake.
4 The reason is unknown.
5 The hotel has not been identified. WEH had probably been to the Richter concert at St.James's Hall on 5 May 1884.
6 Reference not identified.
Letter No. 129  To Charles Baxter

MS: Huntington HM 2430

Telegram
[Handed in at] Royal Crescent, Notting Hill [?10].5
[Received at] Edinburgh 8 May 1884

From: Henley[,] Shepherds Bush.
To: Charles Baxter[,] 11 South Charlotte St[,] Edin[burgh.]

Mennell telegraphs Louis very weak but not hopeless[.]
meet Vidal today[.]
Louis asks for Martin Chuzzlewit which looks cheerful[.]
Letter No. 130 To Robert Louis and Fanny Stevenson
MS: Beinecke 4794

51 RICHMOND GARDENS,
SHEPHERDS BUSH.
8 May 1884

My dears,

As you know, I've doubted & detested Vidal from the first. My great hope is that Mennell will make good use of his opportunity, turn Pirate once more, & put henbane in Vidal's porridge. My great regret is not that till now have I given him his chance.

For the telegram last night we were grateful indeed. It was better news than we dared to hope. I have telegraphed it on to Edinburgh & Cambridge this morning.¹ I hope to have more & better in your next.

Why do you write to me for "Martin Chuzzlewitt," be damn if I know. Why didn't you write to the shop at Nice for a Tauchnitz edition, be damn if I know either. However, I send it; by the same post. Tell Louis that once, years & years ago, when I had just been entered as a patient at Barkley's, Bartley's, or Bardley's,² I had just been told (at nineteen, mind!) that caries of the spine was what was the matter with me, I took up Martin (borrowed from a nurse), & straightaway laughed & forgot & swore to live in spite of everything. And here I am! And there you are! And the omen is, I think, a good one.

- 584 -
Or can it be that the Pirate himself has conceived a passion for polite letters? has felt a longing for the ingenuous arts, & is passing via Dickens, to Burne Jones? I refuse to believe it. That bold bad medical man is incapable of such weakness.

Baxter left on Monday night. He didn't tell your mother, because he couldn't resolve, as George Balfour telegraphed, to keep the matter secret from your father. Ere this, you'll no doubt have heard from him. Some day I shall tell you the story of that famous empowerment which Mennell carries in his pocket.³ Ça vous fera rire. It made me swear most horrible at the time. But since I've laughed; & so, when you hear it, will you.

By an odd chance an old passion of yours turned up promiscuous & free the other night at the third Richter. Do you remember the lyric in Iphigenie auf Tauris —

Sie aber, sie bleiben
Im ewigen Feste
Am goldenen Tischen

and all the rest of it?⁴ And how, from your belly's deepmost penetraria, from regions umbilical & cavernous, you used to declaim it to me? Lord, Lord! I read it, & I remembered me of much. 'Twas set to
Brahms's music,® & as I hoped, for auld lang syne, it would turn up trumps. But it didn't. Brahm's [sic] had set it for an orchestra & a six part quire, in the Wagnerian mode, every word his note, & the devil take all form & melody; & the result, a kind of Irish Germano-Irish Stew of vocal & instrumental discontent, was trying in the extreme. And these bitches pretend to teach us the secrets of a new art! when all they've done is to bedevil the old ones! -- I thought of you, & your umbilical declamation, & was exceedingly wroth.

We are longing for another letter. Tonight we dine -- Bob, Hannay & I -- with the merry Greek, superb Ionides. So if your ear shall burn, you'll know the reason why.

You are not to worrit about coins. Mennell is our servant, not yours. We have guaranteed him his fee. You are as a corpus vile in his hands. All you have to do is obey his orders, & get well. Your John O'Tripes has left us untouched.® We can, & will, see that Zebulon is paid. So fret no more; but think of art, & life, & friendship; & get well. Think of the Bust; & get well. Think of Becky's memoir;® & get well. Under penalty of the extreme Taboo!

I've been jibing & japing the Academy;® & my employers are sore angered wi' me. I've had to tone down my japes & unvenom my gibes. The world is too much with us -- evidently.

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Our dearest love, our heartiest wishes. 0 if Mennell were but a Rosicrucian, and took in his pocket the Elixir! But, change & hope. A Dieu[.] 

Your friend, 

W.E.H.

1 See Letter No. 129, 8 May 1884. 
2 St. Bartholomew's Hospital, London. 
3 See Letter No. 127, [4 May 1884]. 
4 Iphigenie auf Tauris, a play by Goethe (1787); see Goethes Werke 14 vols. (Munich: Beck, 1981), 5, 55, lines 1744-46. 
6 Not identified. 
7 It is not known when it was suggested that Gosse write a biography of RLS. However, it did not materialise. 
8 [W.E.Henley], "Current Art.1." WEH criticises the lack of originality in English art and notes that even "what is being borrowed from the French is only interesting by reason of the manner in which the obligation is discovered and acknowledged." 
9 A member of an order supposedly founded in 1484. Its members claimed secret knowledge of life and the elements. The implication here is that if Mennell were a member RLS would be cured at once.
Letter No. 131  To Charles Baxter

MS: Huntington HM 2433

51 RICHMOND GARDENS,
SHEPHERDS BUSH.
9 May 1884

My dear Charles,

Don't be foolish. The best that can happen would be that Vidal shd. refuse. Hitherto, Mrs Louis writes, he has merely attended & looked on, suggesting nothing, prescribing nothing, doing nothing[.] In a letter which I sent to Bob, she told how Vidal came, did nothing, & went away. Louis wrote [ ] "It is most cruel & intolerable"; & then she told him of our consultation, whereupon "his eyes sparkled with joy." She feared to tell him of Mennell's mission; but she thinks he devined it, & was happy.

Vidal is not the man to carry out another fellow's treatment. Mennell knows this, I think. At any rate, he made enquiries ere he started about the English doctor at Nice,¹ in whose hands he purposes to leave his patient when he returns, to the end that the treatment he has adopted be strictly carried out. It will be a costly job, I fear; but it's worth the money.

Be sure, dear boy, that we have done, not merely the best, but the only thing that could be done at all.

Nothing since Mennell's telegram. Which looks well.

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Ever Yours,

W.E.H.

The formal resolution shall be drawn up & signed to-morrow evening. 2

1 Dr. James Drummond?
2 Not found, but no doubt the document referred to in WEH's letter to Baxter; see Letter No. 133, 10 May 1884.
Letter No. 132  To Charles Baxter
MS: Huntington HM 2437

Telegram

[Handed in at] Royal Crescent W 12.7 [pm]
[Received at] Edinburgh 10 May 1884, 12.29 [pm]
From: Henley[,] Shepherds Bush.
To: Baxter[,] 11 South Charlotte St[,] Edin[burgh.]

Mennell writes Louis will pull through[.] mending fast[.]. Bleeding not arterial[.]. Engored lung patch relieved itself[.]. letter tonight for Monday morning[.]

1  See Letter No. 133, Saturday Night [10 May 1884].
51 RICHMOND GARDENS,
SHEPHERDS BUSH.
Saturday Night.
[10 May 1884]¹

My dear Charles,

Enclosed please find (1) formal mem. signed by Bob & myself, which please deposit among archives;² (2) letter from Mennell; (3) letter from Coggie Ferrier; & (4) letter from Louis. The last you must return, please. The others you had better keep as documentary evidence of necessity & success of plan.

You will see Vidal's account of himself -- as reported by Mennell -- corresponds exactly with my own, written some days ago. This should justify us completely, if no other justification were to be got.

Bob & I are both of opinion that Mr. & Mrs.Tom should now be informed without delay of all that has occurred.³ This, we opine, is your work. You must seek them out, & tell them the whole story. They are now in Ireland; but they return almost immediately. Find out when; & look to have information as it comes in.

Ever Yours,

W.E.H.

¹ May 10, 1884
² May 11, 1884
³ May 10, 1884
1 Date given by the Huntington Library.
2 See Letter No. 131, 9 May 1884.
3 RLS's parents.
Letter No. 134  To Charles Baxter

MS: Huntington HM 2438

Telegram

[Handed in at] Royal Crescent W 10.7 am
[Received at] Edinburgh 13 May 1884, 12.44 [pm]

From: Henley[,] London[.]
To: C.Baxter[,] 11 South Charlotte St[.,] Edin[burgh.]

Mennell writes can leave now any moment[,]. wire him
stay as long as can be positively useful[,]. letters
tomorrow morning[.]

[Added by Bob Stevenson]¹  Stay while you can be really necessary[.]

¹ The additional message seems to have been added by
R.A.M.Stevenson. The writing has been compared
with his letter to the Stevensons; see
R.A.M.Stevenson, Letter to Robert Louis and Fanny
Stevenson, [May 1884], Beinecke 5714, Yale
University.
Letter No. 135      To Charles Baxter

MS: Huntington HM 2439

Telegram

[Handed in at] Royal Crescent W 1.27 [pm]
[Received at] Edinburgh 13 May 1884 1.41 [pm]

From: Henley[,] Shepherds Bush[.]

To: Baxter[,] 11 South Charlotte St[,] Edin[burgh.]

Yours received[.] wait letters to make explanation[.]
meanwhile wire Fanny consider herself in our hands &
that Mennell stay to see out his work[.]
Letter No. 136  To Charles Baxter

MS: Huntington HM 2440

51 RICHMOND GARDENS,
SHEPHERDS BUSH.

13 May 1884

My dear Charles,

The two enclosures came in last night. Too late for dispatch until today. I thought best to wire you as I did; for it's no use, now we've gone so far, to refuse to go farther. Mennell must see his work out. Even if we're all of us bankrupt for years.

What you've now to do is to declare the whole position. You may consult George Balfour or not as you please. But at this pass the parents must be told, that Louis has been desperately ill, & that we took such steps as you know; all, in fact, that was agreed upon. You must do the work, & nobody else. In the first place, you will are on the spot; in the next, Fanny, as you see, has completely broken down, & would take it in such a way as to send the parents daft [(daft)], & even at this date produce the identical effect we wished so much to avoid.

These two reasons are good enough; but there's a third, still better. I mean there's the question of supplies. The book Louis has in hand is worth at least £200; but that has nothing to do with it, & of that -- as it's unavailable & uncertain -- we must not permit
ourselves to think. Louis must be removed to Royat, and that, as Mennell says, as soon as may be. While there, he must live well, have plenty, and be absolutely free from care of any sort. This can't be done without money; and plenty of it. And to ask for that, and get it, and -- if necessary -- take charge of its distribution, is your work, my boy, and nobody else's.

I shall therefore write today to Fanny, and tell her that matters are in our hands, and that she is to take no thought of anything save Louis. That we engage to deal with the parents, and to take on ourselves the whole responsibility of explaining and justifying our past action, and of finding the money for Royat. In fact, that she is to leave herself in our hands, and trust to us to pull things through, not only successfully, but quietly and decently as well. If you, on receipt of this, will write to her to the same effect, it will help matters much.

You will note the contradiction between the two letters. That Fanny's is almost desperate, and that Mennell's is quite cheerful and satisfied. At the exact truth of things we cannot conceive until Mennell's return. Meanwhile, it will be best, I conceive, to accept no other report than his. So far he has succeeded brilliantly enough. Still, as Fanny says, this may be the beginning of the end. All the same, I don't purpose to believe it, unless he tells it me.
himself. I merely purpose to accept the fact that Louis is, for the moment safe, & to insist upon it that his parents must, if they wish his safety to have a chance of permanency, be prepared to make a certain sacrifice -- any sacrifice, indeed, which may be necessary.

You will note, too, that Fanny is desperately anxious that the parents should know, & desperately afraid to tell them[.]. The first emotion is right enough; the second is pure jimmy. Told they must be, & told right out. The worst is over, & the event has justified our action. To keep that knowledge back any longer than we can help would now be both impolite & unjust. I should like you therefore to wire Fanny at once that she must consider herself in our hands, & -- as I've said -- take no thought of any thing or any body but Louis.

If I can be of use, wire me, & I'll come on at once.

Ever Affectionately Yours[,]

W.E.H.

If necessary, you must be prepared to advance to Royat as for Mennell.

[Added by WEH at the top of the letter] Mennell's letter, dated the 9th, can only have been posted on Saturday, the 10th, & not early than.
1 Letters from Fanny Stevenson and Mennell.
2 Presumably *New Arabian Nights: The Dynamiter.*
3 A town near Hyères.
Yours of yesterday just in. That is right. I've added the news to my note to Fanny.

Impress upon them the absolute necessity of their taking the matter quietly; of them making no fuss & refraining from recrimination & grief alike. It is too late for either. What they are to do now is to put hands to our work, & help us all they can to make the good result practical & permanent. That they will only achieve by being patient in distress & liberal of Louis just now. In fact, you may go so far as to tell them that if, on enquiring, it proves that their presence at Royat would do rather harm than good, they had better defer their visit.

Once again, we have gone so far that we must go farther. We have taken this matter into our hands, & there it must remain. What we have before us is the task of keeping all these jarring elements apart, or of securing such harmony between them that they may coalesce without any bad result. Between us we ought to be able enough for it, & if we are we shall save Louis's life.

In the interview, tell everything as a matter of
course; betray no emotion; assume their approbation beforehand; lay a certain stress on our anxiety to save them pain; & be above all practical, matter of fact, business-like. You must come away with carte blanche as to Mennell & Royat both.

W.E.H.

1 The Huntington Library suggests 16 May 1884 as the date.
Letter No. 138  To Charles Baxter

MS: Huntington HM 2448

51 RICHMOND GARDENS,
SHEPHERDS BUSH.
19 May 1884

Bravo. Charles! Am pleased no end. I think things may
turn out well afterall.

As you'll see by letters sent on by the Châtelaine,
Louis is better. Mennell has seen them, & is
instructed to write or telegraph always as seems most
desirable.

Ever Yours,

W.E.H.
Dear Boy,

Enclosed this morning from Hyères. All seems going well so far. Our one difficulty is in Louis himself. Mennell guarantees life if he will but behave with common decency -- He has confessed that he went out on a forlorn hope; expecting to see another death. He is now positive that Louis should live: -- that, if he could but get him to England for six weeks or so, he would make him able for any thing.

I hope that this may be done some where about July. But of that anon. In writing (which you must write as often as possible; if but a piece of tomfoolery on a p.c.), be cheerful, but commanding at the same time. Tell Louis always that task of keeping him away from Royat. You may tell him all the good that Mennell has told me; you may add, what is true, that this last relapse is Louis'[s] own fault, & nobody else's -- as soon as the Pirate had departed, he proceeded to write letters, & worry, & make a fool of himself -- & you may take your argument from that. "If such a slight excitement as that will play him out, what will you" let. You may also hold out a hope to him that Louis &
he may meet in London.

That's all for the present. A firm hand, dear boy, & a cool head, & we shall pull things through as yet.

Ever Yours,

W.E.H.

Don't please forget relays of Turkish.¹ Letter from N.Y. for archives. xxx Mennell declares that his experience of Fanny is that she overcolours everything. He has listened to her in the parlour, gone upstairs in despair, & found everything as he expected it to be ere he heard her story;

1 Cigarettes.
To Charles Baxter

MS: Huntington HM 2451

51 RICHMOND GARDENS,
SHEPHERDS BUSH.

21 May 1884

All right. Go on, & prepare. Nothing to say but that you're an AI brick.

If we could but control the Bedlam at Hyères!¹ I wrote yesterday to Louis, pretty sternly; & -- privately -- to Mrs. Louis, pretty vigorously, too. So perhaps they'll keep quiet.

The weather is bitchingly delicious. I am ruined, & can neither read nor write. What says the Laureate?²

In the spring a fuller bauble decks the bawdy noble's wig,
In the spring the wanton masher gets himself another frig;
In the spring a livelier impulse tingles through the manly jock,
In the spring a young maid's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of cock.

Such is life! One of these days we may meet. Keep me posted up any how. We have done the state some service, & they know it.

Ever Yours,

W.E.H.

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A euphemism for a madhouse, after Bethlehem Royal Hospital, London. WEH sometimes refers to Fanny Stevenson as the "Bedlamitish woman"; see Letter No. 147, 28 June 1884.

WEH's parody is of lines 17 to 20 of Tennyson's poem Locksley Hall, the original being:

"In the Spring a fuller crimson comes upon the robin's breast;
In the Spring the wanton lapwing gets himself another crest;
In the Spring a livelier iris changes on the burnish'd dove;
In the Spring a yound man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love."

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51 RICHMOND GARDENS,
SHEPHERDS BUSH.
25 May 1884

My dear Irving,

Are you for the Rabelais dinner next Friday? I'm in doubt as to whether I'll go; & want something to decide me.

My brother (after much doubting & despair) has determined to adventure himself in a morning performance of "Deacon Brodie" with himself as the Deacon. Is the Lyceum available for such paltry matters? Or is the idea that it is so "too arrogant a first"? The venture is my brother's; but I needn't tell you that I'm interested in it. Pretty passionately, too.

Always Sincerely Yours,

W.E. Henley

1 The Lyceum was not available.
Letter No. 142    To Charles Baxter
MS: Huntington HM 2452

51 RICHMOND GARDENS,
SHEPHERDS BUSH.
27 May 1884

Dear Boy,

The enclosed are from Mrs. Louis, yesterday &
today. If Mrs. Tummas knows of the projected London
journey, break the same to Hèyres. ¹ If she doesn't, I
should advise you to let her know at once.

Both these are in answer to my wigging, of which I
duly advised you. In answer, I am urging on Fanny the
necessity of quiet, & for Louis's sake the advisability
of passing all important disclosures through you. If
you write in the same vein, you'll do much good.

This is all I've had for over a week. Which looks
well. I write continually; & the consequence is, I'm
behind with everything.

[(We)] We've decided to attempt to produce the
"Deacon" (Ted as Brodie, of course) at a morning
performance[.][²] How many stalls shall I book you for?
& how many the Stevensons?

I'm disgusted with your silence but as ever.

Yours Affectionately[,]

W.E.H.

Enclosed scrap from T.S. Fagot in last.3

Our love to Gracie & the boys.

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Mrs. Thomas Stevenson.

The production of Deacon Brodie referred to here was that of 2 July 1884 at the Prince's Theatre, London, at 2.30pm. The play was directed by WEH's brother Edward who also played the lead. This performance was the first of WEH's revision of the play without the collaboration of RLS; see The Works of Robert Louis Stevenson. The Pentland Edition, ed. Edmund Gosse (London: Cassell and Company, 1907), 14. RLS did not see this production.

Not identified.
51 RICHMOND GARDENS,
SHEPHERDS BUSH.
12 June 1884

Dear Boy,

Don't be huffed with me. I've had erysipelas in the foot, & a slight touch of pyaemia to follow.1 'Twas a parlous business; but I didn't let myself realize it till it was over. Now I'm the lamest gent, the meanest walker, you ever saw. I hope the results will not be bad ones (Mennell says they won't); but I don't know.

The "Deacon" moves. Though we're sore in want of cash. My mother's legacy is not yet realized;2 & the fifty I've borrowed is exhausted. On Wednesday afternoon, however, July 2nd, the Prince[']s theayter will witness our triumph or our shame. You may lay to that anyhow.

Of course you must help me all you can. Hither to, I've had to have faith[,] hope, & charity for two. I've done all the fighting, all the lusting, every thing. Now it's your turn.

In your hearts of hearts you've a kind of belief in the thing & a real affection for it. Don't you mind how you wrote to me a year ago about it: "My old school boy dream -- my heart sings in my breast." And all the
rest of it! Well, I want you to cease for awhile from being the high & mighty man of letters, pump up them sentiments again, & enlarge upon them to Colvin & Lang. That's all. Do that, & I'm satisfied. Of course, they are the best of men; but it's you they believe in mostly; and I want them to know that this is no mere fad of mine, but a matter in [----] which there's some of your heart as well. Do it soon, dear boy -- & eloquently[.] It will help us more than I've time to tell.

For the rest, the venture can but do us good. It is within the possibilities that I may get to Royat out of it -- that the thing may be taken up, played regularly, & bring us in a hundred or so apiece. But, putting that on one side, & making up our minds for a mere succès d'estime at the most, we are still immeasureably the genius. It poses our actor, at least. And look at what that means! It means the elevation to place & opportunity of a fellow who can be as big as the Deacon, who believes in us down to the ground, & who'll play us our next at sight. If he hits & he should, wide go the palace gates!! We march in & take our places right off. In a twelvemonth's time we may be rich! With Valets!! And money to spend!!!

We must try to fill the house with a paying public. Most of the work I undertake. But I want you to tickle Lang & Colvin. Delicately, of course; but in the way
I've shown you. On your own account; not mine.

'Tis a nuisance, this breakdown at the critical moment. But I must trust in God & the Pirate to pull me through. I don't doubt they will. But I wish their opportunity had been deferred.

Royat's impossible without coins. I owe Baxter £20 yet! Adios, mi senor mio. Be bloody, bold, & likewise resolute, & we shall do yet. Our love to all of you.

W.E.Henley

1 WEH had a red inflammation of the foot together with blood poisoning.
2 WEH's mother had been left £600; see W.E.Henley, Letter to Charles Baxter, 12 February 1884, Beinecke 4605, Yale University.
3 "Be bloody, bold, and resolute...," Macbeth, Act 4, Sc.i.
Dear Boy,

A word or two of explanation in re Lang & Colvin. Lang is too casual & promiscuous to send many people by word of mouth. Suggest to him, I pray, a dozen or so lines of leaderette in the D.N.¹ That will be worth forty or fifty pounds. Especially if it comes at the right minute[.]. As for Colvin, Voici la chose. Tell him you believe, in the play (somewhat), & in the actor; point out the importance to yourself of a good result; & urge him to [---] sink his critical game, & send in all the people -- all the bigwigs he can. Do that, dear lad, & I am content. And do it quickly; or it will be too late.

We are still in doubt about our G.S. & our Ainslie. Mackintosh is free [(free)] it appears,² but en route between the Court & the Criterion. That's to say he has a new part to produce some two or three days before our show. This will probably put him off the Ainslie which as a patriotic Scotsman should, he regards as magnificent but impossible. We shall know today definitely, whether he will or won't. Until we do, we can not cast George.

¹ D.N.: Daily News
² free: available
Anyhow, the cast will be prodigious strong. The people are none of 'em eminent but they all suit their parts; they are all actors; & they are all young & fresh & resolute. I question if (with one or two exceptions) we could have done better with all the stage to pick & choose from.

Roberts, I forgot to say, can't play Smith. His manager (to whom he all but went on his bended knees) won't let him. This is the severest blow we've had. The chances are we shall make Desmond our Smith, & give Ainslie to some intruder. But of all this I'll write to morrow.

We begin our rehearsals today or tomorrow. Everything's in Ted's hands; I don't appear on the scene till next week. To tell the truth he knows the Deacon better than I do. Last (Sunday) night I'd a long talk with him, & we settled the march of things triumphant. His energy & invention surprize me. I really would back him to stagemanage against Irving himself. He has greatly improved the murder; & his death will be a stumper as, for that matter, the murder will be one too. Less the name of God, he purposes to play the Deacon as we wrote it: -- the whole of the last act especially. So, you see, he don't want for courage or intelligence either. I wish you could see him! I guess you'd not know him the least little bit. He is turning out a talker, too; & I fear

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he'll soon be as bitterly hated as his eldest brother.

To night I see the good Hake, & discuss the campaign with him. We must fill the house as best we can, & if possible with money. If we succeed, & get an offer, Royat is certain, & Old Glory & the Arab-Labiche (by the by, what are your two sitivations?) are as good as written.  

The letters I shall have to write: the flattery, the coaxing[,] the wirepulling the next two weeks will be strained withall -- all this I leave you to imagine! One thing I've decided on; I shall ask the Jenk, as a personal favour, to hold his tongue beforehand, & to stay away on the day. He has an idea that we can no more write a play than a Meredith novel. In his heart of hearts, he believes (I'll swear) that outside the family circle in Gt. Stuart St. there is no drama nor knowledge of drama to be got. He has made up his mind that the Deacon's to be a most disastrous failure: a dramatic analogue of Telpherage. Hence my resolve.

Ever Yours,

W.E.H.

1 This did not happen.
2 Macintosh had appeared in *Play*, by T.W.Robertson, at the Court Theatre from 29 May to 11 June 1884. He then moved to the Criterion Theatre in *Featherbrain*, by James Albany, from 23 June to 22 August 1884.
3 An unidentified actor.
4 Frederick Desmond played Ainslie, and Julian Cross...
(1851-1925) played Smith.

The Arab-Labiche has not been identified. Eugène [Martin] Labiche (1815-1888), French dramatist.

An overhead electric traction system designed by Jenkin.
51 RICHMOND GARDENS,
SHEPHERDS BUSH.
23 June 1884

Dear Children,

I can't quite make out your line of country. Do you get my letters, or not? I've written seven or eight this last fortnight. If you get 'em, do you really read 'em? You can't, or you wouldn't ask me questions about my health; for I've told you three or four times that I'm pretty well, thank you. Not out of the wood, yet; but, according to the Zeb, with the best chance in the world of getting out of it, with no harm to hide or hair.

I am sparing no pains to make the Deacon a success; neither is Colvin nor Mrs. Sitwell; nor is E.J. I shouldn't wonder if it were a real buster; nor shd. I be astonished if it were a dead failure[.] I'm equal to either fortune, I; & I'm quite resolved to follow up the stroke with another, single handed or double as occasion offers. You may lay to that anyhow.

Meanwhile, I'm the Universal Tout. Many of my wiles have come off; some are as yet resultless. Thus, I wrote to Becky in a friendly way, & Becky hasn't replied. Of course, had I stood alone, I should not have dreamed of her; but the little bitch is said to
have a real liking of you, & whenever I can I give him his chance in that direction. This time, I am despised & rejected. I'm a little sorry, for it proves my Becky to be really a bitch; & I was just getting to a humourous view of her which would have kept her comfortable for some time; & now I must dig up the tomahawk & start on the warpath once more. For the most part, we've had all the sympathy going; & I shouldn't wonder if we don't continue to do a miracle, & pay our expenses, with an afternoon performance in July.

Hake sent you two copies of the O.M. on Friday last. So that it's not our fault if you are still ungratified.

As for Royat, voyons! Aren't you coming to London? Mennell, I know, expects you; & so do we all. Where's the use of going to Mahomet if Mahmot is coming to me the mountain? And if I do come, are you sure that I won't kill you? are you fit to work at all? even at Arabs & sick? & if you aren't, how can you dream of such an effort, physical & mental, as is necessary for an achievement of a play? Even the Deacon was a hard nut for you; & you're scarce so good a man now as then. Answer all these questions satisfactorily; & give me the Zeb's opinion on the back of your answers; & I'm your man. If you can't, & the Zeb says no, I may come to Royat, but I promise you I won't write plays. I
want you to get well, & write my biography [sic]. I
don't want to kill you, threadpaper that you are, &
write yours. I am not so stupid in crime.

As for writing of Royat, you may an' you will. Not
I, officer, not I. I've not fallen so low as that, for
all my misfortune. What! turn descriptive in my old
age? You be d--d.

Allow me to suggest, as the best reading in the
world, the "Theatre" (15 vols) of Dumas senior. By
Gad, I prefer Monte-Cristo the play to Monte-Cristo the
novel;¹ & Maison-Rouge. & La Reine Margot likewise.² O
tall old Bird! to think that they should ever have
thought Hernani immortal literature, & looked on
Anthony & Buridan as mere love lions stiffed with
straw!³ that they should ever have held up Scribe as a
young man's model, & you as a mere hack playwright!
From Aeschylus to Dumas I've learned all I'm ever like
to know about the play; & I know not which has given me
the more.

This is all I have to say just now. O, stay,
though! I forgot: The Coggie has friends in London,
hasn't she? Tell her, with my love, to p.c. 'em about
the Deacon, & tell 'em bid 'em remember Wednesday July
2nd, & book early.

Ever Yours,

W.E.H.

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Dumas's play *Monte Cristo* published in 1851 and his novel *Le Comte de Monte-Cristo* in 1846.

Dumas's play *Le Chevalier de Maison-Rouge* was published in 1849 and the novel in 1847. His play *La Reine Margot* was published in 1847 and the novel in 1845.

Burdian has not been identified.
[51 Richmond Gardens,
Shepherds Bush.]
[24 June 1884]¹

Dear Boy,

As you can see, the hatchet is buried, & I did our little friend an injustice.²

Enclosed are two cuttings one from yesterday's P.M.G.,³ the other from yesterday's Daily News.⁴ The first I wrote; for that ass Gell to send to Truth; why he sent it to the P.M.G[.] -- where Gosse, Archer, & Colvin were all burning to paragraph us -- I know not.⁵ The other is Moy Thomas's. A third (a plain announcement) appeared in yesterday's Morning Post.⁶

I've booked Patchett Marten for the Pictorial World & Australia generally.⁷ I expect a preliminary flourish in the Times;⁸ & I'm in full cry after the St. James's, the Observer, & the Scotsman.⁹

E.J. assured me that he'll have to work all he knows to keep his head up before Cartwright in the great scene -- the scene of the play.

I can't write any more. The M. of A. (I begin to think) won't appear this month. I'm fairly busted, & can get nothing done but busting.

W.E.H.

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The date is taken from the Pall Mall Gazette; see note 3 below.

The letter is written on a letter from Gosse to WEH dated 22 June 1884. Gosse explains that he has been ill and therefore unable to promote Deacon Brodie.


William Archer (1856-1924), barrister and drama critic. He contributed to the Magazine of Art under WEH and became a firm friend. He was drama critic of The World from March 1884 to January 1905.


Deacon Brodie was advertised in The Times of 30 June 1884, p.8, col.5.

An advertisement for Deacon Brodie appeared in four issues of the St.James's Gazette of 26 June, 27 June, 28 June and 30 June 1884. "At the Play," The Observer, 22 June 1884, p.3, col.5. The Observer, a Sunday newspaper, 1791 to present. Nothing has been found in The Scotsman.

Charles Cartwright (1855-1916) played Walter Leslie.
Letter No. 147          To Robert Louis Stevenson
MS: Beinecke 4801

51 RICHMOND GARDENS,
SHEPHERDS BUSH.
Saturday.
28 June 1884

Dear Boy,

Comfort and Joy! Your people are in town (they were with us last night), & they are delighted to know of your visit. They will be near you, I guess, while you're here. So there you are!

Your father, who looks wonderfully well, spoke of the possibility of your going to Edinburgh. But I vetoed it in my best John Silver manner; so I guess you'll hear no more about it.

They are coming to see the "Deacon." They pretend to be above it; but I think (& so does the Châtelaine) that they're pleased no end with our pluck.

Speed me on the Bedlamitish Woman[.]. A place is reserved for her; & she owes me my revenge. If it's humanly possible, quoit her along to the Princes Theatre by 2.30, on Wednesday afternoon; & she shall see an original play.

Things are shaping well at rehearsal. We shall either make a big spoon, or spoil a mighty curious horn. Twill be a goodish all-rounder. I want some twenty rehearsals yet to make it what it should be; but
it'll be no that bad as it is. Of course, we shall be out of pocket by it, for the moment. But that's no matter. The thing is, we shall have put our Bad Child on his legs, & seen him walk.

How well we knew our business, lad! & how ill! We seem to have done every thing right but one thing. What wouldn't I give -- & E.J.! -- to have you see it in action! what a lesson it would be! how right, & how wrong, you'd find your contempt to be! The dam thing has pulled the actors into enthusiasm; the very supers & sceneshifters are interested, & watch us from the front. And yet! and yet! Will it hit? I don't know. I think it over, & I think it can't. I see it moving, & I feel it must. Voilà. I do not know nothing! I retire hup. I decline to pass an opinion, & retire hup, as high as I can get. Is it to be five then? or bankruptcy? "Je n'en sais rien. Priez Dieu."

As yet, the blunder that has hit me hardest is not the last tableau (which plays like fire, dam ugly as it is), but the paralysis in mid career of the scene between May & Brodie, in Act II. That, ye bitch, was your doing, not mine; & I blush when I recall the cowardice that made me consent to it. It brings me up with a round turn every time. If the "three men" scene didn't come upon it instantly, I wouldn't sit things out. Fortunately it does -- like a clap of thunder; so
that nobody has much time to mark the mistake. It's a
very striking moment, dear boy; & to see how our Badger
takes the cake in it would warm your heart.¹ I don't
think he'll go wanting an engagement long! By the way,
I cut the "Portrait of George as a Guardian Angel"; it
bitched the whole concern. The Dock wept tears of
blood;² but I was adamant.

I've cut those bloody kids, too; hewn them in
pieces before the Lord. My Jean (a fine, canty, Bonnie
Fishwife buddy) embraced me for the deed.³ The text, a
"much" or two apart, & apart from these two acts stands
as we wrote it. The Badger's "bloody" & Ainslie's "bad
disease" have been out from the first.

Our Procurator will thrive well enough.⁴ His, boy,
is the best written part in the play. After his, I'm
undecided between Moore's & Hunt's. The latter seems
to me real literature of its kind; but the former is
one of the most effective bits of stage work I've seen.
Our Hunt,⁵ I should tell you is ideal. His lingo seems
to have sucked in with his mother's milk! It oozes out
of him like a natural perspiration[]. I expect his
scene with Ainslie (who's Scotch is lovely, & who
slinks quite beautiful) to be one of the good things of
the performance.

The Smith is hard & dry; but not offensive. Him I
should eliminate had I to recast the piece. With the
others, not excepting May even (who, by the way, is a
capital part) I am mighty pleased. Ah, boy! for twenty more rehearsals! Or even ten! or as few as five! As it is, I'm content. A matinee's only a matinee after all; & for a matinee our show will be unrivalled.

I a little doubt the Brodie. 'Tis such a tremendous part; so full of motive, so charged with significance, so crible with opportunities. However, he'll make a better fight for it than any living Englishman; & that's something after all ain't it? If we mash 'em, & it is put on for the autumn after all (as it will be, if we do) I stipulate for thirty rehearsals; & then we'll see.

E.J. has a tip-top voice; so has Cartwright. There'll be wigs on the green when these two Greeks are met. Of that you may be certain, if of nothing else.

You'll hear no more from me till after the event, of which, I take it, you'll hear from my own lips. I've to distribute the press tickets, to revise the book, to try & organize a few more preliminary puffs, to call in a few more laggards to the stalls, to superintend two full rehearsals, to hot Leslie through his big scene, & Brodie through his two first soliloquies, & to rehearse the thrice tableau till it's passable; & to keep myself sane withal for Wednesday afternoon. That's wot's the matter with me; & if you find me a corpse, do not affect astonishment.

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Take care of your precious carcase, I beg. If you must & will collaborate with J. Silver Esq., you must go into training for the act. Tell the Simoom that I expect her on Wednesday afternoon, & that one of us has to apologize to the other for his (or her) view of "Deacon Brodie, or The Double Life." Which I know not, I; all being still in the laps of the Gods.

Affectionately Yours ever,

Ben Jonson Dubious/ Burly/ Bewildered Silver

(Pirate, Earwigger, & Retired Huppist)

Shall we? Shan't we? Je n'en sais rien.

Priez Dew!

[Added by WEH at right angles and to the left of the address] A seat for the Cog. if she's to hand.

1 E.J. Henley.
2 Not identified.
3 Minne Bell (flourished 1881-1892) played Jean Watt.
4 John Maclean (?1835-1890), actor.
5 Hubert Akhurst (?1850-1888), actor.
6 Lizzie Williams played Mary Brodie.
Cher garçon,

Yours to hand. The chatelaine will go round to the Zeb, & add his opinion.

Your people are in town, & are coming to the play. Your mother (with whom I purpose to confer about you with all speed) wishes to pay for her seats; & we have sunk so much in the venture, that I feel obliged to let her have her way.

Rehearsed it yesterday. It shapes well. It might have been a great play. The Smith no good, the Mary so-so; all the others excellent. I am no more sanguine than you. At least, that isn't true. I'm very sanguine, but I'm prepared for the worst. The issue is in the hands of the Lord. I've done my best; & if we fail, why we put off success till the next time.

I've no time to write. Becky has behaved beautiful. I must bury the hatchet for age.

There is every reason why you shd. be here. The weather is tropical. Why you have endured Royat so long's a mystery. Think, however, that you are coming on a doctor's orders & for a doctor's sake, & make up your mind to be as near him as possible: at Richmond
rather than Snoaks.²

Ever Yours,

W.E.H.

[Added by Anna Henley on the back of WEH's letter]

I feel almost to [   ] to attempt to write to you again[.]. I have hitherto had the reputation of writing very [   ], so your letter was a great blow. However I must try & tell you what the Zeb says. He thinks that the best thing you can do is to come here as soon as possible & says that Richmond will do very well. You are not to think of Sevenoaks for a minute as it is much too far away[.]. Mennell wants to take you to see people in town and you would be fatigued before you could reach them from such a distance. We are awfully sorry to hear of Fanny's breakdown,³ but feel quite sure that the Pirate will put her right very soon. If she wants to see the Deacon she would need to start right away in advance of the party, but even so I am afraid it wd. be no use [unless] she wd. be sure to get dropped at some [   ] station on the way. You don't say any thing about Coggie, so I suppose she's better, a sty isn't much I've had heaps of them.

Will is in capital health,⁴ & looking splendid, and the weather is all that can be desired, so please all get well and come as soon as possible.

Affectionately Yrs[,] 

A.H.

- 628 -
1. The date is suggested by McKay, 4, 1406.
2. Sevenoaks; see first paragraph of Anna's postscript.
3. Fanny was presumably feeling the effects of looking after RLS.
4. WEH was called Will by the family; private conversation with Audrey Hunt (née Henley).
Letter No. 149  To Austin Dobson

MS: London MS.810/I/799

Quoted: Connell, p.102

51 Richmond Gardens[,]
Shepherds Bush W[.]
8 July 1884

My dear Dobson,

Do you know the Fitzwilliam Hogarths?\(^2\) Dr. & Miss Arnold? I am anxious that you should take them up; for Colvin, who can't. And if you will, I'm your debtor more than ever.\(^3\)

About 3 pp. of copy, I suppose; a gossip about the Hogarth portraits generally, & these two particularly; to be in my hands the middle of next month. Voilà.

The play went brilliantly; but the critics have scorned it to a man.

I do hope & trust you're better.

Ever Yours,

W.E.H.

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1 The third paragraph has been quoted.
2 There were two portraits, of a Dr. Arnold and a Miss Arnold, and a landscape.
3 Austin Dobson, "Some Portraits by Hogarth," The Magazine of Art, 8 (1885), 40-44.
51 Richmond Gardens[,]  
Shepherds Bush.  
11 July 1884

My dear Charles,

The Gent is evidently too good a gent for you.¹ What was the object registered? Was it -- ? or what?

See George Balfour, & ask him about Louis. I went down yesterday & found that he & Mennell had had a consultation, & that he confirmed the Pirate's diagnosis in every point. Also that the Bedlamite, believing neither, & determined to prove that the blood Louis is spitting is arterial (which they deny) had hurried Louis off to London, to see somebody else, & get her opinion confirmed. As it blew & rained like boots, I needn't tell you that I felt sorish, & more incredulous than ever. It appears, too, that both Zeb & the President opine that Louis, if he will may pass the winter in England.²

With proper precautions, of course. But, Charles, I don't believe she wants him to stay; & I certainly don't believe the experiment will be tried.

Jones (of The Silver King) is after E.J.;³ to play "heavy lead", in London. And E.J. is going to have a last shy at breaking his American engagement.⁴ I fear he won't but he'll try. If he wins, the "Deacon" means
victory all along the line. If he don't, it's a bad defeat.

We (Louis & I) have talked the thing over -- reconstruction & all; & I can see my way to making a play of it. But, frankly, I don't expect we shall ever get to work on the thing again; nor for that matter, on anything else. The match is no longer equal. Louis has grown faster than I have; & then there's the Bedlamite. I love her; but I won't collaborate with her & her husband, & I begin to feel that the one means both. This for your private ear. With much more when we meet.

If I possibly can, I shall come to Edinburgh. If I do, twill be # a month hence or so.

Ever Affectionately Yours[,] W.E.H.

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1 Not identified.
2 The President is WEH's nickname for George Balfour.
3 H.A. Jones's *The Silver King* was at the Princess's Theatre, from 16 November 1882 to 24 November 1883.
4 E.J. Henley's proposed American tour has not been identified.
My dear Charles,

You are the wisest of gents. What you say shall be done.

But see Balfour, & question closely. Only as a precaution, of course. I never intended it for anything else.

Nothing was further from my thought than to impose advice or assistance of any sort. What was & is the matter with me is pure indignation. I'm not accustomed to see myself éconduit, not even by boys of genius; & it sticks.

As for Mennell, he is angry, too; but he confident that he's right, & he can afford to wait. The thing is for you to see Balfour, & hear what he says. If Mennell's diagnosis is wrong, his treatment's wrong. Now if any thing goes cross, you know we're likely to hear of it, & that we shall need all the backing we can get.

Ted has had a fine offer from the Vaudeville; but Moore (though a lawyer) holds him to his engagement, & he'll have to keep to it. I don't think he'll be able to get to Scotland; he hasn't any money. So, you see,
the "Deacon"'s more or less of a defeat after all.

Louis has not written to me, & of course I shan't write to him.

I dine tomorrow with the Archangel & shall no doubt hear miracles.

Ever Affectionately Yours,

W.E.H.
Dear Boy,

What seems to have happened is what happened before when the Simoom, "Death in the van, destruction in the van,\(^1\) has taken the war path. At a given moment everybody went off, completely off, his head. Rally! Confusion!! Tableau!!

The Simoom blew; the Pirate retired to his tent as Achilles,\(^2\) & now declines to emerge, unless it is to see you in consultation with Wilson Fox;\(^3\) the Archangel foamed at the mouth; J.Silver swore & cussed; & so on, & so on. As for you, you started before eleven on Thursday morning for London, & there got Lauder-Bruntonised,\(^4\) thereby dismissing Mennell, & getting ordered out of England for the winter, which I take it, is what you wanted.

The Simoom blew!
away they flew!

Everybody was in a stew!
The tempest grew!

Adieu! Adieu!
The scheme of things went all awry!
and all the rest of it. I am ill at these numbers, &

- 635 -
will worry at them no more.

The Pirate, I take it, having seen you thrice that week, & left your uncle to reveal the results of the consultation, felt that he wasn't wanted till sent for. Any how, you didn't give him time to come, ere you rushed away to London & a more scientific opinion. I need hardly add that he declines to relinquish his diagnosis, & elects to stand or fall by it. If it's wrong, he says, his treatment is wrong, & you're better out of his hands. If he's right, then professional etiquette or death!

Have you got vol I of "Margot la Balapree? Vol II has been sent to me by mistake, & I'd like to read it. I've read "Miss Harriett," & don't like it. What think you of Laclos?

Ted has had a superb offer -- grand premier role in a new play -- from the Vaudeville. If you don't believe in him you see, others do & will. He has, however, to go to America; & as he & his manager mean to put up the "Deacon" in some form or other, the "Deacon" must somehow be reorganized. If you can't help, I must do it unaided. Of Old G. we will talk when we meet. Don't bother to write about it. Put it off for a causerie.

Am I to propose any "Whistles" to Lang & Carr? for Harper & the English? R.S.V.P. And tell me Henderson's address, for the Tauchnitz "Treasure
Island". The others have gone. And voyons un peu! soyons sages! Consult with your mother & the Simoom, & tell me if it wouldn't be well to discuss with Rodin the possibilities of the bust, while you're still in England. I don't know that he could come; but he might. Any how the matter's worth considering; for once you get to Davos, adieu paniers!

I asked Donkin about L.B this afternoon. He's a good enough man, but his speciality, if he has one, is not lungs, but drugs & the digestives. I learn from another source that he's a determined Vivisectionist. Ha!! Ha!!

Ever Yours Affectionately.

W.E.H.

1 The quotation has not been identified.
2 During the Trojan War (12 Century B.C.) between the Greeks and the Trojans, Achilles, the Greek hero, retired to his tent refusing to fight after a disagreement.
3 Arthur Wilson Fox (1861-1909), physican.
4 Thomas Lauder Brunton (1844-1916), physican.
5 Not identified.
6 Not identified.
7 Old Glory.
Letter No. 153  To Charles Baxter

MS: Beinecke 4612

Iffley,
West Cliff[,]  
Bournemouth[.]

15 August 1884

Dear Boy,

Louis & I are agreed that, as Holland is impossible for me, it is [?undesireable] for you & that what you ought to do is to spend your week with us.

Will you? The place is quite as dear; & the women are even uglier. There's for you. R.S.V.P.

Louis is wonderfully better[.] I am too lazy to write as I ought. Try & give me a hail in [ ] of post, & I'll write you a decent letter.

Affectionately Yours,

W.E.H.

There is hope for the British Drama yet. We are really inventing like boots; & good things, too!

Every body's love!

1 It is not clear whether WEH was staying with the Stevensons or nearby.
51 Richmond Gardens[,]  
Shepherds Bush W.  
31 August 1884

Dear Mr. Chatto,

Enclosed please find the MS. of Mr. Stevenson's new story,¹ for the publishing right of which in volume form, I shall be glad to consider any offer you may please to make.

Mr. Stevenson thinks very highly of it indeed -- regards it, in fact, as his best work. And so do others.

It will begin to appear in Longman's Magazine in February next (the house, I should add, are anxious to have it in volume form as well) & will end in May or June.² It should go into two volumes -- small ones -- at 15/; or one large at 12/. The terms on which we are prepared to treat are a sum down & a royalty after the sale of a certain number.

I am anxious to settle the matter out of hand; as ready money is an object & as, moreover, I must leave town at the end of the week. If you could see & settle with me on Wednesday or Thursday, I shall be very happy to call.

How would you like the refusal of "The Black Arrow," a second story for boys? I am commissioned to
submit it to you & treat for the right to publish in volume form.

Yours Very Faithfully,

W.E. Henley

Andrew Chatto Esq.

1 Prince Otto.
My dear Charles,

In a day or two you will receive Chatto's cheque (a bill) for £100; on account of "Prince Otto." Louis, who is not well to-day, asks you to send him £20 on account; by return of post.

Hitherto our play has gone bravely -- is, in fact, as near as possible finished. I had hoped to start a new one on Saturday; but I fear it's not possible. However, we shall see.

With all love from all of us,

W.E.Henley

1 WEH and Anna were staying with the Stevensons; see Masson, Life of Stevenson, p.227.
2 Admiral Guinea.
Letter No. 156  To Robert Louis Stevenson
MS: Beinecke 4805

51 Richmond Gardens[,] Shepherds Bush W.
30 September 1884

Dear Boy,

Herewith a copy of "Beau Austin." One, with identical corrections, goes to Clark to-morrow: in default, that is, of a duplicate coming in from you.

Enclosed from Hare.¹ For God's sake, don't be tête-montée. Like Diddymus the Ebrew prophet:² refuse to believe. We cannot succeed right away: it's impossible.

Hope you've sent off the "Admiral." I've ordered 50 copies of "Beau."³

Ever Yours Affectionately,

W.E.H.

¹ John Fairs Hare (1844-1921), actor and manager.
² John, xx, 24-28.
³ Swearingen, p.90, suggests that twenty copies were printed.
51 Richmond Gardens,
Shepherds Bush W.
2 October 1884

Dear Boy,

With all you say about the "Admiral" I do most cordially agree. I will add that ever since I left you, the thought of Act IV has lain upon me like a weight. I've reproached myself a thousand times for leaving it so incomplete; & in the silent watches of the night the blunders & youth of the Admiral have stalked me like a deer, & brought me down very low indeed. However, all's well that ends well. So long has [sic] the Wild Woman has not killed you,¹ I must be content; so long as she has worn another ruby for her bracelet, I rejoice.

If you've not sent off Act IV, to Clark[,] send it. I approve of the plan suggested. The main thing is to have the slips. Then we can pickle; & one day next week, say Wednesday, I can come down, & we can do the trick. I should leave London by the two-fifteen train; & Bournemouth by the early morning train on Friday. Which would give us a long day together, & an evening besides.

We are returning the portmanteau: with a cargo of plays. Note the Readiana: the "Dera," play &
pamphlet. Also the Salvini volume; for "Gladiator" & "Morte Civile." There are nineteen or twenty French plays too, which must not be lost. Most of 'em are sport. One, the George Sand, you'll like to read/again: [----] two others, the "Sphinx" & the "Supplice d'une Femme," are at least curious & disgusting; another, "Jean Dacier," may suggest something. The Barbey d'Aurevilly is thrown in: likewise the "Haiti."

I am going to see Hare to-night, as you know. As the horn of attack approaches, I begin to feel dubious & afraid: also to wish that Dorothy's maidenhead had been maintained intact until the fall of the curtain. Mrs.Kendal is so dam respectable! and Colvin (God bless him!) feels a certain diffidence about asking virgins to sit & listen to a masterpiece of the type & matter of ours! Alas! alas! 'Tis evident we are booked! But of all this anon. The interview to-night will teach me much, & make chances a good deal clearer. Meanwhile, what I purpose to do is to get to work as soon as possible at "Honour & Arms," & to have a little talk preliminary with John Clayton -- perhaps to-night -- about the possibilities of a romantic play at his house. Qu'en dites vous? hein?

Cassell, in the person of Robert Turner, was exceedingly civil about you. Asked repeatedly if you were ill disposed; I told him your main grievance, & it
was agreed that if negotiations came to any thing you shd. have a special correspondent. I said you didn't care for the "Arrow"; but he said he'd like to see it (Gell, too, thinks you're probably mistaken about it), & he asked particularly about the "Garden," which, accordingly, I shall take up to him to-morrow. That's all I need tell you now. Tomorrow I shall have of your news, & the "Arrow" will settle itself.

How are you? We do hope & trust the recrudescence is but slight. Any how, it's depressing. Dobell, I shd. tell you, bears a very bad name; but is admittedly a clever fellow. They call him a shark & a quack; but they think he knows his business. Mennell I've not yet seen. Ray Lankester thinks you should go away, but won't recommend a place; he doesn't know the meaning of "fibroid involution," neither does Godfrey Thrupp, whose theory is that it's a disease of the womb. Everybody asks about you, & is anxious to hear good news of you. [----] And so -- with all our loves -- farewell!

Affectionately Yours Ever,

W.E.H.

Lankester, by the way, thinks you ought to want to go somewhere, which somewhere, from the mere fact of your wanting to go there, is the right place.

[Added by WEH at right angles in the top left of the letter] In the portmanteau, a small enclosure; from the Chatelaine to the Bedlamitish Woman.

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1  The reference has not been identified.
2  Charles Read's play Dera.
3  The Salvini book has not been identified.
4  George Sand, pseudonym of Amandine-Aurore Lucille Dupin, Baronne Dudevant (1804-1876), French novelist and dramatist.
5  Not identified.
6  Not identified.
7  Jules-Amédée Barbey-D'Aurevilly (1808-1889), French novelist and critic.
8  Not identified.
9  Dorothy Musgrave in Beau Austin.
10 Honour and Arms: Drama in Three Acts and Five Tableaux, a projected play; see Swearingon, p.91.
11 Robert Turner, a partner and later chairman of Cassells.
12 An unidentified doctor.
13 Edwin Ray Lankester (1847-1929), zoologist and scientific writer. At this time he was professor of zoology at University College, London.
14 An unidentified doctor.
Letter No. 158 To Robert Louis Stevenson
MS: Beinecke 4807
[51 Richmond Gardens,
Shepherds Bush.]
4 October 1884

Dear Boy,

Herewith three copies of the "Beau". Two for the author, & one for dedikee.¹

The "Admiral" has turned up. I don't see that end one bit. Send me my draft of Pew's dying speech, for God's sake: this new version destroys me.

Ever Affectionately Yours,

W.E.H.

No time for more. The third copy's for our dedikee. Put your initials on the title page, under the inscription.

Since the above: I've read the "admiral" through.

Some of the new matter's good; some isn't. I regret the packet in Act I, scene II: so does the Chatelaine. Arethusa's speech in Act III "May I speak? Will you let me tell you what my heart tells me?" -- is vastly worse than I left it: much less direct; much looser & flabbier. The love scene in act IV too long by much. [----] The somnambulism greatly improved; but I can't stand the Admiral counting to Pew's stick. Pew's monologue -- h'm! well, we shall see. The business with the candle (meanwhile) I absolutely bar:

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it's the surest laugh in the piece: Send me back my old version, please. As for Pew's death -- but there! The worm -- the worm shall be your excuse. As I've said, let's have my old copy back, pray.

Of the whole last scene I stand in deadly fear.

W.E.H.

1 The dedication reads "Dedicated with admiration and respect to George Meredith, Bournemouth: 1st October, 1884."
Dear Boy,

As I've not heard from you, I have launched the bombshell. It won't help us in the present negotiation with Cassell; but of that anon.

For the present, informally & unofficially, the idea is half profits. It could cost £250 or so to produce an illustrated edition; & before you could touch a penny, they would have to recuperate themselves on the outlay. That's to say, they would have to sell 3000 copies ere your royalty began at all. Then, however, it would begin to the tune of some £35 per thousand; & if the work were a success, you would make a good deal of money.

We left the negotiation at that: pending a consultation with you. I may add that I proposed an unillustrated edition to begin with of a thousand copies (at 3/6), on which I could claim an advance of £25; & that the suggestion was respectfully received.

I shall not reopen the question till I've other data to work upon. The terms are apparently [(apparently)] fair; but I believe we can make much better. Meanwhile, I am waiting for certain data; & if
I reopen the question, it will be on authority & in another direction.

They regret the "Arrow" bitterly. If you feel inclined to reconsider your verdict, they're always open. I could get you an hundred for it, I feel sure. Or rather, I could have done so. For it's like enough that this assault of yours will play old Harry with the connection.

The _Athenaeum_ goes to press to-morrow afternoon. So unless you telegraph to withdraw at a very early hour indeed, you may consider the trick as done.³

Do you know that _T.I._ is running as a feuilleton in the _Temps_?⁴ That -- & the fact that Pollock, Besant, & Brookfield are all engaged upon a play⁵ -- is all the news I have.

I saw the Baxter off to Rotterdam last night. He returns on Monday, & he purposes to spend a night at Wensleydale.⁶ If I've time, I shall come wi' him meanwhile, expect me on Friday night. For a wallow in the "Admiral". On which, by all that's saved, I've not found time to lay a singlr hand.

I've ordered Bishop Burnet.⁷ The "Christian Hero" I shall bring down:⁸ I guess it's not much use. I've looked up the Piparlington MS; but not read it. I've also looked out the scenario of "Hester Noble," which I shall bring down with me: it's only one act long, & as it's all in your hand, I suppose it's all you did.

- 650 -
I am writing to ask Clark not to break up the type of "Beau Austin," for a day or two yet, if it isn't already done. The reason is Colvin: he wishes us to consider his arguments very seriously. My belief is, that he intends to send the "Beau" to Paul Bomget; to translate it for the Français. That he sends you most affectionate messages I needn't say.

No news of Hare, nor indeed of anyone. I shall make no sign till Monday next, when, if I haven't heard, I shall write. The press, I may tell you, is furious with Mrs.K. All the venom of years has been expressed in its comments on that unhappy address of hers. I send herewith the last; in this week's Punch (note & rejoice in the Gladstonean triptych, pictures & words on the next page). I tell nobody save Colvin I've sent the "Beau" to Hare. If I did, they would warn me of the fate of Carr; bid me take care; & talk of plunder & lying like boots. Pollock was at it today; Hare, Kendal, Pinero, Mrs.Kendal -- rogues all, Procurator, rogues all! It's unpleasant, but it's a fack. A very very little more, & Mrs.Kendal will be a bad actress: in the S.R., indeed, that much is already hinted. And it's for this lubberly crowd that we are in our act! Lord save us, what a pitiful world it is!

Ever Affectionately Yours,

W.E.H.

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A Child's Garden of Verses.

See note 1 above.


Charles Hallam Elton Brookfield (1857-1913), actor.

The Stevensons' lodgings in Bournemouth.

Gilbert Burnet (1643-1715), Bishop of Salisbury. WEH may be referring to Burnet's *History of his Own Time*, new ed. (London: Reeves and Turner, 1883).

Not identified.

Paul Bomget has not been identified.

Mrs. Kendal had given a paper, "The Drama," at the Social Science Congress, Birmingham, on 23 September 1884. In her address she remarked that the actor now had a respected position in society. She attacked so-called actors for advertising themselves at every opportunity and felt that the poor quality of current plays was a reflection on what the public wanted to see.


"Ruling the Waves," *Punch*, 4 October 1884, pp.162-63.

The reference to Carr has not been identified.
Dearest Boy,

Unless I hear to the contrary, I shall turn up to-morrow (Friday) morning, at the monument, before eleven o' the clock. We can then dispose of the Admirable, & go quietly out to lunch. At the Club, or where you will.

'Tis Mr. Archer's day in the city, & probably he'll call on you in the afternoon. Shall he?

The enclosed from Lang. I'd already writ to him, giving your address, & asking an offer from Longman for the "Garden." So remember. £35 per thou. is the least we can ask; on a 6/ book; & I say £40.

I feel quite happy about "Honour & Arms," & rather propose to tackle it. As for opera, "Crichton" & "Penelope" are my fancies. But of all this anon. And of the "Convict," too: of which we cannot draft the scenario too soon. I shall take it to Warner in embryo.

Ever Yours,

D. Pew

Think of the "garter" question ere I come.
1 Colvin's "quarters" at the British Museum; see Masson, pp. 241-42.
2 Either Admiral Guinea or a projected play The Admirable Crichton: Romantic Comedy in Five Acts; see Swearingen, p. 91.
3 This the first mention of projected operas by WEH. It remained an idea.
4 A projected play.
5 Not identified.
51 RICHMOND GARDENS,
SHEPHERDS BUSH.
1 November 1884

Dear Boy,

I am hideously depressed by the last news of your influenza. I wish to God I hadn't come near you[.] I can't help feeling responsible for your illness; & it's the devil. I hope with all my heart that by this you are better.

There's nothing in the Athenaeum[,] Smiles has not shown up.¹ I see nothing for it now but to bide a week yet, & then address a letter to the editor, in which you will tell the whole story of the falsehood: for your own & the truth's sake.

Another note from Jenkin. If he'd only been as busy in re Kendal & Co as he is in this matter, it had been much more to our advantage. To me I confess, the prospect of being shelved with Stanford (in whose capacity I refuse to believe) is painful.² If we are to write an opera, we might at least have to choose our composer. If we are to write an opera which shall be played twice & then forgotten, why, damn it! We had better spend the time on a play.

Write me how you are.

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Ever Affectionately Yours,

W.E.H.

1 Whymper's reply to RLS included a reference to Samuel Smiles's *Lives of the Engineers* (1861-1862); see Frederick Whymper, Letter, *The Athenaeum*, 18 October 1884, p.497.

2 Charles Villiers Stanford (1852-1924), composer and teacher. He made a major contribution to English music and among his students were Gustav Holst (1874-1934) and Ralph Vaughan Williams (1872-1958).
51 RICHMOND GARDENS,
SHEPHERDS BUSH.
4 November 1884

Dear Boy,

Your lamentable letter has upset me much. I'd hoped that no news was as usual good news. It's wretched to find oneself mistaken. However, I hope -- -- I hope! Give me as many reports as may be. Suspense is no good for any of us.

I've sent yours on to Havers.\(^1\) Also to Stanford, at the Club, his Cambridge address being unbeknown to me. My fond & cherished hope is that nothing may come of it. I don't see the force of writing for nothing; & that (after Savonarola) is pretty much what it means.\(^2\) Lang says so at least; & the few to whom I've mentioned Stanford & opera do so shake their heads & [---] smile & pity that I curse the Flamer whenever I think of him. However, all this is by the way.

My impression is, that if we are not absoluter asses than we seem, we shall make King Matthias for Mackenzie,\(^3\) & offer Stanford the prémiers of Crichton. The Canterbury Pilgrims did well;\(^4\) but Savonarola -- oh no!

Mrs. Byler (Bradford Observer) thinks the world will be a good deal the poorer wanting the Beau,\(^5\) but that
will be the end of it. Clayton is just now producing
"Young Mrs.Winthrop" (damn her American soul),\textsuperscript{6} so I've
done no more in that direction. Warner has not yet
writ about the "Admiral," so I've done no more as yet
with that. He refuses to speak or make any sign of any
sort; so that lot may go & be damned.

My great hope now is Ted, to whom I send the
"Admiral" today.

Pollock, by the way, is fascinated by the last act.
Never get anybody to play it, he says; & if you do,
you'll have such a \textit{prémière} as was never seen before: a
success of horror, & empty houses to follow. Them's
his sentiments. Also that "the horrors come alive" is
the steepest thing in literature.

Tell me what you're at: the \textit{Arabs} or the \textit{North Rd.}\textsuperscript{7}
Had a long talk with Lang on Sunday. He's \& as shrewd
a man of business as is. He gave me tips, about
America, which should turn out greatly to your
advantage. Of these anon. I hope to settle about the
"Garden" to-morrow; with Cassell I mean; And to be in
full swing with Longman after Sunday. Carr, I shd.
tell you, is still waiting for the \textit{Arabs}. So about
them as you may.

Last night I saw Barrett's Hamlet. What thieves &
liars -- or what bloody fools! which is it? -- are the
dramatic critics! \textit{[(critics!)]} I've seen it better
done at £3..10 a week, by the humble provincial

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tragedian. Dull, stupid, & common -- common as Eppo's Cocoa.\(^8\) Barrett will never play hero of ours that I can see. He has the temperament of a featherbed, the imagination of Bottles (Mat Arnold's friend),\(^9\) the voice of an accordion. Can you see Vanderdecken on the accordion? Or Jacob Sherwood?\(^10\) I can't.

How, I prithee, has the world been girding? Expound, explain: I am wild to hear. And tell me something (for Clark & his standing types) about the "Beau". And when shall we meet, & what's to be our next essay in the art dramatic.

Our love to the Simoom. Lang tells me that he met you au Club that Saturday after I'd left you. I thought you wiser, I must say. But no matter.

Ever Affectionately Yours,

W.E.H.

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1 Not identified.
2 Savonarola, an opera by Stanford, performed on 9 July 1884 at Covent Garden.
3 King Matthias, a projected opera. Alexander Mackenzie (1847-1935), Scottish composer and conductor.
4 The Canterbury Pilgrims, an opera by Stanford, at Drury Lane theatre on 24, 28 April and, 3 and 7 May 1884.
5 Not identified.
6 Young Mrs. Uinthrop, by Bronson Howard, at the Court Theatre, from 6 November 1884 to 30 January 1885.
8 A popular beverage of the period.
9 Not identified.
10 Not identified.
Dearest Boy,

This comes hoping you are not dead but sleepeth. Which is a Baxterism, & a good one.

Enclosed a romaunt from Runciman. He has been north for the P.M.G.; & this is the frame of mind in which he returns.

Is he right about "caulker" & "clinker"? I imagine he is; but I do not know.

This morning I settled up with Cassell about the "Garden," & renewed my promise & vows in your name of a look at the North Road. Then I went forth & saw Payn, & Payn begged for a look in at it too; I told him we'd see.

That's all I've to say at present: saving always that if you'd only send me the complete scenario of "Honour & Arms" I'd do my best to get it copied; as per agreement. Also that I care not how soon we meet & redact the "Convict."

Ever Affectionately Yours,

W.E.H.

1 WEH had transposed the 5 and 11 in the date.
2 Runciman was familiar with nautical terms and both caulker and clinker are to do with shipbuilding.
51 RICHMOND GARDENS,
SHEPHERDS BUSH.

6 November 1884

Dear Boy,

The enclosed -- effusing gloom & discouragement -- from the well named Hare.

I write to thank him for his opinion (which is useful in a way) & to tell him I wish he had seen the "Beau" in action, as he saw the "Maitre de Forges".¹

Note that while to Jenkin we are "abrupt" to him we are "discussive"; & so forth, & so forth. In this clash & wrangle of opinions, what is to be done? I vote, as before, for listening to none but our own: for doing our work as we think best, & leaving it to time.

Are you weakening? I'm not, I confess. I believe. If we can only wait we shall achieve a first success; & then we shall see these others go off like a rank of rockets. The question is, how & with what to break in the gates? how & with what petard to hoist these gallant & intelligent engineers? When we meet, we will meet to talk; & that only.

When I get to the Claytonism, I shall go, as I said for the Langtry;² after her, for Mary Anderson;³ after her, for Kyrle Bellew. Then wait, & hope.

A vile day; a pea-soup day; a day of yellow fog &
piddling rain. I hope you are better. Love to the Bedlamitish Woman (from both of us); & please ask her if she's with me in this matter still.

Always Yôôôô the Same,
Darby 'My' Own (alais J.S.)[.] P.T.O.

That reminds me: a story of Lang's.

A cove in the F.O., whose name I forget, went walking one day in the original "Country Churchyard" where Gray did elegize. It occurred to him, being a cove in the F.O. that it would be fun to hunt out a tombstone which might have supported the bum of Gray in the act of elegizing: a contemporary tombstone, in short. And hunt he did; & this is what he read on the first & only one he found.

Here Lies
John Silver

Tis evident that your Don Juan de Silva is a barn, & a fraud.

1 Not identified.
2 Lily Langtry (Emily Charlotte Le Breton) (1852-1929), well-known actress.
3 Mary Anderson (1859-1940), American actress.
4 Foreign Office.
5 Gray's Elegy written in a Country Church-Yard. Written at Stoke Poges, Buckinghamshire, in 1791.
6 A John Silver is buried in Stoke Poges Churchyard. The gravestone reads:
   In Memory of
   Mrs. Anne Late wife of
   Mr. John Silver
   -662-
of this Parish she Died
May VII 1746
Aged 42 Years
John Silver is buried in this grave; personal
interview with the Rev. Cyril E. Harris, Vicar of
Stoke Poges, 11 March 1990.
Letter No. 165  To Robert Louis Stevenson
MS: Beinecke 4817

51 RICHMOND GARDENS,
SHEPHERDS BUSH.
7 November 1884

Dear Boy,

I wish to heaven I could lend you some of my own lusty health. I'd be much happier than I am.

Of course I know that further panning out in the drammy is just now impossible: for both of us. Still, I must babble. It keeps things going. I confess, too, I would like the revised scenario of "H. & A.," & to redact one of the "Convict". But of this anon.

No Smiles in the Assinaeum. He shuns the combat.

Herewith to-night's St.Jingo & Pell-Mell: for the notices of "Young Mrs.Winthrop".¹ It seems rather jimmy -- Henry Jimmy,² if I may so express myself. I think I'll go & see it. When I don't quite know, The Hamlet tother night almost killed the stage-goer in me; & I've promised on Monday to go & hear the music of "Parsifal" (thank God, it's Wagner's last!),³ & to take the Châtelaine to see the panorama (Romeo & Juliet) at the Lyceum.⁴

Our new number's all but sold out, & there's talk of a second edition[..] Also, I brought the Art Journal down a shilling: from half a bull to one & a Rye.⁵ I wish I could make some money withal; but I've
to John Silverize for every body save myself, & can't.

Trot me over the "Arabs". I want to sell the sheets to America & Australia.

Ever Affectionately Yours,

W.E.H.

1 "The Theatre," rev. of Young Mrs. Winthrop at the Court Theatre, The St.James's Gazette, 7 November 1884, p.6. "'Young Mrs. Winthrop' at the Court Theatre," The Pall Mall Gazette, 7 November 1884, p.5.

2 Henry James.

3 Wagner's Parsifal at the Royal Albert Hall, 10 November 1884.

4 Romeo and Juliet at the Lyceum from 1 November 1884 to 20 February 1885.

5 From half-a-crown to one and sixpence.
51 RICHMOND GARDENS,
SHEPHERDS BUSH.
8 November 1884

Dear Boy,

The enclosed from Ted (which please return) will show how things are going there. I've great faith in him & in his star, & am in no way cast down. On the contrary, Wallack's admiration is the best thing we've heard yet;¹ & Ted's belief, hard on that, may do much.

Meanwhile, I'd like you none the worse if you could, would, snatch five minutes from the Arabs; to write him a bit letter of confidence & encouragement. In these moments, such words are better than fine gold. If you -- or rather if Fanny thinks Hendericks could be of help,² why a note to Hendericks may go too. Any how, I'd like you to write, & cheer him up a bit. The mail goes Tuesday.

Ever Affectionately Yours,

W.E.H.

¹ Lester Wallack (1820-1888), American actor, dramatist and theatre manager.
² Possibly Ben F. Hendericks (1868-1930), American actor.
Dear Lad,

I've destroyed the letter: as you bade me. But I must say two things in reply. That I'm hurt & surprised; & that, you & I being as we are, you ought to have spoken at the time.¹

Why Colvin's such an ass I don't know. Probably it's his love for you. He can't bear to associate your name with what he considers a failure. I shall take an opportunity -- I promise not to go out of my way to make one -- to set him right.

I enclose a note from Lang. You see that for the moment we are a trifle out of luck.

This cough of yours perplexes & troubles me much. Is it bronchial? is it haemorrhagic? is it pullmonary [sic]? do please tell me.

Last night I heard two acts of "Parsifal." [(sifal";)]] in a day or two I'll send you the book. I raged at the time; but I'm glad I heard it; No Villiers Stanford for me, is the result. Tis the work of a man who once had talent & above all ingenuity. Act I, the great card is the Lord's Supper; Act II is Armida, body
& breeches, only bust & spoiled; in Act II the great
tip is the Magdalen her box of ointment. If I were
Pigott, I'd licence -- & kill -- it.

And all that din -- O Lord! Accompanied recitative
throughout; till you are sick -- to the point of
clamouring for Donnizetti! The pedant-amateur on the
spot; no drama, no emotion, no moral problem; detail &
construction, decoration & detail; & a dullness as of all
the Bumkoffs in time & eternity.

How is it you're short of coins? Are you off with
your parents? or what? & how is it Scott's unable to
help your cough? I want to know. Of course you are
the pluckiest devil in the world; but is there any
necessity for pluck, at this stage? I mean, can't you
put the Arabs by, & lie quiet?

I haven't heard from Colvin for days. I'm horribly
afraid that he believes me responsible, not only for
the Admiral, but for your illness. Judge of my
feelings!

Ever Affectionately Yours,

W.E.H.

Anna tells me I've spent 17/ in stamps this month! If
my letters are brief, you know why.

As I said, I wish I could give you some of my
health! Both of you.

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E.J. Beinecke, in a note dated 15 March 1953 (Beinecke Collection), writes: "R.L.S. biographers make mention of a misunderstanding between him and Henley two or three years before R.L.S. sailed for America [1887]. The Henley letter of 11/11/84 would seem to bear this out but not that the fault was Henley's; otherwise R.L.S. would not have made such a cordial reply." RLS's reply was dated 13 November 1884; see Colvin, Letters, 3, pp.19-21. The matter referred to by WEH is probably RLS's decision to make his wife Fanny his official biographer rather than WEH; see Codicil to RLS's Will, 10 October 1885, Beinecke 7161, Yale University.

1 Gaetano Donizetti (1797-1848), Italian opera composer.
2 RLS's term for a "typical pedant, German or other"; see Colvin, Letters, 2, 64.
Dear Lad,

To morrow being your birthday, You will receive, in memory thereof, a new & beautiful edition of the works of Poquelin. That you may be found reading it for thirty year to come is our heartfelt wish. I have obliged the Chatelaine to put her initials on the title page of Vol. I beside my own; because it was she who remembered what was coming, & thereby became the prime mover in the transaction.

Next February, or January, we shall have been friends for ten years. Think of that, Master Brook! Ten years, dear boy, & all that in them is! -- In ten years from now, I hope we shall have done a few good plays, & you'll be seeing your way to that new & true life of John Silver which of course it will be yours & nobody else's to write. You are a high-nosed classic, sipping your wine (good wine!) & talking Moliere to me, a disembowelled romantic; it may be in that very house which we are going to build on the site of the old semaphore station you wot of with the Mediterranean at our feet, & the Estourelles a bow shot off. What think you of that? for 1894! I see it very plainly; &
I believe.

Our next play must be a common melo. I'm reading Yates his recollections, which you shall have anon. Old Buckstone got £70 per play, & sold his American right for a tenner. A cove of today (which his name appears to be Sims) tells Yates that he has made £10,000 by one piece, & is clearing a hundred a week of it still. Decidely, we must make a common melo. If it's only to get ourselves in funds, & earn the wherewithal to begin reorganization in earnest.

From the same book, I learn that in private life, O. Smith was mild, formal, & old fashioned, & painted agreeably in water colours. Such is life!

I beseech you not to overwork yourself, but to think a little of your friends as well as of your principles, & something not only of duty, but of love.

If you care to send me such of the Arabs as is ready, I'll take it to Carr, & begin my bargin. Any how, I shall be glad indeed to know they're off your hands, & that you can rest. Rest you must, & rest you shall; work you must not, & work you shan't. Or I'll cut my calls, & leave you to negotiate yourself.

I would write more; but that infernal Purseyfull calls me, & I must away.

Ever Affectionately Yours,

W.E.H.
1 Not identified.
2 Not identified.
4 John Baldwin Buckstone (1802-1879), dramatist.
5 George Robert Sims (1847-1922), dramatist and writer. The play has not been identified.
6 Richard Robert Sims (1786-1855), actor. Known as O.Smith for his performance as Obi in the play Three-Fingered Jack.
7 WEH may be referring to an unidentified review that he was writing of Parsifal.
51 RICHMOND GARDENS,
SHEPHERDS BUSH.
17 November 1884

Dearest Boy,

Your letter of good news & good feeling all your fancy painted. But I've only time for a word in reply. How happy & pleased we are you may imagine for yourself.

I have asked Lang to send you on the corrected "Garden". Let him have it (1 Marloes Rd., Kensington, S.W.), if possible, by Thursday morning, as I want the matter settled as soon as may be. Herewith, I post, the only set of proofs I have; it is incomplete. I've writ to Colvin, to ask him, if he has a perfect set, to let you have it.

As regards illustrations, pray don't be hasty or final. I believe that Longman will bring you out first of all in an unillustrated edition. Next, I am sure that when the pictures are produced, they will be the work of swells -- like Caldecott & Crane & Alice Havers. If they're not, I take it, there's no reason why they should exist at all. Therefore perpend; be not rash, & make no engagements which you cannot afterwards fulfill [sic].

Perpend this, too, in favour of your scheme: that a
set of American pictures may possibly be the means of securing you an American copyright.

I saw Gosse today. He tells me you are to be nobly advertised, & that the P.M.G. announcement will tell the public how Gladstone sat up all night over Treasure Island. What will your father say when he hears of that?

The pistol is a birthday present from my brother Joe. It was bought for you (as J.S.'s) months ago, & has come in nobly. Of course when I gave it to Jim Hawkins, it was a flint; but, as you may see, it has since been converted. That proves its authenticity. I approve of the plate idea. There is also a knife of mine, but it's almost too long & deadly to carry about. I'll see, however, if I cannot bring it down with me when I come. I've an idea that with that knife Pew will go for the Admiral in a certain melo. But of that anon.

What about the Inhaler? Credit me, tis worth a trial.

Ever Yours,

W.E.H.

Tell Bob I heard the overture to Iphigénie en Aulide on Saturday afternoon, at the C.P. Magnificent! Chaste, noble, passionate; gorgeously imaginative in orchestration. Lord! what a good thing is art! With Parsifal still rambling & droning in mine ears, I felt
grateful to God for Gluck.

You are right about Poquelin.⁹ The dog was pretty sure of himself, dear lad, & gave himself the best parts ever written too.

We mustn't forget this when we write the Atheists.¹⁰

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¹ See Colvin, Letters, 3, 19-21. In this letter, 13 November 1884, RLS reflects on their friendship and how WEH has mellowed but he [RLS] is still a "bawler and brawler and treader upon corns."

² Walter Crane (1845-1915), illustrator, painter, designer and writer. He is well-known for his illustrations of children's books. Alice Havers (1850-1890), artist.

³ A half-page announcement of Stevenson's The Body Snatcher in The Pall Mall Gazette, 9 December 1884, p.12. A smaller advertisement appeared in the issues of 10 and 11 December 1884. No mention was made of Gladstone.

⁴ RLS writes, in the letter cited above: "many thanks also for John Silver's pistol."

⁵ Jim Hawkins was one of the central characters of Treasure Island.

⁶ RLS intended to have a plate fitted to the pistol; see letter cited above.

⁷ RLS suffered from bronchitis.

⁸ Gluck's Iphigenia in Aulis at the Crystal Palace on 15 November 1884.

⁹ "I say, Poquelin took damned good care of himself"; RLS in letter cited above.

¹⁰ A projected play The Atheists: Comedy; see Swearingen, p.91.
Dear People All,

In the agonies of flitting so can not write, as I would like. Thanks to every body: Louis for nothing; Bob, for his MS.; the Bedlamitish woman, for her good news.

Had a sharp twist o' the foot, or would have written yesterday.

Have you sent the "Garden" to the Merry Andrew?

By the way his new book on Folk Lore, Myths, let, is admirable. So is a shilling affair, by one Sally Pratt McLean, called "Cape Cod Folks", which for God's sake buy (Griffith & Farran).

Ted at Wollack's; but no news of any thing.

Affectionately Yours,

W.E.H.

1 WEH and Anna were at this address by 25 November 1884; see W.E.Henley, Letter to Constantine Ionides, 25 November 1884, Fitzwilliam Museum, Cambridge University.
2 Not identified.
3 Not identified.
4 Andrew Lang, Custom and Myth (London: Longmans, Green, Read and Dyer, 1884-1885).
Dear Boy,

The enclosed from J. Silver to his old commander Flint.¹

I hope you've by this time got your number, & that you like it. A cricket would oblige.

Runciman has discovered that he, & he only, is the boy to play John Gaunt.

I went last night to see "Diplomacy,"² once the "Dora" of Sardou. We were all there, my son! They can't come within three fields of us. A scrambling, rambling all-jimmified first act; a good second, with the "three men scene" in it -- a scene well felt & well written (for Sardou); a decent third, with a violent & mendacious husband-and-wife duett to bring down the curtain; & a fourth of mere pantomime & trick. But, my boy, drama is drama; & the audience know it when they get it. The hits of the evening were the "three men scene" & the duologue at the end of Act III. They were played -- 0, so badly; but they went like boots. I guess that when we do come off we shall come off to some tune.
Sardou is a clever, clever dog; but he can't do it.

When Clayton talks to me about the lapses & oarkardnesses in "B.A.", I shall have something to say to him about the balls & bummeries in "Diplomacy", in which he made a great hit, & played for 300 nights. ³

Ever Affectionately Yours[,]  

W.E.H.

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1 Flint was Silver's old commander.
2 Diplomacy, by Clement Scott and B.C. Stephenson, at the Theatre Royal, Haymarket, from 8 November 1884 to 27 February 1885.
3 Diplomacy, by Saville Rowe and Bolton Rowe, was at the Prince of Wales's Royal Theatre, London, from 12 January 1878 to 10 January 1879.
18 Camden

ST RICHMOND GARDENS,
SHEPHERDS BUSH.

6 December 1884

Dear Boy,

Herewith S. R. & Academy. Lang & Purcell both on the spot.¹

The Brander on E. J. H. is very satisfactory.² To him Coquelin is the greatest of all actors. I saw a resemblance to the Septments in the portraits sent over;³ but never expected to have it formulated in print by one who has seen both these Dooks. Ted, by the way, has only seen the Cock in Gringore; which makes it all the more gratifying.

A letter from the Badger, breathing gratitude & admiration to us for the Admiral.

Shall I answer the enclosed? or will you?

Ever Affectionately Yours,

W. E. H.

¹ E. Purcell, "New Novels," The Academy, 6 December 1884, pp. 371-72. Edmund Sheridan Purcell (1823-1899), journalist and biographer. The Lang article has not been identified.
³ "Mr. Henley's acting of the Duc d'Azeglio recalled to mind the admirable Duc de Septments of M. Coquelin," The Saturday Review, 6 December 1884, p. 725.
Dearest Boy,

I am pleased with Bob. I fully agree with him, as you know; had you seen the Deacon, you had been with us too -- I mean, you had needed no words of ours to send you praising. He has in him the stuff of a good, perhaps, great, romantic actor;¹ & I expect that with him all the best of our creations will be identified. The thing is, to keep him fresh & enthusiastic: to give him good stuff to work upon, & to exalt his imagination & his energies to a higher level than our contemporary craftsmen can. Poor Clayton professes himself ruined by Robertson & his crew;² if we can create a demand for the other thing, & entrust him with the .../care of the supply, we shall have, I believe, an actor who will follow us to any heights we choose to scale. What a help such a man would be I do not need to say: you've had experience of the timidity, the want of faith in new & true things, the stupid worship of what is continental & old; -- even within the last few months. What we've to pray for is that our young man fulfills his promise, & proves to have in him something of the artist, as we have in us.

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¹ This is a reference to a character mentioned in a previous letter. It is not necessary to fully understand the context to follow the letter's content.

² This is a reference to a character mentioned in a previous letter. It is not necessary to fully understand the context to follow the letter's content.
The P.M.G. is a good notion. Bide me a wee time, till I consider it or rather, till we have discussed the question a little more. Failing Carr, we are almost pledged to offer our next to Cassell. What say you? The Magazine circulates largely; & among a public where you haven't been much read. I should ask £350 for the magazine right. Meanwhile, I will see Payn, & ask him about a syndicate. If the P.M.G. would go for it, & half a dozen provincials besides, we could secure a good American, & an Australian or two, & make some money. Look at both sides of the question -- Cassell & the syndicate -- ere you decide. & also determine finally for or against Joe Carr. By next week I'll have seen Payn & Martin, & we'll be in a position to take the field.

No more news of Clayton. I shall not bother him this week, but call on him (I think) on Sunday. The thing is, that I am absolutely déravé, & living on borrowings. This last flitting has completely cleaned us out; so that cabs are not to be had save on certainty.

Did you get the number? and how are you? En Voilà deux! You might answer.

'Tis howling bad weather: rain, damp, gloom, devil. And this morning, from backgardens flooded with water, we fished out & took in two wee wee black kittens, one after another, at an hour's distance. Evidently
abandoned, poor little mites! One black cat, they say, brings luck; how about two? Ask the Bedlamite, with our love [(love)], please! She will rejoice to hear that these foundlings are now in a basket before the fire; & that one of them, the male, attempting to get into Mennell's hat, knocked it down, & then sat down, & swore he didn't know anything at all about it.

I've had a bad liver; & am now preparing to take of the Pirate's physic: essence of road-scraper, to wit. To morrow & these next days I shall be a wreck. After that I expect to be a good deal better. When you'll either hear from or see me. My intent is to get something definite from the Clayton, & spend my Christmas at Binallie, making changes in ye "Beau," & compiling scenarios. I do hope, dear lad, you'll keep well & hardy, so that we may pull off the same.

Ever Affectionately Yours,

W.E.H.

No news of Lang; & none of Copley Christie.

Some days ago, the Analytical Chemist turned up; from the Solomon Islands. He sent you his love; & I told him I knew you'd be delighted to hear of him.

1 John Clayton.
2 Probably the dramatist T.W. Robertson.
3 This is probably a reference to RLS'S Arabs.
4 This may be Pachett Martin.
5 WEH writes "Binallie" but it should be Bonallie Towers, Branksome Park, Bournemouth, the
Stevensons' home.

Richard Copley Christie (1830-1901), lawyer and historian. He provided the Christie Library at the University of Manchester in 1898. It is not known how he and WEH became acquainted.

Walter Simpson.
Dear Boy,

I was glad to see the face of Wolf Macfarlane, after so many years of absence & oblivion. But I think I liked him best as I knew him first. It may have been the effect of the villainous company in which he appears; but I think so.

Tell me if you are angry; & if I should still regard the P.M.G. as a possibility for the Arabs.

I saw Lang today; as Longman's emissary: in re the Garden. Longman's purpose is to publish in a luxurious form, on thick paper, at five bob; & to give you £30 (in advance) for the first thousand, & £20 per five hundred up to a total of 2500; after which, a new agreement, or a continuance of the old, at your pleasure. American right you own, & right over picture book edition as well.

I think these excellent terms, & advise your acceptance. I should like to have the word, yes or no, in due course of post. S'il vous plait.

There's no news, I'm dam tired. Clayton told me that a moderate success would mean £5000; & that such a success as the "Private-Secretary" -- a three-act farce
translated from the German -- some £25000 at least.\(^3\)

So that to be as hanger-on at stage doors till we make our *coup* is evidently my lot in life.

The *World* relates that you (with my assistance) have dramatized *Treasure Island*.\(^4\) It's not worth contradicting, I think.

Brookfield (who has found a capitalist: I believe, a female one) would like to see the "Beau". ["]Ce n'est pas la peine."\(^5\) I imagine: at all events, until the Clayton chance is stone-dead.

What of the Sargent?\(^6\) has he come off? will it exhibit? am I to have refusal of engraving?

*Ever Your Affectionately[,]\ *

*W.E.H.*

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1. Not identified.
2. These terms were probably revised; see Maixner, p.147.
3. Private Secretary, Charles Hawtry's adaptation of the German play *Der Bibliotheker*, opened at the Prince's Theatre, Covent Garden, on 29 March 1884 and closed on 17 May 1884 when it was transferred to the Globe Theatre from 19 May 1884 to 24 April 1886.
5. "It's not worth the bother."
6. Sargent's portrait of RLS was painted in 1885; see J.A. Hammerton, ed. *Stevensoniana: An ancedotal life and appreciation of Robert Louis Stevenson* (Edinburgh: John Grant, 1907), p.329. The portrait was not reproduced by WEH in *The Magazine of Art*. 
Letter No. 175    To Robert Louis Stevenson
MS: Beinecke 4829

18 Camden Gardens,
Shepherds Bush W.
19 December 1884

Dear Boy,

I'm delighted to hear the Sargent has come off. I hear from another quarter that he is full of enthusiasm, & likens you to "Raphael[,] Shakespeare, & Shelley all rolled into one". I hope with all my heart he'll work off the new portrait. Also that some day we shall get the Rodin bronze. If we don't, I'll have the pick of you there. You'll go down to posterity in Sargent, & I in Rodin, and I know who'll get the credit of the plays. You see, there's nothing mean about me. I know this, & I mention it because it'll fetch the Bedlamite, & set her Rodinizing at once.

I wrote on Wednesday night about the "Garden," & surprised I am to have had no word. I suppose it's the fault of the post, & that I'll hear to-morrow morning.

Ted writes: "I read the Deacon to a man, & frightened him. He went a bit mad over it, but funked putting it on. So I'll keep it for myself." To this I replied that I've no objection at all. He adds: "Palmer, the Madison Square boss, is fearfully fetched with the Admiral, although he says there isn't a dollar
in it. He is going to give it a trial at a matinee soon; & if it's anything like, he'll run it, & give a fair price for it." This I have barred -- have absolutely forbidden: first, because it would vitiate our home rights; & second, because I'll have no more matinees at any price. Tell me if I'm not wise.

This cursed want of money spoils us horribly. What we ought to do is to produce both the "Beau" & the "Admiral" on our own heads, so's to secure the English right; & then leave Ted to work 'em in the States. But it would cost us £30 or £40; & we can't do it; & there we are.

Ted is with Palmer; but Palmer is farming him to Wollack; "To 'create' a new part -- [---] a Count this time -- in a new masterpiece.\(^3\) The worst ever written, & yet it's accepted". Ce que c'est que de nous!

He advises us to finish the Russian and [(&)] eke to work off the "Convict".\(^4\) And this imples me to suggest -- what I've had for some time on my mind -- that you reconsider "Father & Son,"\(^5\) with a view to utilizing the Prologue, Act IV & Last, & Old Glory in a new intrigue. They can't exist as they are; the "Convict["] has settled that. But they've stuff in them -- even if it's only melodrama; & they're too good to throw away. Advise your blamed egoism of this possibility, & be ready to talk to me when I come down. Also tell me frankly, if you think [(think)] there is
any chance of our working off another ere you quit these shores: that I may begin to make preparations, & so secure the time & opportunity.

I regret the last chance of Xmas. Twould have been golden had we done no more than draft "Ajax" & the "Convict"; on both of which I mean to have my Clayton's word ere we start on them.

The Archangel's question bewilders me. I dined with him last Friday, & solemnly arranged, as I wrote, that he should sound out Yates Thompson on the subject of the N.A.N., as a possible feuilleton. I suppose he wants to seem free & gay & careless-like. Any how, I bewildered, & will look him up.

Tell me, prithee, when you think I shall have the MS., & don't fall on me suddenly with the commission; or you'll come horribly to grief, & get no satisfaction for days. I've to make time, you know; & You must give me a certain notice.

Runciman has made a real hit in the St. Jingo, with an article on Shanties. They are reprinting his work, with the melodies; & in due course he'll publish the lot in volume form. Of this, however, anon. If I can rake out the articles I'll send 'em down[.] You shd. be interested if only for the sake of Billy Bones's fancy in T.I.10

Salute your father & mother for me; & make your
Xmas happy & your New Year prosperous.

W.E.H.

1 Raphael (Raffaell Santi) (1483-1520), Italian painter.
2 Albert Marsham Palmer (1838-1905), American theatre manager. He managed the Madison Square Theatre, New York, from 1884 to 1891.
3 The play was Victor Durand and E.J.H. refused the part of Baron de Mersae; see Era, 3 January 1885, p.9.
4 Husband and Wife; see Letter No. 77, [July-August 1881].
5 Father and Son would appear to be a projected play but is not mentioned by Swearingen.
6 The question has not been identified.
7 Henry Yates Thompson (1838-1932), journalist. He was editor of the Pall Mall Gazette from 1880 to 1892. WEH is referring to the More New Arabian Nights.
8 [James Runicman], "Sailors' Songs and Shanties," The St. James's Gazette, 4 December 1884, pp.6-7.
9 No such book by Runciman has been identified.
10 A seaman in Treasure Island.
Dear Boy,

I can't understand these posts. I wrote you a longish letter Tuesday night;¹ & by yours of this morning -- writ, it's true, the Lord knows when -- you hadn't received it yesterday.

A copy of the current number was sent to you; & a "D.N." of Monday last with a flattering reminiscence of the "Deacon".² Herewith the Andrew's letter; a note from Yates Thompson; & Clark's account for the production of our last two failures.

A note from Ted: he has had pneumonia, & been violently abused by the press for failing to put in an appearance in the new piece at Wallack's. Also, he has turned dramatist, & is producing a version de sa fature of "Le Monde Où l'On S'E[ ]." Also, he left his card & Fanny's with Hendericks, & has nothing heard. Also, I incline to believe he'll end his days in New York, simply for want of coins to come back withal.

'Tis sportive, ain't it? this appearance as a dramatist? I believe any body -- the Bogue³ -- will be sooner heard of in that capacity than I. Our next I
shan't write a plan; I shall merely sell it for you; & then you'll break the ice & have ill luck behind you.

I saw the Jenk last night. He has weakened considerably since we talked in the Monument, & now opines that we know nothing of the stage, & have no capacity of first-rate dramatic work. Says we don't feel our people. Madam has read the "Beau", it appears, & the "Admiral" both; & has determined that neither will act. Why the Jenk could not quite make out; but the gist of her complaint appears to be that we can neither feel our personages nor write a single sentence that can be said. I hear she prefers the "Admiral" to the "Beau"; but that her quarrel with the "Beau" is not on the score of morality. O no! 'Tis only that we are the deadest failure conceivable: we can write, we can scheme, we've a pretty fancy of our own -- but we can produce nothing that will act. That is not to be done (I believe) outside Great Stuart St. 4

I made the dear Professor promise that he would try & persuade Madam to put her objection into words, in a letter to you. You might write to her, & ask, for old sake's sake, for something more than vague condemnation. It would probably be useful.

The Jenk urged us to go on with the "Convict" & the "Atheists". I told him, we asked for nothing better than an opportunity; but, I added, we want a success of some sort first of all, to get a little money to live
on while at work. On the whole, I don't feel sanguine any more. If the public are as hard upon us as our dearest friends, we may as well shut up shop.

The Chairles [sic] has turned teetotaller. There is no further news of the Barebum; so tis my advice that no further notice be taken of him. Ted is desperately anxious that we should do the "Convict"; why & wherefore the Lord alone can tell. Tell your father, with my love, that I've received a number of testimonials about the "Admiral". Thus, Mr. Gladstone writes: "I have read your play, & now recognize the duty of resignation. There is another & better world." Cardinal Manning says: ["]Your play has cured me of a nine year's constipation, pronounced incurable by the most eminent members of the faculty. Since I perused it, I have only left the water closet for spaces of fifteen minutes." Sir Wilfid Lawson begs to state that until he read "Admiral Guinea" he was a staunch teetotaller, but that he is now a free & happy drunkard, & has already achieved a noble attack of D.T. There are scores of others but there are enough to show that the "Admiral" has not been written in vain.

I am all right now, but damned feeble.

Ever Yours,

U.E.H.

You owe me one for "Wellington". 'Twas I who pumped you into the Andrew as a fit & proper devotee.
1 WEH's unfound letter of Tuesday 30 December 1884.
3 RLS's dog.
4 The Jenkins lived at 3 Great Stuart Street, Edinburgh.
5 Baxter.
7 Cardinal Henry Edward Manning (1808-1892), Anglican priest converted to Roman Catholicism.
8 RLS's uncompleted The Duke of Wellington; see Swearingen, pp.95-96
Dear Boy,

On receipt of yours, I telegraphed to the Barebottomed Tree, to call here today. In reply, the enclosed. I will send on his letter when it comes. Meanwhile, suspend your travailing, & don't get enamoured of your own conceit. If we do this thing at all, we must do it not hastily & not unreflecting but seriously & after hard & hugious conflation. I don't know now that we shall have the chance; but we may, & if we do, I'm with you to the hilt.

Some of your situations -- e.g. the two fathers -- I like very much. But of these anon. I also have a notion, [(notion)] -- an idée mère -- & I'm not sure that it's not better than yours; if it be, we can work in the chest & the two fathers quite beautiful.

As regards the personalities of Robert & Bertrand I think we might retain them as they stand: Robert, the intellectual believer in rascality; Bertrand the poor timid infidel -- conforming, but conforming against his will. Of course, this is not the original Bertrand after all; but he'll serve nobly. And we can make such an effect of contrast (I see my way to a
Robert of the rarest type!) as he'll take their breath away.

I'm glad you didn't send the letter to Tree. Had he called, I [(I)] should have taken it on myself to suppress it, & put the question verbally, & as a matter of no consequence. For why, you says? Because, he wants the murder -- they all want the murder -- they refuse to do without the murder -- Macaire is the murder -- the murder plays blague. What did I say in my first letter? There must (I said) be laughter & there must be terror. Macaire is Lacenaire³ -- Voilà. It's this double capacity -- of fantastic irony with the most revolting practical brutality -- that makes the figure what it is -- the temptation every actor has found it since Frédérick the Great.⁴ In your cogitations, therefore, keep the bloody hand in view. Remember what in the vicious pride of your youth you seem to forget, that, as I said, Macaire has only existed hitherto as a colossal gag invented & perfected by an actor of genius. If we write it, [----] we must write Frédérick. To turn the idea of Lemaitre into black & white -- that's the point. In other words, to produce, what you've long been hankering after, a comic melodrama.

Shall we? Shan't we? Je n'en sais rien. Priez Dieu. If we do, by God we'll give 'em something they won't forget in a hurry,
I yelled with laughter at your criticism of "Robert Macaire". As you say, "I have read it, & may God the lord"....! You are a great critic; as I've always sworn.

I will make no plans till I hear from Tree: Then we'll concert measures.

I am all right -- but feeble. If this business could be got off, I could leave town with a clear conscience.

All I say is, why didn't you settle Bogue while you were about it?

Ever Affectionately Yours,

W.E.H.

P.T.O.

The Archangel now sweats & pimps & worries & piddles at his copy as you were wont to do in the brave days ere you could write.

What these blasted "East Suffolk memories" will be when they're done, the Lord alone knows as he only can guess the amount of doing they've already taken. Meanwhile, the printers wait & sit & girn & swear.

PPS. Bogue is Macaire or rather a well bred & mannerly Pew.

1 In Macaire.
2 The two main characters in Macaire.
3 Pierre François Lacenaire (1800-1836), French adventurer and criminal.
This is a reference to the French actor Frédéric-Lemaître.

Robert Macaire, or: the two murderers. Adapted from the French by Charles Selby (Stuttgart: Hallberger's Library, 1842).

Sidney Colvin, "East Suffolk Memories," The Magazine of Art, 8 (1885), 221-28; and 265-72.

Girn is a Scots word meaning grumble.
Dear Boy,

This of Hester Noble warms the heart. In Rogue Denzil I've been arranging this good while our Edward John makes his appearance.

I will let you know whether to expect me on Saturday or not. This is how things stand: the B. Tree is perplexed with rehearsals, & may not come; in which case I come alone, with a proof he has read, & over which we have conferred. I should come by the late train on Friday, so to have Saturday & Sunday clear, & return on the Monday morning.

I've sent Tree a proof of "Macaire" with an intimation that, if he cannot come down, the conference must take place on Thursday evening. I shall write again to him to night, telling that it will be better for him to [(to)] come, if he can, & asking for early news.

The enclosed from Brandon Thomas (of the St. James's) may & should interest you.¹ We will discuss the whole matter of the "Beau" when I come. Meanwhile, I shall lend a copy to Tree, & contrive that Brookfield reads it as well. Not with a view to making them play
it, but with a view to getting Clayton to move. I had
arranged to see him next Sunday; but of course I shall
hold him over for a week.

Brandon Thomas is himself a playwright, & a
strange[,] enthusiastic[,] serious creature into the
bargain. He it was who read the last act of the Deacon
to the six masters at Harrow,² & made 'em cry out
"Shakespeare, by God!"

Colvin writes today: "By the way, yesterday in the
house of some "people of title," I found there was a
butler called Meredith: which demonstrates the futility
of certain objections made by an eminent critic; who
hereby demonstrates his magnaminity by this
confession."

A letter from Edward John last night. He is
playing leads with Rhea:³ had already done three or
four & [---] was getting [----] another & Charles
[?Surface]. He thinks the idea of a new Macaire
sublime. He returns in May. In reply, ere your letter
came in, I told him of Hester Noble, & told him it was
his. The thing was in the air; by a brain-wave you
told it to me.

What of Yates Tompson? Will he not be of the
party? I can't quite make it out. If he is, I ought
to bring down dress clothes.

I sent you the Profumer.⁴ I hope you got him.

A word as to the "Macaire." I think the gendarmes
scene will bear a wee little fattening in the [?sense] of one hour to madness & to joy.\textsuperscript{5} Also, I propose to work in a little after "one is rolling [----] in gold" in Macaire's first conference with Dumont.\textsuperscript{6}

I hear that Tree is dam greedy. Which makes me anxious to get over the discussion as to fitness & to hear his suggestions as to the fattening. To my mind the play is good enough as it stands, & to change the proportions were to destroy the unity & shapeliness.

I go to-morrow to the Court, to see Mrs. T. act:\textsuperscript{7} with a view to getting up that there little affair in two acts.

The Chatelaine is out: ahunting toughened glass. All toughened glass is thick.

Ever Yours,

W.E.H.

\textsuperscript{1} Brandon Thomson (1849-1914), actor and dramatist. He was currently playing in Pinero's \textit{Ironmaster} at the St. James's Theatre.
\textsuperscript{2} The well-known English public school.
\textsuperscript{3} Hortense Rhea (1844-1899), Belgian actress. She and E.J.H. were playing in Boston.
\textsuperscript{4} Not identified.
\textsuperscript{5} Act 3, Scene iii.
\textsuperscript{6} Act 2, Scene iv.
\textsuperscript{7} Marion Terry (1852/56-1930), actress. She was playing in \textit{The Opal Ring} by G.W.Godfrey at the Court Theatre which opened on 28 January 1885 and closed on 20 February 1885.
Dear Mr. Chatto,

Stevenson has asked me to see you about his new set of "Arabian Nights." I shall call to-morrow (Friday) about twelve.

Yours Always Sincerely,

W.E. Henley
Dear Boy,

I shall be with you tomorrow (Tuesday) to dinner. Tree will lunch with us on Wednesday. He has suggestions to make;¹ most of 'em would become a child of three, but no matter. The thing's going on.

I've had it out with Clayton. He says that Cecil's still inexorable;² & I've sent the "Beau" to Coghlan. Next Sunday I'm to read him "Honour". He's going to play us the "Admiral";³ so as to secure our rights, for England & the States, & give us ground for publication in a mag.

No news of Longman as yet. I saw Harper today;⁴ he seemed pleased enough, but I doubt if he'll spring more than £30 if so much. He writes at once, & his people will cable results. I'm writing tonight to Martin; about Australia.

Ever Yours,

W.E.H.

1 Concerning Macaire.
2 Arthur Cecil Blunt (1843-1896), co-manager of the Court Theatre with John Clayton.
3 This did not happen.
Dearest Boy,

I am awful sorry, & minded to come down (if I could) & translate Montaigne & talk plays.\(^1\) What you are suffering is first of all a trifling excess of company a while ago; then solitude in the present; lastly, weariness[.] You are dead tired. Consider the high-pressure life you are living -- the amount of talk, work, thought you have got through of late! 'Tis marvellous to me that you haven't broken down a bit before. As it is, a little rest should set you up, & make you active as ever. You want, as you say, Fontainebleau; to be naked & loaf. Just now I should like to send you a good honest fool to be your nurse & your pal. As it is, I know of naught but bromide & a course of Fortuney,\(^2\) who by the way has just produced a new novel --"Pouce Crochu" -- or Xavier or Paulus Féval.\(^3\)

Any how, I bid you have good cheer, & not force your hand by working too hard; by working when you can't. Remember your break down at Nice, which I think you'll admit was owing to "Otto"; & for heaven's sake, & ours, & your wife's be wise.
I cannot make out your Bournemouth post. I sent you a letter on Saturday night, containing enclosures from the Bubbed One's secretary & from Phayre— the latter of importance[]. Telegraph if you have it not. Or no, I'd better give you the substance in case of accident. Harper offers £20 only: for advance sheets only & the privilege of simultaneous publication. The last condition absolute. 'Tis a civil communication & shd. be answered at once. Let me have a word by return -- early return -- that, if possible, we may catch Thursday's mail.

Also tell me where you are with the Arabs, & when you expect to have a set of advances ready. As I want one for Tauchnitz. And to make sure of reviews let.

I wrote the Athenaeum par. Don't fret about the blunders. What does it matter [---] if they are blunders? It gives (the par, I mean) a taste of the book, sets people hankering like boots. I'd have writ for particulars, but hadn't time, Maccoll having cornered me.

Herewith two copies (just in) of "Macaire". Have posted one to the Evergreen Tree: also to Hake & Ted. Am going to ditto Sam. Shall I send to your father? & H.A.Jones, think you? Any suggestions thankfully received. Any for America? Give your orders, I beg.

This week, or next at least, the matter will be settled with Abbey, & I shall discourse to you of
Africa & golden figs. Meanwhile, no news of Brookfield, & none of Clayton and the "Admiral". For the moment, therefore, a suspension of operations. A pause in the reorganization; during the whilk we brave ourselves for "Father & Son" & the one-part fantasia.\textsuperscript{8}

The latter, if you'll tackle it, has great possibilities of popularity & acceptance. The former I am nuts on -- nuts! 'Tis (as yet) our best stage work, I think. But of all this anon.

I've writ some columns on "Diana".\textsuperscript{9} I rather like 'em; so [rest of letter missing].

\begin{enumerate}
\item Michel Eyquem de Montaigne (1533-1592), French philosopher and essayist.
\item Not identified.
\item Probably Xavier de Fourvières, père (1853-1912), French cleric and writer.
\item Paul-Henri-Corentin Féval (1817-1887), French writer.
\item Phayre has not been identified.
\item [W.E.Henley], "Literary Gossip [first paragraph]," The Athenaeum, 7 March 1885, p.313. A note on RLS's More New Arabian Nights.
\item Probably Samuel Lloyd Osbourne (1868-1947), Fanny's son by her first marriage.
\item Abbey is someone connected with the stage.
\item The fantasia has not been identified.
\item [W.E.Henley], Rev. of Diana of the Crossways, by George Meredith, The Athenaeum, 14 March 1885, pp.339-40.
\end{enumerate}
Dear Boy,

I think you're right; & I've sent on your letter to [?Phayre].

I lunch with Tree & dine with Clayton on Sunday. See how late & effectual your warning!

Why the "Admiral"? Because I want you to read it with the eye of the critic-playwright, & see if you think it will play as it stands, or, if it won't, how to make it play. There's so much mighty good stuff in it that to put it by were a crime. On the other hand -- ! but read it, & report. And we'll see.

Last night I sent on Tree's last letter. Herewith, another, which I forgot. As you know, I want Edmund Grace for our Bertrand; here's Tree's theory, which isn't ours. For the rest, this letter explains the brotherly anxiety about Grace in the one sent last night. Observe, I pray you, the tendency to know nothing but Jacques Strop. 'Tis a good lad, but ideas are long in percolating through his mental basis. I foresee much agrument. The Martinette idea (Martinette is the only pantomimist living; in his way a sort of little [?Debureau], I hear) is a good one -- had
already occurred to me. But it will encourage this
tendency, I fear; & I shouldn't wonder if our Bertrand
weren't encouraged to "Thy-nerves" it all over the
shop. However, we'll see. Tell Fanny that as the B.T.
objects to Grace, I've suggested the boy who played our
Ainslie. He will be the B.T.'s ideal; & I can depend
upon him to act, & obey me.

About the B.T. & Australia, I wrote that of course
we shd. do nothing "without consulting our
collaborator."

You shall have "Diana" in a day or two, or three.

Ever Yours,

W.E.H.

[Added by WEH across the top of the letter]
Write as often as possible, & keep me up in your health
& notions day by day. I hope Ted's letter pleased you
-- its insularity notwithstanding. 'Tis of him I think
when I ask you to look again at "Guinea". We must have
a swell thing for him; & for the Russian we mayn't have
time. How I wish I could run down if only for a night.
Next week I must try.

1 WEH had added the date at the end of the letter.
2 Edmund Grace (?1844-1908), actor.
3 Not identified.
4 Albert Martinette (?1865-1898), variety hall
performer.
Dear Boy,

It's terrible, I know but what else can you expect? You fall deadly ill with overwork; you live the life of an intellectual athlete; & hardly are you recovered, ere you fall to working again. It is natural -- only natural & inevitable. The sword wears out the sheath, & gets blunted & dulled in the process. How should it be otherwise? And what are we to look for of a man who cannot be idle? who plays blindfold chess by way of easing his mind? What but breakdowns every now & again, & presently a breakdown that shall leave us all mourning long ere our time.

Think of the work you've done since you came to England last year. Three plays written, & more made; the "Humble Remonstrance"; the "Style"; the Morality; the "Child's Garden" finished & published; the "Dynamiter," ditto ditto; the "Otto" ditto ditto; the "North Road" invented, "Kidnapped" invented & begun; the "Wellington" mapped out & read for, & the bigger book projected & arranged. Allons, voyons! aren't you a damnable glutton to be still unsatisfied?

- 708 -
aren't you a pernicious ass to look, with such a carcase as yours, for the capacity for more?

I know all about it: you'll say "And how am I to live?" -- As you've lived before; as you told me lang syne you'd made your mind up to live till you could do better. On your father. 'Tis a most honourable ambition to want other, & tis most honourable & beautiful to attempt the achievement of such an ambition. But see the results! Not only have you to exert to extremities, but you break yourself to pieces, to boot: a consequence fraught with misery to us all, & to your father most beyond comparison.

If I'm rude, forgive me. I feel strongly, & I can't help my rudeness. For I do anticipate the worst. If you cannot & will not take a decent amount of rest, then I cannot but believe the wretchedest. Learn a language; play patience; read in chronological order the works of Dumas père & George Sand; do anything rather than cripple yourself like this. Do you want company? here are any of us at your service. Do you want collaboration? behold me! Shall I borrow you Ruskin? I can & will. Only refrain from being an ass -- a noble, honourable, glorious ass; & I am -- we are -- content. I send the journals. Compare Bob in the S.R., with Purcell in the Athenaeum, & the ass Shedlock in the Academy, & revere my genius as a midwife.
Grosvenor yesterday, so couldn't write. Infamous exhibition. A clipping good Sargent.\textsuperscript{10} If he paints you like that, hooray! Bob & I dined with Ionides in the evening: a pleasant wine, & a hundred Rembrandt etchings[]. Wished you'd been there. Your mother called, & talked of the furniture some.

Ever Affectionately Yours[,] 

W.E.H.

1 McKay, 4, 1416, suggests "Winter, 1885-1886" as the date of this letter. However, Mehew gives 28 March 1885; Letter received from Ernest J. Mehew, 16 March 1896. Internal evidence supports this.


6 The "bigger book" has not been identified.


8 [E.S.Purcell], "Music. The Week," The Athenaeum, 28 March 1885, pp.415-17.


10 Sargent's portrait of Mrs. Mason at the Grosvenor Gallery.
Dear Boy,

What must be must. I bow to the Gods; more especially as they elected to keep me poor. If by sudden oversight, they make me rich, down I come, meals or more, & do my best to pull off a plan of campaign & a scenario.

The position is this: (1) I no longer receive £300 a year certain for the M. of A., but £240 certain, & permission to edit myself to the amount of the other £60, if I can or will.

(2) Having been compelled to resign the S.R. music, my connection with that noble print may be considered as ended & done. When I tell you that my last quarter's cheque was for £30 you will appreciate the fact at its true significance.

Now comes the question: Having been flung out of journalism, shall I re-enter by another gate? would it not be wiser to accept the position, live within my income, & apply myself to other pursuits? would it not be more [----] provident to give my time & energy all to the great subject, & block out dramas to be finished in the summer & autumn? Answer me that; & you'll
confer a favour. Or rather, think it over, & as soon as I've settled with Tree, expect me down, if it is but for a day, & a talk between breakfast & luncheon.

I was with Clayton some hours yesterday. He seems to have been at the Beau again, & his conviction is that it ought to be played at the Français, where it would be a great success.² Presently (if we've the coins) we are going to try it at a matinée. Meanwhile, Pew is a marvellous good part, the "Admiral" marvellous good reading, & the last act "of an admirable ingenuity". Of Tree's Macaire he's any thing but sure; but if it's worth any thing, the play will succeed greatly. His fear is, that it's too clever for the Barebum's intellectuals, & too well & oddly written for his elocution.

I send you Bob's second S.R.;³ 'twas cut (of course), but not much, & only in the really critical parts. The "Handel" has come in,⁴ & will do finely well, & there's a "Fuseli" in hand:⁵ likewise a treatise on engraving (translation) for C. & Co.⁶ Next Saturday he tackles Berlioz's "Te Deum,"⁷ & we shall see how he handles a big subject. I expect him to night with last Saturday's results.⁸ On the whole, I think we have him.

I rejoice to hear from Colvin that the "Garden" is mashing 'em right & left, & that (according to Bain) a second edition should be in preparation even now.⁹ I
have flaunted these results before the eyes of C. & Co. with much glee. Of the "Dynamiter" in its shilling gown I confess myself afeard; indeed, I've no faith in it at all. You'll have to sell some 20,000 to take a penny more than you've got; & I doubt -- I doubt! Still, I'm glad it's not for the P.M.G., which is simply a Russian paper published in London.

I'm all right; but a poor poor creature. I hope & trust you're by this time ceased from Bludy-Jacky, & are well through the horrors of flitting. Our love to you both, any how.

W.E.H.

1 It would appear that WEH had been asked, or told, to stop reviewing for the S.R.; see W.E.Henley, Letter to Robert Louis Stevenson, 23 April 1885, Beinecke 4037, Yale University.
2 The Comédie Française Theatre.
4 R.A.M.Stevenson, "Handel and his Portraits," The Magazine of Art, 8 (1885), 309-16.
5 No article on Henry Fuseli (Johann Heinrick Fuesali) (1741-1825), artist, appeared in The Magazine of Art.
9 James S. Bain, of Longman's.
10 Possibly spitting blood.
11 RLS's parents had bought a house, "Skerryvore," in Bournemouth, for RLS and Fanny; see Ferguson and Waingrow, p.157, note 5.
Dear Boy,

You are not dead, but sleepeth. Je m'y connais. Take a little rest, & try to be not quite so bloody intellectual. And all will be well.

Today I've walked myself off my legs at the R.A. Bobus is there; but I saw him not. I couldn't get time or energy to look.

All manner of thanks for "Otto". The Chatelaine is bust by it. For me, I've not succeeded as yet in realizing any body save von Rosen. But -- & here's a point you've scored -- I begin to see the play. Your last chapter is (in that way) a revelation. Of which more anon.

The style is generally very good: particularly in the bits of landscape where you seem to me to go sometimes beyond praise. With that of the dialogue I'm not (as yet) so greatly taken. It beats too often with the iambic pulse; it feels too often a little Stevensonian -- a little mannered & dry. The iambic pulse, by the way, is more audible all over the shop than I like to remember: e.g.
In a few white-hot words he bade adieu;
Dubbed desperation by the name of love,
And called his wrath forgiveness; cast but one look
Of leavetaking upon the place that was
No longer to be his, & hurried forth --
Love's prisoner -- or pride's!

This from the accomplished stylist who used to look
down on his Dickens -- the early Dickens; the Dickens
of "Barnaby Rudge" & Little Nell -- is steep. Thus
the whirligig of Time! -- -- --

The "Dynamiter" has come to hand. Much thanks
indeed. I hope Messrs. Cole & Cox will be able to
understand the dedication; I dare say I shall in time.
Humanum est sperare. It only came in yesterday, so
I've not as yet gone far.

I met Yates Thompson at the R.A. He asked after
you, & lamented gently that you'd changed your views so
suddenly & gone into volume form; I said it wasn't my
fault. I also gave him your address.

Wedmore very much agog to know when we mean to
produce the "Beau". Brookfield greatly interested, but
not sanguine. Would like to see it, but wouldn't
venture coins. In love with Anthony. Thinks the play
"too slight" -- "by which," says I, "I suppose you
mean, that you miss the accustomed padding". Begged me
to give him a copy. Shall I? I said I would; but I
don't particularly want to. Give me your casting vote:
I hear & obey.

Saw the Wollock on Monday. I was quite friendly, &
he, having just come from luncheon with the Barebum,
seemed reconciled with life. Little Watson pimping, he
had just submitted his "Chirot" to the Barebum; & the
Barebum had raved to him of "Macaire" & the "Beau". On
these he is quite prepared (I believe) to reconsider
his conclusions. He has also made up his mind that the
Barebum will at once play Chirot. Ce que c'est que de
nous! I know not whether to pity or laugh at him; & I
feel sure that, having got so far as luncheon &
presentation he has ceased (for the moment) from his
jealousy, & is equally undecided about me.

Have you seen or heard of the Taylors? Is there a
chance of receiving me these days? Answer, then dead
elm, answer. And salute James for me. 'Tis a good
fellow, & I wish him well. If I knew his address, I
write & bid him keep you from plying your pen ... Write
soon.

Ever Yours[,]

W.E.H.

[Added by WEH across the top of the letter]

Sargent much on the spot; at G.G. & R.A. both.
Richmond's "Lang" (admirable) to be engraved for M. of
A. Bobus delighted with your good word, & secretly

- 716 -
beginning to hanker after opportunities of art-criticism.

1  Maixner incorrectly attributes this letter to the National Library of Scotland but it is in the Beinecke Collection.
2  A character in Prince Otto.
3  A short syllable followed by a long within a division of poetry called a foot.
4  These lines were revised in the published version of Prince Otto.
5  Charles Dickens, Barnaby Rudge (London: Chapman and Hall, 1841). Little Nell Trent is the heroine in The Old Curiosity Shop.
6  A dedicatory letter to Cole and Cox, two police officers, who removed some dynamite during an Irish plot.
7  The character Anthony Musgrave in Beau Austin.
8  Not identified.
9  Sir Henry Taylor (1800-1886) and Lady Alice Taylor, friends of RLS in Bournemouth.
10  Henry James.
Dear Boy,

I've never writ to you of our dear & good friend's death. I couldn't; it's just too steep.

I've read you in the Academy with gratitude. I hoped to have given you something of the same sort of feeling in the S.R. But Pollock has cut out everything I had to say, & I am shamed before my friends.

'Tis a pity, too, in other ways; for I'm not sure I don't prefer my last picture to yours.

But it can't be helped now. Only, if I'd [----] known of it!

I am thoroughly tired out. Bob says you are very well. There was some idea of a visit to Bournemouth for me; is it yet alive? could you take me after Wednesday next?

I've much to say to you; so if you're not equal to it, let me know, & I'll grind on till you are.

Of course I haven't an idea of asking you to work; but I'd like to lay things before you, & pack the cards for a fresh deal.

Ever Affectionately Yours,

W.E.H.

-718-
In the current S[R]. "The Stupid Party?" was suggested by me. Bob is of course responsible for the Salon, & Story for "Scotch Radicals & the Kirk".

1 Fleeming Jenkin died on 12 June 1885.
My dear Tree,

We have come to the following conclusions about "Macaire".

It is now three and a half five months since "Macaire" was put in your hands; & we think it high time some definite arrangement should be reached.

You will not have forgotten that it was on your suggestion that we undertook this piece entertained the subject; and that it was at your instances, we gave up the work on which we were engaged & on your explicit assurances of an early performance that we gave up the piece through out of hand. Nor need we remind you of how anxious we were to carry you along with us, any more than we need you would require to remind us of [---] of your kind sympathy from the beginning.

Now we are quite aware of the difficulties to wh. an actor in a matter of this kind his [sic] exposed. But we think you will agree with us that after five months we are justified in asking for something like a
definite date & for a perfectly definite fee? in money.

as to the second, you are already aware that we are only prepared to treat for a fee per night for our run. As to the question of time, we think still think of ourselves bound (& we are still happy) to wait for you a reasonable time, [----] that reasonable time must be estimated in view of your explicit assurances already referred to. Five months have [----] elapsed: we propose, supposing us to agree on the pecuniary question, to allow you four months more. We need not add that, on the preparation of a formal document, & on the stipulation of a reasonable fine, we shall be willing to extend this time.

In these affairs, my dear Tree, each side must look to [----] its which is its own. What we have in common, I am sure, we all sincerely appreciate, & hope that we may all three be yet successful in a joint venture is warmly [ ]

Yours Very truly[,,]

W.E.H.

R.L.S.²

¹ Date suggested by McKay, 3, 1097. This is supported by a letter from Tree; see Herbert Beerbohm Tree, Letter to W.E.Henley and R.L.Stevenson, n.d., Beinecke 5885, Yale University.

² The entire letter and both sets of initials are written by WEH.
Dear Boy,

I gave Donaldson the two plays for himself.¹ Tis a groping creature, & far more likely to be touched by Pew than by the Beau. For the rest, he's not to show them to Rosebery;² only the Beau aforesaid.

For the future your command shall be attended to.

Have you received the three copies of the P.M.G.? For Monday, Tuesday, & Wednesday?³ There was never such indignation before as over this new feat of Stead's.⁴ For the rest, he seems to have lost his addle head, & to be going fast to the dogs: as you'll see from Cavendish Bentinck's letter, in the St.Jingo sent herewith.⁵ You shd. have seen the posters: "Virgin Victims[,]" "Horrible Revelations," "London's Vice". Ca sentait son Charles Rosley d'une lieue.⁶

Lang saw a small shoeblack reading the article yesterday to a circle of friends. The fun is, the reader could probably have given points to the writer!

What we all want to know is who's Dr. D -- the hero of the three maids per fortnight? and who, O who! is the Minotaur,⁷ the divourer of the 2000 virginities at five pounds apiece?

- 722 -
Somehow I don't think the Government can, or rather will, interfere. If Stead has really been exploring, he has probably got hold of facts which would upset a good many applecarts; & he's hysterical enough to let 'em out, if they push him far. As it is, he seems to find it dam difficult to name no names [(names)].

The rush for all this twaddle is something awful. Last night the P.M.G. office was all but stormed by the mob of hawkers, who smashed the windows, & had to be kept in order by a special squad of police. As they charge what they like, they've been making (some of 'em) two and three quid a day. Even here, though, the middleman has appeared. Only a few are admitted; these buy the paper at the ordinary rate, & sell 'em wholesale to the others at three ha-pence each.

The fun is that the P.M.G. was old Smith's wedding present to his daughter!!! And for years was Colvin's pet journal!!

I am curious to know about the new play. Why repine for its seriousness? And, Oh foolish boy, why repine for yourself? You are well in health & your prospects have never been fairer. Rest patiently & cheerfully till the machine -- the poor, broken down, hardly used, exhausted machine -- renews itself, when you'll find yourself doing better work than ever. Je m'y connais; & I know that you are fretting in vain.
Ever Affectionately Yours,

W.E.H.

When Valentine's better,11 Ted will come. Glad you like the medallion.12 My compliments to the Bedlamitish one; & I wonder if her idea is any thing like my own? Go carefully through the Bobus his "American Salon" ere you send it.13 You'll save me much trouble. You've flicked up the Whistler admirably.14

1 Not identified.
2 WEH had suggested to RLS in a letter (not found) that they meet Lord Rosebery, though the purpose is not clear; see Fanny Stevenson, Letter to W.E.Henley, [?Autumn] 1884, Beinecke 3710, Yale University.
3 The issues of 6, 7 and 8 July 1885.
4 Stead had exposed the use of young girls for prostitution.
5 B.[?Cavendish Bentinck], Letter, St. James's Gazette, 8 July 1885, p.5. Probably Frederick Cavendish Bentinck (1856-1948), lawyer.
6 Charles Rosley has not been identified.
7 A monster in Greek mythology.
8 2d.
10 Not identified.
11 Valentine Roche, the Stevensons' French maid.
12 Not identified.
14 Not identified.
Letter No. 189  To Fanny Stevenson
MS: Beinecke 4882

18 Camden Gardens[,]  
Shepherds Bush W.  
24 August 1885

Have a little charity, do! A little charity for one who is fairly knocked up with work, & cannot see his way to any thing.

The "Sleeper" is a good thing, but even more of an innovation than the "Beau".¹ Ted has the wit to see & like it; but Ted has no theatre, & is in despair of getting one. In the same way, if you don't leave the writing to us, it will cease to be the "Sleeper". Ask Jones if you like;² you will hang yourself if he takes it in hand.

As I wrote, I am struggling on as well as I can until Louis shall be brisk enough to tackle the chanteur.³ If I break down, ( & I've had no real holiday since you two returned to England -- since Hyères, in fact) & have to go away alone, I shall take the Sleeper or the other thing with me, & work at it in solitude.

As for Louis, he's all right. Keep him quiet, & don't let him read or talk. And you'll see. You are so accustomed to the brilliant man of letters, that --- let,let.

- 725 -
Ever Affectionately Yours,

W.E.H.

Don't forget that thing for Cassell. I assume you'll collaborate in it. Why not start at once, instead of poll-parrotting about the Sleeper?

1  An unidentified play.
2  Probably H.A. Jones.
3  Not identified.
4  In a letter to RLS, in July 1885, WEH states that he had been asked by Cassell and Co. to suggest "a certain commission" to RLS; see W.E. Henley, Letter to Robert Louis Stevenson, 26 July 1885, Beinecke 4843, Yale University. The subject has not been identified.
My dear Mrs. Louis,

Your letter has dashed our spirits dreadfully. We hoped all was over; & lo! tis bad as ever. I don't know what to recommend save courage & hope. I have both for you; but tis easy: I see nothing. You see & suffer everything; & it must be harder to bear than any of us can know.

Courage, all the same, & hope. It will come right presently, & we must be more careful in the future. Louis has talked too much, & seen too many people, & loved too much generally, these last few months. When we get him right again, we must avoid that sort of thing. You must watch over as at Wenslydale & Bonallie.

I can't help blaming myself for a share in it. I wouldn't have come, if I'd known the painter was coming. Twas my misfortune, not my fault. When I left the pair alone the next day (Monday), I thought to do for the best; & I hear that, in my absence, Louis read poetry, all afternoon. I think we all of us go mad at times. If I'd [(I'd)] been sane, I should have cleared out as soon as I found the portrait in hand.
As I didn't, I can't be exonerated.

As it is, I'm sorry the portrait had to be preferred to the play. I can't get a good grip of the situations; & I mean to work all I can at it in this holiday; Ted seems so sanguine of its success I can do no less than try. I reckon, though, I won't do much, as I've been living on phosphates for weeks; & before I started them I knew, for the first time, what it is to have nerves. However, I've cleared the decks all round, & am almost ready for a start. I shall return about the 30th, & do nothing at all or do some of the play meanwhile. My address will be 10 Spring Gardens, Abbey Hill, Edinburgh. I shall probably stay a part of the time with Baxter; but that, if you don't hear otherwise, will always find me.

Tell Louis, with my love, that I doubt this criminal business won't come off, so you need not bother your heads about it; this year at least. Also, that I want him to send me his Over the Hills & Far Away verses, when he can transcribe them, for the M. of A. Also that this time I hope to do something for both of us, in the play line. Also that I can get nothing out of Tree, who simply declines to answer letters, or commit himself in any way. Also that on my return I promise the said India Rubber plant a rude awakening. Also that whatever happens I am his & your friend always.

- 728 -
The Meredith picture gains ground. W.H.P. has supplicated to be allowed to join the executive. He suggests Jack Collier (an ardent Meredithian), & I like the suggestion much. No more will be done till the end of the month; when we shall all go at it with a will. I had my hand forced over Gosse. Morison & Colvin both attacked me; & I had to give in. Meanwhile, I've had a kind message from G.M., & am presently to meet him. I hope I'll be in better form when I do. I can't even talk; & Ted has to sustain the family in my stead.

He (Ted) is despondent. Disappointment upon disappointment, & no shop yet. If he hadn't had the hard work of preparing Hake for his "Gordon" lecture he'd have broken down, too. He sends his love & his best wishes are with you.

I could write more, but I am neck deep in final arrangements. Colvin complains bitterly of your silence, & so does Coggie. Mind Katharine pursues her translations; it's really a serious matter.

Ever Affectionately Yours,

W.E.H.

Bob scored off Birmingham, & is to have special terms for his articles, besides expenses.

1 WEH had overwritten 3 with 5 in the date.
2 Presumably Fanny's letter of August 1885; see Fanny - 729 -
Stevenson, Letter to W.E.Henley, [August 1885], Beinecke 3713, Yale University. RLS had been haemorrhaging while on holiday in Exeter.

3 Sargent.

4 WEH was at this address until 25 September 1885; see W.E.Henley, Letter to Katharine de Mattos, 4 September 1885, Beinecke 4675, Yale University.

5 This has not been identified.


7 No reference has been found of a portrait of Meredith being commissioned at this time.

8 The Hon. Jack Collier (1850-1934), painter.

9 James Cotter Morison (1832-1888), scholar and writer. Friend of Meredith.

10 A.E.Hake was preparing a lecture on General Gordon; see Letter No. 191, 16 October 1885, note 6.

11 Katharine de Mattos was asked to take over the translation of Henri Delaborde's La Gravure from Bob Stevenson. "He [Bob] will revise your work, & see that the technical parts are correct; & he will give you £20 of the £30 wh. he is to receive"; see W.E.Henley, Letter to Katharine de Mattos, 21 August 1885, Beinecke 4673, Yale University.

Letter No. 191 To Robert Louis Stevenson
MS: Beinecke 4845

[18 Camden Gardens,
Shepherds Bush W.]
16 October 1885

Dear Boy,

Herewith Athenaeum, with an article of mine on the new volume of Thackeray;¹ & to-night's St. James's with the Merry Andrew on Alexander Dumas.² Of course I had conversed with him on the subject ere the letter was written; but that's no matter. The thing is, that he has come off nobly. I am sure he will please you; so I send him. I think (if I might advise an eminent literary man) I think you might write & congratulate him

How do you like "King Solomon's Mines"?³ I think it's blamed good. Not art, of course; but a good deal of blazing imagination.

Where is the Infant Samivel?⁴ He cometh not: nor any news of his coming. Why tarryth his hansom? Why tarry the wheels of his hansom?

I am wearying for a sight of you, & soon I shall try to compass one. Not this month, maybe; for I am deravé. But soon.

The Meredith scheme goes on bravely. G.M. has uttered a kind of nolo episcopari; but of course we don't take that for an answer. Harrison goes down to
Box Hill to-morrow; & next week there is (I believe) to be a general meeting at the monument. Of all which things anon.

I think I've succeeded in nailing Bob's ear to the S.R. He has resumed his function as a musical critic, & Pollock is anxious to get him on about pictures.

Hake's success as a lecturer is startling. He had 4000 people at Birmingham, & an ovation at the end: they stood up & shouted at him. As for Edinburgh, Charles was impressed by him to the point of persuading [him] to return in November, & speak in the Music Hall on alternate nights with the Old Man Flatulent himself. He has (in fact) temperament. C'est moi qui te le dis!

When is one to have of your news? What are you doing? and how are you faring? Let it be soon.

Ever Affectionately Yours,

W.E.H.

Did I tell you I found C.B. ferré on the Subject of Greek plays, & preferring the "Oedipus Coloneus" (de beaucoup) to "Lear"?

---

2 Andrew Lang, "Letters to Eminent Authors. XII. To Alexander Dumas," The St.James's Gazette, 16 October 1885, p.6.
3 Rider Haggard, King Solomon's Mines (London: Cassell and Co., 1885). Henry Rider Haggard - 732 -
(1856-1925), traveller and novelist, well-known for his stories of South Africa. WEH was instrumental in getting Cassell to publish the book; see Newman Flower, p.76.

4 Presumably Sam Osbourne.
5 Frederick Harrison went to Meredith's home.
6 Lecture on General Gordon by A.E. Hake at the Town Hall, Birmingham, 9 October 1885; see "Gordon at Khartoum," The Birmingham Post, 10 October 1885, p.6, col.7. The Birmingham Post, a daily paper, 4 December 1857-present.
7 Hake gave his lecture in Edinburgh on 5 October 1885; see "Lecture on General Gordon," The Scotsman, 6 October 1885, p.4, col.7. No lecture was given in November. The "Man Flatulent" has not been identified.
8 Oedipus at Colonus, a play by the Greek dramatist Sophocles (496 B.C.-406 B.C.).
Letter No. 192  To Robert Louis Stevenson
MS: Beinecke 4846

[18 Camden Gardens, Shepherds Bush W.]
Tuesday.
[November 1885]

Dear Boy,

Only just up. So I've time for not more than a general acknowledgement of every thing.

I don't understand your letter at all. What have I to do with your indecency? or with the over- or under praising you are like to get? where does childishness come in? Enfin, what's it all about? You might be more explicit & particular with a cove.

"Otto" shall go to-morrow to Tauchnitz. The Chatelaine is now perusing it: with delight apparently. As for me, when it came I was deep in the terrific Dostoyeffsky, & I've not yet been able to face it. I shall ask it of W.H.P. any how; so I shall be sure to let you know what I think of it.

I hope the Bedlamitish One has communicated our latest thoughts about plays? As soon as may be, I shall come down, & talk over the campaign with you. If it's to be singlehanded, well! and if not, well likewise! Between now & this time next year we must [ ] some how; & that's enough.

You might send me the MS. of "Father & Son". Every
body seems to think it might do as it is, or thereabouts. If it should (I forget it entirely) there's no reason at all why the Convict & the "House Divided[""] shouldn't follow in due course. They are both original enough to stand, even though "F. & S[.] were the greatest success of its day.

I can't talk about Dostoyeffsky I've no time. But the book is a book, & no mistake. Marmeladoff & his family seem to me about as terrific as they make 'em. And the Bourgeois! and Svidrigailoff! And the juge! And those dreams! -- I haven't got over 'em yet.

Do please write to me now & then. You shall hear further the moment I can shake through my work. But I've lost a week, & for the moment am dam busy.

Ever Affectionately Yours,

W.E.H.

1 Dated by McKay, 4, 1414.
2 Fyodor Mikhailovich Dostoevsky (1821-1881), Russian novelist. WEH was probably reading the latest edition of Dostoevsky's Crime and Punishment (London: Vizetelly, 1886) which he was reviewing; see [W.E.Henley], Rev. of Crime and Punishment, by F.M.Dostoevsky, The Athenaeum, 16 January 1886, pp.99-100.
3 WEH did not review Prince Otto for the S.R, but for The Athenaeum; see [W.E.Henley], Rev. of Prince Otto, by Robert Louis Stevenson, The Athenaeum, 21 November 1885, pp.663-64.
My dear Mrs. Louis,

I am whole, & need not a physican of any sort.

I like "Otto," on the whole, much. But was it worth the trouble? C'est ce que je me demande?

Ask Louis to write me his impression of Archer.¹

And about the proposal to give Chatto the refusal of "Mr. Jekyll".² Colvin agrees with me that it is only fair & decent it shd. be made.

I saw the portrait yesterday -- the Sargent. 'Tis a good enough picter in its own way; but no portrait of any body, or any thing save a walk & a gesture.

What's the good news about Teddy [(Teddy)]? I know it not.

I wrote long since that your proposal anent the "Admiral" is worthless; that anent the Russian excellent.

The next plays done nobody shall read: not even you & the Châtelaine.

Our love to you both.

Affectionately Yours,

W.E.H.

Colvang is mad about "Otto". I'm not. And you?

- 736 -

2 RLS had already signed a contract with Longmans on 3 November 1885 for book publication; see Swearingen, pp.98-102. Robert Louis Stevenson, *Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* (London: Longmans, Green and Co., 1886.)
Dear Boy,

You might have sent the George's letter.¹ Do try & let me have it in the course of post. I want it particularly.

I've flamed a good deal about "Otto" for next week's Assinaeum; but with reserves. It appeals to me chiefly as a piece of art: not, I think, as an expression of humanity, though I own to certain weaknesses for it in that direction too. However, you'll see what I've said of it -- or what is left of what I've said of it; & not, I hope, be discontent.²

The album is rum work.³ I am too seedy (I've a fine rollicking influenza) to tackle it at once; & besides, I reserve. I want the portrait, & I mean to have it. If you write, say that I promise him the album on condition that he sits for the picture. Du reste, you'll have the Archangel next week, & you may discuss it with him. I beg you not to depart from the portrait notion. Remember, we want, not so much one of the most curious productions of the age, as the picture, for ourselves & our children, of one of the age's greatest writers.

- 738 -
As you say, I want a change; & badly. But lord knows when I'll get it. I think I'll make a shot for it when Colvin leaves you. By which time I'll be uninfluenzaed and able to approach with safety.

Ever Affectionately Yours[,]  

W.E.H.

Herewith Academy; note marked par in "Gossip".\(^4\)

We saw "Mayfair" last night:\(^5\) a piece of carrion, badly dressed with chloride of lime[.]. What liars the critics are, too! Brookfield is poorer than poor; & Hare merely commonplace. Yet they two [sic] got the fat, & they alone. Madge,\(^6\) on the other hand, does things no other living woman could do; & they gave her scarce a word of praise. We applauded like mad.

Cartwright (our Leslie) plays Lord Salgrave -- the lover. He was engaged at a low salary in Ted's name, & the crux of the piece put into his hands. It was false economy. Ted would have played the part like an angel, & might have saved the piece.

How nobly are we avenged!

---

1 Not identified.
2 RLS was not happy with the review in which UEH tried unsuccessfully to mask his true feelings that the book was not very good. His attempts at praise seemed to be insincere and RLS felt that it might be better if UEH did not review him in future; see Maixner, pp.187-88.
3 The subject matter of this paragraph has not been identified.
4 "Notes and News," The Academy, 7 November 1885, -739-.
p.306. A note that RLS was writing a story which
was not published until the end of 1887; see Robert
Louis Stevenson, "The Misadventures of John
Cassell's Christmas Annual (London: Cassell and
Co., December 1887), pp.3-12. Yule Tide. Being
Cassell's Christmas Annual, 1886-1900. Mayfair, by
A.W.Pinero, at the St.James's Theatre from 31
October 1885 to 2 January 1886.

Mrs.Kendal.
Letter No. 195  To Robert Louis Stevenson
MS: Beinecke 4849

[18 Camden Gardens, Shepherds Bush W.]
14 November 1885

Dear Boy,

Herewith S.R. & Athenaeum, which will give you some amusing comparisons: between Bobus & Maurice Pollock, & myself & Andrew Lang.¹

My note on "At the Sign of the Lyre" is a little cut; but I hope my "Otto" gets off as easily.

Ever Yours,

W.E.H.

What think you of the Archer buddy?²

Bobus wants to resign the music. If you were to write him promiscuous what you think of his works, it might divert him from the folly.


2 A reference to Archer's article on RLS in Time.
Letter No. 196 To Robert Louis Stevenson
MS: Beinecke 4851

MAGAZINE OF ART LA BELLE SAUVAGE YARD,
LUDGATE HILL,
LONDON, E.C.
18 November 1885

Dear Boy,

I've had to use your "gauger" in a sudden emergency; without a picture. I call it "A Song of the Road". ¹

Caldecott's gone to Florida; so the picture wouldn't have been his any how.

If you've ought to suggest in the way of corrections, let's have 'em by return.

Ever Yours,

W.E.H.

¹ WEH's title for the poem was retained by RLS; see Janet Adam Smith, p.111.
Dear Boy,

What I regret is the descant upon comedy & romance elements, which is just what the Ass. should have been first to recognize; & the blasted trivialities of style which have got themselves grafted on to me & mine.

The impression should have been more luminous & complete; the effect stronger & better balanced. But if you are pleased, & I think you are, I've no right to complain.

Tis the first time I've done you for the Ass; & I did not seek the occasion[.] It came by itself.

The great gain, which is my work, is the treatment of "Otto" in a special article; & not as a common "New Novel".

Now it's all over, I'm devilish glad it has appeared. It will do the book much good, & entirely contradicts the effect in the S.R.²

W.E.H.

Don't you think Bob is coming on?

1 Mackay, 4, 1415, dates this as November 1885. The letter was written after 21 November 1885; see note 2 below.

2 "Four Novels," The Saturday Review, 21 November 1885, pp.690-91. This was an unfavourable review.
[18 Camden Gardens, 
Shepherds Bush W.]
6 December 1885

Dear Boy,

Ted dined with his manager on Friday night. Hawtrey knows "Macaire" by heart already; is inventing scenes for it; & calls the book his vade mecum.

We think our chance has come at last; & are plunged (a fact!) in the deepest gloom.

We read him the "Beau" on Tuesday.

Ever Affectionately Yours[,] 

W.E.H.

It is just possible that H. may ask us to write the extravaganza: "The Moral Mephistopheles[.]

1 No such play was written.
My dear Mrs. Louis,

I had hoped for better news. How I admire your courage! I will not despair either. The sound of that cough is dreadful; but, for all that, I am with you. Give Louis my love, & tell him that, if he gives way, there can be no more British Drama, & that, if he will still be brave & unselfish, there can & will.

I know not what to do about coming down. Advise me what I should. It might be well to come next week; & much better to wait a few days, & come down for Christmas & -- perhaps -- New Year. In that, as in every thing else just now, we must steer ourselves with by Hawtrey's compass, & for a sight of that I must wait a day or two yet. He may turn up here to-night; or he may not. Let us wait & see.

Should all go well, dear friends, our chance [(chance)] has come. It will not do for it to find the chief of us wanting. He must get well, & he shall. Two years of plays, & he will be a rich man, & ten times as famous as #/## before.

I intend to ask £20 a week for "Macaire". Tree's offer, as you see, was a trifle under the mark. I know
it in this way: Hawtrey was willing to pay £20 a week for a bad two-act burlesque. That being the case, he can hardly object to give as much for a three-act farce, in which he believes right down to the ground. If we can take on the "Replies to" as well\(^1\) -- as God send we may! -- it will be worth £10 per week more: £30 a week in all. Which were worth having.

But these are all calculations in the air. The best is to wait & see. It must all be settled within the next few days. I wouldn't talk so plainly & explicitly if I think it would amuse you.

I sent the story to Payn.\(^2\) He says it's "very pretty & touching, but too sad" for him. So I've sent it to the Andrew, for Longman's. Did I tell you, by the way, that E.J. is also an author? His immortal work, "An American Lock-Up", has been accepted for the Cornhill.\(^3\) The proof came in the other night, when Bob & he & I were suffering below stairs. It was on the MS of your story, I regret to say; but of that the poet took no heed. He arose, & danced a dance; & then, examining his production, found it had been a little depleted, & he fell to cursing violently, as to the manner born. Omnibus hoc vitium; 'tis the common complaint. We will not be edited, not we. We don't mind editing; but at the other we draw the line.

Tell Louis I've about eighty vols. of Alick the Great;\(^4\) & ask if he'd like me to bring or send any
down. I've most of the "Impressions de Voyage"; if he knows them not, he may proceed to batten forthwith.

That's all for the present. I am half-dead, poor as Job, wicked as his wife, & withered & pinched with cold. But I am, as always, your friend,

W.E.H.

1 Presumably further productions a week.
2 Not identified.
3 This story was not published until 1893 and has been attributed to WEH; see [W.E.Henley], "An American Lock-Up," Cornhill Magazine, n.s. 21 (September 1893), 290-98. The attribution is given in The Wellesley Index to Victorian Periodicals, 1824-1900, 5 vols. Ed. Walter E.Houghton et al. (London and Henley: Routledge and Kegan Paul, 1966-1989), 1, 395, item 2901.
4 Dumas, père.
5 Alexander Dumas, Impressions de Voyage published 1841-1865.
6 An Old Testament character who lost his wealth.
Letter No. 200 To Brander Matthews

MS: Columbia MS Coll. B. Matthews

18 Camden Gardens,
Shepherds Bush W.
24 December 1885

Dear Matthews,

All manner of thanks to you. If the offer comes I shall be gratified.\(^1\) Whether I accept or reject it, to have had it made will be always a real pleasure.

I am going to send Louis the "Last Meeting."\(^2\) Whatever he says of it you shall hear. For myself, I've read it with interest & a certain pleasure. It is dreadfully like you talk; that’s my chief objection to it. Not that I don't like your talk; you know very well that I do. But talk is talk & writing's writing, & both are best in their proper places.

What I complain of is a certain constancy of smartness -- a cackle of cleverness that goes on all the time like [(like)] the noise of an electrical spark. Everybody's so diabolishly éveillé, so infernally neat & on the spot, that I get tired of you, & them, as I do of a high-spirited lunch table at the Savile. I long for a few brilliant flashes of stupidity; I am tired of being amused, & cry out to be interested & stirred; & I beg of you when next you write [----] romance, to forget that you are yourself, & that melodrama needn't sparkle to be affecting, but
affects the more, the solider it feels & the less glittering it looks.

All this is very brutal, no doubt; but you ask, & I answer. Forgive me if my response is a hit.

Ever Yours,

W.E.H.

There are hopes that ere long my brother may appear as our Macaire. Say nought about it till it's sure. Meanwhile, what of Dark Days? And did you see & like the tramp of our excellent Edmund Grace.

[Added by WEH at the top left of the letter] Tis old fashioned, I know; but I can't help wishing you the good old-world wishes proper to the time of year.

---

1 This was probably an offer to WEH to write for The Century.
3 Dark Days, a play by Comyns Carr and Hugh Conway, at the Theatre Royal from 26 September 1885 to 19 December 1885.
4 In Dark Days.
Dear Boy,

The enclosed, from Warner, should please you. It refers, of course, to the "Rubies";¹ but it seems to mean that if the "Rubies" won't do, the Convict or Old Glory may.

The reason of it is this. I told Anthony something of the melo;² & he was much taken with it, that he insisted on my writing off to Warner at once. Which I did.

He (C.W.) has been working in trick scenes at the Adelphi for years, & has probably got sick of 'em. When I come down, we'll draft the "Rubies" & the "Convict" any how; & see what he thinks of the tip.

Happy days are in store for the hartis!

W.E.H.

¹ [The] King's Rubies, a projected play by WEH and RLS; see Letter No. 205, 25 February 1886.
² Anthony Henley.
Dear Boy,

On reflection, I see no reason to despair, even of the "Rubies". The objections to the first three acts can be removed; with a stroke of the pen. The fourth & fifth tabloos [sic] must be reinvented bodily; the sixth is good enough for any thing. On the whole, it may turn out a trump card yet.

As for Warner, 'tis advisable, I think, that we should not resign his interest on a single rebuff. He's to be in town for a fortnight yet; & I should like to try him with another. The Convict might suit him; a revised "Deacon" would certainly get him. Enfin, we might meet & consult. He wants a play; badly. And he believes in us.

So (if one may believe him) do Jones, Moy Thomas, Everybody. Only we seem to them a trifle crackbrained & wilful. They are always expecting us to come off; & they will be surprized when we do. That's about the size of it.

Hawtrey is to call here to-morrow morning. Of him anon.

I shall take the "Masterpieces" to Longman.¹

Letter No. 202   To Robert Louis Stevenson
MS: Beinecke 4855

[18 Camden Gardens,
Shepherds Bush W.]
20 January 1886

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Cassell don't see the reason of it at all; & doubt greatly if it can be used in schools.

Lang opines that Jovate will do;² & suggests, as a second classic, the Death of Socrates, from the "Phaedo";³ in which case I most heartily agree. He scoffs at the notion, too, that the "Redgauntlet" story is too Scotch;⁴ & there I'm with him again, to the hilt.

I may not find time to get down this week. If I don't, it will be (if you want me) on Monday of next.

Katharine passes to the S.R., & is to have a chance on the Athenaeum.

Ever Affectionately Yours,

W.E.H.

Comyns Carr received a thousand for the MS. of "Dark Days", before it was put into rehearsal.

---

1 This would appear to be a projected series of classic books.
2 Not identified.
3 "The Death of Socrates" from Plato's Phaedo.
My dear Archer,

I am glad indeed that you think so well of the "Beau". Tis a serious disappointment, of course, to project a joint & find you've only produced an entrée. But to disappointments in this particular line we are getting hardened. I will own to you, moreover, that we have yet a certain faith in the "B.A.", & mean to keep him on hand some time still. Otherwise, I believe your plan of publication would suit us down to the ground.¹

I agree with what you say about the abruptness & slenderness of the thing. I fear it's an ineradicable defeat; for to go back on dead work is to me impossible & hateful. The other objection I don't take on. We are not sure that Dorothy is damned in her single fault.² Indeed, our position towards the Penshurst business is not that of any but ourselves;³ & I doubt we shall never win followers, or be persuaded of the errors of our own ways. Which leaves things at a deadlock no Beefeater may do away withal.⁴

By all means send the book to your brother.⁵ Only let me have it back some time or other[.] I should be delighted to ask you to keep it. But I've almost none
in hand.

The "Macaire" cloud-castle has vanished into air -- into thin air. In the autumn we hope to pull the production off; but -- !! We have a promise, & we are preparing to work up to that promise. But in theatres there is no safety; & it may be that we are only laying up failures for the near future.

By the way, if you are game to read the said "Macaire", tis very heartily at your service.

I will not forget the poet Gosse; I shall have opportunity to talk about it on Wednesday. On Thursday I go down to Bournemouth for the rest of the week. I am sending on your letter later to-night.

Always Sincerely Yours,

W.E.G.

1 Nothing is known of this.
2 Dorothy Musgrave in Beau Austin.
3 Penshurst is mentioned once in the play; see Beau Austin, Act 1, Sc. iii.
4 A warder of the Tower of London.
5 Not identified: Archer had four brothers.
Dear Boy,

Please deal with the two enclosures from M. le Baron T.

As soon as I could, I went off today to consult with the Colvangle. He had thought of it, too; & had it not been that, in his view & by his thirteen years' practise, the object of the chair is historical & archaeological, he would have pushed the Bobus before any one. As it is, he is divided between Henry Middleton (who ought to get the chair) & Martin Conway, & could only give Bob a testimonial. Others could be had, of course, from Pollock, from myself, from Legros, from you; but I doubt if they would have any weight with the electors, who are all of em [cut] of an [sic] spear. On the whole, there fore, I conclude that the less said about it the better: that Bob has not the ghost of a chance this time, & that though would do himself no harm by candidating, he would have a world of trouble for very little good.

I am amazed to hear of the non-arrival of the books. They were sent off the same day as the "Mousquetaires"; not by post, but per P.D.C. You had
better enquire about them; as there's no ready money to get more.

I hear that Arthur Balfour is mad about Otto;\(^5\) & other swells besides. I fear I shall have to discontinue your society; owing to incapacity to live up to such a nob.

Anderson has writ to Japan for the big Hiroshige;\(^6\) it's just possible there may be one going. Meanwhile, to stay on cravings, he desires me to accept some loose sheets, which have just come in. I've not yet looked at them; but you shall share.

Let me know, if the books have turned up meanwhile, what you decide to do; for I hunger to send in an ultimatorium to Longman; \textit{au plus veto}.

I fear that to read Warner the Rubies was a mistake. He hasn't yet replied to my demand for an appointment.

I asked the practical Jones about electrical lights on Saturday night. He says to hell with 'em. They are worse than useless; & you'd need to have a workman constantly on the premises looking after them. He advises a new gas-burner which cost £2; save you gas; & give the light of ten or twelve jets. Of which -- particularly suitable, it seems, for the lighthouse -- more anon.

Ever Affectionately Yours[,]  
W.E.H.  

- 756 -
This should reach you first delivery on Tuesday.

[Added by WEH at right angles at the top left of the letter] The book-parcel contained all G.W.M.Reynolds. Hence my last nights allusion to brandade.
Letter No. 205  To Robert Louis Stevenson
MS: Beinecke 4857
18 Camden Gardens[,]  
Shepherds Bush W.  
25 February 1886

Dear Boy,

I've just read the draft of "Honour & Arms" to E.J.  
I never realz [sic] before, so fully, what bloody fools  
we are ῶδε ῶδε about our own work. There's our best --  
well invented, well made, touching honourable; worthy  
of the "Genial Memory" it's inscribed to.¹ And for  
near two years it has been kicking about your shelves,  
& the whole world starving for a romantic play.

And to think that the other day I staked our all --  
& lost -- on such an aboration as the "King's Rubies"!  
Ce que c'est que de nous!

E.J. is enthousiasmé. He sees himself & old Jack  
Maclean on the spot throughout.² He purposes to read  
it to Hawtrey as soon as ever he can lay hands on him.

Ce que c'est que de nous! Que nous sommes des fous  
sanguinaires tout le même.³

Ever Affectionately Yours,

W.E.H.

¹ The dedicatee is unidentified.
² Jack Maclean (?1835-1890), actor.
³ "What bloodthirsty fools we really are."
Letter No. 206  To Robert Louis Stevenson

MS: Beinecke 4859

[18 Camden Gardens,
Shepherds Bush W.]

6 March 1886

Dear Boy,

Journals herewith. How are you? We have killed the bloody Wiscount, & sent the corp. to Cassell.¹
Hake's new journal promises.² He is grateful no end for your name. Have you a copy of verse, or any thing, would do for the first number?³ Let me know soon.

When do you begin to publish the "D.B."⁴ Answer in due course of post. I want to announce it in the next Assineum.

The news worsens; losing flesh & nourished by injections.⁵ Baxter's a good man, I think.

Ever Affectionately Yours,

W.E.H.

¹ Not identified.
² The State, a weekly, 10 April 1886-1 July 1886.
³ Robert Louis Stevenson, "The Sick Child [poem]," The State, 10 April 1886, pp.15-16.
⁴ Revised edition "For Private Circulation only."
⁵ Baxter's wife, Grace, was ill. In a letter to RLS the previous day WEH wrote: "In Edinburgh things are worsening steadily. I remain at home next week; to start if I'm wanted." See W.E.Henley, Letter to Robert Louis Stevenson, 5 March 1886, Beinecke 4858, Yale University.
Letter No. 207 To Robert Louis Stevenson

MS: Beinecke 4862

[18 Camden Gardens, Shepherds Bush W.]

[?18 March 1886]

Who the devil is Bernard Shaw? I've been at him all morning: with astonishment & delight. He feels like a new force in fiction.

I thought of coming down this Saturday; but I fear I can't.

I fear that Sam has misled you. Assuredly he has if he says that it was only a Blow Out. I think you'd have enjoyed it.

Ever Yours,

W.E.H.


2 Probably Shaw's Cashel Byron's Profession (London: Modern Press, 1886); see Williamson, p.152.

3 Not identified.
Letter No. 208 To Robert Louis Stevenson

MS: Beinecke 4860

[18 Camden Gardens, Shepherds Bush W.]

8 May 1886

Dear Boy,

Herewith S.R. (two articles of Bob's)\(^1\) Athenaeum, Academy, & Critic,\(^2\) with a note on Sir Henry Taylor (in my London letter) & sundry references to R.L.S.

Have you seen The State? The review of Vernon Lee (3 cols) is by nobody less than la De M.\(^3\)

A fine little scandal is toward. A certain article, on "Author Critics" in the current S.R.,\(^4\) appears to have galled the animal; also to be ascribed to yours truly. In The Stage of this week,\(^5\) is a very spiteful paragraph, accusing me of (1) being the dramatic critic of the S.R.; (2) being the ditto of The State; & (3) writing the article on my brother's performance in The Pickpocket.\(^6\) All are untrue. Hence we demand an apology, with the alternative of proceedings. For the next step, see the first para. of the notice of Clito in the current S.R.\(^7\)

I must see & discuss with Hawtrey ere I discuss the Sleeper. It isn't saleable enough to do on spec.

Love to you all. Louisa has been very ill, & is still abed.\(^8\) I am dead beat. Bob and Katharine are
quite the successful journalists.

Ever Affectionately Yours,

W.E.H.
Dear Boy,

The new book is excellent: one of your happiest & soundest works.

I met Watts at the club yesterday (of which Bob is now a member, by the way) & don't despair of making him write about you.

The theatre hangs on. The Duke sent down another hundred-&-fifty last Monday, & is earnest & constant in encouraging the manager not to give up. He has promised to try & form a syndicate; we shall know the results to-night. Last Saturday, too, the whole company sent in an address, volunteering to play this week for nothing: which is surely as fine a compliment as manager ever received. Added to which the "Mephisto" now goes like fire. Even Anthony is bust by it, & swears 'tis the best treasure he has seen for years. So that if the money comes in, we are safe.

The secret of Scribner is a secret of Polichinelle. Matthews knows all about the thing, & doubts if it will at all come off. Says, moreover, that, if it does, it will plunge for the American public, & leave England untapped for years. All which
may or may not be true. Anyway, I've said nothing to
discover one way or other.

Matthews will see you later on. He is enchanted to
be asked.

Hamilton Bruce writes offering coins if I want
'em. And Huish invites co-operation on the *Art
Journal;* of which something may come, & which,
meanwhile, has consternated the Firm no end. Every
body is very kind & sympathetic, & everybody very
angry with the Firm, which will find (I fear) some
difficulty in getting writers.

Our visit was delightful to us both; & we are all
the happier & better for it. I am still Byronic, but
I hope to mend; which I did not before.

Your praise of Katharine's letters gave me an idea.
Don't you think the correspondence might be redacted
into a sort of comic *nouvelle* in letters? to go
in fifteen or twenty pages of the *Cornhill,* & be
impressed on Jammy Payn by one or other of us? Think
it out, dear boy, & let me -- or rather her -- know if
the prospect smiles upon you. If it don't, no matter.

Ever Affectionately Yours,

W.E.H.

You might your wife to send us the address let for the
silken shirts.

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Kidnapped was published on 14 July 1886.

See [T.Watts-Dunton], Rev. of Kidnapped, by Robert Louis Stevenson, The Athenaeum, 14 August 1886, pp.197-98.

WEH's play Mephisto was at the Royalty Theatre from 14 June 1886 to 3 July 1886. WEH wrote under the name Byron McGuiness; see Connell, p.107, who, however, incorrectly gives the year 1887. The Duke has not been identified.

Amilcare Ponchielli (1834-1886), Italian opera composer, best known for his opera La Gioconda (1876). The reference to Scribner has not been identified.

Brander Matthews.

Robert T(homas) Hamilton Bruce (1846-1899), an Edinburgh collector of fine art. He was a close friend of RLS and WEH and later became one of the backers of The Scots Observer; see Letter No.260, 19 January 1889.

WEH was fighting a constant battle with the directors of The Magazine of Art and in August 1886 he resigned; see Liela Rumbaugh Greiman, "William Ernest Henley & The Magazine of Art," Victorian Periodicals Review, 16, 2 (Summer 1983), 53-64.

The Henleys had stayed with the Stevensons.

Nothing came of this.
Dear Boy,

I've been other than myself these many weeks; so you must forgive me if my behaviour seem strange. I, too, am sorry; I, too, am disappointed. I thought that, for once, I was doing wisely, in electing not to come. Sam told me of the dinner at Morven;¹ I remembered your last break-down; I knew there would be much talk, as usual; & I decided to refrain. And now it appears my sacrifice has gone for nothing! That you may not be going after all! That we've mistrysted damnably! It's enough to make one selfish for the rest of one's days.

Things are looking up a little. This note of Scribners is promising;² & I am negotiating with the Art Journal, so that I shan't be utterly penniless. These last days, too, I am better in health & mind. I have lost my old virtues, but not, I hope, irrevocably. Happy days are (may be) in store for the pore hartis still.

There is but one opinion about Kidnapped. The severe Hannay himself is enchanted with it. I met him yesterday, & says he to me: "Upon my soul (says he)
Allan Breck is as good a Highlander as there is in Sir Walter."³ Says I to him, in a whisper, "Confess (says I) that that's not saying enough; Sir Walter's Highlanders are not good; & Allan Breck is worth the lot." Says he to me, "You're right; but we mustn't say so in public." Etcetra --, etcetra. Henry James, Lang, Colvin -- every one to whom I've spoken or of whom I've heard -- all are in a tall. And if David doesn't double the cape of 20,000 I am a fool.⁴

Of course the Longman thing was written to draw Charles Baxter;⁵ I want to make him answer the challenge in a letter to Lang. Lang would probably print his communication, & the [?advert.] would do no harm. Twig? He (C.B.) is pleased with the dedication;⁶ & with the terms in which I've dealt with it in the Critic,⁷ & of which I hope your Highness also will deign to approve.

I met Miss Gilder yestern,⁸ & had a long talk with her. A kindly intelligent woman, with a pleasant face & amiable manners. She has been scouring Europe with Miss Kellogg, the prima donna,⁹ & returns to the States to-morrow (Thursday). Her great regret is not to have seen the noble R.L.S. Her brothers (she informs me) are Stevensonians of the acutest type. The letters, it appears, are a great success; & Richard, after reading the first, rushed round to Joe, in great excitement, & told him that he'd "struck it rich in the matter of
London correspondence". Which is very gratifyin' to be sure.

I am giving Meredith a clinker in the next *Athenaeum*, in respect of *Rhoda Fleming*. I hope he'll read it. If all goes well, I shall make him the subject of my next letter.

I agree with Scribners that you should stick to your old title for your new edition; & suggest that you add your new title as a sub & see that the book is advertised as both.

Are those letters of Katharine's any good? This is the third time of asking.

A world of thanks for the cheque. I fear I shall have to return it. I've put things off too long, & must stay in town to pass the September part of the magazine. I leave for Paris (I hope) on Saturday week at least; & between this & then, I've a heap to do, & little time energy or inclination to do it. I'll keep the document for a day or two; for tis just possible that I might use a part of it in running down on Sunday. But I fear me much that I've baulked myself & you; & that there's nothing more to be said about it.

I'd almost forgot that yesterday I saw Balfour. He hadn't written because he hadn't exhausted his list of applications. The last chance was only done with a day or two ago. I told him you were coming to town, so that perhaps he will not write to you, as he expects...
to see you soon.

I've not seen old Galpin. Why should I see him? I've been scurvily used: & there's an end of it.

Ever Affectionately Yours,

W.E.H.

Keep well & lusty. There must be a campaign this autumn.

[Added by WEH at right angles to the left of the address] The Dilke business is a pity. I hope Robertson won't use it. For your sake, most of all.

W.E.H.

1 The country home of the Fleeming Jenkins, North Berwick, Scotland.
2 Not identified.
3 Alan Breck, one of the main characters of Kidnapped.
4 Possibly a reference to David Balfour, the hero of Kidnapped.
6 A letter of dedication to Baxter; see Kidnapped, Tusitalia Edition, 6, xi-xii.
8 Jeanette Leonard Gilder (1849-1916), and her brother Joseph Benson Gilder (1858-1936) were editors of The Critic. Richard Gilder was their brother.
9 Clara Louise Kellog (1842-1916), American soprano.
11 H.B.[W.E.Henley], "London Letter," The Critic, 14
August 1886, pp.77-79. WEH wrote about Meredith.

12 Kidnapped.
13 WEH was to sit for his bust by Rodin.
14 Presumably the above mentioned cheque.
15 It is not known to which Balfour WEH is referring.
16 Not identified.
17 Thomas Dixon Galpin a partner in Cassell.
18 Possibly to write plays.
19 RLS commented in print on the divorce case in which Sir Charles Dilke was involved; see Robert Louis Stevenson, "Honour and Chastity," Court and Society Review, 29 July 1886, pp.677-78. Sir Charles Wentworth Dilke (1843-1911), politician. Charles Gray Robertson was the editor of the Court and Society Review. Court and Society Review, a weekly, 1 October 1885-6 June 1888.
Letter No. 211 To Robert Louis Stevenson
MS: Beinecke 4867

[18 Camden Gardens, Shepherds Bush W.]
Monday Evening
[July 1886]¹

Dear Boy,

Tout ma val. How are you? I wonder if I shall see you here; or if I shall miss you, as I fear.

Please post by return the old boy's "Histoire de Mes Bêtes".² I've nothing to read, & am utterly alone.

I hope you've forgiven me. It was for you I feared. I knew there would be combats; & I remembered your last; & I knew that you are for Morven & a dangerous experiment. So I kept away, & sent the good Archangel in my place.

When I think that Cassell owes me "Treasure Island," & "Kidnapped," & "King S's Mines," & that I stand here penniless, & with a set of Anthony's drawings on my hands, uncommissioned by me, & rejected by Cassell, I feel something like a damned fool.

It is vain, I know, to expect anything approaching an answer to this; but if you could bring your crazy mind to bear on the question I asked some weeks ago -- whether or not these comic letters of Katharine's could be worked up into a novelette in letters -- you would

- 771 -
oblige me greatly.

I want to go to Margate for a few days; but I've no coins, & my mother's ill, & Ted's out of work, & Anthony's a pauper; & the world is too much not with us generally.

Dorothy Deane is wild to play her namesake in the "Beau". 'Tis the only bright spot in all the future, which is dark -- dark.

The Châtelaine has had a touch of cholerine; but is better, thank God! She seems to like Paris well. I go there on the 7th or 8th prox. Bob departs for Wool tomorrow week, with Arthur Lemon. The Bedlamites, as you know, are now careering towards the Scillys. Sam, by the way, is worlds better, & might, I should think, be looked upon as out of danger.

Ce que c'est que de nous! I've lost my situation, & been damned in another man's name, & I feel a hundred thousand years old. Ce que c'est que de nous! The next six weeks must see a change in me; or I resign.

Ever Affectionately Yours,

W.E.H.

Take care of yourself, & keep your strongest. We shall have an autumn campaign.

---

1 McKay, 4, 1418, suggests autumn as the date. However, WEH's reference to going to Paris would suggest July as the month. Mehew also suggests July; information received from Ernest J. Mehew, 16
March 1986.

2 Alexandre Dumas, père, Histoire de Mes Bêtes
   (Paris: 1876).

3 Dorothy Deane (d.1899), actress.

4 Arthur Henry Lemon (1864-1933), artist. He and Bob
   were going to Wool in Dorset.

5 WEH must be referring to Lloyd Osborne and
   Katharine de Mattos; see Colvin, Letters, 3, 102.
Letter No. 212 To Robert Louis Stevenson

MS: Beinecke 4865

[18 Camden Gardens, Shepherds Bush W.]
2 August 1886

Dear Boy,

C'est bien. Je suis avachi. Suppose we go to Paris together? Hein? Ce serait une fameuse occasion de me payer le billet.

Any how, let us meet. Je suis gros de projects. I must have your help; & if I have it, the "Beau" appears this autumn;¹ Eclatant, superbe, etc. (Je suis à lire l'Oeuvre)[].

Somewhere on Wednesday. When?

Ton ami,

W.E.H.

Tell the Archangel, with my love, that I am told off to deal with the West things for the S.R.²

J'ai le couillon enflé. Effet de chasteté.

---

1 Beau Austin was not produced until 1890; see Letter No.297, 30 August 1890.
2 Nothing has been found in the Saturday Review about West's toy theatre; see Letter No.218, 10 November 1886.
My dear Archer,

I am glad you liked the notice. Especially as you quite forgot to send me a copy of the book.

Of course your criticism is the right one. But why go challenging comparisons with Aristotle? C'est de par trop.... égoiste.

I had heard you had been rude to the "Mephisto". But I was very ill at the time; & as the thing was nothing like what it was meant to be, I read nobody about it. (Except some flatulent nonsense in The Theatre, by the ingenuous Clement Scott, which wounded me a good deal).

Louis comes to town this week; when I may hear something of his plan. If it's a play, I am halves in more than one.

We are trying hard to work off the "Beau" this autumn. But that is so far a secret.

Always Yours,

W.E.H.

The "rectangular" of R.B. is decidedly complementary.
1 Not found. The book was Archer's *About the Theatre* (London: T. Fisher Unwin, 1886).
2 Aristotle (384 B.C.-322 B.C.), Greek philosopher.
5 Not identified.
Letter No. 214 To Robert Louis Stevenson  
MS: Beinecke 4866  
18 Camden Gardings [sic][,]  
[Shepherds Bush W.]  
5 August 1886  

Dear Boy,

I am to see the lovely Dorothy to-morrow;¹ if it can possibly be arranged. And I've sent her your invitation for Sunday.

I like the idea of that charcoal of me; I wonder if it will come off.²

There were many things I wanted to say to you. I do hope I'll have a chance of saying them in Paris.

If you're flush, by the way, you might lend me a fiver for the journey; for I'm very bare.

Huish writes that Daldy has telegraphed that he's called away north;³ so that nothing can be settled till his return.

Herewith the Critic. Don't lose it.

W.E.H.

If you can't receive E.J. on Sunday, telegraph to him to 17 Brackenbury Rd. Hammersmith,⁴ or send George to the Royalty, Dean St., where he mostly is.

1 Dorothy Deane.  
2 John White Alexander (1856-1915), the American artist, had completed a charcoal portrait of RLS; see Colvin, Letters, 3, 101-102. No portrait of WEH was done by Alexander.  
3 Daldy, of Daldy, Isbister & Co., publishers.  
4 WEH's mother lived here.
My dear Hamilton Bruce,

I can't conceive what has become of you. What grief sits on your noble heart? What passion stops that weekly flood of magnanimity & Ruskinism that erst was wont to whelm us as we sat / At breakfast, dallying with the cheerful egg, / The [---] sprightly ham, the crisp & sparkling toast? / Answer me quick, for I am fain to hear!

I am from Paris late, the capital / Of girdy France, where I, my boy, have been / A-sitting for my bust;¹ where I have looked / Upon the red wine & the white with Eyes / Of wisdom & discernment; where I have heard / Strange things, such things as I have joyed to hear / Of Monticelli,² which I will in time / Communicate to thee; where I have learned / That, lacking Rodin & his works, thy house / That house of art in which thou gettest drunk / With such complacency of heart & mind, / And such aesthetic feeling is not worth / A common damn! All which thou may'st perpend.

I hope to be with you some time next month. Armed for the fray, eager & valiant / And worth a world of Bruces, drunk or not. / Be-Marised or bemused!³ And so
farewell.

   Ever Yours,

       W.E.H.

There is a chance, my Bruce, that I shall pass
From Cassell unto Virtue, 4 & assist
In editing the venerable Art-Journal.
Then may'st thou look for recognition swift
Of Matthew Maris, William, James, 5 & all
The sainthings of thy calender -- the Mauves,
The Bosbooms & Artzes. 6 every one
From from Corot up to Cottier himself, 7
Greatest, the chief of all!

   If thou couldst sell
Some black-&-whites just now thou wouldst confer
A mighty favour, as the family
Is bust, stone-broke, & in a manner dead
And drained.

   Tis thus I woo the Muse,
My Hamilton, be thine the witness, brief
But brave, of an endearment this fair morn
Of August, now the bloom is on the eye.

1 W.E.H. had joined Anna in Paris and while there sat
   for his bust by Rodin. The bust is now in the

1. Adolphe Monticelli (1824-1886), French painter.
4. The three Maris brothers.
6. Daniel Cottier (1838-1891), a well-known collector of paintings.
18 Camden Gardens,  
Shepherds Bush W.  
6 October 1886

My dear Bruce,  
I am delighted to hear that the catalogue is launched;  
& though I think Stevenson the better man, I shall be  
glad to contribute the preface.¹

But I want to know, first of all, what sort of  
thing you want? how much of it you want? & when you  
want it by? Also -- for I am busy just now, & a good  
deal perplexed as to my movements -- how long the show  
remains on view?

Write me all this; & I doubt not we shall hit  
things off exactly.

That the thing has been a failure I don't a bit  
believe; nor, if you are candid, do you either.  

I've a vile influenza, & my wife's neuralgic. Such  
is life.

Ever Yours,  

W.E.H.

---

¹ Bruce was instrumental in arranging an exhibition  
of French and Dutch paintings for the Edinburgh  
International Exhibition of Industry, Science and  
Art, 1886. WEH is referring to Bob Stevenson as  
the better man for the preface of the Memorial  
Catalogue. See W.E.Henley, "A Note on  
- 781 -
Animus or none, dear lad, -- tis a tremendous impeachment. Gosse's answer leaves the main positions untouched. I doubt he is lost mutton.

The "correspondence" business is getting public.

See Ralston in to-night's P.M.G.

Ever Yours,

W.E.H.

1 McKay, 4, 1419, suggests the 1880s. However, this letter can be dated exactly; see note 3 below.
2 Gosse had published the lectures he gave on his American tour of 1885; see Edmund Gosse, From Shakespeare to Pope; an inquiry into the causes and phenomena of the rise of classical poetry in England (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1885). The book was unenthusiastically reviewed in 1885. However, its scholarship was attacked by John Churton Collins (1848-1908); see J. Churton Collins, "English literature at the Universities," The Quarterly Review, 163 (October 1886), 289-329. Gosse made his defence in The Athenaeum; see Edmund Gosse, Letter, The Athenaeum, 23 October 1886, pp.534-35. For a detailed discussion of the subject, see Ann Thwaite, Edmund Gosse: A Literary Landscape 1849-1928 (London: Martin Secker and Warburg, 1984), Chapter 10.
My dear Archer,

I want you, if you will, to write a couple of articles (3000 words each) for the Art Journal, on the collection of West['s toy-theatre prints, now in the Print Room.1 The A.J. page is 1250 words, & the pay is £2..2 per page.

If you consent (and I hope you will) I must ask you to keep the thing close; at all events until the A.J. is furnished. As I've engaged to do it for the S.R.

Colvin will tell you every thing you want to know; especially if you tell him that you are questing for me, If you are on, tell me, & we'll settle about pictures afterwards.

I think you'll find a couple of articles in the collection. There are the plays to begin with; & there are the character portraits after.

I should (I may tell you) have gone for this to R.L.S., had he been in working order. (Do you remember his Skelt article in the M. of A.?) As I've to choose between myself & you, I am glad to be unselfish, & come down upon you.

- 784 -
Always Yours,

W.E.H.

My dear Archer,

I shall want the copy of your first article by this day fortnight at latest; & a list of the illustrations -- a dozen or twenty; that we may choose our file -- as soon as you can conveniently send it; if possible by Thursday or Friday next.

Always Yours,

W.E.H.

I take it you purpose to *decide* treat the the [sic] collection under two heads: theatre & portraits. Please let me know.
18 Camden Gardens[,]  
Shepherds Bush W.  
17 November 1886

My dear Bruce,

You are the gaudiest gent! With certain modifications, your dream is ideal -- worth dying for. Say not a word about it to anyone; until I've made enquires about the gallery. Which I will do quite soon.

Rodin, as I think I wrote, is enchanted with the idea. So that we may look to him for a trump card.¹

I would write much more to you; for my imagination runs, clamouring into fifty channels when I think of the fun. But I am diabolishly hard worked. The fact is, the loss of the M. of A. left me much barer & needier than I'd fancied it would; & I am working doubled tides at [----] common journalism to make time for the catalogue; which I hope to start next week, or the week after. 'Tis a desperate & degrading thing, this money-hunting; but it has to be done.

Ever Yours,

W.E.H.

I've spoken of Cottier as a possible subject for the A.J.² But I've yet to find a man to write about him.

⁰⁰⁰
Leave him to me anyhow; & I'll do you justice: you Matthew Marish (ha! ha!) notwithstanding.

1 This may have been for a proposed exhibition of Rodin's work, or an exhibition containing some of his work. The gallery is probably the Grosvenor; see Letter No.221, 22 November 1886.
2 No article on Cottier appeared in The Art Journal.
My dear Bruce,

I read your communication with mixed feelings. It is grammatical enough, but not so candid as I should have expected. The latter fault I propose to correct by sending one of the two paragraphs to the Academy for publication next Saturday. Here they are. Tell me which I should use; or if you think the two should be fused into one.

(1) We understand that the Souvenir Catalogue of the collection [----] made by Mr. R. T. H. B. for the Ed. In. Ex. is designed to show the influence of Daniel Cottier Esq. on European Art.

(2) We understand that the Souvenir Catalogue let .......... is designed to show the influence of Messrs. Matthew & James Maris on their [----] predecessors in landscape & figure painting, from Constable to Millet & Diaz.

Let me have an answer, please, by return of post, as the matter is important.

I am too busy for the moment to take steps about the Grosvenor; but possess yourself in patience for a few days yet, & I'll start on the preliminaries.
Ever Yours,

W.E.H.

I've just sent Blaikie the Critic with the advert. of the Catalogue. You'll find the Constable delusion in full swing if you look at it.

Do read Quilter's Sententiae Artis. Tis the damnedest fun.

Is it true that you are buying Smarts? If it isn't, please contradict it in the Scotsman; as the report is calculated to do you great harm.

The fun is that the collection, in spite of your disclaimer, did illustrate the influence of Constable on everybody, especially (I hear) on James Maris.

---

1. Nothing has been found in The Academy.
4. Not identified.
Dear Lad,

How are you? And how is everybody? and how are things in general? Do you never write to any body? do you never answer my questions at all? No matter. A time will -- !!!

Have you read Archer in the theatre Annual? He means well of course; but if you call that backing your friends! Well, well! 'Tis another nail in the coffin of poor old George Frederick, & shall be commended as it deserves.

What put you into the Leisure Hour? And why in thunder are you not in the first of Scribner's?

The Châtelaine is greatly better -- in fact, is well again. But, as Katharine will have told you, it was a trying thing to see.

Our love to you both, & our best & heartiest good wishes for '87.

Ever Affectionately Yours,

W.E.H.

I hear that Henrietta has gone to Florence for the winter. I hope she will not get into any troubles, I'm sure.
1 Not identified.
2 The main character in Beau Austin.
5 WEH's nickname for Henry James.
Letter No. 223 To Robert Louis and Fanny Stevenson
MS: Beinecke 4869
[18 Camden Gardens.
Shepherds Bush W.]
24 December 1886

Dear People,

Do you ever read my letters? I doubt it. I know that I wrote some days ago, fixing the hour for Wednesday the 5th inst., or the next day. And here you are, babbling to me of green fields; as though I'd never said nothing at all.

Charles says that he will try to be with you next week.

Much thanks for the Chianti. In which your health will be drunken more than once.

Where is Alexander? Is he in England? Write me his address at once. I've a good commission for him for the A.J.,¹ which shd do much for him, if he can & will do it.

Our best wishes for '87, & our affection always.

W.E.H.

¹ No work by J.W.Alexander has been found in the Art Journal for 1887.
Dear Lad,

I got back on Friday morning; but had to start next day for Cambridge & the Dav.² Hence I returned last night. Dead beat; for I'd a wild time in Edinburgh, & in Cambridge, to say nothing of the violent delights of photography. I talked till three o' the clock on Sunday morning. To day I feel refreshed; but not so much as you might believe.

The catalogue is so far a great success. They are going to double the screw, & will give me not £50, but £100. What do you think of that? And moreover, I think there's a "Thomson of Duddingstone in the wind to fiddle" as well.³ And I feel strongly inclined to think that a certain "Specimens of Prose Narrative" is worth ready money also.⁴ What says't thou there to? I purpose to go back in June; for the illuminations, & I think I could bring back the contract in my pocket.

Meanwhile please look over these few pages of proof;⁵ & suggest any changes you feel disposed to do. And let them come back soon -- soon.

Donkin is anxiously expecting yes or no from you.⁶
Which is it to be? Copy by the 1st May. R.S.V.P.

I called at the Infirmary, & presented Mrs P. with my portrait & Anna's. She is still afoot, but greatly softened & a little enfeebled. I took Bruce to see her, & the Châtelaine likewise. Also I proposed Edmund Baxter's health on the occasion of his 75th birthday; he looks wonderfully fresh, & his brain's as active & as clear as ever. What a puny & wretched generation is ours!

At Bruce's there was much talk of you & Rider Haggard. I didn't need to set any of them in the right way: they were there already. They know the difference between literature & London Journalism a good deal better than Andrew Lang.

Much to tell you, when we meet. When's that to be? Write soon, & say.

Ever Affectionately Yours[

W.E.H.

Tell Fanny, with my love & the Chatla's, I've her umbrella in the hall, & owe her six bob on it. Love to the Commercial Traveller.

[Added by WEH at right angles at the top of the letter] Still tired -- tired. But the cloud has lifted, & shows no sign of gathering again[]. God bless that time at Skerryvore[]. How goeth the "Judge"?
WEH was at Bruce's home, 32 George Street, Edinburgh, in February 1887; see W.E. Henley, Letter to John Blackwood, 4 February 1887, 4534 f.217, National Library of Scotland, Edinburgh.

Dav has not been identified.


Not identified.

Probably proofs of WEH verses for Voluntaries for an East London Hospital.

RLS contributed to the above volume.

Mrs. Porter, the subject of WEH's poem "Staff-Nurse: Old Style," in Hospital Outlines: Sketches and Portraits, Cornhill Magazine, 32 (July 1875), 125-26.; also Works, 1, p.14. For the identification of Mrs. Porter; see Goldman, pp.46-48.

Charles Baxter's father.

Not identified.

My dear Bruce,

If that is all the remarks you have to offer, then a fig -- the fig of Spain! -- for you.

I shall try & see Cottier to-morrow. Meanwhile, what to do about these damn Dutchman is a puzzle that is turning my hair.

Frankly & seriously, do you like the work, so far? or do you not?

Of course in my introduction I shall pan out & [sic] the Constable question, & state exactly what I think his influence was.¹ No inconsiderable one, I believe; but not nearly so important as you seem to believe I believe. And in this way, I hope to please you. Or, at all events, to leave you little to say in your postscript.²

If the worst comes, Hole can but make a caricature of the Injudicious Patriot.³

Send me, please, some information about J.M.Swann.⁴ Also any Dutchman you may be able to explain.

Ever Yours,

W.E.H.
You will like my "Monticelli". I've written it especially for you.

1 "...[Constable] carried the realistic ideal to a point so far ahead of the furthest by any of his predecessors, that the results he obtained, and the convention through which he obtained them, were practically new"; W.E.Henley, Memorial Catalogue, p.xxxv.

2 Bruce did not mention Constable in his Note at the end of WEH's "Note on Romanticism."

3 Possibly a reference to Constable.

4 John Macallan Swan (1847-1910), animal painter and sculptor.

5 See W.E.Henley, Memorial Catalogue, pp.75-76.
Just a line, my dear Bruce, to tell you that Louis is in Edinburgh, chez Charles Baxter. I hope that you two may meet, & soon; though the circumstances which have called him so far north, are sad enough, God knows. Since I saw you, it has occurred to me that there might, perhaps, exist a market for Anthony's black & white work in Scotland. I want him to come to Edinburgh, & do some large & solemn impressions of the town. Do you think that if he did, they might be got off per Craibe Angus? It would be a great help to us all, if they could. So you'll tell me your views. If you [(you)] can help I am sure you will.

When go you to Paris? I'd like to go, too: this Millet exhibition sits on me dreadful. Ask Louis about Rodin & the "Paolo & Francesca". On Monday, I shall write you about the Dutchmen. So far, what with ill health & [?journals] I am a fraud.

A telegram from New York this morning informs me that the "Deacon" has been well played, "enthusiastically received" & "splendidly noticed".

Ever Yours,

W.E.H.

- 799 -
1 WEH had originally written 5/5/87.
2 RLS's father died on 8 May 1887.
3 W.Craibe Angus, bookseller, of Craibe Angus and Son, 159 Queen Street, Glasgow. The projected book of A.J.Henley's did not happen.
4 Not identified.
5 Paolo and Francesca, the fated lovers of Dante's Inferno, were sculpt by Rodin, but the exact date is uncertain. Dante Alighieri (1265-1321), Florentine poet and politician. The Inferno was part of his Divina Commedia (Divine Comedy).
My dear Bruce,

You are truly great. But you have your weaknesses. Or you'd understand the point of my reference to the influence of Nicholas Poussin.

Let me have material for these dam Dutchman, of whom I know nothing, & for whom I care less. As soon as you can.

I shall make my Prefatory Note a sketch of the Romantic Movement in painting. You can guess for what reason.¹

Glad you like the "Millet".² I hope the others will be half as good.

Ever Yours,

W.E.H.

¹ The reason is unknown.
² See W. E. Henley, Memorial Catalogue, pp.52-59.
My dear Bruce,

I've seen Cottier twice. You are right. He's a most interesting & pleasant fellow.

Also I've seen his pictures. And why, O why, didn't you make him lend you the big Corot? the Diana now on its way to Newcastle? I think I'll never forgive you.

I took Anthony there to-day, & he has risen to Monticelli & eke to Matthew Maris. Not with the Hamiltonian exultation, of course; but with a certain intelligence which -- but no matter! I regret to add that he thinks Corot (as always) worth the lot.

I wish I'd seen that big fellow, my friend. My "Corot" lacks a note; & there I should have found it. I never guessed the fellow could be epic. And you -- why couldn't you tell me? Now I know why you are hungering for Cottier's Orphé. And I applaud the sacred famishment with all my heart. Go on; make money -- put money in thy purse; thy cause is that of the just man. I hope to gaze on that picter ere I die; & to compare it -- unfavourably, of course -- with

- 802 -
Monticelli & Matthew.

Don't desert me in this matter of the Dutchmen. I can get no information anywhere; & I'm writing, in a forlorn hope, to Wessilingh (or some such dam name) of the Hague.  

Tell Murray that, since that night, he no longer commands my respect.

The Châtelaine returns on Saturday I hope. Meanwhile, I'm pretty lonely, pretty busy, & pretty mean.

Ever Yours,

W.E.H.

1 The Awakening of Diana exhibited at Newcastle in 1887.
2 See W.E. Henley, Memorial Catalogue, pp.1-9
3 A picture by Corot.
4 E.J. Van Wisselingh.
5 Not identified.
Letter No. 229       To Robert T. Hamilton Bruce
MS: Beinecke

18 Camden Gardens,
Shepherds Bush W.
Monday.
[?May 1887]

My dear Bruce,

I can sympathize. I, too, have had a liver: with a stomach also, & a greater capacity of colic, the generation of wind, than a man may have & be either decent or citizenlike. I, too, am stuck in a rut, & cannot move. Information comes in slowly, & I am as far from knowing the Dutch as ever. As for the "Mancini," I eat the air promised-crammed; but you cannot make catalogues so. And there ours remains, till news comes in, & we are satisfied.

By the way, are you sure that 'Mettling' is a Lyonnese? I find in several authorities that he is a Dijonnais, like Legros. Where did you get your information?

While you are in this wretched & bedevilled state, you might do worse than break your craggy mind on a few of the minor lights of the collection. Ideas on the subject of Ziem, Mesdag, Neuhuys, W.Maris, will be thankfully received. Also if you could throw your poor thoughts together on the question of Mauve, they would be read with interest by your humble servant.
What you've done already is of the greatest interest to me. As I've told you many times: not without blasphemy.

What think you of my plan about Craibe Angus & Anthony's black & whites of Edinburgh? Tell me frankly; as, if any thing's to be done, it must be done at once.

I am sorry indeed to hear of your difficulty. But such is life! Presently the clouds will rend, however, & we shall see you, de retour from Paris, carefully unpacking a bronze of the "Paolo & Francesca" & blessing God (nunc tuo) for your acquaintance with me, & your consequent introduction to really good art.

I wish I were in Edinburgh again. I wish I'd time & money to rest awhile from journalism, & play the fool at leisure. By hook or crook I must get down for the Jubilee: about which, if you are a man you will send me particulars -- I mean, as to the illuminations [---] as for Stevenson, of course you'll meet him presently. If you don't, I shall play merry hell with the pair of you.

Ted telegraphs from New York that "Deacon Brodie" has been matinéed there with so much success that he has landed £3000 for its production here. I can't believe the news. 'Tis too good to be aught but a fairy tale.

I've not been able to get back to Cottier's. Time
& money, time & money; so runs the world away.

Ever Yours[,]  

W.E.H.

When do you come to town? How is [ ] [ ]?

1 Antonio Mancini (1705-1758), Italian painter.  
2 Louis Mettling (1847-1904), French painter.  
4 The Golden Jubilee marking the fiftieth anniversary of Queen Victoria's accession to the throne.  
5 No evidence has been found for E.J. Henley's statement about the £3000.
18 Camden Gardens, Shepherds Bush W.
16 June 1887

Dear Sir,

It has just occurred to me that you may have overlooked the very pretty ballades published by Miss Robinson in her Handful of Honeysuckles. If you have, & you care to write to her (20 Earl's Terrace, Kensington) mentioning my name, I imagine you would get them at once.

What you say about my verses has given me great pleasure. At one time I should have been glad enough to take your advice, & publish a book of them. But that was years ago & since then, as Lang says of me, I have "retired from business," & gone into prose. I imagined that what I printed would quietly rest in oblivion undisturbed; with all that I never succeeded in printing as well. I confess to a certain pleasure in the task of resurrection; but tis resurrection after all, & I doubt I shall not go back to it.

Oddly enough, I have just found place for a set of copies of verse written a dozen years ago, & rejected sur place by every editor in London. If you come upon a little volume of "Voluntaries" published in aid of the East London Hospital for children, you will find a
W.E.H. who has much in common with the troubadour of London.

I have no doubt that the difficulty of selection is very great. If I can assist you in it, pray command me.

Very Sincerely Yours,

W.E.H.

I've not heard from Stevenson; but I hope to see him soon, as we've something to do in collaboration, which has got to be done at once.  

---

1 Joseph William Gleeson White (1851-1898), journalist. A founder of The Studio in 1893. The Studio, an illustrated magazine of fine and applied art, April 1893-to present. At this time he was editing Ballades and Rondeaux to which WEH contributed thirty-one poems, most of which had appeared in London. The edition also contained poems by among others Austin Dobson, Lang, Swinburne, Gosse, Oscar Wilde, Robert Bridges and Arthur Symons. Robert Bridges (1844-1930), writer and poet. Poet Laureate 1913-1930. Arthur William Symons (1865-1945), poet, and editor of The Savoy 1896. The Savoy, an illustrated quarterly, January 1896-December 1896.

2 Six of her poems appeared in Ballades and Rondeaux.

3 The revision of Deacon Brodie.
My dear Bruce,

I have just finished the Frenchmen at last. With the exception of Mancini, concerning whom I am in daily expectation of news from Weisselingh.

I hope to work off a number of the Dutchman this week. I want you to look into them pretty closely; for I haven't them at my fingers' end, as I shall probably want coaching & correcting both.

What am I to say about Jongkind & Ter Meulin & Bloomers?¹ Do, please, give me some tips.

Ask Douglas & Foulis to send you a book called *Voluntaries*, published (for a hospital) by David Scott. It contains some Hospital Sketches which I would like you to read, & which your cousin might like to show to Miss Pringle,² if Miss pringle be still to the fore. Will you tell me what you think of 'em? They lack finish, but they should interest you. They were written ten or a dozen years ago, & rejected on every side. Now c'est autre chose.

What of Angus?

Ever Yours,

W.E.H.

- 809 -
I hear that Louis is like to go to America. There, too, goes the play. For a thirty weeks' round in the big cities. 'Tis possible, however, we may have a fortnight or three weeks in England first, & take Edinburgh on our way.

1 Johannes Bartholdus Jongkind (1819-1891), Dutch painter. Frederick Pieter Ter Meulen (1843-1927), Dutch painter.
2 Neither Bruce's cousin nor Miss Pringle has been identified.
3 The Stevensons set sail for America on 22 August 1887 to spend the winter in the mountains of Colorado.
4 Deacon Brodie did not tour in England or Scotland.
Letter No. 232          To Robert Louis Stevenson
MS: Beinecke 4872

18 Camden Gardens[,] 
Shepherds Bush W. 
26 July 1887

Dear Lad,

I rejoice to hear you're better. I wish with all my heart you were better still. That, though, will be for Colorado. It's lang ere the deil die at a dyke-side, ye ken; & he's sae muckle feared for him the noo.

I can't work a dam. Ìòò° Even Journalism is beyond me. However, I am worrying at the situation, as best I can. I have revised, & am just sending off, our first four acts. I've scrambled through the Three-Men-Scene somehow;¹ & am now breaking my crazy mind (& my heart) on the beginning of Act V.

I am sorely tempted to ring in Jean, & a fragment of the old tableau, "The Two Women". Ìòò° Some of it would serve beautifully. But we'll see.

The play is immensely improved any way; & ought to do. If you can but give it a lift on the other side, it will make us all rich men. I regard the interview as a stroke of genius.²

The next thing will be, the Gig as bound for Colorado, in a revolver & a brand-new Pike County accent. Such is life! I never thought to cross the
Atlantic; but no man sees (as the poet remarks) beyond the gods & fate, & I see less than most.

In place of "Beau Austin" (resigned) the "Gringore" of M. Théodore de Banville, adapted by Mon. Waltere Henica Pollock & Waltere Besant takes the place of afterpiece in Mr. H. Beerbohm Tree's new programme.3

Should you like to see the Procurator's portrait? Mendelssohn has done him.4 Mendelssohn will do the Deacon's likewise. I suppose a set of lithos should be deposited in the archives? Any commands of yours shall be attended to with punctuality & dispatch. So chip in when you will.

I am alone. For a few days. My vacuity of mind is such that I am hardly sensible of the change. I suppose you wouldn't bid three hundred for my share of the American rights? Three hundred on the nail? No? Well, never mind. Nobody will. Did I tell you my uncle's wife had died (fell down dead in her own back garden), & left me nothing but a spirit-case (which I cannot replenish) & the famous Cow-Skin Trunk? Nice, ain't it? Voilà. My last hope of a legacy is now a thing of the past. I regret it, not for its own, but my creditors' sake; & retire hup as gracefully as I can.

Write when you'd a mind. And don't be ass enough to give way to the hot weather, though I own it's a buster.
Ever Affectionately Yours,
W.E.H.

1. Probably Deacon Brodie, Act IV, Scene i.
2. Probably an interview that RLS would give on arriving in America; see Hammerton, pp.84-85.
3. The Ballad-Monger, a play adapted from Banville's Gringore, at the Haymarket Theatre, London, from 15 September 1887 to 7 January 1888.
4. A photograph of the Procurator in Deacon Brodie by H.S. Mendelsohn, of 27 Cathcart Road, South Kensington, London. It has not been found.
Dear Lad,

Your news is inexpressibly refreshing. With your heart that way I have no fear of the issue. Trust me, we shall live to reform the drammy yet.

There is no news of Ted. I hope he may be on his way home. If he's not, if he didn't catch Saturday's boat, we shall have all our work to get the thing rehearsed. I think (myself) the engagement of Dorothy Dene a great mistake; she will be hard to teach, & worth little (I think) when she's taught. A brother of Mrs. Kendal plays the procurator;¹ a son of old Buckstone is the George;² Grace & Desmond are the Moore & the Ainslie, & Carrie Coote the Jean;³ the Leslie & the Hunt are not known to me.⁴ But the cast should be a good one on the whole; & if the Deacon himself is but on the spot, I've no fears. I shall not fail to exchange a few remarks with him -- to proferer quelques paroles senties -- on his return. I hope, & so does Russell,⁵ that we may get a week somewhere in England ere the start; but about this I am beginning to wax uneasy.

I think the new scene will do. But of that anon.

- 814 -
Tree is making Walter cut whole scenes of the "Gringore," & write new ones in. I asked the author why Coquelin's version wasn't practicable. He said, gravely, "it was too good for the British Public". J'ai éprouvé un besoin énorme de [?jetu] quelques paroles; but as he now considers himself (tis evident) the sole author of the piece, I contrived to more or less restrain myself.

Much thanks for the par. But who's the publisher? You might wire it to-morrow morning for the Assinaeum. And look here, when must I put in the MS. of Mr. Fastidious Brisk? I want to do that if you are still game for it. You might let me know.

I, too, am better. I haven't a red cent; I've never been so poor -- so abjectly poor -- for years. But I'm better. The cloud has lifted; I have a new interest in life, I think; the old boar is back at his old frank. Three months change & rest, & I were all myself again.

Shall we meet ere we part? I hope so.

Ever Affectionately Yours,

W.E.H.

1 Edmund Lyons (1851-1906).
2 John Copland Buckstone (1858-1924), actor, son of John Baldwin Buckstone (1802-1879), actor, manager and dramatist.
3 Carrie Coote, Lady Pearce (1870-1907), actress.
4 Graham Stewart and Henry Vernon.
Russell has not been identified. Deacon Brodie was not played in England before opening in Montreal.

"I felt an enormous urge to utter a few words."

Probably the note in the next issue of The Athenaeum; see [W.E.Henley], "Literary Gossip [paragraph 1]," The Athenaeum, 6 August 1887, p.183. This was a note on Virginia's Puerisque, Underwoods and RLS's memoir of Fleeming Jenkin.

The MS has not been identified. See Colvin, Letters, 2, 284, for "Fastidious Brisk," a nickname for RLS.
Dear Archer,

Do you see the N.Y. *Critic*? If you do, have you read the little series it is publishing of "Authors at Home"? I don't know if you'd care to do it; but if you would, a "Stevenson at Skerryvore" would just now be very acceptable indeed to them.¹

I spoke to Louis about it ere he left, & we had arranged that such a work should be produced. But it wasn't; & now he's gone, the scheme we had has fallen through. So if you like to take it up, here; the opportunity.

If you don't, it doesn't matter.

Alys Yours,

W.E.H.

---

Letter No. 235      To William Archer

MS: BL Add. 45292 ff.52, 52v, 53.

1 Fort Crescent,
Margate.¹
Saturday Night.
[24 September 1887]²

My dear Archer,

Your letter has only just reached me. By all means take your time. I hope the thing will come off. The Gilders are civil people, & the article will be a good introduction for you. Send it on to me, or direct to them: whichever you please.

What poem of mine has Stevenson referred to? And where has he referred to it? Do you mean the Underwoods thing?³ I always thought that was a picture of actual experience. But now I come to think of it, he may have been set going by a set of Hospital sketches I wrote soon after we met, in '75. They were printed in a little book called "Voluntaries" published (some two or three months back) by David Scott for the benefit of an East London Hospital. I wish you'd look 'em up, & tell me how they strike you. He (Louis) has known them since '75, & wrote his poem to me, years back, at Davos. I never saw it, till the other day, when I went back down to say good bye.

Can you help me in another matter yet? I am sure you will, if its possible. Louis wires to-day from
N.Y. for a copy of the "Black Arrow"; to be mailed to him immediately. The said "B.A." is a story he wrote for Young Folks, & it only exists in its feuilleton form. I've written to the editor & proprietor (Henderson: Red Lion Court, Fleet St.) to look up the numbers at once; & what I want you to do, as I'm off the spot, is to go to him, & get them, & cut out the matter, & send it off to the Emigrant, if possible by Thursday's boat. If you'll do this, it will be a real lift for me, for I've left nobody at home, & Henderson -- albeit one of the best of men -- is apt, so far as I know, to take his own time.

I have to thank you for the P.M.G. notices. I didn't see it last week, & expected to find it in the Budget, where it's not.

We produce on Monday. Heaven send it be a success. I've just read a long long column of blather by that ass William Winter on Mansfield in "Jekyll & Hyde." What luck for an actor to be owned & run by the proprietor of a big newspaper! Mansfield is a clever fellow, to be sure; but to read Winter you'd think he is Salvini, Coquelin, & Irving all in one.

Alys Yours,

W.E.H.

[Added by WEH at right angles in the top left of the letter] Send in your card to Henderson himself[.]
1  The first known extant letter from this address.
2  Dated from the performance of Deacon Brodie; see note 6 below.
3  If WEH is correct the poem is RLS's "To William Ernest Henley"; see Janet Adam Smith, pp.126-27.
5  A note that Deacon Brodie was to open in New York on 26 September 1887 appeared in The Pall Mall Gazette, 16 September 1887, p.5. [William Archer], "Mr. Stevenson in America," The Pall Mall Gazette, 22 September 1887, p.5.
6  Deacon Brodie was at the Academy of Music, Montreal, from 26 September 1887 to 1 October 1887.
Letter No. 236  To William Archer 
MS: BL Add. 45292 ff.54, 55, 56

1 Fort Crescent[,] 
Margate[.] 
27 September 1887

Dear Archer,

The sash is good enough. I expect the Gilders to offer me a candle for the chance of it.¹

I've added some notes: à prendre, ou a'faisser.

In your piack try (if I may so advise) to get a little of the effect of my "indelicate Ariel" -- to wh. phrase, by the way, you are quite welcome.²

I don't care much for the sketch of Mrs. Louis. But I think she wouldn't dislike herself.

In your account of the pictures in the porch, it will please Louis to have you recognize the presence of H.R.Bloomer.

To your inventory of the dining room traps, I've added my brother's gouache,³ Low's etching,⁴ the old print of Mary Wollstonecraft.⁵ You might note -- for Mrs. Louis's sake -- the presence of blue plates on the walls & the fact that the chairs & sideboard are Sheraton.⁶ Also (for Louis) the print of Turner's "Bell Rock" -- the grandfather's work -- above the mankel.⁷

The photos -- Calvin, me, Jenkin -- are the work of a friend: not a professional. Among the arms is a
knife, which was Pew's, & a pistol which was presented as a relic of John Silver.

Rodin's group -- the gift of the artist is a distinguishing feature in the drawing room: on the oak press. So don't omit it, please & don't omit (if you can help it) the little Jap woodcuts, or rather chromoxylographs, & the frame containing Louis's own essays in that art: done in strict accordance with the rules of the "white line".

The names of the Bournemouth palace -- "Cathay," "Lorna Doone," & "Buenos Ayres" -- are textual.

I am almost sure that Una Taylor is responsible for both the needlework & the picture.

The Japanesees without & in the stair case are Mrs. Louis's: enlargements from Hokusai. The mantels & wallpaper in both drawing & dining room are the work of the former owner.

I think that's all I can suggest. As for length, I think they would rather print you in two articles than not print you at all.

Ever Yours,

W.E.H.

P.T.O.

I've thought the Yanks would like better to know that Jenkin is the original "Cockshot" of "Talk & Talkers" than that he's the inventor of Telpherage.
[Added by WEH at right angles in the top left of the letter] I am expecting a telegram from Montreal where D.B. was produced last night.

[Added on a separate sheet of paper by WEH] Another omission from the drawing-room is Arthur Lemon's admirable "Landscape with Houses," to my thinking as far the best picture in the house[.]

1 Not identified.
2 WEH's "Apparition."
3 A water colour of the New Forest; see Hammerton, p.77.
4 William Hicok Low (1853-1932), American artist friend of RLS and WEH.
5 Mary Wollstonecraft (1759-1797), writer.
6 Thomas Sheraton (1751-1806), furniture maker.
8 David Pew, a character in Treasure Island.
9 Rodin's small plastercast of Eternal Springtime (Le Printemps); see Letter No.237, 1 October 1887.
10 Not identified.
11 The names of some houses near the Stevensons.
12 Una Taylor was the daughter of Sir Henry and Lady Alice Taylor.
My dear Archer,

I can't tell you much about Rodin by letter. If I had you hip to lunch, twould be other guess work.

As it is, I must refer you to an article — with a portrait you may have seen on Louis's bedroom mankel — in the Court & Society some three months back (I believe) & to another in the M. of A. on "Two Busts of Victor Hugo", sometime in 1885.¹

If I were chez moi, I could show you both & more besides. Also Louis's letter to The Times in August-September '86,² defending R. from the ass Armytage's description of him as "the Zola of sculpture,"³ & describing his visit to the studio, with Low & others, & the impression it left on their minds. If you look up this last take care to read "forceful" for the "fanciful" of the printers, in L's definition of Rodin's talent.

They met in Paris last year, on my introduction (I was sitting to R. for my bust which I remember now you haven't seen), & fell in love with each other. Louis presented R. with copies of L'Ile au Trésor & Le Suicide Club (he told me he felt dam mean in the
presence of the sculptor's works) & Rodin presented L. with a plaster of his Printemps qui Passe, which is a group 1/3 life size, in the round.

Louis has promised me an article on Rodin for the A.J. next year, & as soon as I return I shall, as per contract, dispatch him the materials. Meanwhile, I may tell you that Rodin is about 45; is a pupil of Lecoq de Boisbaudran, Barye, & Carrier-Belleuse; has (thank God!) been only once medalled; is the sculptor of a "St. Jean" & an "Age d'airain" (both in the Luxembourg); a wonderful "Eve", a "Paolo & Francesca" which is -- but there!), some extraordinary busts, Hugo, Jean-Paul Laurens, Henri Becque, W.E.H., Carrier-Belleuse -- & a multitude of figurines -- incomparably passionate & expressive; & was last year rejected by the Royal Academy through (I suppose) Mr. W. Calder Marshall. His game is the expression of passion. His technical accomplishment is very remarkable; his imagination, intensity are more remarkable still. His "Dante" door (says Dalou, the sculptor, & no great friend of his) will be the great work of the present century. Voilà.

About collaboration: yes, I've always understood that the order is alphabetical, your instance to the contrary. I've discussed it with Louis. When we wrote the Deacon, it was decided, on his suggestion, that his name, being better known than mine, should go first,
and its precedence might help the play. When we wrote
the "Beau", "Macaire" & the "Admiral", it was
determined also on his suggestion, to revert to the
established rule. That is all I can tell you.

Ever Yours,

W.E.H.

Low's etching is but a trifle: a sort of petite femme;
you needn't say anything but that it's "graceful".

I find I've forgotten to refer you to a very
temperate, intelligent, & well-considered account of
Rodin by Cosmo Monkhouse in (I think) the January ('87)
Portfolio; & to mention one of the sculptor's
master-works -- the great group of the Calais Burghers
-- Eustache de Saint-Pierre & his pals -- just set in
the square at Calais.

I see that Sharp is more of Gosse's way of thinking
about Underwoods than yours.
Henri Becque (1837-1899), French actor.

8 William Calder Marshall (1813-1894), sculptor.

9 Rodin's famous Gates of Hell, commissioned by the French Government in 1880, but never completed. It was based on Dante's Inferno. Jules Dalou (1838-1902), French sculptor.

10 Cosmo Monkhouse, "Auguste Rodin," The Portfolio, (January 1887), 7-12.

11 Eustache de Saint-Pierre was a leading burgher of Calais when it was captured by King Edward III in 1347. Rodin was commissioned to produce a work to commemorate the six burghers who offered their lives to the King in return for the safety of the city.

My dear Archer,

I will answer your enquiries seriatim.

(1) Rodin's own description of his group was "c'est le Printemps qui passe". It is a young man drawing a girl to him with one of those gestures -- in both figures -- which only Rodin has ever caught -- so passionately, so sensuous, so beautiful withal, are they. The group -- a plaster of the original; which was made to illustrate a verse of Hugo's, in a new national [?]album or something of the kind -- stood on the oak press in the drawing room. That you should have missed it is no great credit to you, though it says much for Louis's power of charm.

(2) The etching in the dining room is but a small one; but it is the work of Will H.Low, the illustrator of Keats, referred to twice in Underwoods.¹ Twas in his house -- or rather the house he had hired of Emile Bergerat,² "beau fils du grand Théo" -- that I left Louis last year in Paris, where he had just met, & fallen before, Rodin.

(3) There is a portrait of Shelley in the dining
room an abomination with staring eyes. It hangs between the two Piranesis. The little "Mary Wollstonecraft" is underneath.

(4) You are right, & I wrong, about Louis's engravings.

(5) My "indelicate Ariel" is a great favourite with everybody. Because, I think, it gives the spirit-like effect of Louis's appearance, & eke suggests that [---] wretch's gross humanity as well.

(6) Use the Sargent par. by all means. I cut it as unnecessary -- space being an object -- & because the work, which is only a joke, I think, has been too muched discussed already. It gives the anti in Louis uncommon well, however, & for so much deserves quotation.

(7) Ginger is a semi-Persian, not the genuine article. She bought him for ten bob at a cat-show at the Palace.

Your second batch has just come in. I've read it twice, & can add no more to it than I've written on the margin.

The Dumas, père et fils, I'm pretty sure about. We've discussed them both for years.

You'll see that I claim the pas of Louis in the collaboration. 'Tis the etiquette of the business. And then, there are so many to say that I do nothing in the partnership. Even the Critic referred to our first
Send the MS. to Joseph Gilder Esq. The Critic, 743 Broadway, N.Y.C., with a line to say that it comes through me. I will write myself.

I think you've done your work uncommon well, & am glad I thought to ask it of you.

I'd almost forgot to say that Mrs. Louis's ghost was called (I think) the "grand bête".6

Ever Yours,

W.E.H.

Ted cables "all right". You shall know more anon.

[Added by WEH at right angles and to the right of the address] Henderson's letter, sent last night, appears to be a mystification. Much thanks as I need hardly say.

2 Auguste-Emile Bergerat (1845-1923), French writer.
3 A brief mention is made of Sargent's portrait of RLS in Archer's article, p.226, col.1.
4 The reference has not been identified.
5 "Minor Notices," The Critic, 19 July 1884, p.31, col.2.
6 Not identified.
Dear Lad,

I got back on Saturday, & found your good letter.¹ I meant to answer it as it deserves, but was too ill; so you must take what I can give, which ain't too much.

The Antient Nightingale, I hear is delighted.² He is turning up anew, & you may presently look for more music. You shd. publish all three in Scribner's. 'Twould please him, I think, who is a little forgotten & foregone, & now waits quickly for death, contented in his brave old heart, & with as much wits as most of us still working & busy in his brave old head.

Lang was here yesterday. I showed him your letter. He was grateful. He said, "they don't pay me as much as that in Longman's";³ & suggested that, if when you ain't quite up to it, you should turn in W.H.P. He hoped you wouldn't be huffed by his "Dear Louis of the Awful Cheek,"⁴ & I took it on myself to promise & vow in your name that you couldn't. I added that I thought the patronage of Chadband fils would be a damned sight more likely to put your back up than a world of Awful Cheek;⁵ & I believe that he agreed with me.

I think that the salary is good, & worth trying
for. Any how, you can keep it for a year. After that, I feel doubtful. Just now, you are fuller of delicate matters than ever; you have mastered your trade; your interest in life, letters, morals, art, is quick, bright, undefatigable; you shd. find the task not difficult. And, if it were to give way, £600 is £600.

(Meanwhile, remember, please, that you are booked for a "Rodin" for me. I will gather & send materials as soon as may be; & as soon as may be you can get it off your hands. You may write from 3000 to 3500 words.)

I am delighted you've fallen into the hands of St. Gaudens. Save Auguste Imperator, he's about the best going. Or one of the best any how. Oddly enough, I've just been arranging that Clarence Cook (Low will tell you about him) is to write an article on St.Gaudens for the A.J.; 7 so that the medallion will come in beautifully. Of course I took it for England. And of course I claim épreuve for home consumptions. In which I imagine I am more magnanimous than you, who have neglected your opportunities of acquiring a certain Bust in a manner not to be adequately condemned in words.

I got the Montreal Gazette this morning. 8 I am much pleased with our the reception so far. It seems to have been all our fancy could have possibly painted. If we go on so, I shall marshall our legions in person

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in New York; there's no doubt of that. Annie Robe
seems to [-----] be well worth her £40 a week; Grace, 
Desmond, Lyons, Stewart, Coote\textsuperscript{10} -- all seem to have 
scored[;] the gifted Saker alone does not appear to 
have come off.\textsuperscript{11} Of Ted's own share there was never 
any doubt in my mind. I only hope that you may be able 
to see him; I don't see why you shouldn't; you will 
have a soft place in your heart for your "old schoolboy 
dream" while life lasts if you do. Meanwhile, dear 
lad, let us be thankful as we may that the boy is an 
Artist, & will give us, if we can give him the 
material, as complete a realization of our vision as 
can be got. That, to my mind, is the best of all. We 
need not be at the pains of writing one-part machines; 
we may write \textit{plays}, if we can, with the certainty that 
right will be done them.

I've been really very ill. I know now what colic 
is, & what is flatulence. \textit{Histoire de ne plus donner 
dans la spiritueux!} I came up on Saturday to see 
Mennell: I couldn't help myself; so that my holiday has 
been brief indeed. He has exhibited a solution from 
the pharmacopoeia, with his wonted audacity & success; 
& I'm now in the way of salvation. Which is all, I 
think, I need say about myself.

Gleeson White has been reviewed in the \textit{P.M.G.},\textsuperscript{12} & 
the reviewer is good enough to give me second place 
after Dobson. 'Tis a vast deal more than I expected, &
as much (to say the least) as I deserve. By the way, if you want to be revenged on Gosse for the Longman thing, you might turn to & peruse his rondeaux. One in particular delights me. I want to read it to Fanny, in whose bosom I know I shall find absolute sympathy.

Bob I haven't seen, or heard of, for weeks. He & Louisa are engaged in devouring my collection of Dumas: not, it is suspected, without designs upon the future of English literature. Katharine I saw yesterday: Maccoll has sent her the novel of the year -- "Poor Nellie," it's called, & the writer is that mysterious creature who made such a hit, ma pudeur with "The Story of my Trivial Life & Misfortunes" -- so that she prospers. She tells me that Dora, who arrived on Friday, looks dreadfully ill. The Châtelaine is fairly well, but worried by bad news from Edinburgh. Hake may soon be within your gates: I saw him last night, & W.H.P. likewise; they didn't depart, indeed, till two this morning. I am now determined to cure the Wollock of alcohol, as I've cured myself; so you may send me the God speed I deserve. Colvin is custodizing, & studying the critics of his "Keats" with a mingling of agony & interest which to me, who don't give a tinker's dam for all the criticism ever produced, is a little ecoeurant. That's all I know.

Remember us to Low. We hope & pray that the agency
may come off, & are sure that, if it don't, 'twill be no fault of yours. We hope too, that the Hospitalisms may smile upon Burlingame. Your are often in our thoughts. Our love to all of you.

Ever Affectionately Yours,

W.E.H.

1 The letter of September 1887 from New York; see Colvin, Letters, 3, 145-46.
2 Dr. Gordon Hake. RLS had sent some verses to WEH for Hake; see Colvin, above.
3 See Colvin, above.
4 Not identified.
5 Chadband, a character in Dickens's Bleak House published 1852-1853.
6 Augustus St. Gaudens (1848-1907), American sculptor, produced a medallion of RLS in 1887.
7 Clarence Chatham Cook (1828-1900), American art critic, editor and writer. He was art critic of The New York Tribune 1863-1869 and editor of The Studio 1884-1892. The article was not written.
9 Annie Robe (d.1922) played Mary Brodie.
11 Horatio Saker (?1848-1902) played George Smith.
13 Poor Nellie, by the Author of My Trivial Life and Misfortunes (Edinburgh: William Blackwood and Sons, 1887).
14 My Trivial Life and Misfortunes, by a Plain Woman (Edinburgh: William Blackwood and Sons, 1883).
15 Not identified.
17 This reference is not clear. Hospitalisms may refer to WEH's In Hospital poems, but they were not published by Scribner's. Edward Livermore Burlingame (1848-1922), American journalist. He joined Scribner's in 1879 and was editor of Scribner's Magazine 1887-1914.
Dear Archer,

It was very good of you; & I'm grateful.¹ I think (I will add) that I deserve just as much as, & no more, than you said. I am not in it with Dobson; but I believe I hold my own with the others.

As for your question, I can only say that I don't value these things enough to make a volume of 'em. They were published in London, & it was "there let them lay" (a case of) until Gleeson White unearthed them, and proposed to give them other quarters.

The one or two I really do admire are the last rondeau ("When you are old") the "Dead Actors," & the "Straight Tip to all Cross Coves".²

Have you read my Hospital verses? They are another pair of shoes. There's stuff in them.

Have you read a volume of verse, in the Manx dialect, called The Doctor?³ If you haven't -- !

Did I tell you Louis is being medallioned by the man St. Gaudens?

Ever Yours,

W.E.H.

¹ 836
Archer's review in *The Pall Mall Gazette*.

See *Ballades and Rondeaux*, p.173, p.17, and p.228; also *Works*, 1, p.113, and pp.87-88; and *Works*, 2, pp.230-31.

Letter No. 241 To Joseph Pennell

MS: Congress

18 Camden Gardens[,] Shepherds Bush W.
14 October 1887

Dear Mr. Pennell,

I've at last been able to discuss "Romantic Bloomsbury." It is felt that the subject is admirable, & that your help & Mrs. Pennell's would be most valuable; & I am asked to ask you to name a price for illustrating the article.

We do not want the drawings for ourselves; only the use of them. Let me know if you will do business on these lines, & on what terms.

Alys Sincerely Yours,

W.E.H.

1 Merton Place,  
High Rd.[,]  
Chiswick. W. ¹  
20 October 1887

My dear Archer,

This is our new address. We move in to-morrow; & when you will, we shall be glad to see you. The tram from Hammersmith Broadway passes our door.

I've asked Constable to send you (1) a prospectus of my Catalogue let,² & (2) a set of the etchings done in illustration of it. If you can help with a puff preliminary, please do. I've put a great deal of work into the thing. More than that, the publishers are spending a good deal of money; & I should like to help them to recoup as far as I can.

If you can do nothing, keep the etchings any how. Some of 'em are very good indeed.

Louis has gone to the Adirondacks: to a place called Saranac.³ He is well, I believe, & it is thought they will not go west this winter. Did I tell you that he has sold himself to Scribner's for a year? To write 12 articles for £50 apiece?

The Deacon swings on bravely. He is doing his work at last.
Ever Yours,

W.E.H.

1. This is the first known extant letter from this address.
3. The Adirondack Mountains, New York State.
Dear Lad,

This is but a word: to give you our new address; thank the Bedlamitish Woman for hers from Saranac; & generally pass the time of day.

I go pretty queerly still. Dr. Hake advises a diet in which a particular feature is barley water. And I am so pained that I have come to it without so much as a murmur.

How do you like the Adirondacks? And will you winter in them? Voilà la question. The Deacon seems to be doing his work at last; & more unlikely things have happened than my apparition in Sandy Hook.¹

Your wife -- with her usual beautiful exactness -- dates her letter "Saranac". No more & no less. I fear to trust this to the [ ] with so vague a superscription; so I send, as before, par voie de Scribner[']s Sons.

How many Scribners were there?² How did they do it, & on whom? And how many sons did they produce? The question haunts me. My nights are bad; & this makes 'em a nightmare of mingled mathematics &
physiology.

I've just been glancing through the proof of your "Fleeming Jenkin". 'Tis a brave work. I wish I'd read the pages about the plays with you; for there I might have helped. I've not read, only keeked; but I am greatly pleased so far.

I have you down in our programme for a "Rodin"; & I've writ to Cook -- who is to do the "St. Gaudens" -- to go for your medallion.

They seem -- Blaikie and Constable -- no end pleased with the Catalogue. I wish the Preface were written. I am going to try & spring the Andrew for a puff preliminary; \(^3\) likewise the Pea-Green Incorruptible. \(^4\) Of course I shall fail with both. A good deal of money has been spent on the book; so I must do my best for my publishers. I hope it will be a success, for their sake. I suppose you wouldn't care to make it the text of one of your Scribner's? \(^5\) Let me know any how; & if you would, a reviewer's copy shall be sent to you.

The temerity of Gleeson White has done me rather good than harm. I came off admirably in the only two reviews I've seen: Archer in the P.M.G., & Monkhouse's in the Academy. \(^6\) Tis pity that the book is dedicated to you; for there's as nice a little causerie in it as Scribner's Sons could possibly desire. Do you remember Portobello? And the brave nights & the long days of

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loquacity? And your discovery of Banville, & [?Apolineau],7 & C.d'O, & the exerable Villon?8 And our experiment? -- I think you might do worse!

The Colvangle has gone to the Continong. On business connected with the Monumong. He promised me a chain of addresses, which he hasn't sent. I have my revenge to hand. I cannot post him your wife's letter.

Dr. Hake proposes to dedicate his new book to me.9 I shall show better with posterity -- thanks to my friends! -- than I deserve.

Dear lad, the last bit of news of you is welcome. Try to let us have more. The Châtelaine & I -- with all our hearts -- to all of you send greeting.

Ever Affectionately Yours,

W.E.H.

1 Not identified.
2 There were three sons.
3 No review has been identified.
4 Not identified.
5 RLS had agreed to write twelve monthly articles for Scribner's Magazine; see Swearingen, p.116. He did not write of WEH's Catalogue.
6 Cosmo Monkhouse, Rev. of Ballades and Rondeaux, ed. Gleeson White, The Academy, 15 October 1887, pp.246-47.
7 Not identified.
8 François Villon (1431-after 1463), French poet.
9 This did not happen.
1 Merton Place,  
Chiswick W[.]  
2 November 1887

My dear Bruce,

I've writ to Cottier. I sent yours on to the Châtelaine, whose heart it will rejoice. All manner of thanks meanwhile.

Blaikie sends a note preliminary for the Scotsman.¹ Another, which I've not seen, appeared in yesterday's World.²

About your Corots. Can you leave them in our hands for another week? The engravers write that they cannot do them justice from the photos alone. And you know what that means when Corot's in question! If you will relent I shall be grateful, & in the end you will be all the better pleased yourself.

I forgot whether it's Thursday or Friday you are to be in London. In either case, I shd like to see you, & so would Bob. Don't ask me to dine, for every hour must now be given to the Preface. But wire to Stevenson to meet you here, & come down after dinner. If only to persuade me to make the run north.

I've arranged that Jacobus Maris shall next year be introduced to the B.P. in the Art Journal.³

Let Huish know about the Corots.

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Ever Yours,

W.E.H.

1. No reference to the Catalogue has been found in The Scotsman.
Dear Archer,

Your Skerryvore is capital. I should think the Bedlamites are well pleased with it. Louis, when he wrote last week, was more or less manical: having given over the use of tobacco, & made himself thereby unfit for human food. By this time, no doubt he has regained his composure, though I fear that your remarks about his moustache -- which is the apple of his eye -- may test his philosophy deeply.

What is the meaning of "heoric mould"? Is it an euphemism for a certain tendency to obesity? I believe it is, & I shall write & congratulate the lady on her Band!¹

Did I tell you that your unpublished wish has come off, & that a publisher has asked me for a volume of verse?² Well, that's what's the matter with me; & a disappointed man you're like to be with the result.

The Deacon has scored terrifically in Chicago.³ The notices are really astonishing. If I'd written them myself I couldn't have done better. More than that, the actor has scored as heavily as the play.

When are we to meet?

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Ever Yours Sincerely[,]  
W.E.H.

1 This may refer to Archer's marriage on 23 October 1887.

2 Alfred Trubner Nutt (1856-1910), son of the founder of the publishing firm of David Nutt, and publisher of WEH's verse.

My dear Bruce,

I wish, indeed, that I had been with you last night. I was in a temper, & you'd have got your fairing.

Why this indecent haste? The London reviews will come all right & in due time. You can't expect them yet. So far, I've only seen one, & I know things well enough to be quite content with that. The rest will be no better when they do come: you yourself have said that 'tis the first book in the field, & that whoever reviews it must review it on my learning, not his own.

Why don't you review it yourself? You only know what I've told you, like the others; but you have your views -- especially about Constable. Why don't you put yourself upon paper?

As to this anti-Constable craze of yours, my advice to you is that of Mr. Pecksniff to the party at Trodgers's: "Do not repine: it is chronic." Why should you repine, indeed? It is the beginning of the end of John Ruskin; & it has come by your means. Instead of worriting, you ought to be hourly thanking
God in the privacy of your apartment, that he has spared your miserable life to such an end.

I wish -- I wish! -- I had been on the spot last night. All this you should have had & more. I trust that when I come to Edinburgh, as no doubt I shall ere long, I may something smack of the same mood. Je vous promets des émotions, mon ami.

The journal has taken precedence of everything, or of course I shouldn't have broken my pledge to you. I tried hard to get a stall for Monday; but 'twas impossible. Hence this indigestion of ruffianism on my side, & that fine exhibition of what I call "bleating Scotchmanism" on yours.

Glad to hear of Cottier & the collection. Tell Murray to write me how he likes the Catalogue. You will have more reviews anon. Till then, do not repine. Remember Pecksniff: "My friends do not repine -- it is chronic". And be consoled.

Ever Yours,

W.E.H.

I believe that Rodin will be represented at the Glasgow Exhibition. So look out for the "Paolo & Francesca[."

---

1 Not identified.
2 A character in Dickens's Martin Chuzzlewit.
3 Not identified.
4 An exhibition of art at the Glasgow International Exhibition 8 May 1888-10 November 1888. Rodin was not represented at the Glasgow Exhibition.
My dear Dobbie,

Your Goldie arrived last night. A thousand thanks for him. I read much of him ere I slept, & he struck me as being, so far, your best in prose. He gave me ideas: -- thus, perhaps, you have but to go on, & do best what you like doing, to excel in this medium as in the other.

All good wishes from both of us for '88. As for the "Sequence", I should have called you in already; but a piece of hack-work fell in (from The Graphic), & till that's done there's no rest for me. Next week I hope to see the Smollet for hinder parts of it; & that month, with your help, to have the whole selection done & out of hand.

I wish I could have sent you the Catalogue. But the impression is so small, & the rule so strict, that I've been able to smouch a copy for nobody outside the press. Is there none for whom you could write a high-handed & fiery review? Later on, perhaps, I may be able, in any case, to do my duty by you.
I am going to ask you to accept that illustrated Rabelais. But it will mark the close of our campaign against the Muse.

Ever Yours,

W.E.H.

1 The first two paragraphs have been quoted.
3 WEH may be referring to the In Hospital section of his Book of Verses or to the arrangement of the various sections within the book.
4 This is probably WEH's "The Graphic" Gallery of Shakespeare's Heroines. The stories of the several plays from which the pictures are taken are written by W.E.Henley (London: Sampson Low, Marston, Searle & Rivington, Ltd., 1888). Another issue of this book measuring 23 inches by 14½ inches was limited to one hundred copies; see W.E.Henley, The Graphic Gallery of Shakespeare's Heroines. A Series of Studies in Goupilgravure (London: Sampson Low, Marston, Searle & Rivington, 1888). The Graphic, an illustrated weekly, 4 December 1869-23 April 1932.
Letter No. 248 To William Archer

MS: BL Add. 45292 f.65

CC

MERTON PLACE
CHISWICK W.¹
4 April 1888²

My dear Archer,

A Book of Verses will be out some three weeks hence. 'Tis partly your fault, so I hope you'll not fear to speak your mind about it. I think it will interest you in some ways, & offend you in others. I've had a shot in it any how for simplicity & directness; & that in these days is something.

Ever Yours,

W.E.H.

¹ The address is printed on the left of the card.
² There are four known extant letters between the last letter to Dobson, see Letter No.247, 30 December 1887, and this letter to Archer. Only one is of importance and that is the letter of 9 March 1888 which precipitated the estrangement between WEH and RLS; see Cohen, Quarrel, pp.20-22.
Letter No. 249 To Charles Scribner's Sons

MS: Princeton Scribner's Sons Archives Author Files I

MERTON PLACE
CHISWICK W.¹

13 April 1888

Dear Sirs,

My publisher, Mr. Nutt, has written to you in respect of A Book of Verses.² Herewith, per registered post, please receive a copy of the book corrected for press.

I have no proof, as yet, of the dedication "to my wife," which follows the title-page, or of the [?index]. In the event of your acceptance of Mr. Nutt's offer, I must leave to print the other from my scrup.

If [----] you do not see your way to doing anything with the book, kindly return the set of corrected proofs.

Very Faithfully Yours,

W.E.H.

A copy of Mr. Hole's etching of ["The Old Infirmary, Edinburgh," which should [----] fill the title page will be sent to you by next mail.

¹ The address is printed to the left of the page.
² See David Nutt, Letter to Messrs Scribner and Co., 13 April 1888, Charles Scribner's Sons Archives Author Files I, Princeton University.
³ The offer was declined. A note on WEH's letter in an unknown hand is: "Declined & 'copy' returned 4/23/88." However, it was published by Scribner and Welford; see William Ernest Henley, A Book of Verses (New York: Scribner and Welford, 1889).
My dear Baxter,

You are the reverse of in disgrace. But I've been dreadful busy. This piece of tom fooling which I've been doing with Lang (Vide first par. in the Literary Gossip of the current Assineum, which also contains a note on Henry James) has given much trouble; & then I've been busy distributing the book. Voilà. You see the little busy B. is not the only [ ] of the shining hour.

I am glad no end to hear of the proposed discussion. Don't let them belted Earls look down on us too much, & believe that the demon proposal jumps with my humour exactly. I've sent your letter to W.H.P., & requested him to ponder & perpend. Let me know when to support you, & I will do the needful, & the Literary Lodge shall establish its fundamentals.

The first review appeared this morning in our common Grandmother, the Spectator. Get it, an you love me. I am (it appears) "a true poet, though perhaps a minor one". Also the hospital things are "some of 'em not a little rough". I wish I could know what is meant by rough! But tis vain to try &
understand these literary fellows. Being one of them I know that half their time they [----] don't quite understand themselves.

Blaikie writes that my portrait is wanted for the Evening Dispatch, & that a great eulogy is to be looked for in Monday's Scotsman. I took measures to get us the Scottish Leader; so my renown in the city of my adoption should be sudden & violent. Take my tip, meanwhile, & get yourself a copy of the cheap edition. Send to Nutt's for it; or you'll may be get fobbed off with the imperfect copy. 'Tis (sans blague) a really distinguished little book, & I believe you'll prefer it to the more sumptuous form.

I've bought Anthony an etching-press, & am pretty confident that he'll make such use of it that he will be asked to co-operate in the production of the Constable.

I wrote to Tauchnitz, & asked him [----] to remit the £20 to Messrs. M. & B., who would send him a receipt in due course.

The Châtelaine is wonderous well, & I am vastly better.

Ever Affectionately Yours,

W.E.H.

[Added by WEH to the right of the address] Nigel has the Bismark in hand. I think you'll grin over
"Pictures at Play". Furniss's pictures are said to be first chop.

1 The address is printed to the left of the page.


3 This is a reference to a forthcoming journal The Scottish Art Review; see Letter No.255, 5 July 1888. The Scottish Art Review, a monthly, June 1888-December 1889, then The Art Review until 1890.


8 The first edition consisted of 1050 ordinary copies, seventy-five hand made copies, and twenty on Japanese vellum. The imperfect copy would have been the special issue, the imperfection being in the copy not the poetry.

9 Not identified.

10 Not identified.
SOME UNPUBLISHED LETTERS OF

WILLIAM ERNEST HENLEY 1849-1903

Volume 3

Thesis submitted for the degree of
Doctor of Philosophy
University of Leicester

by

Damian Anthony Patrick Atkinson

April 1991
Letter No. 251 To J.M.Barrie

MS: British Columbia

Quoted: J.M.Barrie, pp.29-30

MERTON PLACE
CHISWICK W.

28 May 1888

Dear Sir,

I am very glad to have "Auld Licht Idylls", which I read in the St. James's Gazette, with peculiar pleasure. I am glad, too, that you find my own little book good reading. I sent it (I should tell you) at the suggestion of Mr. John Geddie, who has been good enough to take notice of it in the Evening Dispatch, & who gave your name to a common friend (Mr.W.B.Blaikie, of the University Press) as that of an Edinburgh reviewer -- as, in fact, one having authority in the British Weekly.

I was not a student, I'm sorry to say. I was a patient in the Old Infirmary[..] I had heard of Lister & Listerism, & went to Edinburgh, as a sort of forlorn hope, on the chance of saving my foot. The great surgeon received me -- as he did, & does every body -- with the greatest kindness; & for twenty months I lay in one or other ward of the old place in Infirmary Rd. under his care. It was a desperate business, but he saved my foot, & here I am! The sonnets were written on the spot, & published with others I haven't
reprinted (1875) in the *Cornhill* a month or two after I left the infirmary[.] The experiments in blank verse were the work of my first weeks of liberty. Both have been a good deal wrought & touched up for publication since; but I think there's nothing in them that isn't true & authentic.

It may interest you to know that Lister sat for "The Chief"; that the original of the "Staff-Nurse: Old Style" is still alive & had a ward in the New Infirmary; that the original of the "Lady Probationer", a Miss Matthews, died -- on duty -- before the sonnets were printed, I believe; that the original of the "Visitor" was a Miss (Barbara) Abercrombie, & that Louis Stevenson sat for the "Apparition", which has not been printed elsewhere than here. The "House Surgeon" is in practice at Portobello; the "Scrubber" lives in Edinburgh, & so with the rest, only the "Staff-Nurse: New style" being (as it were) a composition.

Forgive me all this egoism. I've been [----] betrayed into it by the knowledge that you were an Edinburgh student, & the reflection that perhaps you knew the Infirmary when I knew it, though from another point of view.

Stevenson's address is c/o Messrs. Scribner[']s Sons, 743 Broadway, N.Y.C., N.Y., U.S.A. That will find him until his return to England.

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Very Faithfully Yours,

W.E.H.

J.M.Barrie Esq.

1 J[ames] M[atthew] Barrie (1860-1937), author and dramatist. He and WEH established a friendship which lasted until WEH's death. This is the first of two known extant letters to Barrie from WEH.

2 The second to the fourth sentences of the second paragraph have been quoted; see J.M.Barrie, Courage (London: Hodder and Stoughton Ltd., [?1922]), pp.29-30.

3 The address is printed to the left of the page.

4 WEH had originally written 27 and he overwrote the 7.


6 A Book of Verses.

7 The British Weekly, a journal of Social and Christian progress, 5 November 1886-7 December 1931.


9 "The Lady Probationer," A Book of Verses, p.15; and Works, 1, p.15.

10 "Visitor," A Book of Verses, p.32; and Works, 1, p.31.

11 "House-Surgeon," A Book of Verses, p.27; and Works, 1, p.26. The House Surgeon was Dr. Peter Alex Young who "attended me at Portobello, 1875"; Document (in private hands) listing, in WEH's hand, information about some of his poems.

12 "The Scrubber," A Book of Verses, p.31; and Works, 1, p.30. The Scrubber was Mary Macdonnell; see document cited above.

13 "Staff-Nurse: New style," A Book of Verses, p.14; and Works, 1, p.16. This poem was based on the following, among others, Miss Pringle, Miss Logan, Miss Mitchelson, Nurse Robinson and Nurse Watson "with a great deal of the author." See Document cited above.
Letter No. 252  To William Archer

MS: BL Add. 45292 f.66

MERTON PLACE

CHISWICK W.¹

31 May 1888

My dear Archer,

This is to triumph indeed! How much I rejoice in it I cannot say.²

I wish you had done the book in the P.M.G. I wanted something said like that of In Hospital.³ Our Common Grandma the Spectator, gave me two cols. last Saturday, & took the said In Hospital as about as common a thing as the Keats-&-water of which you complain, & remarked of it that it was composed of sketches "not a little rough in form," or words to that effect. Which is a trifle exasperating.

You are right about Heine in some ways. Come down on Saturday & I'll tell you the story; I haven't time to do so now.

Alys Yours,

W.E.H.

I like the "Life & Death" best of all. As for the ballades & rondeaux, with one or two exceptions they may (& doubtless will) be damned.

¹ The address is printed on the left of the page.
² Archer's review has not been identified.
³ A Book of Verses consisted of three sections; "In Hospital: Rhymes and Rhythms," "Life and Death (Echoes)," and "Bric-à-Brac."
My dear Mrs. Meynell,

I have just read your note in Merry England.² 'Tis the greatest pleasure of all, as you know, to be well read; & this you have given me. Thank you for it "from the heart;" &, believe me, there is more in the expression than it is wont to convey.

Some day I hope to talk with you of better & worse. Then you will tell me more of your dislikes, & I shall make bold to tell you something of my likes. For the moment, I will content myself with the confession that your selection has interested me, & that I don't at all agree with it. For instance, I do believe that my best is to be found among my lyrics; & I certainly prefer the last "poem" in the book to the last but one;³ & I am more or less in, among the ballades, with the ballade "Of a Toyokuni Colour Print";⁴ & -- but I will not take myself too seriously! You must forgive me if I seem to do so. Every body -- the likeliest & all -- has been so kind about these things that there are moments when I lose my head, & feel inclined to pose en poète.

I am grateful, above all, for the recognition that
what I have aimed at is simplicity. I began with Rossetti; I end (for I believe this is the end) with Heine & Burns, I think (there is certainly more "I" in this letter than may be pardoned to even a minor poet!) that a return to them is what we want; & I thank you for your applause of what throughout, was nearest my heart.

Let me correct a detail -- historical -- in your account of me. I am not a Scotsman but a wretched Saxon: Gloucester born & Gloucester bred, indeed, with not so much as a touch of the Scot about me. And Stevenson's first work was not published in London, but chez Kegan Paul. He had written many of his essays & all his Inland Voyage before he wrote for me his New Arabian Nights, & therewith (they told me) murdered the journal. 'Twas in Edinburgh that I met him; you will find a kind of sketch of him in the number (In Hospital) called Apparition. It was like him then, & I ran it in for old sake's sake. For, indeed, we have been much together.

It may interest you to know that the original of the "Staff Nurse -- Old Style" is still a foot & still at work. She has a ward in the New Infirmary. I see her when I go north. She must be long past seventy, but she looks to me to have changed but little -- to be only -- little older & less active than she was in '73-'74, when I lived beneath her sway.
Alys Sincerely Yours,

W.E.H.

PS. My wife -- who looks to meet you one day -- is Scotch as R.L.S. himself.

1 The address is printed on the left of the page.
3 The last poem is "What is to come we know not," A Book of Verses, pp.166-67; and Works, 1, p.118. The penultimate poem is "When you are old, and I am passed away," A Book of Verses, pp.164-65; and Works, 1, p.113.
4 A Book of Verses, pp.117-18; and Works, 1, pp.81-82.
5 Dante Gabriel Rossetti (1828-1882), painter and poet. A founder member of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood in 1848 which turned to medieval and religious subjects for its artistic, literary and moral outlook.
6 An Inland Voyage.
Letter No. 254 To Harry Quilter

MS: Huntington HM 32323

CC

MERTON PLACE

CHISWICK w.¹

3 July 1888

Dear Quilter,

I am glad to hear that the verses are to come off.²

I am glad, too, to have cleared up that matter of the Catalogue. We were wondering why & how it was our "common grandma" had not unpacked her soul about it.

I hope it's not too late: for the Universal any how.³

Alys Sincerely Yours,

W.E.H.

¹ The address is printed on the left of the page.
² In a letter to Quilter WEH thanks him for the request of some verses; see W.E.Henley, Letter to Harry Quilter, 2 June 1888, HM 32322, Huntington Library. W.E.Henley, "In Passing," The Universal Review, 1 (1888), 417-18; also Works, 1, pp. 152-53.
My dear Mr. Angus,

I am glad to have such good news of yourself & such a generous reception for the Book. Of course, I'll write the song (wh. is a general favourite) in your Book of Saints. But don't send up the page; I shall be in Scotland presently, & will do it on the spot.

I don't think you need bother about the S.A.R. It cannot possibly come to anything. There are too many fools connected with it. The chances are, they will spend all their money, & then try to sell their journal for whatever it will fetch. When that happens Bruce -- perhaps -- will step in, & buy them out; & we may be able to make a good thing. I could edit it quite easily from London, with Bruce's help; & if it fell to us, we'd give them something worth reading. Your idea about the portraits is excellent. You must keep it to yourself: in case of this dream of mine coming off. You may tell Bruce of it, & you may show him this letter. It will amuse him (serious as it is), if it does nothing else.

I should like to see the Bailie. As for your notes on the Catalogue, I am sure they were well meant.
& well done; but I'm glad they didn't turn up in the S.A.R. I've had quite enough in the notices of A Book of Verses & Pictures at Play, which have patronized me to the verge of frenzy.

Alys Yours Sincerely[,] W.E.H.

1 The address is printed on the left of the page.
2 Not identified.
3 Nothing came of this.
4 The Bailie, a weekly, 23 October 1872-28 April 1926.
5 "Exhibition Notes," The Bailie, 27 June 1888, p. 6; and "Meglip," The Bailie, 4 July 1888, p. 11.
Letter No. 256 To Harry Quilter
MS: Huntington HM 32324
CC

MERTON PLACE
CHISWICK W.¹
16 July 1888

Dear Quilter,

I have to acknowledge the receipt of your cheque for £2. With thanks.

I think of asking you to look at a chapter of my book on Dumas: -- "Dumas the Dramatist": -- with a view to publication in the U.R. Does the idea smile on you?²

An American critic thinks my Verse suggestive of Andrew Lang's.³

Alys Sincerely Yours,

W.E.H.

¹ The address is printed on the left of the page.
² WEH did not complete the book and the MS has not been found.
³ Not identified.
Dear Gleeson White,

Your verses have been read & admired as they deserve.¹ I hope that some day the Young Person who inspired them (& who is, indeed, a very magnificent Young Person) will know them by heart, & say them to the proud author.²

It is very kind of you, & believe me, we think a great deal not only of the work, but of the spirit in wh. it was done.

Mother & child are doing brilliantly well.

Alys Yours,

W.E.H.

¹ Not identified.
² WEH's daughter, Margaret Emma, was born on 4 September 1888.
Letter No. 258 To Edmund Gosse

MS: Brotherton Gosse correspondence

Merton Place[,] Chiswick W.

[19 November 1888]¹

My dear Gosse,

I am very glad to know that you like the article.² I really mean all that it says, & to write it was a great pleasure. I intended to have discussed the cause -- & effect -- of that sudden drying up of the Congrevian fount, which is one of the most curious & perplexing points about a curious & perplexing personality; but I had -- or thought I had -- no room. I should have said all I want to say just now if I add that Maccoll demanded the thing at point of fix, & then left it on his table, in proof, for three weeks or a month before using it.

I've always liked Farquhar.³ He's the most generous & humane spirit of the whole set. As far as I remember he is never brutal & offensive; & those high spirits of his go to the head like good champagne. But the Dramatist isyy Vanburgh.⁴ Then if he could but have mastered something like a style -- there was a great comic part. Why don't you take him up for this same series?⁵ He is worth it, I should think, as a man; & to have the chance of saying the right thing for the first time about such work as the Provoked Wife and

- 869 -
the Confederacy should tempt you.

But (if I may presume to advise you on such a point) I would leave Molière [---] out of my list of comparisons. Truly, there is no sort of parallel to be made between him & any of them. The aim, the convention, the morals, the style, the achievement — every thing is different. I intended (to finish my lecture in a breath) to have objected to a certain "Otway or Racine" in the Congreve; but somehow it dropped out of my scheme. I quote it now — to show you what I want to be at. It is misleading to the general — to talk of two absolutes of incompatibility in the same breath; & I could with that you hadn't given me this opening.

I fear that (as usual) I have said too much. But I think so well of the book that I hope to be forgiven this creepiness. Quia multum amavi. I hope to handle your Vanburgh in the same spirit.

Our tumble was very great, & I think that it will be long ere life is quite the same. Thank you much for remembering that sympathy at these times is really a necessary of life. Some little time ago I recalled the times of a certain letter which you once showed to me, & was moved to write to you. I have regretted ever since that I allowed myself to be moved in vain.

Alys Sincerely Yours[,] W.E.H.

-870-
1 The date has been written in another hand.
2 [W.E.Henley], Rev. of Life of William Congreve, by Edmund Gosse, The Athenaeum, 17 November 1888, pp.672-73.
3 George Farquhar (1678-1707), Irish dramatist. His best known plays are The Recruiting Officer (1706) and The Beaux Stratagem (1705).
4 Sir John Vanburgh (1664-1726), dramatist and architect. Two of his main comedies are The Provoked Wife (1697) and The Confederacy (1705). He built Castle Howard, Yorkshire, and Blenheim Place, Oxfordshire.
5 The Great Writers series published by Walter Scott. Gosse did not produce a book on Vanburgh.
6 Thomas Otway (1652-1685), dramatist. Jean Racine (1639-1699), French dramatist.
7 WEH's mother had died on 25 October 1888.
8 Not identified.
The "prose of France," my Oscar, is all my fancy paints. Flaubert indeed is the prose of France, but not precisely French prose, the which (so far as I can recall myself to myself) I didn't accuse you of coming off in.¹

That, however, is nothing to the point. The point is that, as I think, you've assimilated your Flaubert to an extent that seems to me quite wonderful. His style to you is what rhyme is to some poets: it gives you ideas; you come up with it, & it whispers inventions! I am not sure that I altogether approve; but I do honestly admire. And that, as you know, is much.

I will read the Prince again, & mark the lapses. Then (D.V.), if you are not too violent, & will swear to me, upon your honour as a poet, to respect my grey hairs, I will go through the whole thing with you, & you shall perpend, & own that I am right.

What a strange monster is your critic! You praise me for sanity, cheerfullness, a practical optimism;² & here's an American (in the New Princeton) who hopes that next time I may be more human, lively, & [   ]³!
You reproach me with experiments in prose; & here is a Scotsman who -- enfin! Your critic is a weird & curious being. And there's the fin mot of the whole business.

How I wish (now) that I had consented to attend that Congress at Liverpool! What sport, what discussions, what noble talk we would have had! However, you will meet Stevenson, & if he's in the vein, there will be words enough between you, & ideas enough, to make all Liverpool mad for a month. Truly I'd like to be there.

Ever Yours,

W.E.H.

Let us meet soon.

1 WEH's review of Wilde's The Happy Prince and Other Tales (London: David Nutt, 1888) has not been identified.
4 The first Congress of the Association for the Advancement of Art and its Application to Industry was held in Liverpool from 3 December 1888 to 8 December 1888.
5 Bob Stevenson.
Letter No. 260  To Edmund Gosse

MS: Brotherton Gosse correspondence

32 George Square[,]  
Edinburgh.¹

19 January 1889

My dear Gosse,

All manner of thanks.² And when I get a subject  
(which will be soon) you shall know.

Meanwhile, have you nothing in the way of verse?

I've seen the D.A.,³ & next week we are going to  
descend upon him at St. Andrews, in force.

Alys Yours,

W.E.H.

¹ WEH had been staying with Bruce since the end of  
December 1888; see Connell, p.135. He had been  
asked by Baxter, Bruce, Blaikie and Fitzroy Bell to  
etit The Scots Observer; see Connell, pp.135-41.  
The Scots Observer: A Record and Review, a weekly,  
24 November 1888-15 November 1890, then as The  
National Observer 22 November 1890-13 March 1897.  
Robert Fitzroy Bell, the principal financial backer  
of the S.O. "The first number of the Scot's  
Observer [24 November 1889] convinced Bell that he  
must get an editor of quite a different kind from  
Dunn. He went straight to London, made enquiries,  
obtained an introduction to Henley, and with all  
possible speed brought him to Edinburgh, and  
installed him as editor, transferring Dunn to the  
situation of business manager"; see Herbert  
Stephen, "William Ernest Henley as a Contemporary  
and an Editor," The London Mercury, 13 (1926),  
Editor of Black and White 1895-1897; editor of The  
Morning Post 1897-1905; editor of The Manchester  
Courier 1905-1910; and editor of The Star,  
Johannesburg, 1911-1914. Black and White, a  
weekly journal, 6 February 1891-13 January 1912.

²

³
WEH's first edition of the S.O. was that of 19 December 1889; see Letter No. 263, 28 January 1889. The Scots Observer was politically a Conservative journal. It consisted of about four pages of advertisements and about twenty-six pages of news and articles. Basically it was divided into three sections; (i) Notes, being political, of about three pages, (ii) "Middles," as WEH later referred to them, were articles on politics and current affairs, and were generally of about thirteen pages, and (iii) Reviews, of books, about ten pages. Poetry was also published. The price was 6d, and it was published on a Saturday.

2 Gosse had no doubt offered to write for WEH.
3 Not identified.
Letter No. 261 To Mrs. Moulton

MS: St. Andrews MS PR 4783

RUSACK'S MARINE HOTEL,
St. ANDREWS, N. B.
25 January 1889

Dear Mrs. Moulton,

I have to thank you for your very kindly criticism of my Book of Verses. I am very glad indeed to think that a fellow craftsman has found so much in it of interest.

I am afraid the facts are all wrong. With one exception: that 'twas in the Infirmary that I met with R.L.S. I don't think, however, that they need to be contradicted. Always supposing that you don't feel called upon to contradict them. If you do, I shall, of course, be happy to give the necessary data.

'Tis news to me that I have the deep poetic melancholy. When I tell you that R.L.S. confessed to me that he had sketched his John Silver from me, you will understand the why.

Please address me "The Scots Observer, 9 Thistle St., Edinburgh". I have quitted London to edit that journal.[

Alys Sincerely Yours,
W.E.Henley

I wish you could persuade the Americans to look at my book. It was offered both to Scribners & to the
Roberts co[.], & save your own, I have seen but one review of it.

1 Ellen Louise Chandler Moulton (1835-1908), American poet and novelist. From 1886 to 1892 she wrote a weekly letter on books for the Boston Sunday Herald. The Boston Sunday Herald, 26 May 1861-present.
2 No review has been identified.
3 The S.O. office was at this address.
4 Roberts & Co., American publishers.
My dear Bell,

If the Morrice is so bad, tis best to ignore it[.]

I should like you to see the Editor of the Herald; explain to him that we are embarked on a purely patriotic enterprize; & ask him not to group us with the Spec. & S.R., but make an exception in our favour, & quote us, as often & voluminously as they can.

You can point to Hannay's article as a specimen of the sort of thing we purpose to be at in politics & [----] the Paradise & the Pedant for the other thing.

There is some stupid old tradition about quoting; but we are an exception, & it ought not to apply to us.

I hope this will reach you in time. I've been out all day looking for a house, & didn't get home till late.

Alys Sincerely Yours[,]
Letter No. 263 To William Archer

MS: BL Add. 45292 f.68

THE SCOTS OBSERVER
A RECORD AND A REVIEW.
9 THISTLE STREET,
EDINBURGH.
28 January 1889

My dear Archer,

I have taken over the S.O., & I mean to make a shaft or bolt of it.

I hope that (as a brother Scot) you'll help us all you can.

We have put you on the free list, & with this you will receive my second number. I want you to note the R.L.S.² 'Tis the first of a series to which I should like you to contribute.

Couldn't you do us a Henry Irving?³ An intellectual portrait of that distinguished creature would suit us down to the ground especially if it were down in the fearless old fashion you remember.

For any suggestions or proposals I shall be most grateful.

Ever Yours,

W.E.H.

1 WEH had originally written 29/1/89.
2 [Andrew Lang], "Modern Men. R.L.Stevenson," The
3 - 879 -
Scots Observer, 26 January 1889, pp.264-66. This was the first in a series of articles about major figures of the period. Cohen cites Lang as the author; see Cohen, Quarrel, p.74.

A "Henry Irving" did appear but the author has not been identified; see "Modern Men. Henry Irving," The Scots Observer, 29 June 1889, pp.151-52.
To William Archer

MS: BL Add. 45292 f.69

THE SCOTS OBSERVER
A RECORD AND A REVIEW.
9 THISTLE STREET,
EDINBURGH.¹

31 January 1889

Dear Archer,

Did you get my last about our Modern Men & a "Henry Irving" from you?

Bell has put you on the free list. I hope you push the journal every now & when you can. I believe it is going to do; & if it does -- it's a career.

Of course you won't sign the "H.I." & of course I want it to be good.

Ever Yours Sincerely[ ,]

W.E.H.

¹ The address is printed in the centre of the page.
Letter No. 265 To William Archer
MS: BL Add. 45292 f.70

THE SCOTS OBSERVER
A RECORD AND A REVIEW.
9 THISTLE STREET,
EDINBURGH.¹

2 March 1889

Dear Archer,

What say you to Ibsen in my Modern Men?²

Ever Yours,

W.E.H.

A second edition of the B. of V. is imminent!³

¹ The address is printed in the centre of the page.
³ One thousand copies comprised the second edition of A Book of Verses printed between 1 April and 19 April 1889.
Dear Mrs. Meynell,

I want to thank you for *The Rhythm of Life* as for one of the best things it has so far been my privilege to print.²

Soon, very soon, I shall have the pleasure of sending you a copy of the second edition of *A. B. of V.*

With kindest regards,

Sincerely Yours Alys,

W.E.H.

---

1 The address is printed in the centre of the page.
Letter No. 267  To Charles Baxter

MS: Beinecke 4624

Berkely Hotel[,]  
Piccadily. W.¹

5 April 1889

My dear Charles,

The Châtelaine goes into residence to-morrow.² I wish you'd call on her, & get her to dine with you on Sunday, as I expect she'll be lonely.

If you do see her, ask her for "your [ ]," & she will present you with a gift (on conditions to be presently arranged) which I think will please you.

Here is Louis's letter. Tell him I am very grateful, but -- ! Also my mother had time to know & love her grandchild, & to begin to want to live for her sake.

The Book of Verses was out, I find, not much before July; so that it has taken scarce ten months to exhaust the first edition of 1145 copies.

I shall return on Tuesday night.

Ever Affectionately Yours,

W.E.H.

Anthony is most wretched.

1 WEH was in London on editorial business; see Connell, p.155.
2 11 Howard Place, Edinburgh.
Letter No. 268 To Theodore Watts-Dunton
MS: BL Ashley. B. 3376 f.74

11 Howard Place[,]
Edinburgh.
10 May 1889

My dear Watts,

I did not review the Third Series of Poems & Ballads. Indeed I did not so much as lay a finger on it. So I can say without a blush that I thought it uncommon good, & that I hope every body was pleased with it.

I wonder if you see your Scots Observer regular, as you ought? We are fighting the good fight, any how, & a word of cheer is alys worth having.

Did you read that ass Howells on Sir Walter in the current Harper? I got him on toast last week, & worked out a parallel between him & the gifted Andrew Carnegie which I think will please neither.

I've been trying to show that Parnell's behaviour in the witness-box is really the break-down of the Separatist case; but the fear of contempt was too much for my people, & this morning I had to stop the press, & take out the offending matter.

I read a certain Congreve t'other day, & thought a deal of it. I've been perpetrating a Rossetti which, I imagine, will make you all livid with fury. "Aussi va le monde ici-bas", as my favourite (French) poet has
it. Without reaction there were no such matters as life.

Ever Sincerely Yours,

W.E.H.


3 [W.E.Henley], "The New Elegance," The Scots Observer, 4 May 1889, pp.656-57. In this article WEH attacks Howells as "once a nobody; while he wrote The Lady of Aroostook and A Foregone Conclusion, and at once became somebody -- in other words, a parvenu ..." He criticised Howells as setting himself above the novelists before him as well as "a great many of them that are novel-making in the present."

4 Charles Stewart Parnell (1846-1891), an Irish M.P., who advocated Home Rule for Ireland and persuaded the Government to accept his view. The Times, in various articles in early 1888, accused Parnell of being involved in crime in Ireland in furtherance of Home Rule. The Parnell Committee was appointed to investigate the accusation. WEH, as a Tory, was against Home Rule and attacked Parnell; see [W.E.Henley], "The Ethics of Public Lying," The Scots Observer, 11 May 1889, pp.683-84.

5 Presumably Gosse's Congreve.

6 W.E.Henley, "Gabriel Charles Dante Rossetti. 1828-1882," in his A Century of Artists. A Memorial of the Glasgow International Exhibition 1888 (Glasgow: James MacLehose and Sons, 1889), pp.763-65. Watts-Dunton was an admirer of Rossetti, and WEH, while accepting his fine writing about Rossetti, questions his ability to be critical of Rossetti's verse.

7 Not identified.
My dear Dobbie,

I thought the review would please you. I should like you to waste a copy on the reviewer, who is one of the most uncommon creatures I've ever met, & who writes a great deal more like me than I do myself.²

I think the distinction between poetry & society verses has never been so clearly drawn & so brilliantly illustrated as by him. Qu'en dites-vous?

The gifted Nutt now writes that he has still some 80 copies of our First Edition on hand. And this after hurrying a Second through the press at such a pace that I hadn't time to do justice to my proofs!! Such is publishing!

Cosmo's verses have made him many friends.³

Ever Yours,

W.E.H.

---

1 The address is printed in the centre of the page.
2 [Charles Whibley], "Mr. Austin Dobson's Poems," rev. of Poems on Several Occasions, by Austin Dobson, The Scots Observer, 4 May 1889, pp.667-68.
The reviewer was most probably Charles Whibley (1860-1930), who, after a Classical First at Cambridge, worked for Cassells where he would have met WEH. He became WEH's second-in-command on the S.O. and a close friend, and partially filled the vacuum caused by the quarrel with RLS.

My dear Archer,

We were delighted with that piece of bold advertisement;² & this week I've taken up the cudgels, with my "usual Gothic vivacity," against you & the thesis in general & you & this thesis in particular, in a way that I hope will make you very angry indeed.³

This morning I read of myself as an "obscure Scots print" & of you as the bosom friend of The Bat.⁴ You seem to be keeping, my dear young friend, uncommon shady company.

Fitzroy Bell leaves to-night for 16 King St., St. James's, where he is to be heard of until Tuesday night at all events. He proposes to take you to the Derby.⁵

Ever Yours,

W.E.H.

---

1 The address is printed in the centre of the page.
2 W.A. [William Archer], "The Theatre," The World, 22 May 1889, pp.8-9. Archer attacked the S.O. for its criticism of Pinero's The Profligate. The Scots Observer had criticised what it had described as the thesis of the play, that is, "that men before
marriage ought to be as ignorant of the other sex as women are expected to be." See "'Fudge!!,'" The Scots Observer, 11 May 1889, pp.684-85.

[3] [W.E. Henley], "The Strange Case of Dr. Archer," The Scots Observer, 1 June 1889, pp.38-39. WEH attacks Archer for believing that the morality of the play is something that, in fact, can exist in nature. He sees this "New Morality" as contrary to the inevitability of the human male's behaviour.


To Alice Meynell

14 June 1889

My dear Mrs. Meynell,

I should like you, if you would, to undertake for us a pen-&-ink of His Holiness for Modern men.\(^1\)

I know several who might do me some thing of the kind, but none from whom I should like so much to hear as from the author of The Rhythm of Life.

These studies demand something of literature; & that is why I come begging this one to you.

Will you let me know soon?

Alys Sincerely Yours,

W.E.H.

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1. The address is printed in the centre of the page.
2. [Alice Meynell], "Modern Men. Leo XIII," The Scots Observer, 10 August 1889, pp.318-19. Gioacchino Pecci (1810-1903), Italian poet and priest, was Pope from 1878 to 1903.
My dear Blackwood,

Oscar is a clever chiel, but he'd be none the worse o' a little penal servitude. Any how I'm rather glad that he & I have ceased to meet.

I want you to tell me which of Monkhouse's copies of verse you propose to use; as he's making up a book. I should like to send him a proof from you soon.

Alys Yours Sincerely,

W.E.H.

I like Little Hand & Muckle Gold.

[Added by WEH at right angles to the left of the address] If I send you a copy of my Second edition for The Old Saloon, will you give me a press?

---

1 WEH had written 1/7/89 and overwrote the 1.
2 Oscar Wilde, "Portrait of Mr. W.H.," Blackwood's Magazine, 146 (July 1889), 1-21. In this story Wilde portrays Shakespeare as fond of a young boy and it is this that causes WEH's seemingly prophetic remark.
3 Cosmo Monkhouse, Corn and Poppies (London: Elkin Matthews, 1890). Two poems were published in Blackwood's; see Cosmo Monkhouse, "Under the Oak," and "The True Lover," Blackwood's Magazine, 147 (February 1890), 265-68.
4 Not identified.
5 The Old Saloon was the book review section of the magazine. Blackwood did not review the book.
6 July 1889

My dear Cosmo,

I think that about does me for the present. Unless you've more to show.

I can't pin down my Blackwood. But I will try to see him soon. He has the two long ones not returned herewith.

Did you see Oscar on his virtue in the current Maga? A most imprudent & broad-bottomed work. He deserves kicking.

I am very soon to be in town. I wish I could send you my second edition. A charming book outside, any how. I'd like you to see one of the new numbers (I.M. Matri Dilectissimae); for I think it my best work.

Ever Yours,

W.E.H.

1 The address is printed in the centre of the page.

2 Monkhouse had had a further two poems published in the S.O.; see Cosmo Monkhouse, "The Deafness of Death," and, "On One Not Beautiful," The Scots Observer, 29 June 1889, p.167.

11 Howard Place[,]  
Edinburgh.  
7 July 1889

Dear Blackwood,

I found this forgotten story of Cobban's in the course of a hunt through my papers. I remember reading it with a great deal of interest & some admiration; & it occurs to me that you, who are always in quest of short stories, may find it useful.¹

Alys Sincerely Yours[,]  
W.E.H.

¹ James MacLaren Cobban (1849-1903), Scottish journalist and novelist. The story was probably his novel published in 1890; see James MacLaren Cobban, Master of his Fate (Edinburgh and London: W. Blackwood and Sons, 1890).
Letter No. 275  To William Archer  
MS: BL Add. 45292 ff.72, 73  

11 Howard Place[,]  
Edinburgh.  
8 July 1889  

My dear Archer,  

It was one of my young men.¹ And I shall put him up to answer you.  

I had rather you had plugged us in The World; but never mind.²  

The new S.O. will contain a curious statement by a certain Charles Boyd, which should be of interest to the poets of the Universal Review.³  

What ails you at our [ ]? Ici on s'en rappel. 'Tis by many thought to be the best thing in the book. Seriously, I fear that yours is an ascetic eye.  

Whether the review appears or not, all manner of thanks for it. Had it not been for you, I should simply have reprinted the first edition, & my best work I.M. Dilectissimae Matri -- had not perhaps got into print.  

Ever Yours Sincerely,  

W.E.H.  

---  
¹ In the S.O. article the unnamed writer had attacked Archer over Ibsen for making "the theatre a debating society." Archer is condemned for his support of the content of Ibsen's plays; see "Ibsen - 895 -"

2 Archer's reply was in the next issue of the S.O.;
see William Archer, Letter, The Scots Observer, 13
July 1889, p.213. This was followed by a reply
from the writer of the original article as a note
in parenthesis after Archer's letter.

3 C.W. Boyd, Letter, The Scots Observer, 13 July 1889,
p.241. Boyd was objecting to the nonpayment for
some of his verses published in The Universal
Review. He subsequently sued and won £2-2-0.
Charles Walter Boyd (1869-1919), journalist and
writer.
Dear Mrs. Meynell,

I am not sure about Crispi. But if your friend cares to adventure his article, I will give it every consideration.

There were some phrases in the Leo XIII which bothered us a good deal, & which I ventured to change -- not being able to go with you in the use of them. Forgive me if I say that the article, while excellent in most ways, was not -- is not -- comparable with The Rhythm of Life as a piece of writing. Do you not agree with me? However, I am very glad to have it, & very glad to have asked you to write it.

There are but four new numbers in that ed. sec.; but one of them is, I believe, my very best. I need not tell you which I mean.

Ever Sincerely Yours,

W.E.H.

---

1 The Henleys spent August here; see Connell, p.163.
2 Francesco Crispi (1819-1901), Italian Statesman.
3 - 897 -
Alice's friend has not been identified.

According to David Nutt's advertisement for the second edition "Five New Pieces have been added"; see The Scots Observer, 6 July 1889, p.194. The four additional poems were: (i) "Friends...old friends...", pp.111-12; also Works, 1, pp.181-82; (ii) "If it should come to be," p.113; also Works, 1, p.183; (iii) "Matri Dilectissimae I.M."; and (iv) "Of June," pp.143-44; also Works, 2, pp.207-208.
My dear Bruce,

I go to Glasgow to-morrow, & shall again see Arthur & Connal.¹ I don't believe that either will budge. And I do believe that unless you care to go for a syndicate yourself, the S.A.R. is already a thing of the past.

Connal says he doesn't share your views; but he likes your style, & he thought thinks your anti-Ruskin campaign superb.² Voilà.

The Hindoo is probably in Paris.³ Are you for that gay city? If you are, & will stand for me, I'm on. If you aren't, then adieu paniers, vendanges sont faits.

The Merry Andrew cometh to the Congress, where he readeth a paper on the Art of Savages.⁴ On the whole I think we shall have some fun.

I purchased a small table of the Celt tother day; & the autotypes are all around; & the Sameur hangs gloriously over the Bust.⁵ I can do no more for the dam room. One side is tip-top, & the other -- 0 the other! It makes one wilt to look at it. However, so it must stay, for I can no more.

When you get the new number read my Sarasate:⁶ &
Whibley's "Real Theatrical Art"; & his Separatist Art; & Whyte on the Master of Ballantrae; & Greenwood's leader. Also the thing called Oven & Gridle, wh. last may inspire you to deliver yourself on the subject of bread. A good number; like the last, I think.

I've put the Wise Youth on for all the sculpture in Chamber's Encyclopaedia, & have thereby deprived wee Gay of half his empire.

Monkhouse is to do the Century in the Academy & the Art Journal; Whibley in the Magazine of Art & the S.D.; Armstrong here[,] there, & every where. Angus bleats about the Turner. Macaulay Stevenson has already begun to gibber & squeak in the Glasgow comics. I advised the Iberian to ask it of the Saturday; but since then I've started anti-Irvingising, & I expect a scarification.

If you're back by Sunday, either wire or come on here. We shall be [?]ever] glad to see you.

Ever Yours,

W.E.H.

I saw the Lauries last Sunday, & did my best.

The Wolf is all but walking; her teeth are troublesome, & to-day she had to consult her physician. But she looks -- !
Bruce had attacked Ruskin in the 5.0. over his new edition of Modern Painters (1889) as a breach of contract with the buyers of the complete edition of 1873. See R.T. Hamilton Bruce, Letter, The Scots Observer, 1 June 1889, p.46. The controversy finished in the issue of 27 July 1889.

Walter Blaikie; see W.E. Henley, Letter to R.T. Hamilton Bruce, 26 May 1891, Beinecke uncatalogued, Yale University.

The National Association for the Advancement of Art and its Application to Industry held its Congress at Edinburgh from the 28 October 1889 to 2 November 1889. Andrew Lang, "Art of Savages," Queen Street Hall, Edinburgh, 29 October 1889.

Not identified.


"Oven and Griddle," The Scots Observer, 12 October 1889, pp.575-76.

The Wise Youth was Charles Whibley; see Connell, p.155. C.W. [Charles Whibley], "Sculpture," Chambers's Encyclopaedia, (1888-1892).


Walter Armstrong (1850-1918), art critic.

The review has not been identified.

Robert Macaulay Stevenson (1860-1952), sculptor and journalist.

Not identified.

WEH on Irving has not been identified.

Not identified.

The only known reference to Margaret Emma Henley by this name.
Ter No. 278 To William Archer

MS: BL Add. 45292 ff.76, 77

THE SCOTS OBSERVER
A RECORD AND REVIEW.
9 THISTLE STREET,
EDINBURGH.¹

15 November 1889

Dear Archer,

Much thanks! These notices, friendly or other -- & you are always friendly -- are just what we want.² I know of no labour comparable to that of establishing a real journal. How many times since I took this in hand I've thanked whatever gods there may be for it, is more than I can ever tell.

The Master was certainly posted to you on (or as [----] nearly as we can calculate) the last week of October.³ It had been sent by hand (from Cassell's) to Gordon Square, &, as you were not there, dispatched to you c/o Charles Baxter, who handed on to me, who posted it to you from this office. I didn't address it myself, so I can't be sure that it was sent to Queen Square; but my clerk swears it was. You might enquire at the G.P.O.

I put down the P.M.G. to you, but didn't agree with it.⁴ I do not like the book; & I think, too, that at a certain point it breaks in halves, & goes on to be something else. Something cracks in it -- as in Henry

- 902 -
Durie's brain;^ & the result is more than I can stand.
I did not put down that imbecility about the Box to you.6 I thought it must be Stead himself, but I fear I was wrong.

Ever Yours,

W.E.H.
Dear Lad,

We think these may interest you. The Naked Female was taken at nine months: the two others on her first birth-day.

She is seldom off her feet now. Her energy is something paralysing. She has some taste for books & much for boys. Enfin, -- --

Things go on, & go on, & go on. C.B. continues mad about free-masonry -- a middle-aged man in want of religion; & we meet but seldom. The journal is up hill work; but we don't despair. Any how we've mortified & amazed the S.R. Letters come in from all manner of swells, & we are continually quoted; but -- ! However, we don't as I said, despair; but enter this week on our third volume with a feeling of having done much.

I should have writ to thank you for your touching & affectionate verses; but I could not.¹

I've sold the Master (which I do not like) to the Baron;² & I will post you a copy duly. I told him of the Box; but he has not risen.

I am very tired: I've never worked so hard in my life as during the last ten months. I never see nor

- 904 -
hear from Colvin now; but I hear that he looks parlous ill & "painfully thin". The truth is, we are not so young as we were; [rest of sentence deleted and illegible].

W.E.H.

If you can send me any thing for the S.O., please do.


Letter No. 280  To William Blackwood

MS: NLS 4534 ff.229, 230v

Ivy Lodge[,] Levenhall[,] Musselburgh.

7 December 1889

My dear Blackwood,

    Much thanks for the Master. It looks well. I think it should do. But of course one never knows. Any how we'll do our best to make it a clincher.

    Hope you've sent a copy to the journal; as Fitzroy Bell (who's going to review it) wants to have & own the book for himself.2

    I couldn't get to the Meeting.3 I had to go home, after finishing the journal, & write the article on the Demonstrations generally.4 It was an atrocious disappointment; but it couldn't be helped.

        Alys Yours Sincerely[,] W.E.H.

I think you should send a copy to Baron Tauchnitz junior, Leipzig. To whom I propose to write.5

1 Cobban's Master of his Fate.
2 [Robert Fitzroy Bell], rev. of Master of his Fate, by J. MacLaren Cobban, The Scots Observer, 21 December 1889, p.134.
3 Not identified.
5 It was not published by Tauchnitz.
My dear Lane,

It is hard to answer your question out of hand, but I'll try.

The first article was in London, but I can't give the date. I imagine it must have been very early in the second volume; one of the first three or four of a series of Living Novelists. I think, some time in '78.


To this last journal J.M.Barrie contributed The Lost Works of Geo. Meredith, 24th Nov., '88 -- before my accession. I edited a George Meredith for the same print, 28th Sept., '89. A note by Wm. Sharp appeared in the February issue (I think) of the Scottish Art Review, '89.11

I don't think it would be advisable to mention my name in connection with Meredith. For one thing, I am
reprinting whatever seems worth salvation in a little book I am just now preparing for press: all of it selected from the *Atheneaum* Meredithisms; & the others may go hang. This is soonest.

I have sent you the Meredith & the [ ]: by registered post. The latter, *meo judicio*, is poor thin stuff poorly & thinly done. I ought to have known better than to expect any thing good from a person procured by that preposterous creature Frederick Harrison.

Mrs. Henley duly received the cream, & enjoyed it thoroughly. She would have written her thanks — (which she now sends, through me) — at once, but I didn't know where to look for your address.

Very Sincerely Yours,

W.E.H.

I will try to send you the several articles — (all but the London extract) — very soon; but just now I am using them as copy for my book.

---

1 The address is printed in the centre of the page.
4 [W.E.Henley], Rev. of Ballads and Poems of Tragic - 908 -

5 WEH had left a space here, no doubt intending to insert the correct date for The Teacher.


7 "H.B." [W.E.Henley], "London Letter," The Critic, 14 August 1886, pp.77-78.


12 W.E.Henley, "George Meredith," in his Views and Reviews: Essays in Appreciation. Literature (London: David Nutt, 1890), pp.43-55; also Works, 5, pp.50-64.

13 Not identified.
My dear Bruce,

I hope you are going on all right. Any how I hope you're well enough to take an interest in the new number. It is simply magnificent. We shall never beat it if we live a hundred years: as, by the way, there is every likelihood we may.

Whyte's A.C.S. is first-chop; & as for Cleared -- the first leader -- if it isn't genius, then I don't know genius when I see it. And the Barrick Room Ballad is as good as you want.

I must order you Kipling's books. I meant to do so, but forgot. No such gutsy person has appeared in English since Dickens.

Write & let us know how you are.

Ever Yours,

W.E.H.

P.T.O.

I am going to talk material & style to the Art Students on the 19th April. You must come & support me.
The Hindoo is in mortal terror of being dragged to the bar of the House on account of Cleared.

1 The address is printed in the centre of the page.
2 The issue of 8 March 1890.
4 [Rudyard Kipling], "Cleared," The Scots Observer, 8 March 1890, p.424. This was a political poem attacking the Liberals for their association with the Irish Nationalists over Home Rule for Ireland. The poem had been rejected by The Times and The Fortnightly Review; see Charles Charrington, Rudyard Kipling: His Life and Work (London: Penguin Books Ltd., 1986), pp.198-99.
5 Rudyard Kipling, "Barrack-Room Ballads. III. 'Fuzzy-Wuzzy'," The Scots Observer, 8 March 1890, pp.437-38. This was the third such ballad to be published by WEH.
6 Not been identified.
Dear Blackwood,

We have in this new number a certain "Cleared" which, being a work of genius, & very much in the Tory interest I should like to bring under the notice of The Old Saloon. Is it impossible? The thing is simply magnificent.

All it does is to present the Commissions conclusions in the terms of art; & it's [----] irresistible.

Alys Yours,

W.E.H.
My dear Bruce,

I will come & dine with you if I can, & if I can't I will come in after dinner on Thursday. Till then I am fathoms deep in work.

I think the last number has done our business. A magnificent puff in the World of to-day, & quotations in Times, Scotsman, Hawk, Globe, St. James's, Manchester Examiner, etc. And it is reported that Labby is to bring the matter before the House. If he does -- !

I've heaps to tell you. Look at the current S.R. on the Century of Artists.

Ever Yours,

W.E.H.

The babe has a touch of croup; but is bettering.

[?Already].

---

1 The address is printed in the centre of the page.
3 "Cleared," The Times, 8 March 1890, p.11, col.6; "Cleared," The Hawk, 11 March 1890, p.290;
"Cleared," St. James's Gazette, 8 March 1890, p.1; "Cleared" [republished from The Scots Observer], The Manchester Examiner, 11 March 1890, p.8. The Hawk, a daily paper, 7 February 1888-11 July 1893. Nothing has been found in The Scotsman or The Globe.

This did not happen.

Letter No. 285  
To John Lane  
MS: Princeton

THE SCOTS OBSERVER,  
A RECORD AND A REVIEW.  
9 THISTLE STREET,  
EDINBURGH.¹

Dear Mr. Lane,

If you will write to Joseph Gilder, The Critic, Broadway, N.Y.C., he will doubtless send you the article I wrote for him on G.M.

I send as much of The Teacher note as I can find.

Did I say that I don't care to father any thing about G.M. save what I put into my book? Because I certainly meant to do so; & now I've said it. I hope you won't forget it.

I will tell Greenwood, certainly, and ask him if he cares to impart. I'm not sure that he will; for if Meredith wrote for him anonymously, I expect he will prefer to keep the secret. But we'll see.²

Alys Faithfully Yours,

W.E.H.

You must ask Cobban who wrote the George Meredith in my series of Modern Men.

¹ The address is printed in the centre of the page.
² Meredith wrote for The Pall Mall Gazette; see Siegfried Sassoon, Meredith (London: Constable, 1948), p.99.
Letter No. 286  To William Archer

MS: BL Add. 45292 f.81

THE SCOTS OBSERVER,
A RECORD AND REVIEW.
9 THISTLE STREET,
EDINBURGH.¹

25 April 1890

Dear Archer,

We've been taking you to task for your views concerning comedy.² I hope you'll do us the same good turn;³ [   ] if you do, we'll fight it out in our respective rags till there is no life in either of us.

'Tis heavenly weather; but it makes me have old inklings & velleities of poeshy, which are on the whole perturbing & of a discomforting effect. Bell is in town. Address him Scottish Club, Dover St. Piccadilly.

I have your Macready, & shall probably take you on myself.⁴ Though I'm stale -- stale!

Alys Sincerely Yours,

W.E.H.

¹ The address is printed in the centre of the page.
² "The Decay of Comedy," The Scots Observer, 26 April 1890, p.625.
³ No article on comedy by Archer was found in The World.
Sir,

I shall be glad to have your formal permission to reprint in any forthcoming volume of Views & Reviews -- an anthology of selected passages -- [----] some two or three paragraphs from my Academy review of Mr. Sydney Colvin's Golden Treasury Landor (Aug. 26, 1882).^2

Faithfully Yours,

W.E. Henley

The Editor[,]

The Academy.
My dear Bruce,

I forgot to tell you yesterday to utterly abolish & destroy any memory you may have of my suspicion of stolen proofs. It was rot.

I am very glad you like the Song in Spring. I do, & some people don't. But why worry about my cleverness? To myself I confess I am stupid as an owl: I have no intelligence at all. I am stupid. Voilà. I know my trade, though; & I try to say any thing I've got to say decently. I believe I never try unless I've some thing; & there; the proof that I'm not an artist -- for I don't delight in the excuse of my art, I don't revel in the merry ballade & the gay rondeau, for it's or their own sake. While Lang does; so Lang is a better writer than I; & you can't read him. Q.E.D.

I think better of Lyall than you; & I purpose to turn him into art.

I am at home after 9.30 every night. Do come up.

W.E.H.
1. The address is printed in the centre of the page.
2. Not identified.
5. No article on Lyall by WEH has been found.
Letter No. 289 To Alice Meynell

MS: Texas MS File (Henley, W.E.) Letters

THE SCOTS

OBSERVER.

AN IMPERIAL REVIEW.

9 THISTLE STREET,

EDINBURGH.¹

4 June 1890

Dear Mrs. Meynell,

I thought it best to use the verses at once, as I've a certain number in hand -- some Kiplingisms among them; & I wasn't sure if they would not do better beside my own than beside them.²

I am using your prose this week.³ It falls beautifully into a vacant space, & helps to make the number varied as well as good.

I am sending herewith a portrait of your husband's godchild. I wish it gave the colour. But -- !

Alys Sincerely Yours,

W.E.H.

¹ The new title is printed diagonally across the top of the page with the address below. No note will be given in further letters unless the setting of the title and address differ.

² Alice Meynell, "After a Parting," The Scots Observer, 31 May 1890, p.45. W.E.Henley, "Romance," The Scots Observer, 31 May 1890, p.45; also Works, I, pp.195-96. The "Kiplingisms" were the remaining Barrack Room Ballads.

³ Not identified.
Dear Hardy,

Have you read the letter on Art & Morality in the new number of the S.O. (I send it herewith);¹ & if "so disposed" help me to make the theme of what Knowles calls a "gymposerium."

It seems to me very bold & very intelligent; & if you care to discuss it I should be very much obliged to you.

Alys Faithfully Yours,

W.E. Henley

My dear Mrs. Meynell,

We are establishing a S.O. portrait gallery. And we hope that you will send us a photograph of yourself (cabinet) to hang with the rest.

Oscar is really more than clever: he has style. It is generally a "conceited" & fantastic product; but he now & then comes off as only a man of letters can.

I want you to read the letter in the current S.O. on Art & Morality. To my mind it is quite excellent; & I should like to make it the starting point of a discussion.

Please tell Mr. Blackburn that I have yet to read him on V. & R.¹

Alys Sincerely Yours,

W.E.H.

¹ Vernon Blackburn (died 1907), music critic of The Tablet, a Catholic weekly, 16 May 1840-present.
SEAFORTH,
LEVENHALL,
MUSSELBURGH, N.B.
2B July 1890

Dear Mr. Unwin,

The best you can do with Pyle is to make him the only pirate in the series, & pad him out with Johnson's life of Captain Roberts (by far the best of the crowd) & that of Captain Avery; with Mary Read & Anne Bonny in an appendix. That will give you a capital selection & the public an entertaining book.

For myself, I might possibly do a set of highwaymen or perhaps a selection of ruined characters from Johnson -- highwaymen, burglars, street-walkers, & so forth. But I don't think either would serve your turn; for Pyle, as it seems to me, is gutting the volume (an excellent book in its way) month by month in the American magazine.

Alys Faithfully Yours,

W.E.H.

1 Thomas Fisher Unwin (1848-1935), founder of the publishing firm. It is not known how he and WEH met but it would seem that WEH's apparent interest in, and knowledge of, pirates and such characters led him to help Unwin with suggestions for an adventure series.


An account of the pirates Mary Read and Anne Bonny was included in Johnson's book.

SEAFORTH,  
LEVENHALL,  
MUSSELBURGH, N.B.  
19 August 1890  

My dear Bruce,  

Are you home yet? Let me know. The man Tree is on the spot, & I must meet him somewhere to-morrow or Thursday night.  

Ever Yours,  

W.E.H.  

I've done my Raeburn & a dashed poor thing it is.¹  

---

Letter No. 294 To Alice Meynell

MS: Texas MS File (Henley, W.E,) Letters

THE SCOTS

OBSERVER.

AN IMPERIAL REVIEW.

9 THISTLE STREET,

EDINBURGH.

21 August 1890

Dear Mrs. Meynell,

Thank you for *Pocket Vocabularies* a proof of which you shall shortly receive, *quam premium*.

I am sure that what you have to say about the Cardinal will be worth hearing & noting; but I don't see how I can give you space for any thing but a letter. Will that do? You see, you don't purpose to sign it; & I don't want to father it; & outside the correspondence section it is a rule with us that all signatures shall be genuine. Now you can sign a letter any thing you please.

Yes, I laughed. It was a jest worth making. But how am I to please you? I insist upon woman's right to be woman & you laugh. And I point out that her duty is to avoid the making of bad verses; & you rage. Truly there is no pleasing you at all.

How do you like all this *Art & Morality* rubbish? I am rather pleased with it. Especially as it has -- or ought to have -- ruined O.W. whose letters really are,

- 926 -
I think, the work of a common lunatic.

Ever Sincerely Yours,

W.E.H.

1 Alice Meynell, "Pocket Vocabularies," The Scots Observer, 30 August 1890, pp.380-81.

2 Cardinal Newman had died on 11 August 1890. Alice Meynell did not write on him in the S.O. John Henry Newman (1801-1890), Anglican priest and later Roman Catholic Cardinal, was a major member of the Oxford Movement which aimed to redefine the High Church concept of the Church of England. In 1845, with others, Newman became a Catholic.
My dear Bruce,

Just a line to say that the *Lewis* was posted from the office to-day.*

Read the National Types in the current number.² You'll find a good story in it -- a story you know.

The W.Y. is to be at George Square on Monday. He has sent me no copy: "such crowds of women about one" is his reason. So that I presume the Dean's daughter will leave them latitudes less virtuous than she found them.³

Get the Contemporary for September for (1) a capital Kipling, which will be of use to you in any future discussions with the Magazine; & (2) a curious dissertation by Symonds on "Platonic" love.⁴

I borrowed Baring Gould's book about Lycanthropy on Thursday, & have read it with immense interest.⁵ I'll put it back before you return.

Baxter has gone South with his family. He is now a firm believer in Beau Austin & in Tree, who has signed, I suppose, an agreement to produce the thing some two months hence, or forfeit £50.⁶
We leave for Howard Place on Wednesday; so please address the birds -- for which we shall be grateful indeed: having been baulked of some twice or thrice already -- to the office.

Why are you worried, & of what? Only of shooting game, I hope? For myself, I am much better of late. My dyspepsia is something relieved, & the weather -- which is cold -- agrees with me.

I send you a good Kipling letter for your collection. The epigram, is, I think, excellent.

My curtains (drawing-room) have not come off this voyage; so they won't be on view for three or four months yet. Till the *Lycia*, in fact, arrives again in Liverpool from Bombay.

Ever Yours,

W.E.H.

Write to me soon, & give us news. The Emperor flourishes like a green bay-tree.⁷

[added by WEH at right angles to the left of the address] Some devil has put away the Kipling letter. I can't find it anywhere.

[added by WEH at right angles to the left of the address on the third page] The learned gent in the *Athenæum* describes John Thomson as "a [--] [ ] skilful [--] follower of Rudyard."⁸
This may be Father Damien: An Open Letter to the Reverend Doctor Hyde of Honolulu from Robert Louis Stevenson (London: Chatto and Windus, 1890). It was published on 16 July 1890.

"National Types in Scotland," The Scots Observer, 30 August 1890, pp.378-79.

Not identified.


Beau Austin was produced by Tree at The Theatre Royal, Haymarket, London, from 3 November 1890 to 10 January 1891. There were twenty-three performances.

The Emperor was WEH's name for his daughter Margaret; see Connell, p.xix.

Not identified.
Letter No. 296  To William Archer

MS: BL Add. 45292 ff.82, 83v

11 HOWARD PLACE,
EDINBURGH.
9 September 1890

My dear Archer,

If you haven't settled for your Kean, I want you to think (at least) of entrusting it to Whibley.¹

He is a scholar, & he is extremely intelligent, he is a very competent & careful hand at research, his views on art are admirably sound. It would be a piece of good luck for your series if you are still vacant, & would take him on.

I think he's an ardent Keanite. I know he knows his subject.

If you can help on Modern Men please do. It seems to be thriving; but a good word is never in vain.

Ever Sincerely Yours,

W.E.H.

P.T.O.

P.S. I see that ruffian Shaw has been reporting my speech to you. But you're wrong, & so is he, though I fancy his Wagnerism plays.²

[added by WEH diagonally across the page] Beerbohm Tree is under agreement to produce the Beau this autumn; & he is rehearsing Macaire for trial on his provincial tour!³
1 Archer's Kean did not materialise. Edmund Kean (1787/90-1833), Shakespearian actor.
2 Shaw was an advocate of Wagner.
3 Tree did not produce Macaire. The play was performed twice during WEH's lifetime; at the Strand Theatre, on 4 November 1900, and on 8 November 1900, at the Great Queen Street Theatre; see Kennedy Williamson, p.103.
Letter No. 297  
To Alice Meynell

MS: Texas MS File (Henley, W.E.) Letters

11 HOWARD PLACE,
EDINBURGH.
3 October 1890

My dear Mrs. Meynell,

The invention is unpardonable. But I couldn't help it. The thing would take no denial.¹

It has been curiously enough received. Two or three have told me they do not understand it. Which puzzles me. But the most that have spoken are hit by it -- some hard, some not so hard.² And that is more than one has a right to expect of any thing one does.

I hope you will let me send you stalls for Beau Austin at the Haymarket. I shall not, I fear, be there. But Mrs. Henley will. She hopes to leave for London this Saturday week, (with the Emperor, of course!) [----] & to stay for the performance. She will be no further away than Holland Villas Rd.

Alys Faithfully Yours,

W.E.H.

Men, too, are vain. And I haven't a photo I like.

² Kipling wrote in approval but objected to padding; see Connell, p.194.
11 HOWARD PLACE,
EDINBURGH.

18 October 1890

My dear Sir,

I am very glad to see the setting of Ave Caesar. I hope to be able to report on it very soon.

I am glad, too, to know that the triplet is presently to appear in print. I should [?think] that Nutt will ask for no more than that the name of the book shall appear after your title page. As to your own title what think you of "Three Songs" (or "Sea Dreams" or Sea Fancies" by W.E.H. & H.F.B.R.?

Since I wrote, I have had several opportunities of testing the effect of the said triplet. The favourite, of course, is "Wind of the Western Sea", but the first has its admires, too. As for the third -- none. "It is very difficult & it is very [ ]less": that is the outcome of all the experiments I've made. Of course you are no more solicitous of popularity than I am but -- !

Thank you for the list. It is most interesting, & I needn't say that I shall be glad to see the ideas these ditties have suggested. They are all lyrical; that is evident. But I wonder why they came to you singing, & some others did not? Will you read a thing
that begins "Or ever the knightly years were gone",\textsuperscript{5} & will you also read the last thing in the book, & tell me if they are absolutely tuneless? And if they are, will you try to tell me why? It is a great deal, I know. But to write \textit{poetry} for \textit{music} has always been an ambition of mine; & \textit{föt} you to do this will be to confer a real favour on me.

I will send you on Monday a lyric (published in the \textit{Scots Observer}) which I think is also really lyrical;\textsuperscript{6} & you can tell me of that at the same time.

Faithfully Yours,

\textit{W.E.H.}

1 Herbert Frederick Birch Reynardson, composer.
2 The setting of WEH's poem "Ave, Caesar!" was not published. The poem is one of WEH's \textit{In Hospital}; see \textit{A Book of Verses}, pp.24-25; also \textit{Works}, 1, p.24.
3 H.F.Birch Reynardson, \textit{Three Songs}, words by W.E.Henley (London: J. & J. Hopkinson, 1891). The three poems were: (1) "The sea is full of wandering foam," \textit{A Book of Verses}, p.65; also \textit{Works}, 1, p.133; (2) "Bring her again, O western wind," \textit{A Book of Verses}, p.68; also, \textit{Works}, 1, p.13; (3) The full sea rolls and thunders..." \textit{A Book of Verses}, p.82; also \textit{Works}, 1, p.149. These were the only poems of WEH's set to music and published by Reynardson.
4 Not identified.
5 \textit{A Book of Verses}, pp.101-102; also \textit{Works}, 1, pp.171-72
6 Not identified.
Letter No. 299 To Alfred Austin¹

MS: Iowa

11 HOWARD PLACE,
EDINBURGH.

31 October 1890

Dear Mr. Austin[,]

It is very kind of you to write in such terms of my little book & it is, besides, a pleasure to know that work one has tried to make as good as one could should be recognized for good by a man who knows.² Assuredly I worked hard at that stuff; & assuredly I have had my reward.

It is possible that I shall follow this volume with two others -- one on Painting & one on Music & Drama.³ But the S.O. takes more & more of my time instead of less & less, as I had hoped; & these two volumes may remain in limbo after all.

There is a very remarkable article in the new number -- In the Name of Truth.⁴

Faithfully Yours,

W.E.Henley

I should have replied before but I have these ten days past been more than common busy.

---

¹ Alfred Austin (1835-1913), writer and poet. Poet Laureate from 1896.
² Views and Reviews: Literature.
³ W.E.Henley, Views and Reviews: Essays in - 936 -
Appreciation. II. Art (London: David Nutt, 1902); also Works, 6. The projected third volume was not produced.

4 "In the Name of Truth," The Scots Observer, 1 November 1890, pp.602-603. This was a view on the state of Tory ideas.
Letter No. 300 To James Payn

MS: Fales

THE NATIONAL OBSERVER
A RECORD AND REVIEW.¹
9 THISTLE STREET,
EDINBURGH.
26 November 1890

My dear Payn,

We propose to publish a series of literary supplements at intervals of six weeks to two months, consisting of (1) a story of some seven to eight thousand words long & (2) a series of selected reviews.²

Will you write us such a story?³ And if you will, what are your terms, & when might I look for copy?

I hope to accompany you with Mrs. Oliphant, Barrie, Rudyard Kipling, & R.L.S, & I am writing by this post to Ansty to the same effect as to you.⁴

Ever Yours,

W.E.H.

¹ The following announcement appeared in the issue of 15 November 1890: "On and after Saturday next, the 22nd curt., this Journal will appear under the style and title of THE NATIONAL OBSERVER. As heretofore it will be published simultaneously in London and Edinburgh every Saturday morning." See The Scots Observer, 15 November 1890, p.621. The journal had been losing money and Fitzroy Bell had gone to London in a vain attempt to find finance; see Connell, p.201. However, Bell decided to
change the title; see Herbert Stephen, 391.

2 The first supplement was in December 1890; see Special Literary Supplement to The National Observer, The National Observer, 20 December 1890. It consisted of eight pages of book reviews with four pages of advertisements. In all there were five Literary Supplements: 20 December 1890; 9 May 1891; 14 November 1891; 12 December 1891; and 7 May 1892. At no time did they exceed eight pages of text.

3 Payn did not have a story printed.

4 None of these had a story or article printed in the Literary Supplements. Margaret Oliphant Wilson Oliphant (1828-1897), a Scottish writer of books and articles. She was a regular contributor to Blackwood's Magazine. Thomas Ansty Guthrie (1856-1934), journalist and writer, who wrote under the name of F.Ansty.
6 December 1890

My dear Mrs. Meynell,

I've sent your last to the printers:¹ the only difficulty is that, in accepting it, I may be constrained to hold over "Ashamed to Dress", which I like, & for which I'm sure my readers will be grateful.² I have to thank you for some very hearty praise & some dignified (& very necessary) reproof in Merry England.³ I think, however, that you are hypercritical in "rotting" my first (or is it the second?) antithesis. The P.R.A. is not what we call a painter;⁴ he is a designer, an artist in line & in line alone; the paint with which he covers his canvasses is only paint by courtesy -- is not paint (at all events) in the sense that Whistler's material is paint. That is the point; & I think there is more of the "power of poise" than you credit us withal. In this particular instance, at least.

I have a copy of verses under weigh which I shall ask you to read with particular attention.⁵ I think they mean a new departure & unfold new possibilities.
But I cannot yet be sure; they are not far enough outside me.

I am a good deal less the worse for wear than I was; & the others are very flourishing indeed. I hope your husband is better at last.

Alys faithfully Yours,

W.E.H.

2 [Alice Meynell], "Ashamed to Dress," The National Observer, 27 December 1890, pp.143-44.
4 Frederic Leighton (1830-1896), President of the Royal Academy of Arts 1878 until his death.
5 This was the first part of a four part poem eventually called London Voluntaries. The reference here is to "Piccadilly" which was completed first; see W.E.Henley, "Piccadilly," The National Observer, 20 December 1890, pp.125-26. The completed sequence first appeared in 1892; see W.E.Henley, The Song of the Sword and other verses (London: David Nutt, 1892), pp.15-36; and a fifth section was added later, see Works, 2, pp.75-97.
My dear Archer,

A thousand thanks. Used or not -- (& I wish it could be used) -- the thing is a great delight to me.¹

I would cheerfully use it here -- either as it stands or modified according to your view of journalistic etiquette; for indeed I am sick of this ill-tempered, sneering ignoramus, & I cannot stoop myself to continuing with him. It is really a little steep to be told by a Dam-Daily-Telegraphist that you don't know your trade, & he does.² However, the thing is with Time & the Gods; & I don't believe, the play being what it is, that he will keep a single spectator from the Haymarket. As for the verse -- but that is long since past his power to harm, such as it is.

However, I'm sorry Yates is such a bad editor. I own I thought better of him.

Fitzroy Bell is in town -- & ill. Do go & see him. His address is 28 Dover St.
Ever Sincerely Yours,

H.

I must read the proof again. I'll return it to-morrow.

1 Archer's review of Beau Austin was not published in The World.
2 Clement Scott, "The Worship of Bad Plays," The Theatre, n.s. 16 (December 1890), 261-66. Scott attacks Archer for his enthusiastic praise of Beau Austin and its authors, is depressed by the play, and sees little merit in it. He writes: "They [RLS and WEH] do not as yet understand the stage. They have not studied audiences. They are new to the dramatic business. They are clever amateurs!" (265).
My dear Archer,

Since writing, I've the poor crusty, old creature's article. I wish it had been aimed at some one else -- & not at me & my friend; that I might have let the public in to see such a rattling bit of punishment as yours. But on the whole, you're right to forbid me the use of the thing: it would not have done for me to publish it, I see that now; but for the moment I was carried away by the sight & sound of it, & would fain have taken it on.

Here it is; & bless you for writing it. D----n Edmund for finding it dull -- or rather for sparing the feelings of the battered old thing at whose head it's aimed.

Ever Yours,

H.
My dear Bruce,

Let us know of your home-coming. A magnificent number under weigh. The first two reviews mine:¹ the Wise Youth on Morris & Cybele Rediviva,² & an altogether admirable Rudyardism in the leaders³ -- these at least you'll love to read.

Lang has been blazing away over his Bridges through many pages of the new Longman's.⁴ Poor Lang!

A jolly edition of the Golden Treasury has come in.⁵ You must get it.

Ever Yours,

H.

National Observer, 27 December 1890, p.141.


My dear Bruce,

After leaving you yesterday, my cold got worse & worse until at last I had to stop work, & hand over the sheets to Bell & Dunn. 'Tis the first time that has happened since I came on view; so you may believe that I was pretty bad.

I've been abed all day, & am better; but it is bitterly cold, & to travel would be madness. If I keep better I'll come by train to-morrow. If not -- not till next week.

I am really very queer: as weak as water & with nothing in my brainpan but cotton wool.

Nut has ordered a 3rd edition of the Book of Verses. He wants to raise the price, & to make it not 1000 but 2000.\(^1\) Also he craves a new binding. You might discuss the same with the Wise Youth. Also he tells me that only 170 copies are left of Views & Reviews, & that the sooner I consult for a second edition the better.\(^2\)

Tell Whibley to look at Thursday's Pall Mall for an Oscarism on the new Rudyard.\(^3\)
Ever Yours,

H.

Make the most of the first leader this week. It is Greenwood's last.⁴

1  A thousand copies of the third edition were printed between 2 February 1891 and 11 March 1891.
2  A second edition was printed in 1892.
4  [Frederick Greenwood], "Lord Salisbury and Mr. Blaine," The National Observer, 10 January 1891, p.188.
My dear Mrs. Meynell,

The Lady Taylor reached us too late to be used as any thing but a leader. As you no doubt have devined.

I meant to have written on Thursday afternoon, to say so; but I was laid prostrate with a cold in the head & could not even see the journal to press.

Thanks many for the books. They are already in use.

Ever Sincerely Yours,

W.E.H.

1 [Alice Meynell], "The Late Lady Taylor," The National Observer, 10 January 1891, p.193.
2 Not identified.
My dear Charles,

I regret to find that our venerable friend is less free with his presentation copies than I had imagined he might be. But I am none the less glad to be able to repair his omission: for I know you love him, & I know that you have but to open this book at any page, & & do not begin to read at any line upon that page, to have himself, his voice, his delivery, brought to you as by magic. Take my advice, therefore; & do not read too often.

My dear [?fader] does not seem to be coming off?

E.A.Y.[,]”

H.

---

1 From the tone and content of this letter WEH is referring to RLS. Presumably the book is RLS's Ballads (London: Chatto and Windus, 1890).
My dear Bruce,

I've agreed to do a **Selected Burns** & a **Boys' Verses** for Nutt: on my own terms.\(^1\) Also I've settled the matter of the Tudor Translations.\(^2\) All three books for the Hindoo!

I lunch with Graham R. to-morrow (Friday),\(^3\) & I go to the play in the evening.\(^4\) But I shall be on view in the afternoon at 107.\(^5\)

I don't know where you are; but Whistler's to be here about nine to-night, so I think I'll send this round by hand on the chance of catching you, & bringing you on.

Ever Yours,  
H.

---

1 WEH did not do a Burns for Nutt. This is the only known reference to this project. The **Boys' Verses** was an anthology of poetry designed to show "as only art can, the beauty and the joy of living, the beauty and blessedness of death, the glory of battle and adventure, the nobility of devotion -- to a cause, an ideal, a passion even -- the dignity of resistance, the sacred quality of patriotism,"

2 This is the first mention of a major series of reprints of sixteenth century translations into English of classic works. The series was to consist of thirty-eight volumes under the general editorship of WEH with each book having an introduction by a suitable critic; see W.E. Henley, ed., The Tudor Translations, 38 vols. (London: David Nutt, 1892-1904). Details of the series are in the Bibliography.

3 Graham R. Tomson (Mrs. H.B. Marriott Watson) was a contributor of verse to the S.O. and the N.O. However, this may be a reference to her husband Henry Brereton Marriott Watson (1863-1921), who was a journalist and novelist, and also a contributor to the S.O. and the N.O.

4 Not identified.

5 The Savile Club, 107 Piccadilly, London.
Dear Marriott Watson,

I am sending you a boy who wants seats for Richard Savage, and whom you might easily induce to shave his moustache if you are still wanting a chorus of Kit-Kats.

He's a National Observer & a great admirer of your own & Barrie's work; & his name is John Stuart. Let me know where he can see you. If he doesn't officiate, he proposes to work you off in the Watford Observer.

Tell Barrie with my love that I've not had a chance at the Prologue yet; but to-night will see it either above or damned.

Ever Sincerely Yours,

W.E.H.

What's your exact date?

---

1 The play Richard Savage, by J.M.Barrie and H.B.Marriott Watson, was performed at the Criterion Theatre, London, on 16 April 1891 at 3 pm. The Prologue was written by WEH and published in the N.O.; see W.E.Henley, "Richard Savage," The National Observer, 11 April 1891, pp.537-38; also - 953 -
 Works, 2, pp.126-29.

2 A collection of people.

3 No further details are known of John Stuart.

4 Nothing has been found in the Watford Observer, a weekly newspaper, January 1863-December 1978.
Letter No. 310 To Messrs Scribner's Sons

MS: Princeton Archives of Charles Scribner's Sons

11 HOWARD PLACE,
EDINBURGH.
28 March 1891

Dear Sirs,

I have to thank you for your letter (& its enclosure) of the 11th March, 1891.

In reply I think with you that the sales are satisfactory.¹ I should like to know, however, if you think the book alive or dead -- that is, if you propose to reprint it (in which case I should like to correct the issue) or if you prefer to let it drop.²

I wish to issue some three volumes more under the same general heading[,] one on Art, one on Music & Drama, & a second on literature. But the work of editing the National Observer is still so arduous that I've very little time for anything outside it. Still I hope to get the second volume (Art) under weigh this spring & to have it ready for press this autumn, in which case I shall be happy to communicate advance sheets.³

I should be glad to have a copy of the first American edition.

Faithfully Yours,

W.E.Henley

Messrs. Scribner's Sons

- 955 -
1 W.E. Henley, Views and Reviews: Literature (New York: Scribner's and Sons, 1890).
2 It was reprinted in 1893, 1897 and 1906.
Letter No. 311 To William Blackwood
MS: NLS 4572 ff.228, 229v

11 HOWARD PLACE,
EDINBURGH.
17 April 1891

My dear Blackwood,

Is there any news of that story?¹ Good or bad, I should like to have it.

Meanwhile, here is another. It is by the very cleverest of all the younger men -- a certain Barry Pain, who is looked upon as the most promising youngsters we have.² He wants an opening for this sort of thing, so that, if you like it, he would be useful to Maga. My great regret is that, owing to an engagement with The Speaker,³ he is not allowed to write for the N.O.; but it would give me great pleasure to serve him, & in serving him yourself also.

I was sorry to hear you were ill. I hope you're all right now. At last it feels like Spring, & I think that you, with a bad throat, must rejoice in it still more than the lave.

Thank you for MacPherson's book.⁴ I hope it will be a great success.

Alys Sincerely Yours,
W.E.Henley

- 957 -
WEH had sent an MS (author not known) to Blackwood; see W.E.Henley, Letter to William Blackwood, 13 March 1891, NLS 4572 ff.226, 227v, National Library of Scotland.

Barry Eric Odell Pain (1864-1928), journalist and writer. He was not published in Blackwood's.

The Speaker, a weekly, 4 January 1890-23 February 1907.

My dear Whistler,

All right to yours: all right & many thanks. As I said we shall not be starting yet awhile; but it's a comfort to know that there is an illustration ready to our hand.¹

We have buried the Professor this week.² Nobody will come forward against him. In truth, it is sickening to reflect that this impeachment has had to be carried single-handed by a lay journal for that none of the trade-organs will so much as mention the person's highly respectable name. However, we've done our best; & our leader should bring matters to a crisis. I have sent it to the Vice Chancellor at Oxford, & I am trying to find the names of the Slade Trustees to [----] communicate it to them also. The issue is in the lap of the Gods.

I have asked Nutt to send you two little books of mine. They won't bore you, even if you do not attempt to read them.

Alys Sincerely Yours,

W.E.H.

Oscar's letter is a monument.³ I will bring to London:

- 959 -
some time in June.

I've been [   ] ill, & I am as fagged as I can stick.

1 The address is printed on the left of the page.
2 Not identified.
3 In an open letter to Professor Herkomer, R.A., published in the issue of 14 March 1891, Joseph Pennell attacked him for not stating clearly whether he had produced etchings for the limited edition of his book The Idyll or whether they had been done under his supervision as he, himself, claimed; see Joseph Pennell, Letter, The National Observer, 14 March 1891, pp.431-32. No reply came from Herkomer and Pennell asked for a statement from him; see Joseph Pennell, Letter, The National Observer, 21 March 1891, p.460. As Herkomer was still silent Walter Sickert suggested that the Royal Society of Painter-Etchers should ask for Herkomer's resignation; see Walter Sickert, Letter, The National Observer, 28 March 1891, p.487. The problem continued in the next two issues until WEH closed the correspondence in the issue of 18 April 1891, and also produced a leader leaving the solution to the Royal Academy of Arts, the Royal Society of Painter-Etchers, and Oxford University; see "Pennell V. Herkomer," The National Observer, 18 April 1891, pp.551-56. However, the matter did not end as the N.O. produced another leader; see "Pennell V. Herkomer," The National Observer, 2 May 1891, pp.603-605. Walter (Richard) Sickert (1860-1942), American painter.
4 Not identified.
My Lord,

I am selecting an anthology for boys, designed -- but the design is not avowed -- to bring into particular relief the dignity of patriotism, the beauty of battle, the heroic quality of death. It begins with the chorus from Henry V;\(^1\) includes excerpts from Drayton, Beaumont, Fletcher, [----] Lovelace, Herrick, Montrose, Marvell, Dryden, Milton, Gray, Collins, Wordsworth, Byron, Sir Walter, Matthew Arnold, Whitman, Swinburne, Longfellow, & William Morris;\(^2\) & ends with Mr. Kipling's *East & West* & *The English Flag*,\(^3\) to which last I did myself the honour to draw to your attention some two or three weeks ago.

I believe that the anthology will be a remarkable book; I believe, too, that its effect must certainly be good; & my purpose in writing to you is to ask permission to strengthen & dignify it by the addition of certain numbers of your own, who have spoken so well for England, & to whom we owe it that our antient civic feeling endures so vigorously yet. These are (1) The
In conclusion I will add that I propose to call my collection *On the Heights* & to use as its device the admirable quotation from *Old Morality*. 

I have the honour to be, my Lord, 

Your very obedient Servant, 

W.E. Henley

Lord Tennyson.

I have pleasure in asking your attention to a little book of Essays in Appreciation in which I have attempted to express something of my admiration for your work.

---

1 The Chorus before Act 1, Shakespeare's Henry V.
2 Michael Drayton (1561-1631), writer; Francis Beaumont (1584-1616), dramatist who collaborated with John Fletcher (1579-1625); Richard Lovelace (1616-1657/8); James Graham Montrose (1612-1650), 1st Earl of Montrose, who was executed during the English Civil War 1642-1652; William Collins (1721-1759) was not included in *Lyra Heroica*; Henry Wadsworth Longfellow (1807-1882), American poet.
3 "A Ballad of East and West" and "The Flag of England."
4 Tennyson gave permission for "A Ballad of the Fleet," commonly known as "The Revenge," and "The Heavy Brigade."
5 A quotation from Sir Walter Scott's *Old Morality*, published in 1816, appeared on the cover.
My dear Sir,

I am compiling a book of verse for boys -- to be published in the coming autumn by David Nutt in London & Messrs. Scribners Sons (I believe) in New York. Herein I purpose to include, if it be possible, examples of Lord Tennyson (to whom I have written for permission), Matthew Arnold, Charles Kingsley, & Sir Francis Doyle. I know from Fitzroy Bell the very friendly interest you have always taken in this journal; & I take advantage thereof to appeal directly to you in this matter, instead of addressing myself to your firm, which is impersonal & can only be approached officially.

My anthology will not compete in any way with either Professor Palgrave's or with Mr. Patmore's. It is, as becomes a book for boys, a fighting book: a book designed to bring into relief such old-world (but very necessary) virtues as valour, patriotism, the contempt of death. It begins with Shakespeare's Agincourt; it ends with Rudyard Kipling's English Flag; between these...
two points it takes in most of the great masters of English verse; & I believe that, if it be a success, it cannot fail of an excellent effort.

The numbers I ask your permission to use -- of course with due & grateful acknowledgement -- are as follows: -- Lord Tennyson's Lucknow, his Light Brigade, his Revenge; Sir Francis Doyle's Return of the Guards & The Private of the Buffs; Kingsley's Last Buccaneer & the Ode to the North-East Wind; & Matthew Arnold's Death of Sorab -- that is, from "he spoke, but Rustumm answered him not, but hurled his" on to the close of Sorab & Rustum -- & the [ ] that ends Empedocles.

I feel that I am asking a great deal of you, & putting your kindness & good will to a severe test. My excuse is, that I want to make my anthology the best on its own lines there is. I have spent much time & many searchings of heart upon it; & I think it will be good. It differs from most others, I imagine, in being concerned & created upon definite lines; & in this, for reasons as I have said, it should have a life of its own, & neither hurt, nor be hurt by, the popularity of others.

Very Faithfully Yours,

W.E. Henley

George Craik Esq.
George Lillie Craik (1837-1905), one of the partners in Macmillan. He was the husband of the authoress of John Halifax, Gentleman published in 1856.


Sir Francis Hastings Charles Doyle (1810-1888), poet and sometime professor of poetry at Oxford.

Coventry Kersey Dighton Patmore (1823-1896), poet. He was a convert to Roman Catholicism and became a friend of the Meynells. His anthology was The Children's Garland from the Best Poets (London: Macmillan and Co., 1861).

Doyle's "Return of the Guards" was not included.

W.E.H is referring to Kingsley's "The Pleasant Isle of Avès" and his "A Welcome," both of which were included.

The extract is taken from Arnold's "Sohrab and Rustum."

Arnold's "Empedocles on Etna." The final section "Apollo" was included.
My dear Sir,

I am reminded, by Mr. Saintsbury's excellent article in the current *Macmillan*,¹ that I ought to have included *The Red Thread of Honour* in my selection from Sir Francis Doyle.² I hope that I may do so yet, & receive permission to use it with the rest.

Faithfully Yours,

W.E.Henley

George Craik Esq.

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² It was included.
Dear Mr. Craik,

I have to thank you for your very cordial view of my scheme & for permission to reprint so much valuable matter. Pray believe me when I say that I am grateful exceedingly & that your kindness shall have full recognition.

In respect of the proposed selection from Lord Tennyson, I trust that the enclosed, which I have this moment received, *fféa* -- (& which I should like to have back again) may effect a change in your rule. I shall rejoice if it do -- as I trust it may; for such an anthology as the one I am preparing without some Tennyson were like *Hamlet* without the prince of Denmark. None has spoken for England as he has spoken & it will give me the greatest pleasure -- as well as make me the proudest of men -- to add these jewels to my carcanet.

Very Faithfully Yours,

W.E.Henley

Geo. Craik Esq.

- 967 -
I may add that Messrs. Smith & Elder have given me the two Brownings,¹ I asked of them, & that Mr. Breté Harte has written to a singular effect with the Laureate.

¹ Browning's "Home Thoughts from Abroad" and "Hervé Riel."
My dear Whistler,

One thousand thanks. You will see that you have not laboured in vain.²

And look at Haden in the Nineteenth Century.³ The affair must go on, I think. It cannot stop where it is.

Will this do? Let me hear your views, & it shall appear next week if you wish.⁴

I am full three-quarters dished, done up, dead.

Alys Sincerely Yours,

W.E. Henley

1 The address is printed to the left of the page.
2 Whistler would appear to have offered WEH advice over the Pennell-Herkomer affair; see Connell, p.213.
4 Whistler did not write for the N.O.
Letter No. 318 To Algernon Charles Swinburne

MS: BL Ashley A. 4306 ff.214, 215v

11 HOWARD PLACE,
EDINBURGH. ¹

2 May 1891

Dear Mr. Swinburne,

I am selecting an anthology -- a poetry book -- for boys. It is designed to keep them on the higher levels of life -- to teach them some thing of the beauty of valour, love of country, friendship, battle, devotion, death; & it begins, appropriately enough, I think, with Drayton's ballad & the choruses from Henry V.² It will give me great pleasure to know that I may include your noble epistrophe to England (Armada, VII, 2) & that admirable Jacobite in Exile in the same series of "Poems & Ballads".³

I had thought of much besides -- the "Death of Meleager,"⁴ the "Song in Time of Order,"⁵ the "Oblation" -- which had the maddest effect on me lang syne; & I am half-tempted to go for the last one still. But I fear to trespass on your good nature; & I want to make the book a book in praise of England -- above all.

Such a book is badly wanted, I am sure. If I succeed with mine, it should become a permanent possession & (as I believe) an influence. I do not at all despair of seeing it selected for use in schools;⁶ but that is, of course, in the lap of the Gods. 

- 970 -
Meanwhile, I am turning out a child of Fortune: I have permission to use my choice of Browning, Kingsley, Kipling (who has a good stroke in him), Doyle, Matthew Arnold, -- to name but these; while I am promised at least one Tennyson, the which will make as of itself unique among anthologies. I could say more, but this is probably enough, & I will only add that the book will be good reading from the first to the last.

Very Sincerely Yours,

W.E. Henley

1 The address is printed to the left of the page.
2 Drayton's "Ballad of Agincourt."
3 The poem "England" is taken from Swinburne's "The Armada" published in his third series of Poems and Ballads, 1889. Together with "The Oblation" and "A Jacobite's Exile" it was included by WEH.
5 "A Song in Time of Order. 1852," Poems and Ballads, pp.158-60.
6 W.E. Henley, ed. Lyra Heroica, School edition (London: David Nutt, 1892.)
Letter No. 319 To A. H. Miles

MS: PM MA 1617

THE NATIONAL OBSERVER
A RECORD AND REVIEW.
9 THISTLE STREET,
EDINBURGH.

6 May 1891

My dear Sir,

Mr. Kipling had rather stand out.2

I've been reading the introduction to the work of living men; & I confess I should like to follow his lead. I confess I had not realized what may must be, & I am appalled by this present revelation.3

In any case please delete all Mr. Whyte's criticism of my work. I can sanction naught but the biographical part of his note.4

Sincerely Yours,

W.E.Henley

A.H.Miles Esq.


2 In an undated letter to Miles WEH wrote that Kipling was producing his own book of poetry "for publication in July" and would not contribute to Miles's anthology; see W.E.Henley, Letter to A.H.Miles, [April-May 1891], MA 1617, Pierpont Morgan Library.

3 Not identified.

4 Whyte did not contribute the section on WEH; see James Ascroft Noble, "William Ernest Henley. 1849," in Poets of the Century, 8, 335-42.
Letter No. 320 To James McNeil Whistler

MS: Glasgow Univ. N7

11 HOWARD PLACE,
EDINBURGH.

8 May 1891

My dear Whistler,

I rejoice to read somewhere -- in someone's Fashionable Intelligence, no doubt -- that you are up & about again. Was your enemy the Russian Gentleman? I hope not. I know him; & he is the Devil, or the P.R.A.\(^1\) Whichever likes you least.

The Bushey Professor is not dead, but I think we may assume that he striketh. I hear that he is hurt to know that we have compared him to a milkman.\(^2\) And the milkman -- what of him?

I have given you a master-number this week. We have charged amain & in force; & I don't know which you'll enjoy the more -- our attack on Holman Hunt or our bombardment of the R.A.\(^3\)

Ever Sincerely Yours,

W.E.H.

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1 President of the Royal Academy of Arts.
2 "Pennell V. Herkomer," The National Observer, 18 April 1891, pp.555-56
3 "The Ideals of Art," The National Observer, 9 May 1891, pp.628-29. Holman Hunt was attacked for his view that "The true ideal of art is the outcome of a spirit of love and reverence for Nature." William Holman Hunt (1827-1910), painter, was one of the founders of the PreRaphaelite Brotherhood. "The Royal Academy. 1.," The National Observer, 9 May 1891, pp.635-36. The Academy was taken to task for its sentimentality and melodrama.
My dear Dobson,

By all means hawk out & send me that same ditty.¹

And you can tell me the birth & death dates of Prince Hoare, of The Savoy Arethusa.² Stephen [----] hasn't reached him yet, & I can get no other books.

You will be in excellent company. To say nothing of Mat Arnold, C.Kingsley, Longfellow, among modern dead. I've permission among the living from Stevenson, Meredith, Lyall, T.E.Brown, Ionica,³ Rudyard K., & -- by special act of grace -- King Alfred himself, who has "loaned me" the Heavy Brigade (his own suggestion) & the Revenge. As for the Old Masters I begin with but I forget: you've seen the programme; and you know.

I should have writ before; but I am a good deal overworked, & I have been really ill.

Are you never to give me any thing? Nor verse nor prose? I should like your name on the list of those who sign for me.⁴

Yours Alys,

W.E.H.

- 974 -
I've thought much over Thackeray: but I can see naught that would fit. Can you? 'Tis all too muddleaged for boys; all save the Drum, at least, & that's too dull. What are your views?

By the way, who owns the copyright of the Armada? I mean what publisher? Will you arrange it for me? Or shall I write?

1 Paragraphs two, six and seven are not quoted by Connell.
2 The address is printed to the left of the page.
3 Dobson's "Ballad of the Armada" which was included in Lyra Heroica.
4 Prince Hoare (1755-1834), artist, writer and dramatist. His "The Arethusa" was included in Lyra Heroica.
5 William Johnson Cory (1823-1892), teacher, poet and writer on education. He published his poems as Ionics in 1858.
6 Dobson was not a signing contributor to the N.O.
8 The publisher was Kegan Paul.
Letter No. 322 To William Blackwood

MS: NLS 4572 f.230

SEAFORTH,
LEVENHALL,
MUSSELBURGH, N.B.¹

19 May 1891

My dear Blackwood,

The enclosed is too long for me, or I should certainly use it.² I send it to you (1) because I think it will suit you, & (2) because, if you like it, it may well be the starting-point of a conservation.

The author, a lad of twenty-two, is still at Oxford.³ To judge by the stuff he is sending me -- that excellent ghost-story, An Object Lesson, was his;⁴ & so is A Smoking Compartment in the current number -- he is going to be somebody.⁵

Now, there's no earthly reason why he shouldn't be some body for you & Maga (which he venerates); so I give him his chance. I hope you'll think with me about him, & help.⁶

Alys Sincerely Yours,

W.E. Henley

I hope you are smitten with Barry Pain.

¹ The address is printed to the left of the page.
² "Title of MS. Love and Duty" is noted in another
George Warrington Steevens (1869-1900), writer and traveller. He died of illness as a war correspondent at the siege of Ladysmith during the Boer War. The Boers, or Dutch South Africans, rebelled against the British from October 1899 to May 1902.


Steevens was first published in Blackwood's in 1898; see G. W. Steevens, "A naval utopia," Blackwood's Magazine, 159 (June 1898), 795-808.
Dear Mr. Swinburne,

I shall be grateful for an answer to my humble petition to the effect that I may include some verse of yours in my *Lyra Heroica*.² If I may not, it will be greatly to the disadvantage of the book. But I hope I may.

In the meanwhile, we are waiting to go to press; & I cannot send out the copy until I hear from you. This must be my excuse for seeming thus instant.

Very Sincerely Yours,

W.E.Henley

A.C.Swinburne Esq.

I should like to add the Oblation, if I might. In the event, that is, of you acceding to my request.

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² See Letter No.318, 2 May 1891.
My dear Whistler,

Such letters as yours are not to be answered. One reads one rejoices, one is grateful, & there is the end.

But I shall think a little the better of my books (if that be possible) for calling it forth; & a good deal the better (which is easy enough) of myself for having the wit to send them to you.

'Tis rare, I think, for an artist in one medium to be conscious of the possibilities & alive to the effects of other media. But when it happens, then there is joy beyond the common -- I have had much delight in work of yours, & it is a thought to keep by me & to make much of that I have been able to visit your mews with pleasure in return.²

For the rest, remember what I said to you in London. We have been so graceless as to sport with you; but ever with the admission & on the understanding that we were dealing, when all was said, with an Artist!³

Let us be friends & allies if we may. Next to

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creation & appreciation, [----] la vraie affaire est d'ecraser l'Infâme -- the ignoble Philistine, the bleating imbecile to whom all art is a seven-scaled book; & in that at least I am with you jusqu'aux autels.

Forgive this lapse into French. 'Tis the consequence of Russian influenza, & shall not recur.

Ever Sincerely Yours,

W.E.H.

1 The address is printed to the left of the page.
2 Whistler was living at 21 Cheyne Walk, Chelsea, London.
3 For example, see; [Charles Whibley], "Modern Men. 'Jimmy' Whistler," The National Observer, 9 November 1889, pp.682-63. Connell, p.167, identifies Whibley as the author.
Dear Mr. Craik,

I have trespassed so far upon your good will that I fear to go further. But if I might, I should dearly like to include in my Lyra Heroica the last six or seven stanzas of Arnold's The Scholar Gipsy;¹ a passage I have always esteemed as one of the high-water marks of Arnold & of modern English verse.

If I have your permission, I shall not only have added to the book: I shall have also given a fairer place to Arnold, whose verse is not nearly so well known as it should be, & on whose merit I shall have done my best to insist.

Alys faithfully Yours,

W.E.Henley

Geo. Craik Esq.

My dear Mrs. Meynell,

The C.P. is excellent; but it is three columns long. Now, we only gave some two & a half to the heroic W.E.G. himself, & I should like you, if you can & will, to deplete the C.P. in somewhat; if only to avoid the risk of wounding the feelings of a constant & devoted reader -- the heroic W.E.G., to wit.

I am glad indeed in the promise of these other articles.

There are technical shortcomings in those verses that make me blush to think of them. And yet I cannot iron them out & away.

I ought not, I know, to have used The Fall of Man. I meant to keep it for the book; but the journal had to be filled some how, & this was the only how on hand, & there you are.

Yours Ever Sincerely[,] W.E.H.

You plead the cause of my Piccadilly (metrically speaking) most eloquently.

-982-
1 Alice Meynell's MS on Coventry Patmore as a Modern Man.


3 [Alice Meynell], "Modern Men. Mr. Coventry Patmore," The National Observer, 25 July 1891, pp.241-42. The article was reduced to just over two columns.

4 The next two signed articles by Alice Meynell were; Alice Meynell, "The Flower," The National Observer, 15 August 1891, pp.327-28; and Alice Meynell, "Rejection," The National Observer, 24 October 1891, p.582.

5 Presumably WEH's "London Voluntaries."

My dear Mrs. Meynell,

I've had an accident with the Patmore which will make you more dissatisfied with it than ever.

Your revised proof was late; & fearing lest it might not come, I myself prepared one for the press, & sent it up stairs. When yours came in, I sent it also up stairs: with clearly written instructions to cancel my own corrections & stick to yours. When I came this morning I found that both sets had been adopted, & that the result, with two thirds more, was already in page form, which made correcting impossible.

I am very sorry, but, as you see, it is not my fault but my misfortune, & as you know, the monster is a strange wild animal. I will take care to have better fortune with your next: which I hope will come soon.

Yours Ever Sincerely[,]

W.E.H.
My dear Bruce,

Your news is the best we have had this year.

It is good, too, that you are satisfied with L.H. If the public -- the gross stupid brutal public -- is but half as well pleased, you will have gone far towards achieving the impossible. I.E. Making my fortune. To be candid, I am sure it is a good book, & as you know, the inspiration is wholly R.T.H.B's.

The Black & White puff comes very appropriately after that blackguardism in last week in The Star. Did you see it? I had to send the only copy we could get to Bell, as it touched the N.O. very closely. I begged him to send it on to you, but I don't know that it's worth reading. Any how it isn't worth remarking: the chief points being (1) that I am a habitual drunkard, & (2) that all my friends have deserted me. It is said to be written by one Le Gallienne (a thrice refuted contributor) on the inspiration of Theodore Watts!

I shall start next Thursday, & we shall meet next day. I shall be with you a week, & return for my birthday, which is the 23rd. I rather think I shall
just miss Beerbohm Tree & the Beau. Which is delightful to reflect upon.

C.B.'s correspondence is coming in to me. A curious letter from R.L.S.: whose fatuousness in regard to me is some thing prodigious.

Kipling's away to New Zealand, Savouring the Antipodes generally.

The Emperor gets too steep for any thing. I have done some setting down in my life; & now I look forward to an repressed old age [-----] an [-----] old age of being set down in my time. Such is life. And a blessed good job too.

I've asked the Sparrow to perch with us, as the Square is short-handed. He reports that Leonard is very cheerful & full of ideas.

Ever Yours,

W.E.H.

I've given you a good number this week, any how!

---

1 "Mr. W.E.Henley: Opera et Persona," rev. of A Book of Verses, 3rd. ed., by W.E.Henley, Black and White, 8 August 1891, p.216. Logroller, "Books and Bookman," rev. of Twenty Modern Men, ed. W.E.Henley, The Star, 30 July 1891, p.2, col.5. The reviewer dismisses the women who have written for the S.O., noting that the N.O. is "for men only." However, the book was well received.

2 The reference has not been identified. There was no current production of Beau Austin.

3 WEH had been given permission to open C.B.'s correspondence from RLS in case it should contain any copy for the N.O.; see Cohen, Quarrel, p.84.

4 Kipling was on a world voyage; see Carrington,
p.232.

5 9 Rutland Square.
7 The issue of 8 August.
11 HOWARD PLACE,
EDINBURGH.
31 August 1891

Dear E.G.[,]

I understand from Whibley that you don't know Kipling's *Blind Bug*; so I shall take the liberty of posting it to you to-morrow. Together with *Cleared*; the first thing, & in its way the best, that R.K. ever did for me.

I presume you know the fifteen *Barrack-Room Ballads*?

Sincerely Yours,

W.E.H.
Letter No. 330    To Edmund Gosse
MS: Brotherton

11 HOWARD PLACE,
EDINBURGH.
3 September 1891

My dear Gosse,

The two numbers of the N.O., with Cleared & The
B.B., were posted to you to-day -- to you at Dunster.¹
The former, I believe, is not easy to get; so perhaps
you may find it worth keeping.

'Tis the privilege [sic] of editors now & then to
fumble upon a writer. And it is a very
great pleasure to me to reflect that, with a single
exception (East & West),² all R.K's best numbers have
been passed out through me.

I must tell you about Old Masson & "Danny Deever".³
"Yes," said he: "I read it, & then I read it again; & I
said to myself here is some thing new in English
letters. A new taste: a new flavour; some thing -- in
short, it reminded me of creosote."

It is kind & friendly of you to talk about my new
book.⁴ Next year, perhaps, you may see it a
possibility. But the infernal bangle of this Struggle
for Life, the immense & unending demands upon time &
ergy & invention which are implied in the production
week by week of a journal like the N.O., are very much
against it. Especially as these later growths, with
their complications of rhythm & their niceties of statement, are monstrous hard to turn into art. But I haven't yet lost heart, & I believe that the new book, when it comes, will be far better -- & far less profitable -- than the old. For the rest, the other stuff of which you speak disgusts me every time I try to get back to it; & I think that little if any of it will escape the fire.

I think highly of Cleared, which seems to me as vigorous & as inspired a piece of invention as late English holds. I should like to see the new & amended Blind Bug. 5

Yours Alys Sincerely[,] W.E.H.

I don't mind confessing that R.K. has given me [----] a new interest in life.

1 Dunster, Somerset.
4 The Song of the Sword.
5 Rudyard Kipling, "To Wolcott Balestier [Dedication]," Barrack Room Ballads and Other Verses (London: Methuen and Co., 1892.)
My dear David,

The little article was all my fancy painted.¹

T.W. Russell has sent me a signed defence of Balfour's next (abominable) move.² I want you to do your best with it in the same number -- that for Sept. 19.³

You will have plenty of time wherein to do yourself justice, & make T.W. sorry he spoke.

We are all well, & we go to the sea next Wednesday.⁴

Ever Yours,

H.

¹ Not identified.
³ [David Hannay], "'It is only a little one, Mum!'" The National Observer, 19 September 1891, pp.443-44.
⁴ To Levenhall, Musselburgh.
My dear Mrs. Meynell,

I am very glad that you liked The Olympians.\(^2\) It is the work of a boy I've never seen -- one Kenneth Grahame: who is also responsible for a certain "Justifiable Homicide" in the current number.\(^3\)

I, too, am pleased with Trees, but I think I can improve it.\(^4\) The pity is -- for me at any rate -- that I cannot get the time to do some more in the same strain. But the work of the N.O. grows heavier instead of lighter; & I begin to fear there may be no book next year after all.

Mr. Martin tells he thinks of asking you to write a certain study for a certain portrait in \textit{Literary Opinion}.\(^5\) I have told him in return that I think you would write well about a broomstick.

I shall be glad, as you know, to see those new articles.\(^6\)

Yours Ever Sincerely[,]\(^7\)

W.E.H.


5 The "certain study" was an article on WEH in the journal edited by Harold Martin; see WEH to Whibley, quoted by Connell, p.227. Alice Meynell declined and Whibley wrote the article; see Letter No.333, 15 October 1891. [Charles Whibley], "W.E. Henley," *Literary Opinion*, 7 (November 1891), 119-20. *Literary Opinion*, a monthly, 1886-1892.

6 Alice Meynell's next signed article was, "Domus Angusta," *The National Observer*, 28 November 1891, pp.41-42.
Letter No. 333 To Harold Martin

MS: Pennsylvania VF 10-2

THE NATIONAL OBSERVER
A RECORD AND REVIEW.
9 THISTLE STREET,
EDINBURGH.
15 October 1891

Dear Mr. Martin,

Many thanks. I am seldom in town now, & scarce even for more than three days, when, as you may imagine, I have plenty to do. But I will try to take you in my round; if only for half-an-hour.

I hear that Scribners cannot be ready with their issue of Lyra Heroica before the 28th October. But there are such things as unbound copies, I suppose?

Faithfully Yours, Alys[,] W.E.H.

The woodcut of Rodin's bust is a great favourite of mine. By which I mean that it was done from an excellent photograph & gives as good an aspect of the thing as it has.

In Mrs. Meynell's absence, Whibley will do excellently.
6 November 1891

Dear Sirs,

I have to thank you for a copy, per your Mr. Bangs,\(^1\) of the American *Lyra Heorica*. I should like you to note remark that the note on Longfellow's *Building of the Ship* has not been changed.\(^2\) Also, I have not been able to discover any Lowell in the book,\(^3\) though you acknowledge the permission of Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co[..] to reprint some one or other of his works.\(^4\)

Might I ask you to send me a copy of the American issue of *Views & Reviews*? I have not seen the book.

Faithfully Yours,

W.E. Henley

Messrs. Scribners' Sons

1 Lemuel W. Bangs (died 1922), an American who was Scribners' representative in London.
2 A copy of the American edition has not been seen.
3 James Russell Lowell (1819-1891), American writer, editor and poet, was not included in the English edition.
4 American publishers.
Letter No. 335 To Charles Baxter
MS: Beinecke 4629

11 HOWARD PLACE,
EDINBURGH.
4 December 1891

My dear Charles,

I have sent to your address a l.p. copy of Lyra Heroica for R.L.S.¹ I should like you to see it ere it goes.

I know not whether you were or were not coming to lunch on Sunday. But, in any case, we must defer the occasion. Anna is really ill; with what may be influenza but it is like a sharp attack of rheumatism.

I am like chewed string.

E.A.Y..

H.

Do come at your leisure.

¹ RLS commented favourably on the book; see Ferguson and Waingrow, p.294.
My dear Charles,

I hope & trust that "my dear Baxter" duly received
a communication in respect of one R.L.S. from his very sincerely W.E.H.¹

All manner of thanks for the whisky. Which I am sampling day by day.

I had but ten days of St. Andrews, but I managed to pull off a certain Song of the Sword, which makes a record.² Since I returned, I have lived the life of an overdriven hansom cab-horse: which is why you've neither seen nor heard of me.

When shall we meet, & where? Will you lunch with us to-morrow, New Year's Day? or a Saturday? or Sunday? When, please? You shall name your own time & place (so that you names the house or your own, that is). There is still a little champagne wine in thesecellars, & there is, as ever, the greatest & the most cordial welcome for you & yours.

How sped you in London? Did you see the Book-Hawker? And did you meet the Automatic Drunkard & the Economist-Upside-Down? All these things I die to hear.
All good wishes, my dear Charles -- the best possible -- to you & yours, from us & ours, for '92.

Yours Ever Affectionately,

W.E.H.

I sent you a letter for Lemuel S. Bangs.

1 See Letter No.335.
2 WEH had been staying with Bruce at St. Andrews; see Connell, p.233. While there WEH completed The Song of the Sword, a patriotic poem of glory in Empire and destiny; see The Song of the Sword and other verses, pp.3-12; also Works, 1, pp.49-56.
3 WEH had written to Bangs that Baxter wanted to discuss the American sale of RLS's The Beach of Falesá; see W.E.Henley, Letter to Lemuel W. Bangs, 14 December 1891, Beinecke 4540, Yale University. Robert Louis Stevenson, The Beach of Falesá (London: Cassell and Company, 1892). This was a copyright edition; see Swearingen, pp.153.
Letter No.337  To H. B. Marriott Watson

MS: Rochester

11 HOWARD PLACE,
EDINBURGH.
11 February 1892

My dear Marriott,

I rejoice to hear of your well-being & likewise of
the book: the which, as you know, I predicted from the
first.¹ I hope & believe that it will place you high
among the men that can write: where you should have
been lang syne.

My own looks well enough in type;² but it never can
be popular. My dear boy, what they really want is
Scots Wha Hae:³ the style, the diction, the rhetoric of
the high-class 'Alls. That & no more.

Poor Fitzroy Bell was to have been married to-day;
& he's down with influenza at 39 Dover St. The most
untoward & depressing fact I know.

I like James Matthew in your last number.⁴ And we
are all of us pleased to think that we shall see you
here this summer.

Can't you give us a lift over this Herkomer
scandal?⁵ Or are you pledged (through Lenton & Co[.])
to that Prince of Quacks?⁶

Yours Ever,

W.E.H.

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2 Song of the Sword.


4 J. M. Barrie, "A Lady's Shoe," *Black and White*, 6 February 1892, pp. 183-87. Marriott Watson was assistant editor of *Black and White*; see Connell, p. 224.


6 Not identified.
My dear Mrs. Meynell,

I hadn't the heart to touch the B.J. this week.\(^1\)

The publisher is Lane -- of Lane & Elkin Matthews.\(^2\)

I wrote to him to-day.

I rejoice to know that you like those Strand verses.\(^3\) It is not impossible, I think, but you may like them even better in their place in the book. They are number two in the set of four London Voluntaries, thus described:

\[
\begin{align*}
\text{Andante con moto} & \quad \text{(Afternoon)} \\
\text{Scherzando} & \quad \text{(Fog)} \\
\text{Largo e mesto} & \quad \text{(Piccadilly)}
\end{align*}
\]

It is "affectations," I know; but I cannot resist the temptation.

Alys Sincerely Yours,

W.E.H.
publisher wants, I think, to reprint some of your articles in the N.O."

11 HOWARD PLACE,
EDINBURGH.
10 March 1892

Dear Boy,

I am pleased indeed. But what of the "prophetic eye["]?^1

And when -- O when! are we to see you?

Stuart is in Edinburgh for the benefit of his health.^2

I asked Nutt this question: "What of Heinemann's Foreign Series as a possible place for the L.H.?^3 And he writes that he has written to Heinemann!

E.A.Y.^[,]

H.

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1 Not identified.
2 Presumably John Stuart.
3 See W.E.Henley, Letter to Alfred Nutt, 8 March 1892, Beinecke 4681, Yale University. Heinemann did not publish Lyra Heroica. William Heinemann (1863-1920), founder of the publishing firm in 1890.
Letter No. 340  To Charles Baxter
MS: Beinecke 4731

11 HOWARD PLACE,
EDINBURGH.
19 April 1892

My dear Charles,

On reflection, I will send you that copy of the
Sword for Samoa.¹ It can do no harm, & may do -- or
help to do -- as much good as is possible. Now not
much; for I fear the egg is addled out of all
eggishness.

I have but seen Across the Plains;² but I have
"procured" a charming review of it.³

Please tell me how you like the new book.

I fear that My Dear [?Fader] has botched us.

E.A.Y.[,]

H.

1 The book was sent to RLS who enjoyed it; see
Colvin, Letters, 4, p.209.
2 Robert Louis Stevenson, Across the Plains With
Other Memories and Essays (London: Chatto and
Windus, 1892).
3 "The New Stevenson," rev. of Across the Plains, by
Robert Louis Stevenson, The National Observer, 23
April 1892, pp.590-91.
Letter No. 341  To Charles Baxter

MS: Beinecke 4632

Seaforth,
Levenhall,
Musselburgh.
29 April 1892

Dear Boy,

We are here for the next two months, it may be; so -- as the interdict applies but to H.P.¹ -- you may seek us out -- (there be beds) -- whenever you feel so disposed.

Only: we never discuss that wretched old business any more.²

Herewith a copy of the book for Samoa. I've writ in the names.

Lang reports that R.L.S is craving for books. So don't forget to send him Rudyard's verses which are published, I believe, to-morrow.³

I am glad to hear of the Hurricane, for which I am -- or rather shall be -- very grateful indeed.⁴ Please say that the journal cannot but be a very great deal the better for it: that some such thing is badly wanted now & then, & that I really cannot afford to go for the lift.

Mu guts are still deplorably rotten.

E.A.Y.[,]

H.

-1005-
All the Japs & fifty l.p. copies of the Sword were sold on Tuesday last. Also some two hundred of the ordinary edition. Nutt, too, has ordered a second edition of V. & R. You remember you promised to read it through for me: for coquilles. Will you do so? It is wanted at once.

I sent old Boyd a copy of the verses, Colvin can [not] review for me; so H.D.Traill will do the trick in his stead.

1 Howard Place.
2 The quarrel with RLS.
3 Barrack-Room Ballads and Other Verses.
5 Twenty copies were printed on Japanese vellum and seventy-five limp paper copies were also printed; see Michael Sadleir, "Some Uncollected Authors. X. William Ernest Henley," The Book Collector, 5 (1956), 162-68. The Book Collector, quarterly, 1949 to present.
6 One thousand copies were printed between 25 May 1892 and 18 June 1892.
7 Not identified.
Letter No. 342  To Charles Baxter

MS: Beinecke 4633

11 HOWARD PLACE,
EDINBURGH.
4 May 1892

My dear Charles,

Then fire away, please, at V. & R. as soon as you can. It is wanted au plus vite; indeed, it is supposed to be in the press e'en now.

I don't remember charging you with any message for Lewis. What was it? Please let me know. For I wouldn't for the world that any thing of mine made further mischief.

The Sword appears to be doing fairly well: All the Japs & some sixty l.p. copies went last week. Do let me have your views about it: if only to the extent of which section you like best.

I go down again to-morrow night.¹

Your Ever Affectionate[,]  

H.

P.T.O.

I think I told you that we -- Blaikie & I & Nutt -- are producing the initial number of a series of Tudor Translations. It may run to 30 volumes, or it may stop at 3. In any case, it will as beautiful a thing has [sic] British printing has achieved. The initial aforesaid is a reissue of Florio's Montaigne in three
volumes. The first is to be ready on the First June.

We think of inscribing it thus:

To the R.L.S.
of
Virginibus Puerisque
Memories & Portraits
Across the Plains
This Reissue
Of the first Version of
His Renowned Acceptance.

Or words to that effect. Would there be any objection, think you?

1 Musselburgh.
3 The dedication was; To Robert Louis Stevenson / This new fashioning of an old and famous book is / Dedicated by its contrivers.
Dear Sirs,

I have to thank you for a copy of the American edition of the Sword. It looks extremely well, & I am very glad to have it.

If you have to reprint -- which is doubtful, I fear -- please note that there should be a space (p.70) between "For ever & evermore" & the next following four verses, which are really a separate stanza.

Many thanks, too, for the proof from Mr.Stevenson, which arrived to day.  

Very Faithfully Yours,

W.E.Henley

Messrs. Scribner's Sons

The section of the letter containing the address has been torn off.

William Ernest Henley, The Song of the Sword and other verses (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1892).

The poem is "Under a stagnant sky" and WEH is referring to the last four lines not verses; also Works, 1, pp.216-17.

The Hurricane.
Letter No. 344 To Charles Baxter

MS: Beinecke

SEAFORTH,
LEVENHALL,
MUSSELBURGH, N.B.¹

16 May 1892

My dear Charles,

The die is cast -- or there abouts; & in a month's time or so, the N.O. will be a London journal.²

If you haven't sent me the corrected copy of V. & R., please send it: to 9 Thistle St. As it's wanted.

When & where shall we meet?

E.A.Y.[,]

H.

The Hurricane has been paragraphed all over the shop.

I find that V. & R. is here. One thousand thanks.

¹ The address is printed in the centre of the page.
² The N.O. was to edited by WEH in London; see Connell, p.240. The journal was still losing money and the move was an attempt to put it on a better financial footing.
SEAFORTH,
LEVENHALL,
MUSSELBURGH, N.B.¹

20 May 1892

My dear Charles,

It was like you to send that Pommard. But it will not be like you not to come & help it down. Next Saturday (or the Saturday after) is my last in these latitudes. We've a bed; or you can walk down on Sunday with H.B.²

I think you will like the Hurricane[.]. It would be none the worse for a little more writing; but it is very vivid & straight forward & cannot but do us good.

Leonard sold off his first edition of Rudyard's verses (5000) on the day of publication: with all the edition de luxe.

I hope you thought my own book properly handled in the N.O. The S.R. notice was merely contemptible striking of Gosse³ -- (who wrote me quite a glowing letter) -- & jealousy & sham scholarship in every line.

I wish that Old Man Tauchnitz had come off.⁴ It would be no end useful just now.

E.A.Y.[,]

H.

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The address is printed in the centre of the page.

Hamilton Bruce.


Presumably WEH was hoping to have one of his books published by Tauchnitz.
1, GREAT COLLEGE STREET,  
WESTMINSTER, S.W.¹  
16 July 1892

My dear Charles,

I shall be very glad indeed to see you. But the Libidinous One goes North on Thursday.²

I got the Beach: a good story told with gusto & effect.

Please read the "Literary Agent" in the current N.O.;³ & don't -- don't neglect to let me have that little letter you promised me.⁴ It will make, I think, a sensation.

This month of London has already doubled Smith's sales.⁵ And the distinguished of the Party should do us good no end.

We have had the great good luck to let 11 H.P. from August 1st till the May term for £5 per month.

Bob is in London, house-hunting: he has resigned his chair at Liverpool. I don't know his address, but I wrote to De Mattos, as soon as I got your letter, asking her to send it on to you. I scarce ever see her so I know not if she did.

I hear that Bill Blackwood thinks the N.O. a very serious enemy to Maga. So now's your time to strike in, & suggest the fusion.⁶
The address is printed in the centre of the page.
The first known extant letter from WEH's new London office was on 11 July 1892; see W.E. Henley, Letter to The Principal, St. Andrews University, 11 July 1892, St. Andrews University.
2 Probably Charles Whibley.
3 "The Literary Agent," The National Observer, 16 July 1892, pp.216-17. The article attacked the literary agent for being concerned with his profit at the expense of the novelist.
4 Not identified.
5 W.H. Smith and Son, booksellers and newsagents.
6 It is not known whether this was a serious suggestion.
1, GREAT COLLEGE STREET,
WESTMINSTER, S.W.¹

20 August 1892

My dear Charles,

Much thanks for yours[.] in general Lewis is very
cordial in his discrimination & I am glad to have heard
him say his say.²

And now a question: is it useless to suggest a deal
with him? I want a story of (say) 20[,]000 words -- or
30,000; a story which would break into (say) six or
ten. What would be his price at present rates? I
forget how many words there are in the Beach: which is
why I wired you to you to day; so I cannot calculate
with that £500 for a basis. Let me know soon; as, if
he will accept the commission, I think it would be sent
out at once.³

I am very very tired; & the weather -- beautiful
to-day -- has been unmitigably beastly. I shall be
glad indeed to get away.

If you like to send me a little Whisky -- !

E.A.Y.[,]

W.E.H.

'Tis the first I hear of that portrait in the
Gentlewoman.⁴ What's the date?

-1015-
[added by WEH in the bottom right hand corner] We are in treaty for a house. 5

1 The address is printed in the centre of the page.
2 RLS's favourable view of *The Song of the Sword and other verses*; see Colvin, *Letters*, 4, 208-209.
3 RLS did not write a story.
5 Presumably Ashburton Lodge, 29 Ashburton Road, Addiscombe, Surrey. They moved there in late September 1892; see Connell, pp.256-57.
My dear Charles,

I wonder if R.L.S. would write a story for the N.Q.? It should be from four to five numbers -- (i.e. from 12[,]000 to 15[,]000 words) -- long; & it would be paid at current rates: -- that is £200 for 12[,]000 words & £250 for 15[,]000.

It would not be easy work, I know; To write a story which needs to be broken [-----] once every 3[,]000 words or so. And I should want good stuff: some thing, I mean, that would raise a clatter of itself, & not by means of the signature alone. But if R.L.S. were on, it would give me the very greatest pleasure to work him off. It would be a taste of London & The New Arabian Nights: which is a thing we haven't had for long.

In writing, you might add that I am for any thing he likes -- especially any thing fantastical -- & that I have ignored the Young Person from the first. Also, that I don't hanker after the South Seas -- much. Though I've no particular feeling about them either way. Also that we should like the thing -- if he care to give the thing -- as soon as my be.

Bell has had a slight relapse, but is "almost quite
better." I come north on Monday at latest: jaded to the bone, I think. I do hope we shall meet. What think you of the last two numbers?\(^3\) I don't believe we shall ever do much better -- bar the misprints. But there -- I suppose you are too great a swell (Freemason) to read any thing now but ritual.\(^4\)

E.A.V.[,]

H.

[added by WEH diagonally across the bottom of the page]

Neither the Lyra nor the Sword is a success in Them States; so there's no more oof from Scribners just now. Also I've vetoed Nutt's bargain with the same firm for the plays;\(^5\) they proposing not to print & publish but merely to take a certain number of copies: which would leave us absolutely at the mercy of the [----] American Robber.

1. The address is printed in the centre of the page.
2. The N.Q. did not publish stories for young readers.
3. The issues of 20 August and 27 August 1892.
5. WEH and RLS's Three Plays.
Letter No. 349
To W. C. Brownell

MS: Princeton Archives of Charles Scribner's Sons

1, GREAT COLLEGE STREET,
WESTMINSTER, S.W.¹

Friday
15 October 1892

My dear Brownell,

I missed the first, but will set it. The second I have to read. After the third I'll write.²

I am sending, through Mr. Bangs, a long affair in verse for the magazine -- per chance. Tis an attempt to show how I loved in the old Arabian Nights:³ how the book was part of life & how life was coloured & heightened by the book. I hope it may please.⁴

Yours Alys,

W.E.H.

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1 The address is printed in the centre of the page.
2 Not identified.
3 The Arabian Nights Entertainments was a collection of stories in Arabic first published in English between 1704 and 1717.
4 W.E.Henley, "Arabian Nights' Entertainments," Scribner's Magazine, 14 (July 1893), 56-62; also Works, 1, pp.59-78. This long poem recalled the young WEH's magical view of Gloucester. Scribners were pleased with the poem: "'We shall be very glad,' the editor wrote to W.E.Henley in 1892, 'to take for the Magazine the poem 'Arabian Nights' Entertainments' which you were kind enough to send to us through Mr. Bangs. -- It is seldom that we are able to print a poem of this length; but this has attracted us so much that we are unwilling to let the opportunity pass -- even though the length may possibly delay publication for a few numbers,
Addiscombe.

6 November 1892

My dear F.B.[,]

I wrote to the Marquess on Friday.\(^1\) Also to George Wyndham.\(^2\) I will duly let you know the result. I look for nothing immediate from the first. From the second, though, I should hear something about Arthur:\(^3\) especially as I know from a third person that he was mighty keen to get the said Arthur to write.\(^4\)

To be very frank: I think you are despairing much too soon. London is practically untried. If we were to die, it had been much wiser & better to have died in (& of) Edinburgh. But to come to London for the fag ends of a couple of seasons -- one dead & one very hard to get alive -- & then to expire -- ! No: you musn't think of it! What, rather, you shd. think of spending a certain time with us: taking your proper share in the direction of the journal & representing us in society -- where we are unrepresented. Do that for six months & then, if you will, we'll talk of death. But not till then. Seriously, I believe that this is what you ought
to -- & must -- do: you are out of touch with us already. You complain with the Edinburgh accent: the twang of Parliament House is all about your speech; a little while, & we shall have you swearing by the Saturday Review!

Thus, you are unjust to Parsons, I think. I know that Hodgson has asked him to write -- & repeat himself -- for the N.R. I know that when I was asked to name a person to send down to meet Cecil Rhodes & introduce him for the new P.M.G., it was on the strength of his Imperialist & S. African work. I know, too, that, the points on which he has been strongest -- the points on which he only has thought it well to dilate -- that is the administrative quality of Toryism & the fact that Toryism, as we understand it, is a reforming influence, are precisely the points on which, a good while after us, all the Tory points are agreed, & on which the Marquess will probably go back to office. Why, then, take on Traill? And, if corrections you want, why not supply them yourself? You might do so well enough; but since we parted, I've had but one suggestion -- & that not worth a dam -- from you.

In respect of R.L.S[.]: please remember that Samoa is not exactly in the four-mile radius, & that there is barely time, as yet, to have answered my letter. As for Barrie, I fear he's hopeless: but I will try him again when I see him; which I should do soon. R.K. I
have asked to send, & no doubt he will send when he's ready: you know him well enough to know that wild horses wouldn't move him before. As for Gilbert Parker, he has just concluded a very good engagement with the Illustrated News & is off to New York to negotiate another with the Century: solely, I hear, on the strength of his N.O. stories. Now, if these be good enough to make other editors offer terms for their like the which are far beyond our means, why shouldn't they be just as generally acceptable chez nous as they are hoped to be elsewhere? As for Lowry, you may have your will of him. But I do not believe those others would be a bit more attractive; & I do know they would cost a very great deal more money. The saving of which has always been a fad of mine: that is as regards the journal. But, if you please, I'll think the matter over, & see what seems best to be done; & then we will advise.

For the rest, we seem to be thriving in a way & to be fast becoming an influence. I hear from the Librarian of the Commons, for example, that the N.O. is the journal most read & most run upon in the House. I hear from here & there that remote book stalls sell out early in the week. I can tell you (under [?purvey]) that when the P.M.G. changed hands, it was to me that the new proprietor came for his staff; that I put in Marriott Watson as Assistant Editor; & that presently,
when the time comes, I hope to have three or four other men in, & to find the journal working -- co-operating -- with us even more cordially than Low & the St. James's have done. When the House is sitting, I hope to make Great College St. a house of call for Young Toryism; & and I believe I shall do so without much difficulty. All which, whether it tend or not to immediate prosperity, is at least good cause for the future.

It would be better, I think -- in the meantime -- to face it out with A.J.B., & tell him all you have to say, instead of writing it. Still, if you write, this will do as well as anything else. What I asked Wyndham to ask of him was this: Why does he (a professional Handelian) like Wagner? But as Wagnerism is more or less [ ] -- is [ ] fast at any rate -- perhaps Bimetallism would suit our purpose better. I leave the thing to you. All I ask is that you do not fail to see him, & to do your best to screw some thing out of him.

Joseph Thomsom has written about Morocco. I will try & land Goschen. Also Chaplin on Agriculture, of which subject I want to make a speciality. Grahame's articles have been very widely read, I believe. Also, he threatens to bring old Lord Stanley to see me; an infliction which, for the journal's sake, I suppose I must endure. I had rather you

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received & looked wise at him than I: for you are a future Under Secretary (at least), & that is your game in life. But as you are not on the spot, I must e'en do what I may.

Know you aught of the Souls? And do you see that Margot Tennant is to (nominally) edit their new magazine? Happy Office Boy! Happy Publisher! Happy Foreman Printer!

Ever Yours,

W.E.H.

1 Robert Arthur Talbot Gascoyne Cecil, 3rd Marquis of Salisbury (1830-1903), statesman and three times Prime Minister.
2 George Wyndham (1863-1913), journalist and politician, was private secretary to Arthur Balfour 1887-1889 and Chief Secretary for Ireland 1900-1905. He was a financial backer of the N.O. and, according to Connell, p.254, he and WEH met through Charles Whibley in the summer of 1892. However, he had been contributing to the S.O. since 1890; see J.W. Mackail and Guy Wyndham, eds., Life and Letters of George Wyndham, 2 vols. (London: Hutchinson & Co., n.d.), 1, 45.
3 Balfour.
4 There is no evidence that Balfour wrote for the N.O.
5 Harold George Parsons (died 1905), Australian born lawyer and traveller, was chief leader writer for the N.O. 1891-1892.
6 William Earl Hodgson (?1860-1910), journalist and writer. Parsons did not write for the National Review.
7 Cecil John Rhodes (1853-1902), traveller and statesman in Africa.
8 (Horatio) Gilbert (George) Parker (1862-1932), traveller, writer and M.P.
9 The Illustrated London News, a monthly, 14 May 1842 to present.
10 Gilbert Parker contributed twelve short stories in the N.O. between 10 October 1891 and 5 November 1925.
1892.

11 Henry Dawson Lowry (1869-1906), journalist. On the staff of the P.M.G. 1895, and Black and White 1895-1898.


13 Balfour.

14 The equality of gold and silver as a monetary system.


16 George Joachim Goschen (1831-1907), politician.


19 Henry Edward John Stanley of Alderley (1827-1903), diplomat and writer. Succeeded to the peerage 1869.


21 The journal was to have been called Tomorrow but the enterprise came to nothing; see Lambert, p.134.
1, GREAT COLLEGE STREET,
WESTMINSTER, S.W.¹
12 November 1892

My dear Charles,

(1) Is it not time we had an answer to my offer (in re N.O.) from Samoa?

(2) Tree announces the Beau & Macaire?² On whose authority, & by what right? Unless you concluded a new arrangement with him when he was last in Edinburgh, (which you could scarce have done without consulting me) -- he's lain upon them expired at least a week ago. Please write, reminding him of this, and ask him under what conditions & on what terms he proposes to produce them.

I would there were no such things as rents in time!

E.A.V.[,]

H.

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¹ The address is printed in the centre of the page.
² Tree had had the sole rights to the two plays for two years; see Swearingen, p.90. The two plays were not produced at this time.
1, GREAT COLLEGE STREET,  
WESTMINSTER, S.W.¹  
15 November 1892

My dear Charles,

Very good: but all the same, write to Tree, & say that the agreement having expired, you are prepared to consider the terms on which to conclude a new one.

The truth is, that the old agreement was absurd -- is the decision, indeed, of every one to whom I have confessed it. Of course it was none of my making: as you remember, we had words about H.B.T, & I ended up by chucking the whole thing as you heard. When I tell you (in confidence, of course) that Barrie got £100 from Irving for the privilege of first [- - - -] reading & six months in which to make up his mind -- (he did that in two) -- you will admit that Tree's two years lain upon Macaire & the Beau for nothing all is a little steep.

Of course you despise the plays -- most justly, no doubt; but that needn't prevent you bargaining as though you believed in them. Of course, too, I'm not Jim Barrie; but neither is Jim Barrie R.L.S. [ ].

At all events you are our agent, & it's your duty to your clients, & not allow yourself to be bribed to act against their interests by suppers at swell hotels & the privilege of going behind the scenes in pursuit of

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the degraded creatures who call themselves actresses.

Also, there will be a boom presently -- a boom in Henley-&-Stevenson. So at it you go; & please remember all the while that at it you are that H.B.T. is something of a Jew, & has a wonderful eye for Number One.

E.A.Y.[,]

H.

1 The address is printed in the centre of the page.
Dear Sir,

Herewith a revised proof of the verses.\(^2\) \[---\] I am not sorry that you are to have them so long in hand; as there are one or two bits that seem to me not quite right yet. Perhaps, therefore, you will send me a revise? I shall be glad to have one, if it be possible; for I hate to send out any thing that is not as good as I can make it.

Very Faithfully Yours,

W.E. Henley

The Editor

Scribner's Magazine

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1 The address is printed in the centre of the page.
2 Arabian Nights' Entertainments.
My dear Charles,

Do you see that Nutt has put up the price of the *Plays*, & that the general public, now that the subscribers are secured, can only get the book at 8/6 a copy? Please look at the agreement; & if this be not in it, injunct him at once.

I had looked for a new edition ere this; but Nutt's ways of doing business are so peculiar that I doubt if there will ever be a new edition at all. A thing unparalleled in the case of a new Stevenson. Certainly, if this 8/6 [-----] business is like to choke off every body; & as the booksellers won't take Nutt's books, this book is pretty certain to be no more heard of.

I wish that Methuen had been the man.² At all events he would have published us.

The miscarriage of your correspondence with Samoa is most unfortunate.³ Can you explain it? Is it an affair of jealous & perturbed officials? I know not what has become of R.L.S.'s last to me; but I'll send it on as soon's I can lay hands on it. I've had worse colds, I think; but never a cold has laid me lower than
the cold I'm nursing now.

How are you & yours? Do you like this picture? I think it's rather fun: the Diligent Finger especially.¹

All manner of good wishes for all manner of pleasant times.

E.A.Y.[,] dear Charles,

W.E.H.

Herbert of the Bare Bottom has asked me to dinner!

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¹ The address is printed in the centre of the page.
² Algernon Methuen Marshall Methuen (1856-1924), born Steadman but changed his name in 1899. Founder of the publishing firm.
³ The October letters had somehow been delayed but they arrived in January 1893; see Ferguson and Waingrow, pp. 315-17.
⁴ Not identified.
Letter No. 355  To Robert Fitzroy Bell
MS: Beinecke

11 HOWARD PLACE,
EDINBURGH.
23 January 1893

My dear F.B.,

There is no question of unfriendliness. It is only that you do not shine in your letters. Which, indeed, have often made me wonder why & how you continued to be so good & courteous a gentleman in life & fact who could no nothing of the sort on paper.

What annoys & puzzles & enrages me is this enormous increase in the cost of production. In Edinburgh, I understood that we were losing at the rate of £40 per week; & here in London it is £70. How the devil does it come? I cannot understand.

I hear that W.H.P. is on his last legs -- that, in fact, ... but no! I oughtn't to repeat what, after all, was told me in confidence: If he would but make up his mind to go, & go quickly, poor devil, your combination might come off next week.

It is an awful nuisance to have to face the action on Thursday. Of course I'll see the lawyers; & if I'm wanted, of course I'll go to the Court. But it is a nuisance, isn't it? I've been trying hard to recover Wallace from the past; & the more I think, the surer I am that he is mistaken. Not that that makes any 

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difference to the point at issue. Only it is a comfort to know that he is mistaken.

I give my Baxter up. He is really too steep for words. And if he has bungled this business with the rest, it will be long ere I forgive him. Do please write by return & tell me the facts of the case; I want to know them, whether we get the Samoan's MS. or not.3

Tell me what you think, too, of the current number: & especially of To Bow Bridge.4 To me it looks as if we had our hand on another coming man. At all events, here is some thing done well that has not -- so far as I know -- been done before.

Stuart & Marriott are more in the office with Cust;5 & I rather think that Vernon & Sanders will go there too -- Vernon as musical critic en permanence; Sanders as a bi-weeklyest.6 Charles could get as much work from the same journal as he would care to do;7 while Wilfrid has joined the Westminster Gazette.8 In fact, they're all provided for but Dunn & me: which is a [----] proud thought in some ways, & in others is far from it.

I met Ansty 'tother night, & quoted his own words to him till his countenance shone with joy & pride. He is to come to Westminster, & be taken to the sing-song next door. All the same, I fear there's nothing to be got out of him for the N.O.9

The Standard is very well disposed to us, I am
told; & will do us a good turn the first occasion possible. I shall do my very best to make one. There appears, for the rest, to be hope from G.W. & hope from Lord Stanley (who, by the way, is Egeria's dearest enemy); but what is wanted most of all is patience & time. As I said, if we fail we make the most auspicious smash that ever was made in journalism: & that I've no sort of drive to do. If I had any money I wouldn't hesitate to buy you all out, & I believe that Dunn would put his shirt on the thing. That, of course, is but an expression of opinion & commercially = zero. But it may help you to understand why we are not exhilarated by your letters, & why, not being at all disposed to quarrel, I take no notice of them in writing.

And I must to home-cleaning & make the best I can of the fortnightly fashions.

Ever Yours,

W.E.H.

1 Nothing came of this.
2 See "Law Report. Feb.1. Wallace v. Douglas," The Times, 2 February 1893, p.3, cols.5-6. This was a libel case brought by Dr. Abraham Wallace who was attacked by The National Observer; see Rev. of In the Service of Love, by Mrs. A. Wallace, The National Observer, 16 April 1892, pp.556-57. Dr. Wallace was referred to as "that objectionable and foolish person." He was awarded £100 damages.
3 The MS. was RLS's story The Isle of Voices which was rejected by The Graphic and offered to Bell by Baxter on 24 January 1893; see Swearingen,
It was published in four weekly instalments in the N.O.; see Robert Louis Stevenson, "The Isle of Voices," The National Observer, 4 February-25 February 1893.


5 Henry John Cockayne Cust (1861-1917), journalist and M.P. He was editor of The Pall Mall Gazette 1892-1896.

6 Probably Lloyd Charles Sanders, journalist and writer.

7 Whibley.

8 Wilfrid Pollock. The Westminster Gazette, a monthly, 31 January 1893-31 January 1928

9 Ansty did not write any signed contribution for the N.O.

10 G.W. is George Wyndham. Egeria is a female advisor but the reference is not known.
My dear Sir,

I am greatly obliged to you for your letter, which gave me equal pleasure & surprise.  

I can scarce (I admit) believe it to be in the intention of your University to confer so excellent a distinction on one who has done so little as myself; nor, in the absence of a formal intimation of that intention can I speak definitely in relation to the matter.

But, as I have said, I hear of the possibility of such a gift with very great pleasure.

Very Faithfully Yours,

W.E. Henley

Professor Knight.

1 William Angus Knight (1836-1916), professor of moral philosophy at St. Andrews University 1876-1900.

2 The address is printed in the centre of the page.

3 Although the letter has not been found it contained the news that the University was seeking to confer the degree of Doctor of Laws on WEH.
Letter No. 357  
To Robert T. Hamilton Bruce 

MS: Beinecke  

1 Gt. College St.[,]  
Westminster, S.W.  
13 February 1893  

My dear Bruce,  

Please post me the adventures of Fanny Hill.¹ Long 
an ornament of your drawing-room table, they are very 
much in request: particularly for purposes not wholly 
unconnected with Slang.²  

The Lord he knoweth how things will go; but any how 
we'll die in the blaze.  

Methuen has asked me for a Lyrical Anthology;³ so 
now for your Palgrave revised, depleted, corrected, 
perfect!  

I hear this morning that St. Andrews degree is an 
accomplished fact. Such is life, all things come round 
to him that doth not wait for them.  

Ever Yours, Dear Bruce,  

W.E.H.  

I expect the Chateline & the Emperor will be moving 
northwards in about a month. What are your plans? And 
please be definite as you can about the Merry Muses.⁴  

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¹ Memoirs of a Woman of Pleasure, commonly known as 
Fanny Hill, written by John Cleland and published 
1748-1749.  
² Since 1890 WEH had been helping John Farmer with 
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4 The Merry Muses of Caledonia, a collection of bawdy Scottish songs, some attributed to Burns, were published in 1799. WEH intended to publish an edition but did not do so.
My dear Principal,

I know not what to say. The news, as you know, was not strange to me. But first & last it has been one of the greatest pleasures of my life. The distinction seemed so far removed that I had never dreamed of it; & your report, that it was conferred unanimously, makes it of ten fold greater value. I had done so little to deserve it -- as I thought; I leave you to judge what it is to me to find I had done so much more than I believed.

I thank you very cordially for your invitation: of which I hope to take advantage. I say "I hope" & not "I purpose": for I have so much on hand, & I am wanted in so many "airts" that I know not if I shall not have to go honoured in absence. But it will be sorely against my will, if I do. And in any case I believe my wife & daughter will be in Scotland & perhaps they may come to hear of me though not to see.

I should have written before; but, really I was so frightfully tired at this week's end that I could do no more than keep myself going with my contributors.
Ever Sincerely Yours,

W.E. Henley

The Rev.

Principal Donaldson

1 James Donaldson (1831-1915), Principal of St. Andrews University.

2 Airts is a Scots word meaning directions or quarters.
My dear Principal,

It is now settled beyond any possibility of doubt that I shall not be able to come to St. Andrews, personally to receive the honour your Senate has thought fit to confer upon me.²

It will be a matter for lasting regret; but I have been so ill of late & my engagements, which are many & onerous, have become so pressing by reason of the enforced inattention of the past few weeks, that I am compelled however reluctantly, to ask you to excuse me from attending & taking part in a ceremony in which I am specially & most honourably interested.

I have been down at Eastbourne since Thursday; I return to-morrow to Westminster: it is my first holiday for a year.

Yours Sincerely[,]  

W.E.Henley

The Rev. Principal Donaldson

P.S. My books are as yet of small account & number; but I should like if I might, to present a set of them to the University Library.
1. The address is printed in the centre of the page.
2. The degree of LL.D. was conferred on 6 April 1893 in absentia.
Letter No. 360 To Arthur Morrison

MS: Rochester

1, GREAT COLLEGE STREET,
WESTMINSTER, S.W.1
28 April 18932

Dear A. M.,

I think a very great deal indeed of the last;3 & so does everybody else -- Whibley, Marriott Watson, & the rest -- who has spoken of it. Decidedly that book of yours is going to be a book.4

My great regret now is that I did not delete the initial paragraph. Which is more than useless; for it gives all that follows away.

Send me another at your leisure. Which will, I hope, be soon.5

Alys Yours Sincerely[,] W.E.H.

My brother left his drawings here the other night.

1 The address is printed in the centre of the page.
2 This is the first known extant letter to Morrison.
4 Arthur Morrison, Tales of Mean Streets (London: Methuen and Co., 1894).
Letter No. 361 To Alice Meynell

MS: Texas MS File (Henley, W.E) Letters

SEAFORTH,
LEVENHALL,
MUSSELBURGH, N.B. ¹

6 October 1893

My dear Mrs. Meynell,

Forgive my silence. I have been too ill to do any thing but suffer.

I saw the interview.² But I know the Interviewer -- the species I mean: not this particular animal. And, indeed, I was sorry for you.

By all means send the essay to St. College St.³ I should not object in any case as there has been, & is, so much exchanging between ourselves & the P.M.G. that I am scarce likely to make a difficulty in this one.

Ever Sincerely Yours,

W.E.H.

¹ The address is printed in the centre of the page.
² The interview has not been identified.
³ Possibly the article published in January 1894; see Alice Meynell, "In Alphabetical Order," The National Observer, 13 January 1894, pp.215-16.
SEAFORTH,
LEVENHALL,
MUSSELBURGH, N.B.¹
17 October 1893

My dear Charles,

I do hope to see you to-morrow (Wednesday).

Might I ask you to bring or send me Dunbar. Poems, 1836,² & the volume, or part, of Murray, containing the verb "to couple"?³ I am pressed for time as regards both (the Dunbar must be that particular edition) or I would wait till next week, when I could see them in situ.

E.A.Y.[,]

H.

¹ The address is printed in the centre of the page.
² WEH may be mistaken as there is no edition for 1836 in the British Library. The Poems of William Dunbar now first collected. With notes, and a memoir of his life, by D.Laing, 2 vols. (Edinburgh: 1834, 1865). William Dunbar (?1465-?1530), Scottish poet. WEH no doubt needed the book for his English Lyrics.
My dear Charles,

Bless you for your good letter. It should have crossed one of mine. But I had a very bad belly ache, & missed the post.

'93 was a devil to us all. To you, dear Charles, a worse one than to any. I hope with all my soul that '94 may & will make amends. At any rate to you.

It's good news that you are to be in town. We give Dunn a send-off on Saturday week. It was arranged that the chairs of R.L.S. & Rudyard should be vacant. Then I suggested that you should come as R.L.S[.]'s alter ego, & fill his room. Can you manage to do that? Do it if you possibly can. It will please us all. And you must still further please us by lodging here. You say "in 8 or ten days": it should be easy so to arrange the journey as to take this in.

We are asking all the old Observers: together with the new Pall-Malls -- as Harry Cust & Iwan Muller. Also George Wyndham & R.T.H.B.

I am greatly tickled by what you have to say about the Ass; & have sent it all on the C.W. I am very
glad I sent: 'tis my New Year's Gift, & it has come off better than I could have hoped. Also, bless you for your devotion to Ed. 2. A 4th of the other book was issued with it; so perhaps I ought to think better of '93 than I can & do.

The journal has been once more in the pangs of death & sepulchre. I am so heartly sick of it all -- especially of Bell's incompetence -- that it was with something like despair I heard the news of another three months' life. 'Tis all too long & too exasperating to write. You shall hear it with your ears. Enough to say that the mismanagement in '93 was so colossal that it floored a practical buyer, who was in a position to make things hum. However -- !

I shall take my name off the books of the Savile. I haven't been there for a whole year; & I can spend the £5/5 to better purpose elsewhere. My debts oppress me horribly; & here is Bell proposing to reduce our wages all round! However -- (as I said before) -- -- !

Did I tell you -- (no, I didn't) -- that last week they stole my beautiful coat, my ulster? Well, they did. Walked up stairs & [----] in a fog, & bound it together with Vernon Blackburn's new blue Ulster -- from hooks outside my Westminster parlour door! And there was I with all that amount to M. & A. unpaid, & nothing possible but another order! I think I resented this last attention of '93 more vehemently than all the
Have you any news of the Cannibal Islanders? And what is this they tell me of "A Backwoods Childhood" in Annie Swan's new magazine? God bless you, meanwhile; from all of us.

E.A.Y.[,]

H.

The Emperor hath a slight cold, but is otherwise well. So too are Mollie & the Châtelaine. I found the other day a copy of Kidnapped, with Eddie's name in poor Gracie's hand in it. How it got among my books ...! Mollie will bring it back.

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1 The address is printed in the centre of the page.
2 Baxter's wife, Grace, died on 24 March 1893.
3 Dunn was leaving his position as business manager of the N.O. and becoming news editor of the Pall Mall Gazette. The send off would have been at the regular haunt of the N.O., Solferino's Restaurant, Rupert Street, London.
4 Ernest Bruce Iwan-Müller (1853-1910), journalist and writer, assistant editor P.M.G. 1893-1896. He joined the Daily Telegraph in 1896.
5 WEH's name has not been found in the marked files of The Athenaeum at this time.
6 The second edition of The Song of the Sword and other verses was retitled London Voluntaries and other verses (London: David Nutt, 1893).
7 Views and Reviews: Literature.
8 Bell was trying to find a buyer for the N.O.; see Connell, pp.266-73.
9 Not identified.
10 The Stevensons.
12 Anna's sister.
Letter No. 364 To Robert T. Hamilton Bruce

MS: Beinecke

1, GREAT COLLEGE STREET,
WESTMINSTER, S.W.¹
9 January 1894

My dear Bruce,

Nutt is, of course, the publisher of the Tudor Translations and of London Voluntaries.

Your remarks about Bell & Cooper & the journal are astonishing.² However, the position is easily [   ].

One of three things will happen. (1) Bell will sell outright; or (2) Bell will stop; or (3) he will find the money & go on -- without me & Charles, unless he guarantees an absolute change of management.

We are utterly sick of things as they are, & have been & we've told him so.

Ever Yours,

W.E.H.

I am ill again. But the thaw has come & life is liveable.

¹ The address is printed in the centre of the page.
² In a letter to WEH, 7 January 1894, quoted by Connell, p.268, Bruce writes that Cooper, a business associate of Harmsworth, who was prepared with Harmsworth to put some money into the N.O., would not be of advantage to the N.O. as he would want control and to employ his own staff. Bruce also writes that Bell criticises WEH's running of the journal. Bruce suggests that Bell give up the journal, or finance it for a further two years, and
then, if it is still a loss, to close the journal. Alfred Charles William Harmsworth, 1st Viscount Northcliffe (1865-1922), journalist and newspaper proprietor. Founder of The Daily Mail 1896. Chief proprietor of The Times from 1908 until his death.
My dear Bell,

It is a case of tubercular meningitis. The brain I gave her had in it the seed of death; & now we are waiting the end. I pray it come quickly.²

Will you send me a cheque for my January salary? Make it payable to a London bank, so that I can get it cashed. I do not want to write cheques & we shall need much money.

Do not write. We know all you would say. But life is ended, & words -- words -- words -------------------

H.

The earlier symptoms of meningitis & of gastric catarrh are, it appears, identical.³

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1 The address is printed in the centre of the page.
2 This is the first mention of Margaret's illness in any known extant letters.
3 She had the symptoms of gastric catarrh in late November 1893; see Connell, p.261.
The effusion is very gradual as yet, & she is still conscious. She sleeps a great deal, & is out of pain. Indeed she is lapsing very placidly, & she will last some days yet longer.

Very many thanks for the remittance. In my misery I could not realize that the agony would be so long & slow. That is why I was in that necessary hurry.

May I count on the use of the office downstairs till June? You see, this is her house & not ours; & now she is gone, we cannot stay. It would break our hearts, you know; if they are not broken already. So I shall take my wife to Westminster, & thence we can move hither & thither as we will. This house, we shall strip at once, & try to let it. Well, if we can; not so well if we cannot. But leave it we must & will. And Westminster will be of the greatest use: especially if I can remove my work down stairs.

I found a place wherein to lay her to-day: West Wickham Churchyard, a beautiful tranquil spot, deep in sunny lanes, set round with noble trees, & overlooking a great rolling champaign. It is practically a matter
of influence: the disposition of the ground resting with one Sir John Lennard of Wickham Hall. So I'm asking Harry Cust to look round for a possible backer among his friends.

To the end she remains the sweetest of God's creatures.

Ever Yours,

W.E.H.

Please show this to Bruce & Blaikie & Charles. I cannot write to them.

1 The address is printed in the centre of the page.
2 Great College Street.
3 Sir John Farnaby Lennard, Bt. (1816-1899), of Wickham Hall, Surrey. However, she was buried in the churchyard of St. John the Baptist, Cockayne Hatley, Bedfordshire, on 15 February 1894.
Dear Ruddy,

Our little one is dead. Something is left of her which still breathes. But really she died last week -- of tubercular meningitis; & the best of life & the best in life died with her. What is left of her most royal & radiant self can scarce survive the week; &, for the moment, that thought is the sole comfort we have.

I had hoped you -- "Dada's Boy", She called you -- would have known & wondered & delighted in her; as Barrie & Charles & Vernon & Parker & the rest have done. I had hoped that your girl & she would have lived to be staunch & lifelong friends, as ourselves.

I had hoped .... many things. But the end is this. And next week my wife & I begin the world anew.

She is very wonderful & beautiful -- my wife. But I know -- I know!

Don't write to me yet. I know all you will feel & would say; & presently -- but not now.
Ever Yours,

W.E.H.

"My dada's a king".

[added by WEH in the top left of the letter at right angles to the address] I hear that the N.O. goes from us next week, & that the man Frank Harris is the new editor.5

1 This is the only known extant letter from WEH to Kipling.
2 The address is printed in the centre of the page.
3 She died on 11 February 1894; see Connell, p.274.
4 Josephine Kipling died in 1899.
5 This was not so and WEH refuted it in a letter to The Times; see W.E. Henley, Letter, The Times, 19 February 1894, p.7, col.6. Frank Harris (1856-1931), Irish writer and journalist, edited The Evening News 1882-1886, The Fortnightly Review 1886-1894, and The Saturday Review 1894-1898. The Evening News, a London daily, 1 January 1878 to present.
My dear F.B.,

It is really intolerable -- for the heart is going out of us all, & how the devil I continue to whip the team into a semblance of inspiration, is more than I can tell you. But of course it must be endured. Only --! For all our sakes you must do your best to contract the agony; for agony we feel & know it to be.

I don't think I'd waste any postage stamps on the new builders. There have been too many of them as it is. I would rather say, as I said before, that if you want the journal to have a chance of life, you should close with Harris. He is a ruffian, of course; but he has plenty of energy, heaps of impudence, mountains of self-confidence; & there's no doubt that he would do his own proprietarying with gusto & to considerable purpose. I understand from you that terms were agreed upon long since: Dunn told me the other day that, according to Gray,¹ things were so far advanced that a couple of days might do the trick. This morning it's a question of terms. I don't understand it all & I like it even less.

It's all very well to talk about Spain but I've
neither the money nor the energy, neither the humour nor the will. I don't like writing text for pictures; & frankly, that is what I'm asked to do. It means, too, in this instance any amount of padding: which is abhorrent to me. But putting all that aside, I can resolve on nothing -- not even where to go & live -- until this business of the journal's settled. Which also is a reason why it should be settled soon.

Books are very scarce indeed, & I've the greatest difficulty in eking out the reviews. That is why I stretched out over Jami B. You may judge of the scorn & rage that filled my heart when I beheld the result of your study of the works of Smith! I took Crockett's new book for my own hand: being mined to drop the jacket of Master R.L.S., for his impudence in likening C. to J.M.B. A bêtise contained in a letter to a friend & now converted into a publisher's advt. which meets you at every turn.

The enclosed is interesting. I've half a mind to take on Jerome K. as another Modern Man.

My wife is low -- low! I cannot get her interested in anything. She has written to nobody as yet; but I know she means to write to Mrs. Bell. For whom, du reste, she has a little keepsake. But of this anon.

Ever Yours,

W.E.H.

There are no books at all to-day. As for copy, I've

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three stories & more than enough middle for the week's issue. The Indian copy has gone back: there was more than 25 columns of it. No doubt I could get it again.

1 Bell's solicitor; see Connell, p.284.
2 This commission, if that was what it was, has not been identified.
8 Not identified.
Dear Mr. Gilchrist,

We propose to wake THE NATIONAL OBSERVER on Thursday, April 5th, at the Restaurant Solferino, Rupert Street, at 7.30, when the old staff will be united for the last time. We hope that you will make a point of being present.

Yours truly,

W.E. HENLEY,

CHARLES WHIBLEY.

PLEASE ANSWER.

MORNING DRESS.

---

1 Robert Murray Gilchrist (1868-1917), novelist.
2 The addressee's name is handwritten.
3 The Henleys were lent this flat by a Mrs. Rogerson; see W.E. Henley, Letter to Robert T. Hamilton Bruce, 16 March 1894, Beinecke uncataloged, Yale University. They moved there on 22 March 1894. Connell, p.279, says that George Wyndham lent them the flat.
Dear Boy,

I was vexed indeed to hear you had called. I had no thought of your coming, or I would certainly have been on the spot. However ... !

I have produced my last N.O.² I ceased from being the editor last week, but, to make things pleasant, I volunteered to put the new man's first number through the mill.³ Hence it's [sic] extraordinary resemblance to one of my own. I don't know what's to happen to the old journal. I have advised all my hinges to help it all they can: in fact, I've been as magnanimous as I knew how. And so ends the [----] best & most daring of my adventures. It's a grief but O that it were the only one!

Just now I am argueably engaged in correspondence with Bell's London agent -- a man named Gray -- on the subject of compensation. He offers £250 -- half a year's screw. I insist on the custom of the track, which is £500. My legal right is that -- a year's wages -- £ plus an average year's earning's
by writing for the paper. The latter I have volunteered to waive in the event of an amicable settlement. I am surprized (I own) that Bell should make any difficulties in such a matter; but, after all, I should not be so.4

I am very seedy indeed: my guts are horrible, & I've a shocking cold in the head -- a cold that I can't throw off. Anna is wonderful; but she is much with us, & we suffer as best we can, each in our own way. God help us!

We are here till the beginning of May. After that we go to 9 The Terrace[,] Barnes, where we hope to see you.5

I found this fragment -- Hester Noble -- this morning.

E.A.Y.[,]

W.E.H.

Do write me a letter -- a newsy one -- about yourself especially.

1 The address is printed on the left of the page.
2 The issue of 31 March 1894. The N.O. had been acquired by Edgar Vincent (1857-1947), later 1st Viscount D'Abernon, diplomat and writer.
3 The issue of 7 April 1894.
4 The disagreement between Bell and WEH was not settled until the end of May. The correspondence with Whibley, quoted by Connell, pp.283-88, traces the course of the disagreement. WEH settled for £350.
5 The Henleys moved here on 3 May 1894; see Letter No.372, 3 May 1894.
My dear R. T.,

The Muses shall be posted to you to-morrow or next day. Let me suggest that the first thing to do is to get the book type-written. It will save trouble & anxiety; for, if it's done, the precious original need never leave our hands.

I've already suggested a compromise. My position in the law is this: -- I am entitled to one year's salary (£500) plus an average year's earnings (say £100). In the event of an amicable settlement I propose to waive the second claim. What else would you have me do? I am some thing in debt -- to you & others; I have nothing to my credit in the bank; I am badly in need of a long holiday. It appears to me that Bell, in boggling at my claim, is some thing more than ungrateful. But if you will tell me your views, I will certainly consider them; for I of all men would do any thing rather than seem ungenerous.

Ever Yours,

W.E.H.

-1063-
1 The address is printed in the centre of the page.
2 Bruce's copy of the *Merry Muses*. 
Dear Charles,

Please note the new address. We go in to-day.

Bell is in town; but he seems to be ill. Any how, I hear nothing of or from him. Will you fight the case for me if I decide to bring an action in the Court of Sessions?

Furse is painting her portrait -- a big canvass. Onslow Ford is designing a marble headstone -- the gift of the Uncles; & she is the heroine of Barrie's new book. [ ]!

E.A.Y.[,]

H.

Blaikie writes most cheerfully of the edition. When, by the way, are we to have the thing that came out in To-Day? Kipling & Marriott, two very different men, both think the world of it.

1 The address is printed in the centre of the page.
2 Furse produced a portrait which is in the Tate Gallery, London, though not on display. Charles Wellington Furse (1852-1904), artist.
Edward Onslow Ford (1852-1901), artist and sculptor. He completed the Shelley Memorial at Oxford and the Queen Victoria Memorial in Manchester. The headstone was in white marble with three bronze reliefs and it was later incorporated into a large stone memorial for WEH and Anna. The Uncles were WEH's brothers and Anna's brother.


Dear Charles,

Much thanks in re the Admiral. As to advice about what's left of, I have long been out of the swim. But why not write to Charles Whibley, Hôtel de France et de Lorraine, 5 Rue de Beauve, Paris? He is in it, & could put you in the right & only way.

Last night, I discussed the dispute between Bell & myself with Ivan, Watt, & Herbert Stephen. And they came to the conclusion -- against all I could say to the contrary -- that Bell must be brought to his knees. To-day then, I have offered him a further compromise & asked him once more to have the matter referred. If he doesn't accept these terms, there is nothing for it but a fight.

Of course, we don't propose to trouble the Court of Session. Also, it is like enough that his solicitors will decline to accept service. But he can't live without crossing the Border, & then we have him.

I hope with all my soul he will see fit to do what
is right. If he should not, it will be a bitter business all round. As for the letter he quotes against me, I am not sorry to have written it — though in any case it must cost me dear — for it was done in a spasm of generosity & good feeling.4 But I think he will be sorry if he takes it into court.

Enfin -- we are in for it, & must go on to the end.

E.A.Y[,]  
H.

Let me hear what the occulist says.

---

1 The address is printed in the centre of the page.
2 Iwan-Müller.
3 Herbert Stephen (1857-1932), barrister and writer on legal matters. 2nd Baronet 1894.
4 In a letter, not found, of 14 December 1893 to Bell, WEH may have given six months notice; see Connell, p.285.
Dear Lewis,

I know not if C.B. has told you the news. In any case, I think I ought to tell you that, having lost my life -- (of which I can say nothing) -- I have [----] lost my work also, & am now excessively at large. On the 24th March the N.O. passed into the keeping of a new hand. I produced his first number -- that of the 31st -- by way of friendship & general magnanimity; & since then he has had things all his own way. I suppose you have seen the results he has achieved? I have, & I am moved to wonder if the last five years have been at all: so utterly has he abolished the traces of what they saw done.

Worse still (perhaps) I am still squabbling with my late proprietor as to the compensation I should receive. He does not seem to be so generously inspired as one maight have believed him to be; &, at present, it looks as if I must hale him to the Courts. I have suggested compromise, & volunteered to have the matter referred. But he doesn't hear with that particular
ear. As for myself, I spent so much upon the journal -- time, money, character, energy -- that I feel litigious when I think of him: an experience wholly new to me, for which -- however -- I am in no wise grateful.

The Tudors are paying, & paying well; & I have engaged to general-edit for Methuen a series of "English Classics".² The idea is to reprint, in a form [----] [----] so comely the book will be delightful qua book & so cheap that any body who buys at all may buy -- a number of the masterpieces of English literature in every several department: biography, travel, poetry, drama, fiction, & the rest. Tristram Shandy (2 vols) is printed off; & we follow it up with Congreve (the comedies only), Walton's Lives, Haji Baba, Burns (or Herrick or Keats),³ the Journal to Stella,⁴ Amelia,⁵ & so on: sticking to no period, but so arranging matters that, if we succeed, we shall in the end df have taken in whatever is best worth reading in English. Hereby hangs a tale. Each book is furnished with an Introduction -- biographies-critical -- about 7000 or eight thousand words long, the work of a competent hand[.] Would you care to take on The Pilgrim's Progress?⁶ I can't offer you very much for the job: indeed, from the payee's point of view, it were beneath your notice. But the work would be a sort of little change for you, & in helping the series you would help

-1070-
Tree's latest was to cut down Macaire to what he called a merry little farce (or words to that effect), which would play about three-quarters of an hour. This work of art -- a parade for himself & Lionel Brough -- he proposed that we should sign. I need scarce say how I declined the proposal! I don't think, for the rest, that he can be doing very well. He hasn't had a success since The Dancing Girl, but has gone plunging steadily from half-failure to half-failure: so that it is a matter for wonder that he keeps his doors open. But, for that matter, nobody pays now unless he writes farce or makes a piece for Arthur Roberts. The public seems dead-sick of the serious drama, & will take no stock in it. Jones occasionally works off something that it likes: for instance, he has just knocked it with a play in which he utterly butchers & bedevils that scene which gave us the idea of The King of Clubs. But he does it only now & then; the others not at all. So they've just revived The Two Orphans at the Adelphi; & upon my word I don't think they could have done better.

If you haven't heard it already, you will like to hear, I know, that Meredith is getting £1200 for the serial rights of Lord Ormont & his Aminta. That is what it is to write for a magazine which is owned by a [ ] & edited by a leash of amateurs. Also, he
(G.M.) is writing a novel for Scribner's "against
time"; so that for once in his life he has a real
chance of being fairly comprehensible on a first
reading.

I hear that people in the U.S.A. are beginning to
take my verses seriously: indeed, if all the tales be
true, I shouldn't wonder if I got on some thing of a
boom there. Meanwhile, for The Song of the Sword &
Views & Reviews, my rights last year were worth exactly
£3/19/3! How does that strike a bloated contemporary
like yourself? I think I've more verses in me -- a new
In Memoriam, perhaps -- but they won't come yet.
Nothing will. I am perfectly stagnant. The double
reaction has been too much for me; & since I slated you
& your Crockett in my last N.O., I have written but
one poor article -- a column in the P.M.G., a journal
I wish you saw.

We found Addiscombe intolerable: to live there had
been madness & death. So, though the house is still on
my hands, we set our faces other whither, & landed
poor. It is a quaint, pretty, & spacious house: with
French windows, & a verandah, & an ivy tod in the
railings thereof which must be at least a hundred &
fifty years old. In the back is a gravelled yard with
a two-stall stable; & in the front across the
road is Father Thames -- a perpetual miracle, a
never-ending ever changing wonder. The back parts are
probably Elizabethan: they have pointed gables, & the windows run in groves, & are many-paned. The front is latish Georgian. Altogether a pleasant place -- (& only £50 per ann!!!) -- wherein our things look better than they have ever looked before. Only -- we wonder what the devil we are doing in it: as, perhaps, we should wonder any where else, all the world over, until the end.

I hear Extraordinary things about Marcel Schwob: he seems to have read every thing there is to read in every language; also, he has a special interest in in thieves & highwaymen & slang (by the way, I would like you to read Captain Charles Johnson in the earlier texts: which are noble. But you must have the folio), also he is absolutely familiar with Meredith & R.L.S. What do you think of him? Rudyard, too -- I saw him 'tother day, & he is more like [----] a "natural force" than any thing I ever encountered. His head is buzzing with ideas: as a hive with bees. I hear about you now & then from Barrie; but he is very much in the country, & we see nothing like so much of him as we want to.

I have written more than I had thought of writing in the beginning: but I imagine you won't mind that. Another stage is ended; another half turned [----] over; & it seemed natural, somehow, to go back to the stage & leaf beyond, & gossip & babble as of old. I
don't think it has done me any harm. Far from it. And you?

Alys Sincerely Yours,

W.E.H.

PS. I want to keep the older hacks off "English Classics," & to share the introductions as much as possible among the younger men. Not the Le Galliennes, but the men who can write.

[added by WEH at right angles to the left of the address] I hear golden words -- from Rudyard, among others -- about the thing you publish in To-Day. I am glad indeed to hear (from C.B.) that it is to be a book, & not -- as I had a certain reason to fear might be the case -- a poor "un[] joy".

---

1 The date is written above the address.
3 None of these was produced.
4 Letters written by the late Jonathan Swift... and several of his friends from the year 1703 to 1740.

-1074-
Published from the originals; with notes explanatory and historical. 4 vols. (London: R. Davis, etc, 1766-1768).


6 RLS did not accept the offer and the book was not produced.

7 Lionel Brough (1836-1900), Welsh actor.

8 The Dancing Girl, by H.A. Jones, at the Haymarket Theatre, from 15 January 1891 to 2 May 1891.

9 Arthur Roberts (1852-1933), comedian and actor.

10 The King of Clubs: Drama in Four Acts, a projected play by WEH and RLS.

11 The Two Orphans, by John Oxenford, at the Adelphi Theatre, from 12 May 1894 to 19 June 1894.

12 G. Meredith, "Lord Ormont and his Aminta," *The Pall Mall Magazine*, 1 (December 1893) to 3 (July 1894) in eight instalments.

13 G. Meredith, "The Amazing Marriage," *Scribner's Magazine*, 17 (January 1895-June 1895) to 18 (July 1895-December 1895) in twelve instalments.


15 WEH's unsigned review of Crockett's *The Raiders*.

16 Not identified.

17 Marchel Schwob (1867-1905), French writer.


Dear Nutt,

Please send author's copies of Lyra (1st ed., if possible) & London Voluntaries to

Francis Watt Esq.,

5 Essex Court.

Temple, E.C.

He has been extremely kind & useful all through the wrangle with Bell; & he would like them for his fee.

Have you heard yet of a Suetonius? Justin H. has lent me a most noble Thucydides, which I'm half inclined to run in its stead.

Ever Yours,

W.E.H.

1 The address is printed in the centre of the page.
2 Suetonius (Gaius Suetonius Tranquillus) (c. A.D. 70 –A.D. 140), Roman biographer. He was included in the Tudor Translations; see Seutonius History of Twelve Caesars, Translated by Philemon Holland, 1606. Introd. Charles Whibley. The Tudor Translations, XXI–XXII. (London: David Nutt, 1899).
3 Justin Huntly McCarthy (1861–1936), novelist, historian and poet. MP. 1884–1892. Thucydides (c. 460 B.C.–c. 395 B.C.), Athenian general and historian, was not included in the Tudor Translations.
Dear Morrison,

By all means. You do me proud, & I'm very much obliged to you. My opinion as to the virtue of the work has been high from the first, & the appreciation gives me sincere pleasure.

But -- I warn you sincerely -- I am no Mascotte. I don't bring luck to my men but a sword. We held our heads too high, we Observers, while we lived; & now that daring costs the beggars nothing, there are not a few that will take it out of us all they know. Look, else, at what seems to be Lang's attack on Street for as good work (of its kind) as we've seen this many a day.

I am trying to complete the N.O. portrait gallery. Have you a colourist of yourself? I want one.

The Brute is very good. But I want to suggest some changes of style before I send it back.

Yours Alys,

W.E.H.
1 Sentences two to six inclusive have been quoted.
2 The address is printed on the left of the page.
3 The Barnes address is rubber stamped and is in the middle of the page.
4 Morrison dedicated Tales of Mean Streets to WEH. The dedication was "To William Ernest Henley."
5 A person bringing luck, from the French opera La Mascotte, first performed in 1880.
Letter No. 377

To Arthur Morrison

MS: Rochester

1, GREAT COLLEGE STREET,
WESTMINSTER, S.W.¹

9 The Terrace,
Barnes, S.W.

1 July 1894

My dear Morrison,

I will post the "Brute" to-morrow. I've had people staying in the house, & between them & the heat ....!

No: Hollyer isn't at all dear: 25/ a dozen -- not more.² And he is incomparably better than any one else. So if you do go to him, I will give you this one back, & you shall have one of me as well.

It was in a D.N. leader that Lang -- or his double -- took it out on Street. But I don't think Street minded a bit. Why should he?

As to the Dedication -- on your own head be it!

Ever Sincerely yours,

W.E.H.

¹ The address is printed in the centre of the page.
² Frederick Hollyer (1837-1933), photographer, 9 Pembroke Square, Kensington, London.
Dear Mr. Wells,

Many thanks. I've put you between Marriott & the "Genial Andrew Lang." The gallery -- I regret to add -- is filling but slowly: people don't seem half so proud to be represented in it as one had hoped they would. There isn't a rush, in fact, & that I cannot understand.

Sevenoakes is doing you no harm -- if that is you on Editors in to-day's P.M.

Alys Sincerely Yours,

W.E.H.

To Arthur Morrison

9 The Terrace,
Barnes, S.W.
20 September 1894

My dear Morrison,

No, please. On reflection, I will elect for the bound copy, & thank you kindly for the same.  

I am glad you like the new books. The Tristram I've not yet seen; but the Prose is really, I think, as good as they make 'em.3

Ever Yours,

W.E.H.

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1 The address is printed in the centre of the page.
2 Tales of Mean Streets.
Dear Wells,

Yesterday I had -- a rare occurrence with me -- a sempiternal headache. Today I've read -- read every word; & with uncommon excitement. In your place I should go on? Rather! It may profit you little -- though I'm not so confident, by a long way, about that as I was. But it is so full of invention, & the invention is so wonderful, so moving even -- as I have found -- that it must certainly make you a reputation.

If you still doubt, go to Heinemann, & say I asked you to consult him as to the vendibility of this thing in a finished state. If you like, I'll write to him; or, better still, I'll ask Charles Whibley to speak.

I will post the MS. to-morrow. At present, I've nothing to [----] add, excepting that I don't much like the end -- save, alys an anticlimax.

Alys Sincerely Yours,

W.E.H.
If I had the P.M.B., I should certainly stick you for the voyage.

2 The address is printed in the centre of the page.
3 Wells's time travelling story first started in the N.O.
My dear Mr. Heinemann,

Yours of the 10th reached me (at Hindhead) at mid-day to-day. I rejoice in your discovery.

I have several promises: from good men, too. But before we can go further, I want a sort of statement of the case from you. Will you make one out? What is wanted is the maximum & minimum of revenue by circulation; the ditto ditto of revenue in advertisements; the loss per number; the cost per number; & so forth. And the sooner I have it the sooner we can get to work.

I shall not be disappointed if Baxter begins by saying no.

Alys Sincerely Yours[,]
1 The address is printed in the centre of the page.
2 The date is written above the Barnes address.
3 WEH had been staying with Leonard Whibley.
4 Presumably of potential contributors to The New Review. Heinemann, together with George Wyndham, Iwan-Müller, Herbert Stephen and Harry Cust, had acquired the journal and intended making WEH editor; see Wellesley Index, 3, 305. The New Review, a monthly journal, January 1889-December 1897.
Letter No. 382 To Arthur Morrison
MS: Rochester

9 The Terrace,
Barnes, S.W.
19 November 1894

My dear Morrison,

I've just read the review in The P.M.G. It is excellent, & should give the book a lift -- the sort of lift, too, it wants.

As for Steadman, I think he'll play up when he thinks it's time. He admires the stuff too much not to help it all he can.

So prop up your soul, & hope for the best.

Ever Sincerely Yours,

W.E.H.

2 Methuen.
My dear Wells,

I hope the *Time Traveller* is doing well. I may have a chance of giving him a show; so please let's hear about him.¹

Alys

Sincerely Yours,

W.E.H.

---

¹ Wells was published in the *N.R.*, having changed his title to *The Time Machine*; see H.G.Wells, "The Time Machine," *The New Review*, 12 (January 1895) to 12 (May 1895) in five monthly instalments.
Letter No. 384 To H. G. Wells

MS: Illinois

TELEGRAPHIC ADDRESS, THE KEE HOUSE,
ROGERSON GREYSHOTT, HINSEHEAD,
9 The Terrace, BARNES, S.W.

26 November 1894

My dear Wells,

I hope you put in some work on the MS. For I know that one reason why it wasn't a success elsewhere was that it was -- not a picture but -- a sketch. I thought you were going to do so, & that, when you had, you'd let me know: that I might write to Heinemann, & advise him of the advent of your work. As it is, I haven't written to Heinemann, & I tremble to think what judgement may have been passed upon what I esteem to be [----] a quiet excellent & curious thing.

We leave this to-morrow (Tuesday) for Barnes, Don't risk a cold by coming down unless you can do so with a fifty-to-one chance in your favour. But keep me posted all the same.

Your Cook was really excellent: I read him at least twice.²

Alys Sincerely Yours,

W.E.H.

-1089-
PS.

If this scheme of mine comes off, Heinemann is in it -- up to the collar!

1 Presumably Leonard Whibley's house; see Connell, p.291
2 Not identified.
My dear Bruce,

Where are you? I want to write to you, & don't know your address.

The New Review; whereof I spoke to you, looks uncommon like coming off.

An Edinburgh house has (this between ourselves) -- commissioned me -- a Saxon! A pockpudden! An Englisher! -- to prepare a final edition of Burns!¹

The weather is hellish.

Ever Yours,

W.E.H.

The Wise One's still unmarried.²

¹ T.C. & E.C. Jack, publishers, had asked WEH to produce an edition of Burns's poetry.
² Charles Whibley had fallen in love with Ethel Philip, a sister-in-law of Whistler, whom he eventually married in 1896.
Letter No. 386 To H. G. Wells

MS: Illinois

9 The Terrace, 
Barnes, S.W.
4 December 1894

My dear Wells,

Much thanks. My only difficulty is that without the Introductory chapters the story is not too intelligible, to say nothing of the loss in plausibility.

These chapters I am minded to reprint -- with due acknowledgement, of course. Tis a novel, of course, but I'm taking counsel on it, & I hope to carry my point.¹

Meanwhile, I've prepared a good whack for the printers.

Alys Sincerely Yours,

W.E.H.

¹ WEH intended to reprint the opening chapters which had appeared in the N.D. For a detailed discussion on the publication of The Time Machine; see Bernard Bergonzi, "The publication of The Time Machine," Review of English Studies, n.s. 17, No.41 (1960), 42-51.
My dear Wells,

As soon as possible. I may -- or may not -- be able to lead off with it. But I'd like to have it.

'Tis in your hands, & you must use it as seems best to you. The great thing is not to keep too closely to the old N.O. As for the paradox, how could you do without it?2

Alys Sincerely Yours,

W.E.H.
My dear Bruce,

As you see, the N.R. You may remember, I spoke to you about it when you were here. There was little chance of it then; but it somehow took shape & substance very soon, & in the end we raised the capital in no time. I should like to have had you; but I remembered that you rather frowned on the notion -- (and besides, what you said of Farmer) -- so I left you unbled. I'll tell you all about it when we meet. For the moment, let this suffice: it is something of a personal triumph for me.

Yes: it is all true about the Burns. I wanted to tell you the news myself, but that Antient Magpie has anticipated me.¹ 'Tis the thing I'm proudest of all in my life. Blaikie's to print, too. Hole, of course, is etching plates, which I'd fain do without; but there's no help for it. The text, as you say, will be a twister; and as Angus has got it into his head that salvation (in the main) is in the MS. of the late Bell Scott, a brother faddist & Radical, there's like to be

¹
It is good news, this of your brother. I hope it will last. As for the W.Y., we cannot make things out at all. He has been delivered of his Heliodorous stuff, at last; but he doesn't write often, & he says scarce a word of his marriage.

We are fairly fit, & that's about all. Our love to all of you.

Ever Yours,

W.E.H.

I saw C.B. on Thursday night: he sailed next day for Samoa, via Melbourne, Sydney, & Auckland. The story of his flight from Edinburgh & of his parting gift to me cannot be told in writing; for it endures!

1 Craibe Angus.
2 William Bell Scott (1811-1890), writer and poet.
3 Not identified.
Dear Sirs,

I have to thank you for your letter of the 7th December. In reply I beg to say that it would give me great pleasure to select & sign the anthology in question, which deals with material in which I take a special interest.¹

But, to be frank, I do not think that the terms you state are good enough. If you increase them to £50, I will take on the work at once.²

Very Faithfully Yours,

W.E. Henley

Macmillan & Co.

¹ This was a selection of verse about London; see W.E. Henley, ed., A London Garland (London: Macmillan and Co., 1895).
² WEH received £50: see W.E. Henley, Receipt, 22 April 1895, British Museum Add 55261.
Dear Sir,

I am very much obliged to you. Monday (first) will do quite well; [----] it's a bit late, of course, but we'll make it serve. Indeed, it will be well, I think, for you to send it straight to the printers, Messrs. Rait, Henderson, & Co. Ltd., 22 St. Andrew St., E.C., marked "New Review": Immediate; & they will put it instantly into type.¹ In this way, we shall be able to let you see proof on this side the Channel.

It gives me great pleasure to lead off with a cry from you. I want to keep the Navy humming like a ground buss all through the Year.

Very Sincerely Yours,

W.E.Henley

The Right Hon.

Sir Charles Dilke, Bart, M.P.

Letter No. 391
To James Nichol Dunn

MS: Virginia McG 10547.c

THE NEW REVIEW,
21, BEDFORD STREET, W.C.
9 The Terrace,
Barnes, S.W.

[December 1894]

Dear Mr. Dunn,

I believe we publish on the 29th, but this bad news from Samoa may keep us a little later, as Archer is trying to write me some sort of valediction.¹ He knew R.L.S. [----]; & R.L.S. liked him well.

Apart from that: I have (1) The Woodman, an original & moving allegory of life, by R.L.S., dated "Vailima", & not impossibly the verse last written by his hand which we have seen.² It is in octosyllabics, & is a hundred & forty-four lines long.

(2) Sir Charles Dilke on the Naval League: the first of a series of twelve on the real question of the present day.

(3) Frederick Greenwood on the rapprochement between England & Russia: written with special knowledge & on original lines.³

(4) "A Walking-Skirt" -- some very graceful vers de societe; by George Wyndham, M.P.⁴

(5) "The Problem of Purity" by W.S.Lilly: which is an eye-opener.⁵

-1098-
(6) The Armenian Question; by "A Diplomatist" -- as to which consult the author.

(7) A note on the new Ibsen play; by Mr. G. Warrington Steevens: as to which also, please consult the author.  

(8) An article on the relations between France & England by Emile Ollivier: which I purpose to publish in its original tongue. 

(9) "India: Impressions", by C.F. Keary -- the first [?batch] -- about which you know. 

(10) An Eulogy of Charles the Second, by G.S. Street: designed & written to the confusion of all Whig dogs -- past[,] present & to come. 

(11) "The Next House", by George Fleming: one of a set of "Little Stories About Women", which Mr. Heinemann has in hand for the coming spring: "the best thing I've ever written", she says. 

(12) And chapters I-III of "The Time Machine", by H.G. Wells, the most original & striking romance of forecast I ever read. 

Perhaps I shan't get all these in, but I hope I shall.

Ever Yours,

W.E.H.

What has become of the suggested interviews for the Budget? And how am I to thank you for your proffered help? I don't know, & I won't try.

-1099-
If more light is needed, why not come to supper to-morrow night?

Enclosed is one of the R.L.S. MSS. for Colvin.

1. RLS had died in Samoa of a brain haemorrhage on 3 December 1894. WEH had asked Archer to write a memorial for the N.R.; see Charles Archer, p.212. The memorial was in WEH's first issue; see William Archer, "In memoriam: R.L.S.," The New Review, 12 (January 1895), 89-97.


-1100-
9 The Terrace,
Barnes, S.W.
21 December 1894

Dear Archer,

My mind misgave me so last night & to-day that I went to town expressly to withdraw the obituary. When I got there, I found that Heinemann had anticipated me; so there you are.

I believe -- now -- that nobody's dead; but that the thing is a daring & devilish plant: the same in kind, but far worse in degree, than those reports of serious illness which used to come suddenly, evry now & again, from overseas. If I had kept my head, I should have saved you a bucketing, at least. But a general delusion is hard to understand; & so you had your pains, as I now hope & believe, in vain.

If the thing's true, your work will not, of course, be lost. And if it's not, then none, I believe, will so rejoice & be so exceeding glad as yourself.

In either case, you have made me your debtor by yet another good stroke at a pinch; I thank you with all my heart.

To speak of the article itself: it is something too
much, perhaps, of an eulogy. But I see no harm in that -- (considering the circumstances, I don't see how it could have been aught else) -- & I did not mean to suggest a single modification whether of opinion or of phrase. What I did purpose was to call the article "R.L.S.," & to preface it with the last sentence of "Aes Triplex"; & there, I take it, I should have had you with me to the hilt.

And now, dear Archer, hope & believe with me; & you shall see that you have done neither in vain.

Yours Alys,

W.E.H.

1 Williamson quotes the first four paragraphs and the last. Archer quotes the second, third and last paragraphs.

My dear Heinemann,

I've just got yours from Brighton. It isn't all printed. On the contrary, Two Thieves reached me last night, \(^1\) & I am posting it to-night, so as to reach Rail & Henderson by first post to-morrow (Monday) morning. This is their own request, & that they should have made it gave me the idea that there might yet be time to make the change.

I have telegraphed to W.A. to return his proofs to Rait & H.; & I have carefully revised Two Thieves; so that substitution is possible. Also, I have written to R. & H. to the effect that you will advise them which course to pursue. You who are the practical [----] man will know;\(^2\) & by you I am content to be guided.

It is most unfortunate business altogether. It really looks as if the d--d number never would get off my hands!

If we replace the Archer, we clear off English opinion & leave ourselves free to take on the Frenchman in February.\(^3\) On the other hand, there's this to be said: that Archer & Schwob would make a very decent couple, & that Two Thieves is quite good reading.
In the event of the obituary's coming off, I purpose to call it, simply,

I.M.

R.L.S.

and to head it with the last sentence from R.L.S.'s Aes Triplex: which seems to fit the case exactly.¹

This I write because my mornings are always wretched, & because it would be well nigh impossible for me to get to Whitehall Court so soon.² Please let me know per wire what you decide to do, & if I shall come later.

I seem to do nothing but trouble Pawling & you.³

Yours Alys Sincerely[

W.E.H.

PS. Must we go through to-morrow? I might knock off a sonnet which, if we used Two Thieves, at least would fill a blank half page, & keep us up to date. Of the other part, if To-morrow is not of absolute necessity the latest possible day, we could certainly work off the Archer; & my sonnet wouldn't be wanted. I pray to God it may not be!

Friday will suit Ivan better than Thursday. What price Leonard?

-1104-

2. A complete line bar two words has been deleted by WEH.


4. "In the hot-fit of life, a-tip-toe on the highest point of being, he passes at a bound on to the other side. The noise of the mallet and chisel is scarcely quenched, the trumpets are hardly done blowing, when, trailing with him clouds of glory, this happy-starred, full-blooded spirit shoots into the spiritual land." Cornhill Magazine, 37 (April 1878), 437.

5. 4 Whitehall Court, S.W.; the home of Clement Scott among others.

9 THE TERRACE,
BARNES, S.W.
9 January 1895

Dear A. M.,

The St. J's is rot. Did you see a note of the Celestine in its columns tother day? I never did read any thing so spiteful & so silly. This review of Mean Streets is almost as bad.  

C.W. is in town. His address is 90 Jermyn St., W.

I shall soon be ready for a touch of you in the N.R. Think what it is to be; & let me know.

Ever Yours,

W.E.H.

2 "Some excellent stories," rev. of Tales of Mean Streets, by Arthur Morrison, The Pall Mall Gazette, 4 January 1895, pp. 5-6.
To Katharine Tynan

THE NEW REVIEW
276 BEDFORD STREET W.C.
9 The Terrace,
Barnes, S.W.
11 January 1895

Dear Mrs. Hinkson,

I like the verses, & Harrisons will send you proofs at once. I have ventured to suggest some changes: it is for you to approve or not. Here & there the verse runs heavily: as if you'd been reading R.L.S. And that is what I have tried to get over.

Very many thanks for the portrait: which is in its place.

Very Sincerely Yours,

W.E.H.

I have read nothing of yours, I think, I like so well.

1 Katherine Tynan (Mrs. Hinkson) (1861-1931), Irish novelist and poet, was involved in the revival of Irish culture in the last quarter of the nineteenth century and the early part of the twentieth with, among others, William Butler Yeats (1865-1939), Irish poet and dramatist. Both were contributors to The National Observer and The New Review.

Letter No. 396  To H. G. Wells

MS: Illinois

9 THE TERRACE,
BARNES, S.W.

25 January 1895

My dear Wells,

You do me much honour. And I shall be pleased indeed to see my name in the front of so singular & original a piece of work.¹

But, I should warn you, ere it be too late: I am no Mascotte but the reverse. I bring bad luck, I fear: so that of all Stevenson's books (for example) the least solid, as far as I know, is Virginibus Puerisque. Now, I want The Time Machine to travel far; & -- well, I need say no more than "It is yet time!", as I might at the Adelphi.²

Ever Sincerely Yours,

W.E.H.

---


2 Not identified.
My dear Wells,

All right! And I am all the better pleased.

I fear you'll curse & swear over the first (& larger) part of the second instalment.¹ There are several howlers -- one bad one, in the matter of dates. I corrected the thing most carefully; but the brutes refrained from giving effort to my corrections. For which we are going for their throats.

I hope you'll agree with me that the thing breaks better on that strange, mysterious note of Fear than on the loss of the Machine.

Yours Alys Sincerely[,]  

W.E.H.

Dear Sirs,

(1) I have pleasure in sending you, registered, by this same post, what is practically the MS. of the London anthology: that is to say, a list of the passages -- some eighty in number -- which I have selected for illustration; together with sufficient information as to the books wherein they occur to enable you to get the whole thing set, however roughly, for distribution among the several artists, with as little delay as possible.

(2) As you will see, the whole thing -- title included -- is "under revision". For my own convenience's sake I have strung the numbers together chronologically; but it is possible, of course -- it may even be desirable -- that they may be rearranged to suit the illustrations. [----] [----] I should note that the chronological order ceases -- (for various reasons) -- with James Thomson, the last among the dead; & that, for the present at least, the living are placed pretty much at random. No doubt, they will suffer some changing of place in the end.

(3) The rough notes -- as to the character of the
drawing which each number may suggest -- are not a part of the book. They are simply for the guidance of the Committee in [----] its work of apportioning the illustrations of the book;² And, this being the case, I should be glad to have them set in a special type. Also, I think that, before you proceed to set up the material of the anthology, it will save time, & possibly trouble, if you set this MS., as it reaches you, & send me half-a-dozen sets of proofs, for myself & the Committee: to the end that the Society may know what it is about, & that the work of revision -- if revision there must be -- go on pari passu with the work of getting the material ready for distribution.

(4) You will observe that, in the case of certain numbers -- (those, for instance, by Tennyson, Rossetti, Mathew Arnold, James Thomson; with all the living writers) -- there will have to be applications to publishers for permission to print. I assume that this work will devolve upon you; & in every instance I have added the publisher's name to the passage, or poem, selected for illustration[]. I do not suppose that there will be any difficulty in the matter; but if there be, and I came render you assistance, I shall, of course, be very glad to do so.

(5) Most of the books from which I've quoted are in my hands; & such of them as you cannot readily come at are much at your service. In many cases I have
referred, for your convenience's sake, to publications of your own: to *Poems of Places*,\(^3\) for example, & to Palgrave's *Golden Treasury*. In others, as I have said, I can place the texts themselves in your hands.

(6) I shall be obliged by your acknowledgement of the receipt of the MS.

    Very Faithfully Yours,
    
    W.E. Henley

Messrs.

    Macmillan & Co.

1  James Thomson ("B.V.") (1834-1882), poet.
2  The Committee of the Society of Illustrators.
Dear Sirs,

I will send such books as I have: one day next week.

As the Rochester is not a book for general circulation, I have copied out the extract, & enclose it herewith. Enclosed, too, is a copy of the quotation from Peter Cocoran (John Hamilton Reynolds), which I have called Molesey Hurst. The Fancy is a very rare book & this copy is made from a volume of Boxiana: so that I shall have to collate it with the original.

As regards the permissions: as the book's not mine, but the Society's, the best will be, I think, for the Secretary to ask permission to print, in the name & interest of the Society of Illustrators. This will save me not a little trouble, & lay the obligation, such as it is, at the right door. I have written to the Secretary to this same effect.

I note with pleasure what you say of your own publications.
Very Faithfully Yours,

W.E. Henley

Messrs. Macmillan & Co.

3 The Fancy: or, true Sportsman's Guide: being authentic memoirs of the leading pugilists from the days of Figg and Broughton to the Championship of Ward. By an Operator. 2 vols. (London: 1821-1826).
Dear Morrison,

As I said, Creech is a sentimental Ass.¹ For your own dignity's sake, don't waste another thought on him.

I hear that Toynbee Hall is putting its pile upon Nevinson,² & thinks bally little of Mean Streets. Have you N's book, by the way?³ I'd like to see it.

'Tis said that Crockett, author of The Playactress is to have £1500 for the sole American rights of his next book.⁴

Yours Ever,

W.E.H.

Have you read Marie Corelli in The Idler?⁵ You should.

---

¹ Not identified.
² Toynbee Hall was a social centre in the East End of London. It was named after Arnold Toynbee (1852-1883), social philosopher and economist. Henry Wood Nevinson (1856-1941), writer and journalist.
⁵ Marie Corelli, "'Barabbas' -- and After," The Idler Magazine, 7 (February 1895), 120-34. Marie Corelli (Mary Mackay) (1855-1924), novelist.
My dear Bruce,

A hurried line: to say that I never now seem able to do any thing except on account of The New Review.

Also, that I have squared the Jacks, & that whereas they thought of beginning with an illustrated Burns, & going on to the unpictured & cheap, they have now decided to begin with a Burns unillustrated, & to ring in the pictured afterwards. It is a great victory; but I put you on your honour, not to mention it to a living soul. Especially W.H., R.S.A.¹

I hope that Henderson & I may draw on you for any books we cannot get elsewhere.² We purpose to make the Second Edinburgh Edition the basis for the text as far as it goes;³ but all sorts of eds. will have to be compared, & manuscripts -- manuscripts! I am rather pleased than otherwise to find that most of the texts since Currie are shockingly corrupt:⁴ "especially Chamber's"!⁵ We purpose to render unto to Robert that which is his & to Currie & Co. that which is theirs. And I fancy Robert will be the gainer. At any rate, there will be a clean text; & that, I am given to understand, is what you get nowhere -- not even in

-1116-
Scott Douglas.

If you will help, you might let me know what editions you have. Also, please send me your facsimile of the Kilmarnock edition & the type-written Merry Muses: registered: as a beginning, & as soon as may be. Also, a list of such song books as we may count on.

When you are in Glasgow, you might see the Shaggy One, & hear him talk at large. I've arranged that he is to add the Bell Scott MS. (that precious pisspot!) to his store of broken crockery; but he's got to work for it! Find out how much he really knows about the whereabouts of MSS., & if he really can get access to them. Of course, Henderson will see him; but I imagine Henderson won't make much out of him ('tis a real stickit minister; & the shyest creature in the world); at all events, unless we know of some thing of him before hand. Let it be part of your share in the conspiracy, if you will, to tell us what there is to tell.

The poor Châtelaine has succumbed to a touch of influenza. I hope & believe it's nothing; but I've sent her to bed. I see Walter Blaikie to-morrow.

Yours Ever, Dear Bruce,

W.E.H.

I hope you like our Number Three.
1 William Hole, Royal Scottish Academy.
2 Thomas Finlayson Henderson (1844–1923), writer on Scottish literature, contributed to the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* and the *D.N.B.*, and was WEH's co-editor on Burns.
8 Presumably Craibe Angus.
9 The issue of March 1895.
My dear Pawling,

I should have written yesterday; but Walter Blaikie came in the morning, & after that I got no show.

All manner of thanks for Max Nordau & Pugh. The latter I've yet to tackle. What I've read of the other is vastly amusing & -- as I think -- only untrue because it's over stated. However, we'll talk of him anon. Meanwhile, I think he should succeed.

I am very glad you like the number. I begin to think the next may be as good -- if not better. I purpose to work off Percy White in it.

Thanks for Lord Bobs his address. I've writ to him to-night.

It is miserable news you have to give. We lie outside the track of visitation, I am told; but my wife has been abed since Saturday, & I feel like heading down. Remember, the good thing is bed & warmth: with great care afterwards, lest there be sequelae in the shape of lung troubles. So Donkin writes to me.

I think that Monday, the 4th will do. George Wyndham is to write to Lord Windsor, & I've writ to-night to H.C., to ask him if it will suit the Pall
Mall men.

Yours Ever,

W.E.H.

P.S. You might send The Realm, if you have it on tap. Also, the North American Review: which Gilmer -- (I do hope he's getting fit again) -- was to send me. Oddly enough, I have an article in training for our April number on Crockett, Maclaren & Co.; & I think it will do them justice. I commissioned it weeks and weeks ago.

In another envelope, a whole batch of rubbish for Gilmer or his locum tenens.

2 Percy White (1852-1938), novelist and journalist. His article did not appear until May; see Percy White, "The Canary," The New Review, 12 (June 1895), 625-30.
3 Frederick Sleigh Roberts (1832-1914), soldier. Baron Roberts of Kandahar 1892. Earl Roberts 1901.
4 Robert George Windsor-Clive (1857-1952), Lord Windsor and later 1st Earl of Plymouth, was a director of the N.R.
5 Harry Cust.
6 The Realm, a weekly, 16 November 1894-20 December 1895.
7 The North American Review, a monthly, 1815-1940.
8 John W. Gilmer, assistant editor of the N.R.
My dear Bruce,

I knew that something was wrong. More by token, we also have been in the suds. Anna is just up after influenza; and I am more or less down with influenza lumbago. So, you see!

You must take all sorts of care. A bad bad cold at this season's the most pernicious traitor. I know nothing more dangerous. As for the Russian, I hear that this time he is shorn of much of his mischievousness. He doesn't stay long, & when he goes, you are not in the old peril of suicide, but regain health & spirits almost at once. I have seen this by my wife.

These first editions will be most useful. All kinds of thanks for them! As for the Shanter, it came out in Grose's Antiquities: it is [-----] enough. It's the rare Editions & the MSS. that give us power. However, I doubt not we'll win our way through, & give them something by which to remember us -- pock pudden as one of us is.

You will like to hear, I know, that we have finally decided to include the Old Testament among the Tudors.

-1121-
It will come on, I hope, late in '96.

On Monday I will post you the Birthday Book. I landed Bobs for it. Also John S. Sargent.

The W.Y. is in town for a few days. In the Mercure de France for March he has written a review of English as it is which will make some of 'em sit up! You should get it. It's printed in two tongues: his own & that of the Frog.

Street's Congreve is a pretty book. I hope you have it. Also, that you'll read 'Gustus Frederick in the new number of the N.R.5

Yours Ever,

W.E.H.

[added by WEH at right angles to the left of the address] Know you aught of an original miniature of R.B. which is said to exist in Manchester?6

---

1 Burns's poem Tam O'Shanter was published in Francis Grose's Antiquities of Scotland (1791); see Henley and Henderson, 1, 438.
2 The English Bible translated out of the original tongues by the commandment of King James the First Anno 1611. The Tudor Translations, XXXIII-XXXVIII (London: David Nutt, 1903-1904).
3 Not identified.
6 Not identified.
Letter No. 404  To Mrs. Charrington¹
MS: NLS 9754 f.15b

9 THE TERRACE,
BARNES, S.W.
12 March 1895

Dear Mrs. Charrington,

A line to say that I was out when your letter arrived. Hence my delay in telegraphing to you.

This is my busiest week, or I would save you the journey to Barnes. As I cannot be in town again for some days, I fear it must be remade.

I fear, too, that it may prove fruitless, in so far as Admiral Guinea is concerned. My opinion as to that piece's playing quality was [- - - -] formed long since; & I have so little care for or interest in the stage, that I don't think I want it revived.²

Very Faithfully Yours,

W.E.Henley

Mrs. Charrington

¹ Not identified.
² WEH's interest was later revived as the play was performed at the Avenue Theatre, London, 29 November 1897; see Swearingen, p.88.
Letter No. 405 To Arthur Morrison
MS: PM MA 2813 (4)

9 THE TERRACE,
BARNES, S.W.
[March 1895]

Dear A. M.,

I am sorry you aren't to be there; for I want to spread you a little. You must make a point of coming next time.

Don't spare the cuttings. The book is so original that I really want to see how it takes the public.¹

The Methodist Times is delicious: I wouldn't have missed it for a crown.² As for S., he will probably be compelled to impale himself on a definition of principles.³ Which -- for five minutes at least -- will be good for his immortal part. But he'll forget it all over the next patch of spew he has to lick up; & in the end, I fear, we'll find him hopeless.

I haven't read Mashim:⁴ I don't want to; I mistrust whatever proceeds from that particular shop. Pugh I know -- that is, Pugh's work I know. He has talent, I think; but his book is dedicated to Sarah Grand.⁵ That sizes him as he is. But he may go farther.

Now you come to see for ourselves, what tells against you in the "mind" of all these eaters of dog's meat is, simply, your artistry. Half-a-dozen
concessions to sentiment -- half-a-dozen lies against
Art -- would have made them your slaves. Thank the
good Lord, you show the better part.

Yours Ever,

W.E.H.

You will find a pleasant reference to your work in the
current Mercure de France, from the pen of C.W.

What think you of 'Gustus Frederick?

---
1 This is not the date but a word, possibly the day.
2 Morrison's A Child of the Jago (London: Methuen and
   Co., 1896).
3 S, "'The National(?) Observer,'" rev. of Tales of
   Mean Streets, by Arthur Morrison, The Methodist
   Times, 21 February 1895, p.117. The Methodist
   Times, a weekly, 1 January 1885-1 September 1932.
4 Not identified.
5 Not identified.
6 E.W.Pugh, Street in Suburbia. Sarah Grand (d.
   1943), Irish novelist.
Our printers led me a dance last month which ended in the clapping on, against my will, of an extra chapter. Consequently, this last instalment is a little short: it runs in fact to less than nine pages.²

Have you any more ideas? I should be glad to have a little more for my last; & it may be that you would not be sorry neither. Of course, it would be tommy-rot to write in for the sake of lengthening out; but I confess that, as it seems to me, at this point -- with all time before you -- you might very well give your fancy [----] [----] [----] play, &, at the same time, oblige your editor. The Traveller's stoppings might, for instance, begin some periods earlier than they do, & he might even [----] tell us about the last man & his female & the ultimate [----] degeneracy of which they are the proof & the sign. Or -- but you are a better hand at it than I! I will add (1) that I honestly believe to amplify in some such sense will be to [----] [----] magnify the effect of the story: & (2) that I can give you a clear week for the work.

-1126-
I should like to say that the story has been a great thing for the magazine & -- I believe -- has gone some way towards placing its author as a man of letters.

Let me hear from you soon; as I am going away for a few days to get rid, if I can, of a recurring cold.

Yours Alys Sincerely,

W.E.H.

What news of the other one?

1 The letter is quoted from "...it seems" to "...than I!" in the second paragraph.
The Terrace,  
Barnes, S.W.  
13 April 1895

My dear Bruce,

Many thanks indeed. I will write to the Committee; for am pretty sure the document is worth inspection. I will write to the Committee; for am pretty sure the document is worth inspection.* Henderson, at any rate, is very keen on it. So far as I can make out, the purport is that there were two Mary Campbells, medlars both. For the rest, one understands the Angus buddy's anxiety to keep things close. A very few years more, & Burns will supplant St. Andrew as the patron Saint of puir auld Scotia, & women who tried to, but could not, lead [----] him astray will figure like those in the old Temptations of St. Anthony.

Angus has sent me the '94 edition of Burns & the MS. of the M.M. I must compare the original; but I don't want it yet.

Watt is in Scotland, & purposed calling on you. He seems to have seen what Charles calls the Bugger at Bay. Did you know that the prosecution raked up even that old correspondence in the Scot's Observer? It did, any how; & Carson asked questions out of it. A pleasing thing to recall in one's dying hours. Of course the air is alive with rumours, but the general
impression seems to be that Oscar will get two years, &
that Justice will resume her bondage, & let the other
go.

I am up & about after eight days of bed but I've a
cruel ulcer still to heal, & I am a poor hand at
walking.

Bob gets [----] two sixteenths [----] of the
patrimony, & his two sisters one sixteenth apiece; the
other twelve sixteenths are divided between the
cuckoos.® So much for R.L.S. the good & moral man.

I don't agree with you at all about either Millar
or Z.® Millar is only justly contemporary & as for Z
-- (I suppose you take your cue from that bootlicker in
the Spectator)® -- if he's done nothing else, he has
at least [----] convinced the egregious Joseph that he
has "a rick to his neck" like another man.11

The Plutarch goes magnificently. George Wyndham
has done nobly by it, & I believe it will canonize the
series.12

We are horribly the worse for wear; but I see no
chance of a change before May.

Do get Basil Thompson's "Diversions of a Prime
Minister".13

Ever Yours, Dear Bruce,

W.E.H.

[added by WEH at right angles to the left of the
address] If you've any yellowbacks to spare,14 do send
-1129-
them to 4 May's Place, for the unfortunate Skipper. Who has no library & no passengers, & can't play cards with his inferiors!

1 Probably a reference to the organizing committee for the Burns Exhibition in Glasgow, 1896.
2 Mary Cambell, one of Burns's mistresses.
3 Craibe Angus.
4 St. Anthony of Egypt (c.251-356), hermit, endured the temptations of the devil for about twenty years in the desert. However, WEH may be referring to Flaubert's La Tentation de Saint-Antoine (1874).
6 After Landseer's painting The Stag at Bay. Sir Edwin Henry Landseer (1802-1873), painter. Oscar Wilde was suing the Marquess of Queensberry for libel.
8 RLS left threequarters of his father's money to Fanny and her family.
9 "Two demagogues: a parallel and a moral," The New Review, 12 (April 1895), 363-72. This article is attributed to George Nathaniel Curzon (1859-1925), statesman. Viceroy of India 1898-1905. Marquess of Kedleston 1921, Foreign Secretary 1918-1924; see Wellesley Index, 3, 328.
10 Probably, "Topics of The Day. The Dead-Set against Mr. Chamberlain," The Spectator, 30 March 1895, p.416.
11 Joseph Chamberlain.
14 Cheap editions of novels bound in yellow.
15 Edward Boyle; see Connell, p.294.
You certainly are a lucky beggar! But expound me it a little more. What have you got? And at what price? Don't fear disclosures; for I see nobody. And besides, it's all over -- or all but all over -- even as you say.¹

I am mighty glad to know (1) that the Jago is [- - - - ] playing up, & (2) that you find you really can rewrite. This is the crowning gift, my boy; & I shall look for proofs of it as I never looked for 'em before.

Korbay's settings of my words (Boosey & C.) are admirable.² Far too good to bring him in a cent.

Yours Ever,

W.E.H.

¹ Not identified.
² The British Library Music Catalogue lists only one publication of settings of WEH's poems by Korbay; see Letter No.540, 13 October 1898.
9 THE TERRACE,
BARNES, S.W.
18 April 1895

Dear Sirs,

I believe that I have done the greater part of, if not all, the work of selection & arrangement for the Society of Illustrators: though, of course, there still remains the work of reading & paging for press the material of the book, which -- as it is all in print already -- is little enough. I should be obliged, then, if you could see your way to sending me a cheque for the amount (£50) agreed upon. I have occasion to use the same at once; or I should not have made this request.¹

Very Faithfully Yours,

W.E. Henley

Messrs.

Macmillan & [----] Co.

¹ WEH received £25 on account.
My dear Wells,

A line (at last!) to say that I read the story, every word of it, the night it came; that my wife did the same next day; & that we were, & are both appalled by it.²

I want to talk it over with you. One afternoon next week. After Wednesday. Meanwhile, it seems to me your best thus far. But whether or not you've done the best that can be done for the conception; & whether or not the result is the right thing for a serial -- that is another story.

Yours Alys Sincerely[,]  

W.E.H.

Still abed; & like to be so for a good week yet.

---

1 The address is printed on the left of the page.
2 Not identified.
My dear Bruce,

I am truly concerned for poor Webster. A most affectionate, decent chap, his life centred in his home. I don't like to think of him.

Henderson writes: "I have been enquiring about MSS. in Glasgow. The difficulty is, I am always referred to Mr. Craibe Angus!"

He (H) is very keen to get a sight of the Evening Star; a Dumfries print to which Burns contributed [----] before 1795. But I can't come across it anywhere. I found a few numbers (for '97) in the office of the Morning Post, which Stuart the Star left the Star to edit; & there are a few more in the B.M. Et puis voilà! However, I have emissaries abroad, & don't despair.

Blaikie is worrying out a page. You might go & see him -- & it. He seems very lonely now, poor chap. I've corrected a proof of the prospectus: it reads well, I think. I'll send you a private copy soon.

I've been abed since Easter Monday, & I've some days more of it yet. However, I shall presently be out, & then I'm for the sea. You might tell me when
you purpose to be in town; for I shouldn't like to miss you.

We are extremely well pleased with the effect of Z. in the *New Review*: especially the effect on politics.

Yours Ever, Dear Bruce,

W.E.H.

1 Not identified.
2 The *Star and Evening Advertiser*, a London daily, 3 May 1788-1831.
3 Peter Stuart (fl. 1788-1805), journalist.
4 Presumably the prospectus of the *Burns*. 

-1135-
Letter No. 412  To Justin McCarthy

MS: Fales

9 THE TERRACE,
BARNES, S.W.¹

4 May 1895

Dear Justin,

We shall be very pleased to see you, whenever you care to risk the long, perilous, & toilsome journey. I write from bed -- where I've been a miserable nothing-at-all, since Easter; so, though I expect to be freed on Monday, you are pretty certain to find us at home.

I should welcome work from you; as I think you know.² But I don't think the British Theatre is worth powder & shot. Do think of some real subject.

Yours Alys Sincerely[,] 

W.E.H.

¹ The address is printed on the left of the page.
To Elizabeth Lynn Linton

MS: Pennsylvania VF 10-2

9 THE TERRACE,
BARNES, S.W.
19 May 1895

My dear Mrs. Lynn Linton,

'Tis an excellent idea indeed. But, could you get it into 18 pp. of the N.R.? I doubt it; & I am not sure that I am prepared to run a six months serial, even from your pen. But, I should like, if I may, to see how the thing works out. For I neither will nor can be hide bound in the matter of editing. Which is simply Opportunism created into a fine art.

You said (& I rejoice to hear) that you had some thing to say about the secrets of the Great Flat System. If you have -- I do hope you'll say so through me.

We go to Deal to-morrow (Stanley House, to be particular) for a fortnight.

Gilbert Parker is in England; & the other night he stayed with us, & I gave him your address.

Yours Ever Sincerely[,] W.E.H.

1 Eliza (Elizabeth) Lynn Linton (1822-1898), novelist and journalist.

2 Eliza Lynn Linton contributed only one article to the N.R. under WEH's editorship; see E. Lynn -1137-
Linton, "A word in season," *The New Review, 13* (September 1895), 267-71

3 Not identified.
Dear Archer,

Right you are. Whibley ran a page or so short;¹ so you were sent to the machine in native worth.²

I trust that Street will show you up in the July issue.³ But he isn't a Whibley; & he may not care for the fray.

We are printing Macaire as the attraction in our next number.⁴ I don't suppose it will attract anybody; but at least, it's [sic] appearance in print will save me from the nuisance of Tree's measures to play it, & the trouble of [----] telling people he doesn't mean what he says[.]

Yours Alys[,]  
W.E.H.

² William Archer, "The criticism of acting," The New Review, 12 (June 1895), 654-55. This was a reply to an article by Street in the previous issue; see G.S. Street, "The theatre in London," The New Review, 1139-
Review, 12 (May 1895), 558-69.

3 Street did not reply.

9 THE TERRACE,
BARNES, S.W.¹
19 May 1895

My dear Bell,

It is most kind of all three -- Bruce, Blaikie, & yourself; but (1) I fear I ain't built that way, & (2) I haven't the ghost of a chance.²

Still, I won't say no without reflection. So tell me, please, what are the duties (that is, how many lectures a week for how long?) & how to set about applying for the post. And then I'll see.

The cheese was a most pleasant surprize, being of a favourite brand, which we mourned as dead. It's not yet cut, but if it turn out a good cut, it will be a joy for many days -- indeed there is no better type on sale.

Yours Ever,

W.E.H.

When are you in town?

¹ The address is printed in the centre of the page.
² David Masson, Professor of Rhetoric and English Literature at Edinburgh University had resigned. WEH made a formal application (which has not survived) on 21 July 1895; see Connell, p.305. George Saintsbury became Professor.
9 THE TERRACE,
BARNES, S.W.¹
25 June 1895

My dear F. B.,

I have pondered your letter, for which I am very much your debtor. I have come to no conclusion; but I think I should be mightily relieved to hear that George [ ] had done his duty.²

I am forty-six; my place is made; my habits are set; & -- what is worse than all -- I am but a shadow of the W.E.H. of two years ago. I shrink from change -- especially change so complete & far reaching as this would be. This for the personal side of the matter. For the other, the more important -- the aspect of fitness & capacity -- the points to note are stronger & harder still. But I will not bore you with them now.

If I were tempted, I know not what might befall. But I hope that the D--l will pass me by. If I fall -- as I might -- the University would entertain at least one Professor who would neither love nor be equal to the task imposed upon him.

Yours Ever,

W.E.H.

¹ The address is printed in the centre of the page.
² George Saintsbury.
9 THE TERRACE,
BARNES, S.W.¹

19 July 1895

My dear Bruce,

You have had the worst of bad times, & my thoughts have been often with you. Your letter, therefore, gave us the liveliest of pleasure. We hope to have no more bad news of you for years.

My book of *English Lyrics* is growing apace. I think it will be decent enough. As for the Burns, I shall tell you of that when we meet. Which God send soon!

I hear that people are signing petitions in favour of Saintsbury. One signature is A.J.B. But he'll sign one in my favour -- if it's presented to him for signature. A third candidate -- a very strong one -- is Walter Raleigh, of Liverpool University.² He has, I believe, the best chance of us all. As for Balfour of B., nobody I know seems to know any thing at all about him.³

I fear that Barnes does not agree with me. At all events, I cannot eat, & I feel horribly apathetic.

Yours Ever, dear Bruce,

W.E.H.
The address is printed in the centre of the page.

Walter Alexander Raleigh (1861-1922), professor of English literature, Liverpool University 1889-1900, and Professor of English literature, Oxford University from 1904 until his death.

Alexander Hugh Bruce, 6th Baron Burleigh (1849-1921).
Letter No. 418 To Macmillan and Co.

MS: BL Add 55261 ff.55, 56

9 THE TERRACE,
BARNES, S.W.¹
24 July, 1895

Dear Sirs,

I am obliged by your communication of the letter from Professor Skeat:² which is herewith returned. It is useful in a way; & I shall probably write & thank him for it.

What is of vastly greater importance is that you should correct the report which suggested it.³ I had imagined that the report in question was the work of some journalist on the look out for paragraphs; but I see that is based on your own description. As you have had the complete scheme of the book in your hands for some months, I am at a loss to understand how it is that your account of it is thus misleading & thus partial.

I have contradicted the report in The Pall Mall Gazette;⁴ but I really haven't time to do so in other quarters. Perhaps, a paragraph in the Athenæum would do all that is necessary.⁵

Very Faithfully Yours,
W.E. Henley

Messrs. Macmillan & Co.

P.S. The true reading, no doubt, is Lickpenny"; & the
version used had better be Professor Skeat's, as [  ]

in his letter.6

1 The address is printed in the centre of the page.
2 W(alter) W(illiam) Skeat (1835-1912), professor of Anglo-Saxon, Cambridge University, major scholar of Old and Middle English, and founder the English Dialect Society 1873.
3 Not identified, unless it is that of 12 July 1895; see note 4 below.
5 Nothing appeared in The Athenaeum.
6 Probably a reference to a poem by John Lydgate entitled "Lickpenny" from his collection London (publishing date not known). It was not included in A London Garland.
9 THE TERRACE,  
BARNES, S.W.¹  
5 September 1895

Dear A. N.,

All right. We will meet this week, as you say.

Meanwhile, why a selection? Why not the whole thing? Four Tudors will take the lot, & take it easily & well.² And I want exceedingly to make it one number of the series: which it will help to strengthen & establish not less than the North has done.

Meanwhile, too, why '96? We are due with Fenton & Holland first -- (to say nothing of Shelton)) -- & I want to take charge of the book myself.³ Now, what between Byron & Burns,⁴ I've precious little time for any thing -- some journalism. And this is a piece of work that needs both labour & reading.

We are leaving Barnes -- or rather, we are meditating flight -- for the simple reason that the place does not agree with us. It is enervating & demoralizing to an extent! To write a letter needs a strong effort of the will; & as for verses, or an article -- -- -- ! Nothing could be lovelier than the forenoons & the sunsets. But they don't produce a revenue, & we get feebler & more fatuous every day.

I suppose you saw Raleigh in the Fortnightly?⁵ An
excellent article! What has become of that scoundrel York Powell? And where are the Classical & the Review of History? The M. Guardian was the most superior thing I ever read: I thought at first it must have been God the Father himself. But it hadn't any brains; & He'd hardly write for a penny Radical; if he did 'twas in the absence of the Ghost. In any case they do not catch me any more.

Yours Ever,

W.E.H.

Edinburgh be d---d!

1 The address is printed in the centre of the page.
2 This has not been identified.
6 Frederick York Powell, Rev. of The Tudor Translations, VII and VIII, Plutarch's Lives of -1148-
The Classical Review, a monthly, 1887 to present. The Review of History has not been identified.
Letter No. 420  To H. G. Wells

MS: Illinois

9 THE TERRACE,
BARNES, S.W.¹
5 September 1895

My dear Wells,

You are an "igstrawn'y & ascentric" [extraordinary & eccentric] young man; & The Wonderful Visit [albeit a little sloppy here & there; albeit, too, as you say too quickly done] is very good reading indeed.² I laughed over it all the time: especially at the Tramp; & the Curate (going to bed); & the Tinker. And it isn't every thing that gets me like that. There is brains in the book; brains to any extent. Brains; & character; & humour. And what more is wanted, says you? Well, frankly; I don't know. I know it should have been better than it is; & that's all. And I am moved to suspect that the real fault is the one you've named: that the thing has been too quickly done. I believe it will succeed, even as it is. [----] In fact, the people you tried it on in vain must have been beyond the [----] run of mankind. But I can't help feeling that it might, & ought to, have been much stronger, more moving, more direct & elemental, than it is.

For heaven's sake, take care of yourself. You have an unique talent; and -- you've finished three books,
at least, within the year, & are up to the elbows in a fourth! It is magnificent, of course; but it can't be literature. I am waiting with the greatest interest, the keenest curiosity, to see what comes of the Nationalist visitation: the idea is so strong, & you are working it out with so much gusto, that I have great hopes of it. When it's off your hands, you must take a rest, & slum. [----] I believe in your imagination; & I don't want to see it foundered. I believe in your future; & I don't want to see it commonplace. And you really frighten me: you work so easily, & up to a certain level all you do is so equal in excellence. But you can do better -- far better; & to begin with, you must begin by taking yourself [----] more seriously. Understand: I like the Visit. And in writing thus to you, I am playing (my favourite part) the Elderly Ass. All the same ------!

Yours Ever Sincerely[,] 

W.E.H.

1 The address is printed on the left of the page.
3 It is not clear whether WEH is referring to published books or to completed MSS. The following three books were published in 1895: Select Conversations with an Uncle (London: John Lane, 1895); The Time Machine; and The Wonderful Visit. The fourth book being written may have been The Stolen Bacillus and Other Incidents (London: Methuen and Co., 1895).
4 Not identified.
My dear Morrison,

I've at last found energy enough to read the Jago. Know: I like it fairly well; but I think it's scarce worthy of Mean Streets, & as I want you first in the N.R. to show you at your best, I've sent it back.²

We are house-hunting all we know: impelled there too by what must be an abnormal development of the instinct of self-preservative; & we hope to get into clearer air some time this month.

Yours Ever,

W.E.H.

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¹ The address is printed on the left of the page.
9 THE TERRACE,
BARNES, S.W.¹

22 September 1895

Dear Heinemann,

Why such hurry? I don't want to start the prose till I have learned how far we can depend upon the Lovelaces, & if there is any to be had.² And as for verse, I haven't yet decided -- not by any means! -- on the order in which I should like it to appear. In any case, I think it would be a mistake to start with the Childe.³

I am working out a chronological scheme whose effect would be to give the modern reader -- what he's never had -- a view of Byron as he appeared to his contemporaries. As Moore arranged him you start with Childe Harold:⁴ that is, you have Cantos 1 & 2 (1811), all right then you go straight to Canto 3 (1816), though there have been any numbers of Laras & Corsairs in between;⁵ & from Canto 3 you go on to Canto 4, written when he was eight & twenty -- after Manfred, too!⁶ -- & representing [----] this part of his genius in its perfection. Which seems to me absurd. What has the writer of Canto IV to do with the boy of two & twenty who is responsible for Cantos 1 & 2? It is surely a mistake to think of Childe Harold as an
organic whole under such circks. as these? For myself, I am rapidly getting convinced that the true Byron is one which should show him flashing from satire to story & from story to meditation, & thence to drama & lyric, & so to satire again: even as he appeared to his own public.

At any rate, the idea is worth considering & I should like to talk it over & out. Not to-morrow, I fear; as I must go to Woodside Park. But thereafter whenever you will.

Sincerely Yours Alys[,] W.E.H.
To Lord Windsor

MS: PM MA 1617

9 THE TERRACE,
BARNES, S.W. 2

26 September 1895

Dear Lord Windsor,

It is slight: slighter than I had thought it would be. Worse than that, it contains an original idea; & that idea is, I think, too good to publish in so "occasional" a shape. Why -- (since you ask me to be critical) -- not suppress the purely bibliothecal part of the address, & rewrite, at greater length, & with all manner of illustrations, the theory that fiction is an essential in human happiness & a necessary of human life? If you would care to do this, I shall be delighted to help in any way I might, & to publish the results in the N.R. 3

There are so many points wheron to dilate -- from Homer: which is, after all, only the novel plus music -- down to R.L.S., & "Annie M. Swann," & the nameless rabble which scribble romantic rubbish for the penny press, that to-night I will do no more than put the question. Why not indeed?

I wish I'd heard with you that Te Deum of Purcell's. 4 You must have had a rare good time while it was on.

I am glad to know you like Wisdom. 5 It is a work

-1155-
which only an imaginative man could do, & none but an imaginative man can appreciate.

I hope you will care for our October part.

Yours Very Sincerely[,] 

W.E.H.

1 This is the second of forty-nine known extant letters to Lord Windsor.
2 The address is printed in the centre of the page.
3 Lord Windsor was not published in the N.R.
4 Henry Purcell (1659-1695), composer.
5 Arthur Schopenhaur, Wisdom of Life (London: Sonnenschein (Swann) and Co. Ltd, 1890).
9 THE TERRACE,
BARNES, S.W.¹
28 September 1895

Dear Sirs,

I am obliged by your letter. In reply I would suggest that the anthology [-----] is selected from some five centuries of English verse; & that, beginning with Chaucer & Lydgate, it ceases only with the London of 1895. The scheme which I drew up for you, gives full particulars.

As regards the books you ask of me: I regret that I am unable to lend you either the Westminster Drollery or Wit & Mirth (Pills to Purge Melancholy);² for both which I must refer you to the British Museum; as [-----] also, for the Poetical Works of Praed, Horace Smith, & James Thomson & for A London Plane Tree -- which last is to be had of Mr. Fisher Unwin.³

On the others on your list: -- I send herewith copies of Hudson -- A Ballad of Guy Fawkes -- & the Pulteney-Walpole ballad.⁴ The Lydgate, the Dunbar,⁵ the Symons,⁶ the Thackeray,⁷ the Graham Tomson & my own little volume shall follow on Monday.⁸ And in the course of the week I will furnish copies of In Westminster & Wapping Old Stairs.⁹

It is understood, of course, that you will take all
possible care of the books & return them in good condition.

Very Faithfully Yours[,]  

W.E.Henley

Messrs.

Macmillan & Co.

PS. The piece called Molesey Hurst is quoted in [__] in my scheme.

PS/23/9/98

I add a tobacco copy of In Westminster[!]

9 THE TERRACE,  
BARNES, S.W. ¹

The Right Hon.  
17 October 1895

The Earl of Rosebery, K.G., etc.

Dear Sir,

I fear I am the cause -- the unwitting cause, in any case -- of an embarrassment in connexion with your permission to examine the Burns MSS. at Dalmeny.² I did not explain to Lady Granby or to Principal Donaldson,³ that I could not, on this occasion at least, undertake the work of collation & comparison involved: being no expert in such work, for one thing; & for another, being detained in London by avocations of a man of letters to whom a journey to Edinburgh at this juncture is a matter of a certain consequence. I wrote, indeed, in the interest of my collaborator, Mr. T.F.Henderson, a most acute, learned, & industrious student of Burns, on whom the work of collation & research has hitherto fallen, & to whose efforts the new text will be very largely due.

I regret extremely that this misunderstanding should have arisen. I hope, however, that it will not prevent us from making use of any thing we might find in your collection. It is our aim to make our Burns as nearly as possible final as to the text; & it would be
a serious misfortune to miss the Dalmeny MSS: though, as I understand, they are not all of general interest.

Very Faithfully Yours,

W.E. Henley

1 The address is printed in the centre of the page.
2 The home of Lord Rosebery.
3 Marion Margaret Violet Granby (1856-1937), later Duchess of Rutland.
My dear Bell,

Very many thanks indeed. I told Henderson to write to you; but he's an awful oaf. So I suppose he didn't. However, that is all that's necessary & I don't doubt that the Blythewood MSS. will be serviceable.

We got permission to look at the Dalmney MSS.; but when it came to inspecting point, Lord R. demurred. The gent he wanted was W.E.H. Who couldn't go. So I fear we slipped our chance. Apropos de bottes, Martin Conway, who's being staying at Dalmeny, assures me that he (Lord R.) most positively declined to bestow the Laureate upon Lewis Morris. Which is (I believe) the best thing ever heard of him.

How did the Saint's inaugural go off? If he can keep order, he'll do well enough. There is a Mrs. S.; but I scarce thinks she counts. At all events, she is inglorious, mute, & (I fear) rather common. So I don't think Mrs. Bell should cherish any but the noblest sentiments à son égard.

It's all over Fleet St., that I'm to have the Wreath. But, as I've said before, I've never given the
thing a thought; & believe me it is no more than I do in Arthur's prowess on the links, or Lord Rosebery's success in diplomacy.

Our kindest regards to both of you. We are here (I fear) till Lady Day. So that God knows what's to become of either of us.

Yours Ever,

W.E.H.

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1 The address is printed in the centre of the page.
2 Burns MSS belonging to Lord Blythewood.
3 Lewis Morris (1833-1907), poet. The Poet Laureateship had been vacant since Tennyson's death in 1892 and WEH's friends had put his name forward. However, Alfred Austin became Laureate; see Connell, p.306.
4 Saintsbury's inaugural lecture as professor at Edinburgh University on 15 October 1895.
5 A.J.Balfour.
6 25 March.
Letter No. 427 To Lord Windsor
MS: PM MA 1617

9 THE TERRACE,
BARNES, S.W.1
18 October 1895

Dear Lord Windsor,

I hope the article grows apace. I may be able to suggest a point or two, when I see it. Meanwhile, I would ask you to note that it is really of very little consequence whether the stuff provided be good or bad, so long as it's fiction. The truth is there is no such thing as a Public: or rather what is called the Public consists of many smaller publics. It's a sort of faggot, & the withe that keeps its strike together is a taste for novel-reading. And what is agreeable to one component is definitely tedious to another. The shop-girl, for instance, doats on Bow Bells,² but would perish with Middlemarch;³ the errand boy rejoices in Starlight Bess (No.2 given away with Number 1) but would find nothing but tedium in Dick Ryder;⁴ the Sporting Bart. is at home with Surtees & Hawly Smart.⁵ but I doubt if he cares for Whyte Melville;⁶ & so on through Society. And it is especially to be noted that good work is never popular in the sense of commanding the largest number of readers at a time. Miss Annie Swann, for instance, has at least five times as big a public as Jim Barrie, both in Scotland & this side of

-1164-
the Cheviots. Most striking, most suggestive, in this
connexion is the case of R.L.S. He wrote Treasure
Island, The Black Arrow, & Kidnapped for a rag
called Young Folks' Paper. None of the three was a
success; but the two first were steadily (& devilishly)
imitated in the same paper, which lived for years on
the rubbish thus produced. Stevenson's true public
would have found it unreadable. Not so this public --
a Broad School public, one may call it. It's taste was
all for hog wash; & it wouldn't be happy till it got
it. No: you can insist that the stuff provided be
mainly non-poisonous (& even so, you can never [----]
be sure that the born maniac will never poison himself
with it); but you cannot insist on literary quality,
for, if you do, you disgust at once the non- (or even
anti-) literary publics; which is as much as to say,
that you define two-thirds of the enormous mob of
persons who can read of the only reading which they can
tackle & enjoy.

For the rest, the Age knows what it wants, & gets
it. The Jacobin gang read Justine & the curious filth
of Retif: the serious Nonconformist of a few years
back read Middlemarch & Deronda; the gents in the
bazaars delight to batten their [----] fancies on the
originals of Burton's translation; I like Dickens &
Dumas & Cervantes & Sir Walter. And so on, & so on!
There are scores of mansions in the House of Fiction;

-1165-
& if you come to counting noses, the most popular are those at which the sign changes year by year, & the author of Anonyma is succeeded, almost ere he's had time to drink himself to death, by the author of The Twenty Captains, a Midshipman Jack, a Mary's Wrong, a Lord Bertie's Wooing, or any thing you like to name.9

I fear this is an [   ] scrawl; but this is an aspect of the question which does not present itself to men like Roberts & Co.10 And it is an aspect which has got -- as I think you'll own -- to be considered.

I have asked the trustees of my late friend John O'Neill to send you a prospectus of the proposal to publish the second volume of his Night of the Gods.11 As to the idée recue of the book I cannot speak; being no folk-lorist. But the book itself is certainly the most amazing farrago of ideas, & slang, & odd, out-of-the-way reading in all manner of lingos which has appeared since Burton's Anatomy;12 & I hope you may care with us, that it should be completed.

Yours Very Sincerely[,]  
W.E.H.

---

1 The address is printed in the centre of the page.  
2 Bow Bells; a weekly magazine of general literature and art, for family reading. 12 November 1887, then as Bow Bells Weekly, 6 January 1888-15 March 1897.  
4 Starlight Bess has not been identified.

5 Robert Smith Surtees (1805-1864), sporting journalist and novelist, best remembered for his comic character Mr. Jorrocks. Henry Hawly Smart (1833-1893), sporting journalist.

6 George Henry Whyte Melville (1821-1878), novelist.

7 Jacobins, a French radical political club formed in 1789. Justine ou les malheurs de la vertu (1791), a sexual novel by Comte Donatien Alphonse Sade, known as the Marquis de Sade (1740-1814), French novelist.

8 Sir Richard Francis Burton (1821-1890), explorer, linguist, author of travel books and translator of Arabian erotic literature.

9 Fictional titles used by WEH to illustrate his argument.

10 Publishers.


9 THE TERRACE,
BARNES, S.W.¹
22 October 1895

My dear Heinemann,

I got no luck with that dam Diplomatist of ours. G.W. hasn't a second to spare; so I haven't seen him -- shall not see him, unless I go to Saighton,² till next month. I've writ to him to-night; but in any case your interview must come off (unless I wire you early to-morrow) on lines wh. do not take him in. My advice is: -- let the thing slide, & don't be in too great a hurry. Once you've every thing in hand, & see what the old Boy can do -- exactly -- you will know better whether G.W. is or is not wanted, & would or could not be acceptable to the old Boy.³

I been hideously seedy all day, & so unable to make-up my mind about Byron. I will try to do better to-morrow. Meanwhile, much thanks for the parcel. I've read a volume of the Life.⁴ A most rotten book! Written (I should say) by an ancestor (maternal) of E.W.G. More in my next.

Don't worry about Louis Beckie.⁵ He isn't worth a thought. This is the only thing I could get out of a whole faggot.

Do you know the comic song: --

-1168-
Saving 'it up for Mary,

Saving 'em every one,

Saving 'em up for Mary,

She shall have lots of fun!  

It looks like that, don't it?

Yours Alys Sincerely[,] 

W.E.H.

Has Sydney S. shot any keepers?  
I want to know.

1 The address is written in the centre of the page.
2 Saighton Court, Chester, home of George Wyndham.
3 Neither the "old Boy" nor the subject matter of this paragraph has been identified.
5 Louis Beckie (1855-1913), writer.
6 Not identified.
7 Pawling.
My dear Heinemann,

Yes, certainly. I couldn't write before, because I'd the symptoms of a fine, roaring, blasting cold in the head. They've taken themselves off; & I can say "with pleasure".

But I must leave you early. So let us be select.

I've read the Vailima book; & -- well! I think you're well rid of it. It has points; but, selon moi, it comes a year too late.

Yours Ever Sincerely[,] W.E.H.

Any how, I'm not going to review it.

---

1 The address is printed in the centre of the page.
9 THE TERRACE,  
BARNES, S.W.¹  
8 November 1895

My dear Wells,

Much thanks for the stories.² The most, I find, I've read: including the Edge of the Balcony.³ I wish I could say more of them than the ideas are really all excellent. But I can't, so there!

I saw Dent last night.⁴ He was flapping a lot about you. But he (too) wishes the Visit had been better. By the way, I saw some tommy rot about it in The Times.⁵ It reads like Lang. It's pretty Fanny's way of saying you're young, & have a future, & that pretty Fanny's [----] old, & has a rather rotten past. Presently he'll change his note, & ask you to collaborate with him, & see how badly a man can play golf when he brings his mind to it.

It's so dark (1.30) I can scarce see to write; the River is hideous with fog, & filthy air & our Enfield house -- the ideal -- has been snapped up (by a sort of swindle) under our noses. We are sick.

Ever Yours,

W.E.H.
1 The address is printed in the centre of the page.
2 Probably The Stolen Bacillus.
4 Joseph Malaby Dent (1849-1906), founder of the publishing firm.
Dear Lord Windsor,

I hope you will be as good as your word. I don't think it will be for our January issue, though. It has to be out so early next month that I must start upon it the moment the December number's out of hand. And I should [----] like you to hurry.

I am very glad to hear that your Tudors are complete. The last Plutarchs, making the series twelve volumes strong, are very nearly off the machine; & I am putting in hand the next number, which is Fenton's selections from Bandello. As for other things to have -- since I may tell you of any thing I know -- those English Classics of mine are very good books indeed. The ordinary issue is quite cheap -- 3/6 a volume -- & certainly comely. The Jap. edition is much costlier & -- as usual with Jap. editions -- less well printed than I could wish. But the Jap. edition has the prettier page, having a larger margin than the other. Ever so little more white paper in that other, & the Jap. would be out of it. But there it is!

I was pleased indeed to hear that the fracture has been successfully set, & that we may look for nothing
now but good news.

Alys Sincerely Yours,

W.E. Henley

George Wyndham, by the way, is writing an Introduction to Shakespeare's Poems for the English Classics. I fear it will be the last of the series.

1 The address is printed in the centre of the page.
2 This book was not published. However, Wyndham did edit Shakespeare's poems; see The Poems of Shakespeare, edited with an introduction and notes by G. Wyndham (London: Methuen and Co., 1898).
9 THE TERRACE,
BARNES, S.W.¹
15 November 1895

Dear Nutt,

It's as I feared: I am squeezed dry. Can you manage a hundred? Fifty now, & fifty in Jan? If you can -- -- !²

Things are on me from all quarters at once. Especially from Addiscombe -- where I've to pay some forty pound -- & Edinburgh, where my ex-bank is making things warm. And, really, I know not how to weather the storm.

Blaikie is resigned to Four Volumes;³ & I'll prepare a prospectus this week.

Yours Ever,

W.E.H.

Our next year's issues are (1) D.², Part I, April;⁴ (2), D.², Part I, July; (3) Bandello, October; & (4) Suetonius (December).

1 The address is printed in the centre of the page.
2 Nutt may have sent WEH £25 as that amount is written on this letter in an unknown hand.
3 Don Quixote.
4 Don Quixote.
Dear Sir,

I have pleasure in stating that I consider Mrs. John O'Neill the worthiest possible subject for the attention of your Committee.

For her late husband & his work I had a very strong regard. He was a constant contributor to The Scots -- ( & The National) -- Observer during the five years of my editorship; & I can honestly say, as many besides might do, that I never read an article of his without learning some thing & without bringing away some such odd expressive turn of phrase as stamps the man of letters. I am no folk-lorist, & I know nothing of the scientific value of The Night of the Gods -- the monumental book with on which, as you are aware, he was engaged at the moment of his untimely & unexpected death. What I can say of it is this: there has been collected no such corpus of curious & recondite lore since Burton published his Anatomy. It is the same, in a greater or less degree, with most of that he wrote. Much of it is journalism; but it is all scholarly, & it is all the work of a writer -- it is all, I mean, an approximation to literature. I was so sensible of this
that, as soon as I took on The New Review (at the end of '94), I made haste to secure an article by John O'Neill. I got one -- the last of his I was ever to use; & I think now, as I thought then, that he probably was the only living Englishman who could have been at once so learned in fact & so popular (in the good sense) in style.

It is with very great regret that I hear that his widow is straitened in her means: -- that, in fact, she has not been able to realize his estate unaided, & has nothing but a very small pension on which to depend for the rest of her life. As I said, I think her the worthiest possible subject for the interest of your Committee; & I shall be sincerely pleased to know that that interest has been bestowed upon her.

Very Faithfully Yours,

W.E. Henley

The Secretary,

Royal Literary Fund[.]
Dear Dr. Garnett,

It is most kind of you. A forlorn hope it is, of course: but we'll take it in hand, & if any thing come of it, why, all the more thanks will be due from us to you.²

I have known Mrs. de Mattos (a cousin of R.L.S.) these many years, & I would cheerfully do, any thing I might to advance her interests. What I fear (to be perfectly plain) is that I have got rather outside the region -- of weekly or daily journals -- in which, so far as I know, she is likely to find work. However -- -- --!

Yours Very Gratefully[,]  

W.E.H.

1 The address is printed in the centre of the page.  
2 The subject matter has not been identified.
9 THE TERRACE,  
BARNES, S.W.¹

24 December 1895

Dear Sydney S.,

(1) Enclosed are two more Wyndhamisms: one about your proposal, & one about an idea of his own. Heaven prosper him! If Dunraven can but be caught, we should do.²

(2) All manner of thanks for the communiqués especially that one about Colney Hatchery.³ It has saved my wife a journey she can ill afford to take.

(3) All manner of thanks, too, for the balance of the £100.⁴ Shouldn't I send you a formal receipt?

(4) I fear I drew blank with Ernest Coleridge.⁵ But I expected no better; so I wasn't greatly disappointed.

(6) Keep G.W's letters to yourself, & let me have them when you write. And I'll see what's to be done.

(6) I wired to W.H. this morning to ask the Kipper for an Anglo-American song.⁶ But I doubt he'll come off -- at all events for us.

(7) I think I told you about some Burns letters (unpublished), which I want to produce next year, with others, in a volume.⁷ I gather that the owner's copyright in them's more than doubtful. I've told him
so, & he asks me to consult an expert. To whom should I go? Can you tell me? I don't want to pay too much, of course.

(8) We have the picture home at last. 'Tis less a likeness than a beautiful suggestion; & so we face to-morrow -- the blackest day in all the year for us.

Yours Ever,

W.E.H.

PS. Coleridge writes, by the way: -- "A Torquay bookseller -- King, Union St. -- had last summer a volume of printed but unpublished Byron correspondence, price £5/5. I don't know if it's worth asking about." I think it is. What say you?
My dear Wells,

I ought to have writ before; but what with work, & illness -- (I've had a bad turn of inside on just now) -- & the hideous melancholy of a hideous season, I've had no heart nor time. Please forgive me.

I like your draper no end.¹ I read it to-day; & it amused me all through; & I was really sorry when it came to an end. But it's not for me, I fear, for reasons I won't enter into now. Let Jerome have it, 'an he will.² But make him pay for it. He has oof, & can afford to part.

I will send back the MSS. to-morrow. Meanwhile, our best good wishes for '96; & if you love me, cut the Digression on digressions.³ Not because it's irrelevant but because it's d-11.

Yours Ever Sincerely[,]  
W.E.H.

¹ The address is printed in the centre of the page.  
² Mr. Hoopdriver, the draper's assistant, in Wells's The Wheels of Chance: A Cycling Adventure (London: Dent, 1896).  
³ The story was published by Jerome; see H.G.Wells, "The Wheels of Chance," To-Day, 9 May 1896-19 September 1896.  
⁴ Not identified.
Letter No. 437 To Alfred Nutt

MS: Beinecke

9 THE TERRACE,
BARNES, S.W.¹
5 January 1896

Dear Nutt,

Do please send me that stuff for the Shelton prospectus. I am waiting on it for a revise in page.

You see, the Old Lady (Grandmother to that Common Amateur the Kaiser) has turned up trumps -- for someone else -- -- -- !² However -- -- -- ! There you are, in fact; & that is all there is to say.

But send me your additions, & at once.

Yours Ever,

W.E.H.

¹ The address is printed in the centre of the page.
² Queen Victoria (1819-1901) had offered Alfred Austin the Poet Laureateship. Friedrich Wilhelm Viktor Albert (1859-1941), Kaiser Wilhelm II of Germany.
Letter No. 438  To William Blackwood

MS: NLS 4646 ff.116, 117v

9 THE TERRACE,
BARNES, S.W.¹

9 January 1896

Dear Blackwood,

Some time ago I wrote to ask your help in the preparation of our new Burns. I was to tell you what sort of help it was to be; but it wasn't needed at the moment, so I didn't write.

Now, Vol I is out of hand: Vol II is with the printers; & we are face to face with the Songs.² Here it is that you may, perhaps, come in. We know that you published the Musical Museum -- (a copy of which I should be very glad to borrow, if I might) -- & it occurs to us that, beyond the MSS. of the Songs now in the British Museum, you may have at your disposal another copy of Burns's -- annotations to the Songs, for instance -- which we could see. If this be so, if you have any such copy, it cannot fail to be of service, & we shall be glad indeed to take it on.

How good The Entail is, to be sure! I can scarce believe that Crockett has read the book -- he misses the point of it so completely in his Introduction.³

With best wishes for '96.
Sincerely Yours,

W. E. Henley

W. Blackwood Esq.

1 The address is printed in the centre of the page.
2 "The present volume consists of songs sent by Burns to Johnson's Musical Museum"; see Henley and Henderson, 3, 297.
To Justin McCarthy

Letter No. 439

9 THE TERRACE,
BARNES, S.W.¹
[January 1896]

Dear Justin H.,

The Burns (Vol I) appears on Saturday next, which is the Bard's birthday.² If you get it, get the Library Edition: not the Illustrated. Some of the Notes will amuse you any how.

C.W. is still with, & like to be, so far as I can see, for some weeks yet. His address is 93 Jermyn St., W.

We should like to see you no end. But I've a hideous cold, & can't be rid of it, & may have to go to the sea.

Any how, you shall hear.

Yours Ever,

W.E.H.

Our kindest regards to the both of you. As for The London Garland, I wish you'd been better illustrated.³ The book's not bad, as it stands, I think: though those brutes, the Macmillans, have tampered with my proof (unbeknown) to the [----] extent of bowdlerizing Davenant & Carey & Sir John S.⁴ But it ought to have been better.

How do you like your Glasgow home?

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1 The address is printed in the centre of the page.
2 25 January 1896.
3 Justin Huntly M'Carthy, "At a Distance," A London Garland, p.189. There were three illustrators for
   this poem: Aubrey Vincent Beardsley (1872-1898), the major artist of the fin-de-siècle, who is best
   known for his work on The Yellow Book, a short lived quarterly, 1894-1897, and The Savoy;
   Charles Paul Renouard (1845-1921); and W. Douglas Almond (1866-?).
   London Garland, pp.35-36.
9 THE TERRACE,
BARNES, S.W.

14 January 1896

Dear Sir,

Many thanks. The emendation is (of course) the printer's. The thing, after lying dead for months, was resolved in the end; & I had to take much for granted in the way of revision.³

I really forget the Sally in Our Alley. I fear I may be in fault, though; for I seem to remember that I told the publishers to print it from The Golden Treasury, where, no doubt, it is made fit for family reading. For the rest, the Macmillans are nothing if not silent (save the mark!); & the [---] quotations from Davenant & Suckling were both purified by them after the book had left my hands.

No: I don't think the Whistler was done specially for my Nocturn.⁴ So far as I recall the circumstances, he promised to do a lithograph for the thing; but, being worried & also short of time, suggested in the end that the Society of Illustrators should take this Blue-&-Silver (I think it is) of Mr. Alexander's, as being about the nearest to the verses he could get.⁵
Very Truly Yours,

W.E.H.

J. Duncann Hamilton Esq.

1 Not identified.
2 The address is printed in the centre of the page.
3 Not identified.
4 See A London Garland, p.194. Whistler's illustration was Nocturne in Blue and Silver: Cremorne Lights which was in the possession of W.C. Alexander, a London banker.
9 THE TERRACE,
BARNES, S.W.¹
19 January 1896

My dear Mrs. Meynell,

We read your last Autolycus with singular pleasure.² We know your point of view so well; & we can recall (as we do) with pride the fact that the Golden Child was alys that & nothing more.³

I could wish, though, that you had credited Charles Dickens with his share in the change. I cannot make out my argument now; but, shortly, it is this. My mother was not a Dickens child; & she suffered horribly. I was; & I enjoyed my life. And in the third generation, the Child can scarce, we love to think, have had a half-hour's pain, nor have reached, had she remained with us, a single bitter memory. Of course, the world has gone on getting civilized, & in this matter there is more decivilization than one cares to think. But that it took the forking road from Barbarism (or babarity) is largely, very largely, due -- as I know -- to the man who gave us Paul Dombey, Pip & D.C.⁴ And I wish you had been able to say it.

Some day we may talk this over. Meanwhile, I want to thank you for making the point you made last Friday.

My wife has tried to write to you these many days.
But we have both been down with a cold: the worst I can recall. I think, though, after to-morrow when she goes to Muswell Hill to look at a house, she will be able to redeem her credit.

Alys Sincerely Yours,

W.E.H.

Are you never going to honour us of The New Review again?

1. The address is printed in the centre of the page.
2. [Alice Meynell], "The Wares of Autolycus. That Pretty Person," The Pall Mall Gazette, 17 January 1896, p.4. A short essay in which Alice Meynell regrets the hasty abandonment of childhood. Alice Meynell wrote the "Wares of Autolycus" column on Fridays and, later, on Wednesdays in the P.M.G.; see Viola Meynell, p.124.
3. Margaret Emma Henley.
5. Alice Meynell did not write again for the N.R.
9 THE TERRACE,
BARNES, S.W.¹
2 February 1896

My dear Morrison,

Many thanks for yours. I was too busy to write at once; but we've filed the cuttings, and the event shall be as it will. For the moment, we are argle-bargling about a house at Muswell Hill. But we may not get it; & then we can see what those of yours are like.

If you've got any thing in my line, I should like a chance of taking it on. We purpose to run the March issue (publishing Feb. 25) for all we're worth, & to make a lot more of ourselves during the coming months than we've been doing; & it would please me to know you of the party.

But, of course, the book's the thing; & if you've collared it -- as I hope you have -- I wouldn't take you off it for the world.²

We've been at the gates of the tomb with a cold; but we're better now.

Yours Always,

W.E.H.

¹ The address is printed in the centre of the page.
² Presumably A Child of the Jago.
9 THE TERRACE,
BARNES, S.W.¹
7 February 1896

My dear Dobson,

Do you know this variation on "Ma foi, c'est fait de moi"?² It exists at Newcastle, in Burns his hand o'write. But I can't believe it to be his. Though of course, he may have faked a verse or two. All the same, I don't remember to have read it before. Do you? help me, if you can (I am sure you will), & I shall bless you always.

Robert had (as you know) a perfect mania for copying [----] verses -- his own or another; which makes ascription doubtful. These are certainly bad enough to be original; but one never knows.

Have you nothing of your own for me? I've waited most patiently, I'm sure.³

Yours Ever,
W.E.H.

¹ The address is printed in the centre of the page.
² Not identified.
³ Dobson did not write for the N.R.
My dear Justin,

A few days hence, we shall be in town for a while: at 4 Whitehall Court en route for Muswell Hill. And there, it may be, we shall meet. I hope so: any how.

Meanwhile, Vol IV. of Slang & Its Analogues should be sent out for review next week. You are on the free list, I know; so you are all right. But if you can help the book any where -- on the D.N., for instance -- I shall be truly grateful. It has none too many friends, & is more than ever calculated to bring a blush to The Spectator's cheek. Or I wouldn't supplicate.

This curious, unnatural Spring is playing hell with one.

Our kindest regards.

Yours Ever,

W.E.H.

1 The Henleys moved into Whitehall Court on 19 March 1896; see Letter No.446, 18 March 1896.
2 Not reviewed in the Daily News.
Letter No. 445 To Sidney Lee
MS: Bodleian MS.Eng.misc.d.177 f.367
9 THE TERRACE,
BARNES, S.W.
12 March 1896

Dear Sir,

I understand that you are writing the Shelton — (Shelton of Don Quixote) — for the Dictionary of National Biography. I am publishing a very beautiful edition of his translation, with an Introduction by Mr. James Fitzmaurice-Kelly, who tells me that, thus far, he can find nothing at all about him. I hope that you have been more fortunate, & that, if you have, you will put us also in luck's way. I can promise you the handsomest acknowledgements — and, if I may, a copy of the new edition — in return.

Very Faithfully Yours,

W.E. Henley

Sidney Lee Esq.
The edition is included in my Tudor Translations (Nutt), which it may be you have seen.

3 James Fitzmaurice Kelly (1858-1923), scholar of Spanish literature.
9 THE TERRACE,
BARNES, S.W.¹
18 March 1896

Dear Sydney S.,

Here is His Lordship. A very pleasant, friendly, genuine letter, I think; & one which may have consequences.² Is there room for two Byrons?³ I doubt it! The old days of the Row are over, I suppose -- the days of combination: when the Ballantynes printed Scott (say) for three or four London houses.⁴ If they weren't, or if they could be brought back, I'd like, for all our sakes, & Byron's, to see a combination Byron. Is it impossible? You shall tell me of it to-morrow evening: when I shall inhabit Whitehall Court; & we shall discourse of Byron, & of many things besides, over what is left of the Pawling Whisky.

I've had an awful time to-day. The Harrisons measure so badly that they are alys throwing me out; Ward wrote two pages more than his word;⁵ Leonard cut two pages -- (including the one passage in his works which would have given us Exeter Hall in bulk)⁶ -- And I sit here, triumphant, & with knowledge that I've had to put on (such is the force of facts) an extra sheet. All the same, the number is a clinker; & I want to see the half-crowner that can go -- not one but -- .0000001

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better.

Announce, then the N.R., April, 128 pp.: Leonard, [----] Wells, Whibley, Wilfred W., Thomson, Ansty, Yeats, K.Graheme, Three-Stars, T.E.Brown, R.A.M.Stevenson: for all you're worth.7

And expect us at Whitehall Court some time to-morrow. I've sent some drinks: I hope they'll be taken in. "The rest is silence" -- till to-morrow.

Yours Ever,
W.E.H.

If this letter strikes you as reckless, Know this:
-- I've just broken a four-inch amber for which (in a moment of frenzy) I paid £1/0/6 [----] last Saturday as ever was. And ..... I wish I'd [----] Jameson's cleaner!!
Letter No. 447 To H. G. Wells

MS: Illinois

LC

Stanley Lodge[,] Muswell Hill[,] N.¹

[4 April 1896]²

My dear Wells,

Ecco! I wonder when you'll see what it means.

I hope the last cheque was more satisfactory than its predecessors.³

Your Alys Sincerely,

W.E.H.

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¹ The Henleys had moved in by 3 April 1896; see W.E. Henley, Postcard to Alice Meynell, [4 April 1896], MS File (Henley, W.E.) Letters, Texas University, Austin.

² Letter Card postmarked 4 April 1896.

³ Payment for The Plattner Story.
My dear Dobbie,

A thousand thanks! It was by accident that I discovered the test of neat inscriptions, I should have said as much before.²

The Paget book is amazingly good.³ I want Heinemann to reprint it: with a critical & biographical introduction.

Byron is giving me heaps of bother. And a thousand times a day. I curse the chance that made me lame & blind & gouty & useless at research.

Will you come and see us? 'Tis a pleasant place. Built for a corner pub. So that we feed in a Bar Manué & I write this in one of two unhappy Tap-Rooms-Which-Never-Came-To-Any-Good. But a pleasant, green, sunny place, "melodius with birds"; which has done us both good already.

Yours Ever,

W.E.H.

If you see Cosmo, do, please, give him my address.

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1 The whole of the fourth paragraph is quoted.
2 Not identified.
Letter No. 449 To Robert T. Hamilton Bruce

MS: Beinecke

Stanley Lodge,
Muswell Hill, N.
29 April 1896

My dear Bruce,

I am glad you approve this our Vol. I. It took a lot of doing, but it was worth being done. And your books -- the Bannatyne, Watson, the Motherwell Chaps[,] the [ ] -- were, as you can see, a mighty help.¹

We are trying hard to get Vol II revised & passed for press. But the printer is infernal slow -- O so bloody slow! Still, it should be out next month, & won't (I hope) take quite so long to reach you as did the last. I think the Notes will amuse you. Some of 'em will, I know.

For the [-----] rest the book will keep the level of Vol. I, at least. And the better we make it, the worse the West-of-Scotland gang will like it. However, the West-of-Scotland's not the world; & with time the book will make it's way. For my own part, I think the reception it has met with at the hands of certain Scotch Reviewers is no credit to any thing but Scotch imprudence, Scotch ignorance, & Scotch ingratitude. But we've got 'em on toast, now & for all time & the old jabber, as you say, will soon be possible no more.

I think you'll like the house. As for the air, it

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is making us new.

Yours Ever,

W.E.H.

I wonder what you'll think of [----] [----] some of the Notes!

1 James Watson, *Choice Collection of Comic and Serious Scots Poems* (Edinburgh: 1706-1711). WEH and Henderson, in acknowledgement, refer to "the set of chapbooks hereafter referred to as the Motherwell Collection..."; see Henley and Henderson, 1, vii.
Letter No. 450  To Harold Frederic

MS: Fales

Stanley Lodge,
Muswell Hill, N.
1 May 1896

Dear Frederic,

I read your article with a pleased surprize. I hadn't the slightest notion it was coming; nor till I got half-way through did I guess whose it must be. I think there might be some pretty effects in the way of [counter checking] to be got out of your remarks on our politics; but I am none the less glad to have it -- especially as it comes from you.

I am glad, too -- very glad indeed -- to know that Illumination is a great success -- & deserves to be. I am bogged in Byron for the moment, & dare not take it up. But I shall be free a few days hence I hope: & then I promise myself some fun.

I do hope that Uncle Dudley is going to make his mark in his new clothes. I haven't seen the dear old thing as yet.

But he is on his way.

Yours Alys Sincerely[,]

W.E.H.

New York Times, a daily, 1851 to present.


4 Not identified.
My dear Whistler,

I fear to trespass on your seclusion. Yet I must do so with a word. We also have been tried. But the worst, I think, is yet to come for one or other of us in that which has befallen you. And that has made us think of you, often & tenderly, with peculiar sympathy during these many sorrowful months. 2

We cannot say "Be comforted"; for there are afflictions for which there is no comfort, & this of yours is chief [----] of them. We can but assure you that we shall not cease from regarding you, & that we rejoice [----] to think that you have in your hands a means of solace in that art in which your achievement has placed you first among living men.

Yours Ever Sincerely[,]  
W.E.Henley

1 The address is printed in the centre of the page.  
2 Whistler's wife, Trixie, had died of cancer on 10 May 1896.
Letter No. 452  To William Rothenstein

MS: Houghton bMS Eng 1148

STANLEY LODGE,
MUSWELL HILL. N.  
5 June 1896

Dear Mr. Rothenstein,

I am dismayed to come across a letter from you which is a month old, & has not, I fear, been answered. It got slipped into a book, & has lain there, forgotten (I am ashamed to say) until to-day.

The truth is, I never paid that visit to London, after all. I have a great deal of heavy work on hand, & I had to fall-to, to make up for [----] much lost time.

If the occasion be still with you, & you care to come here, I shall -- I need scarce say -- be happy to sit for you. 3

Very Sincerely Yours,

W.E.Henley

1 William Rothenstein (1872-1945), artist and portrait painter.
2 The address is printed in the centre of the page.
3 Rothenstein was drawing portraits of well known people for a book; see W. Rothenstein, English Portraits (London: Grant Richards, 1898). Rothenstein completed WEH's portrait and asked Wilde to write the notes for it. However, he had to reject Wilde's work and Max Beerbohm wrote instead; see Men and Memories: Recollections of William Rothenstein, The Rose and Crown Library, 2 vols. (London: Faber and Faber, 1934), 1, 312-15. (Henry) Max(imillian) Beerbohm (1872-1956), writer, critic and caricaturist. Half-brother of Herbert Beerbohm Tree.
The Right Hon
The Earl of Rosebery, K.G., etc

My dear Sir,

I have great pleasure in asking you to accept a copy of the Library Edition of the Centenary Burns, Vols. I & II of which will reach you this week, while Vols. III & IV. will follow as they may. We cannot any of us forget your thoughtfulness in the matter of the Glenriddell Book; & this is the only way we have of showing it.

Vol. I was published in the beginning of the year. Vol. II will not, I fear, be on the town till after the awful ceremonies of the 21st July. This of yours, in fact, is an advance copy; & I feel obliged to add that it contains not a little which only the Common Burnsite can regard [-----] with pride. I hasten to add that I in no wise refer to a certain pasquil on the Lady of Lincluden, which you will find in the hinder parts (appropriately enough)) of the volume, & for which every true lover of Burns will be eternally grateful to you -- as we are.

I had hoped to support you -- (with such sympathy
as even a Saxon pock-pudden may tender on so tremendous an occasion) -- at Glasgow & Dumfries on the inevitable Twenty-First.\textsuperscript{5} But I grow more & more inactive & inert -- (I have not been in London since we came to this house at Easter) -- & I have more & more to do. So this editor of Burns will take no part in the hundred-\&-first of Burns's wakes. But I shall think of you with (if I may say so) \[----\] \textsuperscript{a} respectful admiration; & I shall read your speeches with the feeling that I ought to have heard them, & am sorry, now it is too late, that I didn't.

Very Truly Yours,

W.E.H.

\textsuperscript{1} The address is printed in the centre of the page.
\textsuperscript{2} The \textit{Glenriddell Book} was a collection of Burns's poems, at this time held in Liverpool Library; see Henley and Henderson, 2, 374.
\textsuperscript{3} The centenary celebrations of Burns's death.
\textsuperscript{4} Burns's satire on Mrs. Grizzel Young of Lincluden; see Henley and Henderson, 2, 459-61.
\textsuperscript{5} Rosebery addressed a Burns meeting at St. Andrew's Hall, Glasgow, on 21 July 1896. WEH sent a letter of apology; see the \textit{Annual Burns Chronicle and Club Directory}, Centenary Issue, 6 (January 1897), 52. Rosebery spoke in Dumfries on the same evening; see \textit{Burns Chronicle}, 6 (January 1897), 37-51. \textit{Annual Burns Chronicle and Club Directory}, 1892-1925.
My dear Sir,

Can you put me in the way of a copy of Hobhouse's (Lord Broughton de Gyfford's) Recollections of My Life?² I note that it is quoted as an authority in your article on Byron;³ & I've tried library after library, public & private, in vain for it.

I hope you will please us by accepting a copy of our new Shelton, [----] which I've asked Mr. Nutt to send you. It makes a delightful book.

Vrey Sincerely Yours,

W.E. Henley

1 The address is printed in the centre of the page.
3 Not identified.
Letter No. 455 To William Roberts

MS: Hayward

THE NEW REVIEW, LIMITED.
21, BEDFORD STREET,
COVENT GARDEN,
LONDON, W.C.2

16 June 1896

Dear Sir,

I am in a little difficulty about Romney as an Investment, which I read only yesterday. What I had hoped to find was some account of the means by which a sixth-rate painter -- (for I can in no wise fathom your opinion of Romney) -- has been forced into a position as regards the market-price of his work scarce, if at all, inferior to Sir Joshua's own, & vastly superior to that of incomparably better men. What I found was (1) a criticism on Romney, which I couldn't possibly publish, & (2) a list of prices which, admirably thorough as it seems to be, gets us "no forwarder" than we were, & which, if I may say so, in its present condition, scarce material for a critical review.

This is my difficulty; & I will confess that I don't see how it is to be over come. I could get over the first part -- the eulogy -- easily enough, by substituting plain facts for opinions. What bothers me is the second: the long list of prices, with no account

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of the conditions & circumstances under which the pounds & shillings of the beginning have evolved into thousands of the end. I cannot believe that this is an effect of honest marketing; & I am not alone -- far from it -- in that capacity. Nor can I think that it is wholly [----] the outcome of a craze for Eighteenth Century English work. Still less can I agree with you that it is a true gauge to the recognition of Romney's merits as a painter. To myself, as to many others, it is largely the work of a combination of dealers; & that is the view which I had hoped to find compounded in your article.

I am extremely sorry to have to write thus; for the thing has been long indeed in hand, & your patience has been exemplary. I shall be glad if indeed to hear that you can suggest a way-out of what seems to me a blind-alley.

Sincerely Yours,

W.E.Henley

W.Roberts Esq.

1 William Roberts (1862-1940), writer on books and bookselling.
2 The address is printed in the centre of the page.
3 An article rejected by WEH but subsequently published; see W.Roberts, "Romney as an investment," Temple Bar, 109 (September 1896), 56-66.
4 George Romney (1734-1802), portrait painter.
5 Sir Joshua Reynolds (1723-1792), the most successful portrait painter of his time. Founder President of the Royal Academy 1768-1790.
Letter No. 456 To Arthur Morrison

MS: PM MA 2813

STANLEY LODGE,
MUSWELL HILL. N.¹
25 June 1896

Dear Arthur Morrison,

I fear me, I can give you little consolation. The Daily Cust hangs damnably in the wind.² It has been on the point of coming off for months; but (so far as I know), that's all. A few days ago, I believe, he [----] [----] (H.C.) sent in an ultimatum so that, it, may be, the thing will soon get settled one way or another. Which, it is not for me to say.

Meanwhile, as regards yourself: -- don't hurry the publication of your book. What, after all, is two years? Nothing! Barrie has waited three at least; & even Kipling doesn't publish every fortnight. Nor, for that matter, does Conan Doyle.³ You know, without my telling you, how much I esteem your work & expect of you in the future. Well: in your place, I should put my last ounce into the Jago, & trust to Watt to get it out in serial form:⁴ so that (1) you could make some money by it, & (2) it might be read in book form in (say) the May of next year. If these dates are impossible, & the need of oof is imperious indeed, then -- well, come & see me, & we'll talk it over.⁵

Meanwhile, keep up your heart; & put your last
ounce (as I said) into your book; & if I can help in the work of revision, turn on me.

Yours Ever,

W.E.H.

The best, in any case, for the moment, is to come & talk.

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1 The address is printed in the centre of the page.
2 Cust had been dismissed from editorship of The Pall Mall Gazette in February 1896. This may be a reference to starting a new daily paper though there is nothing to support this.
3 Arthur Conan Doyle (1859-1930), novelist.
4 A(lexander) P(ollock) Watt (1834-1914) was the first major literary agent.
5 It would seem that Morrison needed the money as WEH published A Child of the Jago.
Letter No. 457  To Lord Rosebery
MS: NLS 10107 ff.179, 180v, 181, 182v

STANLEY LODGE,
MUSWELL HILL. N.¹
14 July 1896

The Right Hon.
The Earl of Rosebery, K.G., etc

My dear Sir,

I telegraphed to you this morning (1) that Vols. I & II were sent off yesterday, to Berkley Square; & (2) that you would find whatever is known about the J.B. in the Notes to it in Vol. II.² In case the parcel should have lingered by the way, I will note that the J.B. was published in 1799 as a chap-book or tract, by Stuart & Meikle of Glasgow.³ It had been in being full fourteen years ere it got into print. I am pretty certain that Burns did not refer to his obscenities, when he spoke with Maria Riddell at Brow,⁴ so much as to the crowd of "Epitaphs" & "Epigrams" which he produced,⁵ & which, as I think, have done him more harm with posterity than all his work besides. He had, I believe, a peculiar gift, an exceptional & remarkable talent, for what is called bawdy, & I would not for any thing [----] destroy his achievement in it. [----]⁶ Indeed, I think The Merry Muses not by any means the least precious part of his legacy to the world: for the reason that, not only does it show him
at his best (in a sense) as editor & lyrist, but also that it brings us clearer than any book I know to the Scotland whence he sprang, to the models he used, & -- in several cases, at least -- to the originals he made his own. And I purpose, once this edition of mine is out of the way, to reprint that very remarkable volume in such a form & in such numbers -- (250 copies, say) -- as will make a second disappearance impossible. This, however, is by the way. My point is that Burns, while a man of genius, was also a peasant, & was, moreover, the mouthpiece of a society which talked & sang habitual of things which are nowadays unmentionable & that to make him any thing else -- to make him, for instance, the sort of tame, blithering sentimental Scot who in those days would write Whig leaders for a Glasgow daily, nor [even/ever] presume upon his sex [----] -- (which he would have called by another name) -- to the profit of any but his lawful spouse, is to make of him a thing he had scorned to be, & to render it impossible for [----] any but those who really want to K$\&\$ distinguish between truth & lies, to realize the man, or the man's work, or the Scotland to which he was born, & whose living voice he was.

There's a humorous side to the question too. Isn't it rather fun, for instance, to reflect that the Man's a Man for A'That -- ("the Marseillaise of humanity") -- was suggested by, & modelled on -- even to the use of

-1215-
certain mannerisms -- a song no living man could sing aloud? That the same is true -- literally -- of Green Grow the Rashes, and John Anderson, my Jo, & Duncan Gray [----] & Comin' Through the Rye, & a score of [-----] besides? I think it is; & I think, too, that the literary interest which attaches to this part of Burns's work is tenfold stronger that that of at least the half of his published work. This is as much as to say that I heartily applaud your resolve to burn nothing in Burns's hand o'write. It is hard -- some times - to know when he was copying another & when he was [-----] expressing himself. Some times he was doing both. And very often to burn would be to burn not only R.B. but a bit of Old Scotland.

Forgive this long scrawl. The gist of it is, really, that I am glad, & proud to have the means of unearthing that pleasant pasquil on the Lady of Lincluden.

Very Sincerely Yours,

W.E.Henley

1 The address is printed in the centre of the page.
3 See Henley and Henderson, 2, 284.
4 Mrs. Walter Riddell, a friend of Burns.
5 "Epitaphs," Henley and Henderson, 2, 264-75; and "Epigrams," Henley and Henderson, 2, 240-61.
6 Five words deleted.
7 "Is there for honest poverty," Henley and Henderson, 3, 271-73.
Dear Archer,

I should have writ to you long since; but, as you seemed to say it didn't matter, I didn't. I think you are right about the Cymbeline stuff; much as I'd like to see Brander -- ( & you, for that matter) -- in the N.R., I thought it best to stick it up. Let me know of your return, & I'll post the copy to you faithful & true.

If it's you who are Daily Chronicling the Centenary Burns, I hope you'll take on Vol II at a certain length -- & soon.³

I hope, too, that you're having at least a respectable time. When it's over, & the "damned horrid grind"'s begun again, you'll find us (I hope) on view at the above address.

Yours Ever,

W.E.H.

1 The address is printed in the centre of the page.
2 Cymbeline, a play by Shakespeare, published in 1623.
3 No review by Archer of Henley and Henderson, 2, has been found.
My dear W.A.,

I am sorry you haven't the Second Volume: in which there is much new stuff. The b -- y New Burnsite (West of Scotland type) is on our trail: ignorant, impudent, ungrateful. And I look forward, cheerfully enough, to the charges -- of forgery, sodomy, & the like -- which to all appearances will be hurled at us on the appearance of Vol Three. However -- !!

Come & see us soon.

Yours Ever,

W.E.H.

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1 The address is printed in the centre of the page.
Letter No. 460  To Lord Rosebery

MS: NLS 10107 ff.219, 220v

STANLEY LODGE,
MUSWELL HILL. N. 1
24 August 1896

The Right Hon.
The Earl of Rosebery, K.G., etc

My dear Sir,

We are very anxious to consult (for our Third & Fourth Volumes) the Laing Broadsides which you sent to Edinburgh for the use of Professor Child. 2 It would help to see them any where, but especially to see them at leisure. And you would confer a very great favour by placing them in the hands of either Mr. Henderson or myself for the few days necessary for their examination; as Lord Crawford has been pleased to do with his great collection at Haig. 3

I do not know if you have looked into our First & Second Volumes. But I hope that, if you have, you haven't been displeased. For the rest, the temper of the New-Light Burnsites as regards our book appears to show that we have succeeded better than we could have hoped. There is no sort of misrepresentation to which they haven't tested us; & I look forward with confidence to a charge of forgery (at least) on the appearance of Vol. III.

May I say that I thought your Glasgow speech quite...
excellent, especially as regards the question of Burns's morals?

Very Sincerely Yours,

W.E. Henley

1 The address is printed in the centre of the page.
2 The Laing Broadsides, a collection of Scottish broadsides, were in the possession of Lord Rosebery; see Henley and Henderson, 3, 298-99. Francis James Child (1825-1896), American scholar and Professor of English literature at Harvard University.
3 James Ludovic Lindsay (1847-1913), 26th Earl of Crawford and Balcarres. He had a collection of Scottish ballads and broadsides at his home Haig Hall, Wigan.
STANLEY LODGE,
MUSWELL HILL. N.¹
28 August 1896

My dear Bruce,

Where & how the devil are you? And why a God's name don't you give us of your news?

I hope you like Vol. II. The Wild West doesn't -- apparently. But the Wild west be d --d!

I am beginning to think it's time for the Merry Muses. The last subscriber is the Earl of Rosebery! I've been corresponding with him of late, & this morning he begs to be added to the list. Others are Walter Raleigh & Herbert Stephen. I have spoken to Nutt about distribution. What say you? I have divers ideas? But I'd rather discuss them personally.

Yours Ever,

W.E.H.

¹ The address is printed in the centre of the page.
STANLEY LODGE,  
MUSWELL HILL. N.¹ 
28 August 1896

Dear Lord Rosebery,

I am -- we are -- extremely obliged to you. Henderson is in Scotland, & will presently ask you for an appointment. And when our Third Volume appears you will see that our request is [----] far more remarkable than it seems.

Yes: I purpose to reprint The Merry Muses. It is the most interesting & the most precious collection of folk-poetry I've ever seen; & to make its disappearance an impossibility is the duty of a decent citizen. I know that "unique copy" of C.A.'s. We are using it for the Centenary Burns; & you will find a reference to it in the Editor's Preface to our First Volume.² This it was which gave us the idea of reprinting; & we bought it of C.A. for that purpose. A gross, clumsy, sweaty, dirty country-printed, stumpy little volume containing not a little of Burns himself & all that Burns could save of the folk song of his native. I think it was printed c. 1800: Burns's own share in it being more or less indeterminate, in consequence of the shyness of collectors & the prevalence of the very silly Victorian idea that bawdy verse is poison. It has been reprinted

-1223-
again & again, & every time it has lost some thing of its pristine character & quality: so that to any body who hasn't seen the first edition it exists as a simple bawdy book, with the lamented Captain Morris rather more to the front than any body else, & the Scottish volks-lied quite out of the running.

If ever we meet, as I hope we may, I shall have more to say on the matter. Meanwhile, I gladly register your name as a subscriber's. We purpose to produce the book handsomely; to limit the issue; & to charge no more for it than will recoup us on the actual outlay. We don't want to make any money; only to place a very remarkable document beyond the possibility of annihilation.

I am glad you like the Burns, thus far. To be frank, we have done our part in it with a view to "keeping the market" for the next fifty years. Whether we have succeeded or not remains to be seen. But that, assuredly, has been our ambition.

Very Sincerely Yours,

W.E. Henley

1 The address is printed in the centre of the page.
2 The reference is to Bruce not Angus; see Henley and Henderson, 1, vi-vii.
3 Captain Charles Morris (1745-1838), song writer.
STANLEY LODGE,
MUSWELL HILL. N. ¹
2 September 1896

My dear Bruce,

You'll find the R.L.S Burns in Familiar Studies of Men & Books, of which my copy is mislaid.²

You are quite right about the Statue.³ There's a very sensible letter from A.Lang about it in yesterday's Daily News.⁴ Of course, I can't move in the matter. But why not write yourself to Lang, & give him your views? You'd find him receptive enough.

I doubt if Rosebery will part. But he has volunteered to subscribe; & I shd. like to interest him further in the matter. Might I say that, if he'd like to look at your copy,⁵ you'd have pleasure in "loaning" it? I've explained our idea in reprinting, & we might succeed in getting him to help us. But I'm far from sanguine. He will not [----] he tells me; but I doubt if he'll paint.

The Glasgow buddies are really stupendous. They have as nearly possible charged us with forgery & fraud in the matter of A Mauchline Wedding;⁶ & I believe that when they see our Vol III -- (by far the best of the lot) -- they will shrink not from the dagger & the bowl. I am fain to add that we sell not in the West.

-1225-
Between [----] the jealousy of Wallace & his allies in the press & the extraordinary ignorance & gullibility of Angus & his pals, we have, as yet, no chance. Meanwhile, the Library Edition is out of print; & Jack is publishing a second -- unlimited -- with frontispiece portraits, at 7/6 the volume. He is not reprinting: he is simply using the sheets he would have bound up with Hole's etchings, had they not been a frost.

Yours Ever,

W.E.H.

You might send me a copy of your bawdy Burns.7 If I know it, I shouldn't call it a song.

1 The address is printed in the centre of the page.
3 A proposed statue of RLS.
4 A.Lang, Letter, The Daily News, 1 September 1896, p.6, col.3. Lang had suggested a statue of RLS at Edinburgh University.
5 The Merry Muses.
6 See "The Centenary Burns," rev. of The Centenary Burns, vol. 2, ed. W.E.Henley and T.F.Henderson, Glasgow Evening News, 21 August 1896, p.2. Henley is criticized for not printing the poems in chronological order and there is an implication that Burns is not the author of A Mauchline Wedding as it is "smutty trash."
7 Not identified.
Dear Lord Windsor,

Have you any suggestions, or have you landed any Royal or Noble contributors? I haven't worried you hitherto, though G.W. said I was to do so: partly because the N. Review has done pretty well, I think, in the material course of things; & partly because I've been so deep in Burns & Byron, I haven't had the heart or the time for any thing else. But the year is running out; & when Mr.Ramsey has done with the Pretorians, & Mr.Crawshay has told us of the Germans in Africa, we shall have nothing to watch the world withal. Unless G.W. brings home a new S.Africa.

Talking of Byron: I have the very greatest difficulty in getting hold of books. I've been hunting Pugilistica for months, & a thing called Byroniana[.] The Opinions of Lord B. on Men[,] etc (1834) for more than that. Pugilistica I think I've run to ground; but of the other -- rien de rien! Have you got it in your library? If you have --! But indeed I should be glad to borrow any thing -- books, pamphlets, squibs, memoirs, crim. con. trials, any thing -- I could get. The curious thing is, there is so little to be got!

-1227-
I've tried Haig & Belvoir & neither has given me any thing. And I'm groping after what is to be got about a brute like Yarnmouth -- who in life was called "Red Herrings", & in death is remembered as the original of Disraeli's Lord Eskdale & Thackeray's Marquis of Steyne -- almost in despair.

Every thing else is "in a concatenation according". It's all too near to be history, & too far not to be more or less forgot. And there I am. If you could come to my rescue, I am sure you would. But there it is! I believe nobody can. And my Regency -- -- -- !

Yours Ever Sincerely[,]  
W.E.H.

1 The address is printed in the centre of the page.  
3 [Richard Crawshay], "German policy in Central Africa," The New Review, 16 (February 1897), 223-40. Richard Crawshay; not identified.  
4 George Wyndham was very interested in the political unrest in South Africa and left for that country on 15 August 1896 returning before the end of November 1896; see J.W. Mackail and Guy Wyndham, Life and Letters of George Wyndham, 1, 60.  
5 H.D. Miles, Pugilistica: being one hundred and forty-four years of the history of British Boxing... From 1719... to ...1863, 3 vols. (London: Weldon and Co., 1880-1881).  
6 Byroniana. The Opinions of Lord Byron on men, manners and things: with the parish clerk's album kept at his burial place, Hucknall Torkard (London: Hamilton, Adams and Co., 1834).  
7 Personal satires.  
8 Criminal conversation, but also adultery.  
9 Belvoir Castle, Leicestershire, home of Lord -1228-
Brownlow.

10 Francis Charles Seymour Conway, Earl of Yarmouth and Marquis of Hertford (1777-1842).

11 Lord Monmouth, a character in Disraeli's novel *Coningsby* (1844) was based on Yarmouth and Lord Steyne was a character in Thackeray's novel *Vanity Fair*. 
STANLEY LODGE,
MUSWELL HILL. N.¹
16 October 1896

Dear Lord Windsor,

I hope you will be able to find me something. A file of some rascally old print, say -- The Satirist, The Scrouge, any thing of that sort, even the John Bull.² Fashion- books, pamphlets, scoundrelisms -- any thing rank with the time! Twas an age of libellous & clandestine publications. I have found at the B.M. the (so called) Confessions of Lord Yarnmouth's valet (Lord Yarnmouth gave Thackeray the Marquis of Steyne & Disraeli the Earl of Whatisname in Coningsby) & it's practically a bawdy book.³ Such stuff is worthless in forty-nine ways; but in the fiftieth it's useful enough. This by way of note. I want to recreate the Regency; & I care not what material I put into the pot.

I am glad indeed to know that you have read the Jago with the eye of faith. The rest is still more striking than that you have seen. And I've reason to believe that there will be a dead set against the book the moment it makes its appearance. So we must do what we can to put the Sentimentalists to shame. It's a pity that we should have to do so; but we English find it so very much easier to be moral & wrong than to be

-1230-
artistic & right that, I suppose, there's no help for it.

I wish I knew where Balcarres is. He has sent me trophies of his gun; & I know not where to write to him.

There are two excellent articles in the November issue: a second Ramsey,4 much better than the first; & E.G.Browne -- Persian Browne -- on Cyprus,5 the latter (between ourselves) a quasi-official paper, which was rescued from the Chronicle, & passed on to us. Do you know Walter of The Times?6 I don't; & G.W., who does, is in S.Africa; so I fear they'll go unremarked.

Alwys Sincerely Yours,

W.E.H.

1 The address is printed in the centre of the page.
2 The Satirist, or Monthly Meteor, 1808-1814; The Scrounge; or monthly expositor of imposture and folly, 1811-1815; The John Bull Magazine and Literary Recorder, 1824.
6 Arthur Fraser Walter (1846-1904), proprietor of The Times.
Dear Lord Windsor,

Very many thanks. All the books you mention -- even Huish -- will be welcome.² If you could add to them Windham's Diaries,³ & Crabb Robinson⁴ -- books one wants to have by one, but one doesn't particularly want to own -- I should be still more deeply obliged.

Have you seen Charles Whibley's Book of Scoundrels?⁵ Authority in these matters there is none; but I hear that George Meredith is a fervent, & is calling out that it is literature all over the shop. It is pleasant to know that he's doing so -- to me at least; for the book is nothing if not ironical, & irony is the thing which Meredith has always tried to do, & has so seldom done that to me his books have very much the effect of a long row of "set pieces" in the fire works line, which have been rained on, & then lighted, & then -- -- -- --

I am trying to get far enough away from the Wicked Lord B. -- & the lewd, drunken, ruffianly, crim.-con.ning [sic] Age that was his to write some thing for the N.R. about this delicious new book of Barrie's.⁶ I hope I shall manage it. Morrison is to
be out next week; & I hear that a dead set at it is expected: I suppose from the Toynbee Hall & Socialist clique. They may rot it; but they won't kill it, & they couldn't write it -- could they?

I hear, too, that G.W. is on his way home. But he comes too late for Walter & the November N.R.8

Alys Sincerely Ypours,

W.E.H.

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1 The address is printed in the centre of the page.
2 Robert Huish (1777-1850), biographical writer. The book has not been identified.
6 Sentimental Tommy. WEH did not write of it.
7 A Child of the Jago.
8 Probably a reference to Walter Raleigh's article; see Walter Raleigh, "The human bacillus," The New Review, 15 (November 1896), 552-62. The article gives a philosophical view of man's place in society and his right to survive. Raleigh asks by what right we inflict ourselves on others "waging war on all creatures we cannot enslave."
STANLEY LODGE,
MUSWELL HILL. N.¹
29 October 1896

My dear A.M.[,]

The book looks brave.² My blessings on it! If I can give it a leg-up, be sure I shall. But I've my doubts.

I want to ask a favour of you: to send a copy to my brother Anthony (17 Brackenbury Rd., Hammersmith, W[.]). He is really responsible -- or very largely so -- for your appearance in the N.R.; so in a sense you owe it to him. I could give him one myself, of course; & I would. But I know he'd rather, ten times rather, have it from you.

And now, a word: -- sit tight, & give a damn for nobody. The thing's a book -- a piece of art. And what matters any thing else.

Also, don't expect the sales of M-r-e C-r-lli.³

Yours Ever,

W.E.H.

¹ The address is printed in the centre of the page.
² A Child of the Jago.
³ Marie Corelli.
My dear Wells,

I am very sorry indeed; & I am baffled, too. If the N.O. had lived! But there, it's no use saying that. The N.O.'s dead, & we all died with it. And there you are. But don't be down in the mouth. You are bound to come off.¹ And, at any rate, you can come & work off your misery on me.

But not this week. I am mopping up the last of Byron I, & mopping it up against time. Any day next week to lunch is what would suit me. Only send me a line to say which.

I've read the book again: It's as good farce as they make, & a vast deal better.² And I wish I'd had it in the N.R.

H.

¹ Wells would appear to have had a story rejected.
² Not identified.
My dear F.B.,

I have recrudesced, & I haven't the heart to move: though my wife is very keen to make me go -- needing herself a little change. Moreover, I am just in the throes of my January number, & I had, ere yours came in, set Tuesday apart for my assistant to work out the design with me.

But, if it's fine, as it was to-day, there is nothing to prevent you from driving out to us. And it would be so nice of you to do so! And I want you so much to see the Picture! Do telegraph the first thing to say you will.

If you read the London papers (police reports), you would know that the Jago is only not true to life in the sense that it leaves the worst of life untold. Ask Lady Jeune to get Octavius Jay to meet you, & you'll own yourself a huss.

Have you read the Barrie? I wish it didn't start in London! Wendie's Cockneyisms are the purest fantasy. It took me a long time to get over the effect of falsity which they convey. They are right in no single point, I think. Yet what a wonderful book! And
what a rich, abounding humanity!

How I wish I could talk about these & other things with you! About Carlyle, & Millar, & W.B., & Joe Bell (with whom I'm just now very angry), & Edinburgh, & Robert Burns, & the memorial to R.L.S[.]. Even Professor Saintsbury might come in. Decidedly, if you don't come, I'll not forgive you this side your next visit.

Indeed, I am seedy; & life is rather my eye.

Yours Ever,

W.E.H.
That the day turned out fine & large was insult added to injury. At the time of writing, it looked damnable. Having put us off, & prevented us from ordering a cab -- (a solemn affair [----] in these parts) -- it proceeded to do it's [sic] d -- dest. And there we were!

Work like J.M.B.'s is not meant for an instant & complete & irresistible advance. It is too rich, too full, too abundant, & too new. Anderson Graham (who is, so far as I can see, the sole Just Man now living in fiction) tells me it is just the rags & siblings of the earlier stuff. You must read The Red Scaur, & tell me if you can get at his point of view. He modestly admits that he doesn't think The Red Scaur perfect; But, apparently, it's a long chalk better than Tommie. And there you are! There is also a Tommie; & Tommie's alright. Or at least I think so. And, as far as I'm concerned, that is enough.

I've glanced through Mrs.Steel's book. R.K. is infatuated about it, & his father, Lockwood, has puffed it in a forthcoming N.R. But the puff is over his
signature; & I agree with you.

As for Rudyard, why worrit over him any more? He may, & probably will, do great work; but he'll never be the old Rudyard any more. He has "cut the painter," so far as we are concerned; & there's an end of him. He'll swagger round with swells at the Cecil Club;^ but that's all. I've had not so much as a scrape of a pen from him since he landed on these shores. And if there will NÉ a have to be a month of Sundays ere he gets one from me. The "painter is cut," in fact, & -- -- --

It has been a real disappointment, this visit of yours. Let us both try to do better next time.

Yours Ever,

W.E.H.

[added by WEH at right angles to the left of the address] Thank God the Doctor's out!^ It would have been d'une [   ] -- to dynamite old Ruddy. But if Dr.J. had died, somebody would have had to do it.
Leander Starr Jameson (1853-1917), South African statesman. In 1895 he attempted to overthrow the Boer Government in the Transvaal but was captured and sent to England where he served a short prison sentence. Prime Minister Cape Colony 1904-1908.
Letter No. 471  To William Heinemann

MS: Houghton bMS Eng 1335.1

STANLEY LODGE,
MUSWELL HILL. N.1

11 December 1896

My dear Heinemann,

It is noble of you & S.S.P.;2 & I am grateful no end to you both. But I see no earthly reason why we should do any more for J.M than J.M. is prepared to do for us. So, if you please, we’ll let things be & fight for our own hand, as best we can. After all, the tother Byron, final though it be, won't be the only one; and I'm confident that, if you can stand my desultoriness, I can make a much better book of ours, from certain points of view, than they can of theirs. So, as I said, we'll let things be, & do our d -- dest.

But -- -- -- ! We've had the beau côte [sic] throughout; & I purpose to keep it; & to that end, I mean to show your letter to J.M. at a fitting opportunity, to prove, to him my contention: that; at any rate, your spirit has been ever the best possible, & that whosoever says it hasn't he's in his throat. Give me permission to do this -- at my own time & of my own instance -- & I shall be happy.

The reviews, thus far, have been civil -- even courteous -- enough. And if they go on in the same strain, we shall do. The only thing I can say in
disparagement is: there aren't enough of them. There should have been more "Published To-Day". Still -- -- -- !

Yours Ever,

W.E.H.

1 The address is printed in the centre of the page.
2 Pawling.
Letter No. 472 To Robert Fitzroy Bell
MS: Beinecke

STANLEY LODGE,
MUSWELL HILL. N.¹
13 December 1896

My dear F.B.,

No end of thanks for your letter. My absence pained me;² yet I felt, somehow, in view of those lean last years, that really it was for the best: -- that to swagger round as a pal of the R.L.S. who had discontinued my society, & told me, plainly to go to Hell, & trouble him no more, was not the right & proper thing for me to do. So that -- well, I couldn't any how! And there's an end! But I needn't say that I rejoice & am glad exceedingly to know the meeting a success -- (the good Colvin telegraphed from King's Cross) -- & that my remarks were read with the others,³ & pleasantly received.

You might, I think,, have sent me a Scotsman report. I saw only the ever-damnable, & thrice-despicable Times,⁴ which put its pile on the Peer, & [----] squeezed James Matthew into half-a-dozen lines (It hasn't, by the way, reviewed Tommie yet!). If I were young & energetic I'd start an Anti-Times Association. Indeed I'm not sure that I won't as it is.

Thus far, the journals are civil enough to Byron I.
But did Calvin tell you of my disappointment? Of the coalition (Murray-Heinemann) that might have given me the _Final Byron_, even as I've got the (more or less) _Final Burns_, but didn't come off after all? After that, what are reviews -- or good or bad or indifferent?

I read _Margaret Ogilvie_ to-day;⁵ & I now appreciate, as I couldn't before, what the writer meant when he told me on his return from the House of Death what certain verses of mine had been to him during sojourn therein, & why he asked me to give him a copy of them in my own hand writing. As for these miserable Scots who are writing of it, I'd have them up to the triangles (first) & bar them from Crockett & Maclaren (their natural food) for the term of their natural lives.

_Yours Ever,_

_W.E.H._

[Added by WEH at right angles either side of the address] Our worst day in the year -- it used to be her best -- is coming on us fast. Spare us a thought on it. I fear that Tommie will go unnoticed after all.

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1 The address is printed in the centre of the page.
2 The Memorial Meeting in Edinburgh on 10 December 1896.
3 _The Scotsman_, 11 December 1896, p.4, cols.3-4

-1244-
J.M. Barrie, Margaret Ogilvie (London: Hodder and Stoughton, 1896). This was an account of Barrie's relationship with his mother. His sister Jane Ann and their mother had died within three days of each other.

WEH is referring to his Invictus.
Dear Mr. Lee,

Can you tell me any thing -- or can you [----] trust me with a proof of your article -- about one R. Verstegen, who seems to be identified with a certain Richard Rowlands (1565-1620)? If you can & will, I shall be very much obliged yo you indeed.

It is all on account of a certain lyric which I lifted from Palgrave's *Golden Treasury*. Palgrave gives it as anonymous, & refers it to "a collection of 1620". I had all the songbooks searched in vain, & in the end I wrote to Palgrave, who referred me to Verstegen: unknown to him, he says, till his new edition had been sterotyped. Of course, I cannot leave the matter there, if I can help it; so in a kind of despair I write to you.

I don't know if you've seen my *Byron I*. In any case I refer to it but to say that I never got any thing out of Bullen about those *Memoirs [----]* of Hobhouse-Broughton, & that I can't help thinking that nobody outside the circle has ever seen them except the man (Henry Reeve) who reviewed them for the *Edinburgh*.
Very Sincerely Yours,

W.E. Henley

1 The address is printed in the centre of the page.
2 Richard Rowlands, born Verstegen (fl.1565-1620), antiquary and writer. The information was wanted for WEH's English Lyrics.
3 Lee obliged; see Letter No.476, 4 January 1897.
4 See WEH's English Lyrics, p.382.
5 Probably Arthur Henry Bullen (1857-1920), literary editor and writer.
My dear Sydney S.,

It was good of you to send me Watson's letter.² Here it is with our thanks for it.

Churton Collins wrote yesterday: "Very much applauding what we've done," & saying he'd help the cause if he possibly could.³

This morning Walter Raleigh (whom I expect to lunch to-morrow. So there's a tip for you), says he, "I think your Byron devilish swell," he says. "It knocks the academics on their own ground," he says, "& then sits & drinks with the toffs."

I've had a vile sick headache all day; but I crawled to the front door about 2 o'clock, & received, of the postman, a noble sausage.

Our best thanks for it.

And our best wishes to you & yours for '97 -- "Byron's Year."

Yours Ever,

W.E.H.

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1 The address is printed on the left of the page.
2 Presumably from Marriott Watson.
3 Churton Collins is referring to Byron.
Letter No. 475 To Robert Fitzroy Bell
MS: Beinecke

STANLEY LODGE,
MUSWELL HILL. N.¹
30 December 1896

My dear F.B.[,]

What a splendid present! I have "almost forgot the taste" of Burgundy, & as for Krug (extra sec) -- -- ! Well, well! It was good of you to remember us, & we are grateful.

I wish, now, I'd come to the meeting. That d -- d thing is growing, growing; & I mean to have it out as soon as I can lay hands on a competent surgeon. It gives me no trouble -- these fatty cysts are mere eyesores; but I hate it none the less, & so does my wife.²

On the whole I wish he hadn't published Margaret Ogilvie. It is a matter too private for the great, goggle-eyed, slavering general -- don't you think? But it's a wonderful bit of work, of its kind, & if he could have done it in lyric verse -- -- ! But he couldn't, & there's an end of that. And it's done in prose, & published, & there's an end of that. But I'm sure he has done himself an ill turn with many good men. This, of course, between ourselves.

The Byron seems to fizz -- if one believes the reviews. Have you done your dooty by the Notes, I

-1249-
wonder? They appear to amuse their readers. They most certainly amused the writer: who, by the way, is by this time convinced that he, too, in Arcadia vixit -- backed Jim Belcher to his shirt, 3 & lost what was left of him at Watier's, 4 & kicked Brummell, 5 & heard T.M. sing Bendemeer's Stream (was it at Lady Holland's -- I forget!), 6 & wrote (& published) a poem called The Childhood of Cain: a Mystery, 7 & -- But this is not an autobiography. A trip, though: -- I foresee in some volume yet to come a Note -- a Henley Note -- on "the genial delights of Crim Con." which, with others, will rank me not far below Buckle, 8 & a good deal higher than Robert Chambers. 9

I am, meanwhile, trying to gird my loins for the essay on Robbie -- Robbie, ye ken! 10 And I wish to Heaven I'd done so before I took on this "dear, d -- d distracting" Regency. Lang & I exchange polite letters about the relative criminality [sic] of Robbie & "the Wicked Lord B." But I don't seem to get much forwarder. And I find myself hawking after every "Mosely Hurst" & Watier's & the sublime Harriette Wilson. 11 I never was, I never could have been, a Scots peasant, with an eye for anything in petticoats! And, as for the Regency, if you'll believe me, my dear boy, there was a time when "Red Herrings" (as we used to call him) & a little woman whom he adored were more mixed up with me than -- -- -- -- -- -- ! But, as I
said, this isn't an autobiography. And all I wanted to say is, That I hope I shall do Robbie justice, & that I shall forget him, as though he'd never been, as soon as he flickers (poor [ ], futile ghost of a Great Man) out of my purview.

And so, -- for I have babbled too long -- God have you in his keeping & the best of all possible good wishes, from us both to both you, for '97.

Yours Ever,

W.E.H.

Is one R.T.Hamilton Bruce in Edinburgh? R.S.V.P.

1 The address is printed in the centre of the page.
2 WEH's cyst was removed before 19 January 1897; see Connell, pp.315-16.
3 Jem Belcher, a prize fighter of the period.
4 A fashionable club of the period.
5 George Bryan Brummell (1778-1840), known as Beau Brummell, was a leader in fashion.
6 Thomas Moore wrote a song called Bendemeer's Stream. Lady Elizabeth Holland, wife of the 3rd Lord Holland.
7 Lord Byron, Sardanapalus, a tragedy. The Two Foscari, a tragedy. Cain, a mystery. (London: John Murray, 1821).
9 Probably a reference to Robert Chambers (1802-1871), publisher and editor of Burns's Works.
11 Mosely, or Moulsey, Hurst, a meadow near Hampton Court, was the scene of a prize-fight between Tom Belcher and Tom Cribb; Harriette Wilson, a courtesan of the period; Waiter's Club, Piccadilly, London.

-1251-
Dear Mr. Lee,

I am very much obliged to you for the proof of Rowlands-Verstegen. It has given me all I want, & [----] [----] [----] helped to save me from a blunder which, if I succeeded in making it, could have ruined me for a piece of work in which I've spent much time & thought, & in which I am still able to take a certain pride.

I fear, with you, that Georgian & Regency collections are still to make. At all events, I've tried for them in what seemed to me the likeliest quarters & have been baffled. So I am trying to make one -- a very little one -- for myself.

As to the Hobhouse book, I am sure that it exists only on Lady Dorchester's shelves. And Lady Dorchester is no ally of mine.\(^2\)

Did I write this to you before? If I did, forgive me, please, & say no more about it.

Very Sincerely Yours,

W.E. Henley

1 The address is printed in the centre of the page.
2 Lady Charlotte Dorchester, wife of the 4th Lord Dorchester. Nothing is known of WEH's relationship with Lady Dorchester.
STANLEY LODGE,
MUSWELL HILL. N.¹
10 February 1897

My dear Archer,

I ought to have thanked you long ago: but I've been about as seedy as ever in my life. The "unconquerable soul", indeed, has had all its work to keep its end up; & in that performance of letter-writing has (some how) not been included.

I am really sorry to know you're not on tap for the D.C. You know a bit of work when you see it; & I dare be sworn that this is one. And the Common or Garden Reviewer -- especially the English Variety on poor Robbie -- is my eye. However, -- -- -- !

About Genest:² -- It's awfully good of you, & I won't scruple to accept your offer, if so be it will pull me through. What I want to do is to keep myself going in so far as English Bards etc, is concerned.³ For instance, there's a mention of Tom Thumb:⁴ Tom T. I know, but how & through whom did Byron know it? Morton, Skeffington, Reynolds, Monk Lewis,⁵ & the rest -- they all want filling in. And if Genest be helpful, then I'm for Genest. If not -- you'll tell me, & do me better.

I [---] read so much of these old brutes, these
dead-&-rotten humbugs, when I was young that I seem to know all about them. But I've forgotten so [----] much of what I read that, familiars as they are, I know nothing about them.

I am better they tell me, & next week I may go away to the sea. I hope I shall. Life on [----] terms is a mistake.

Yours Ever,

W.E.H.
The Chummery[,]  
South View,  
Crowborough,  
Sussex[,]¹  
25 February 1897  

Dear Blackwood,

A line to thank you for yours, & to hope that the article will come off.²

I don't mind -- nor I am sure does Henderson -- what is said about us. Our work is done, & we must stand or fall by the effect of it. What I can't help this being is that there must be some reconsideration of Burns the Writer of Songs. It's not his fault that he has been saddled with the originality of scores of innominates. It's the fault of his Editors, who have insisted on giving him all credit for a great mass of work in which he did but adapt the suggestions -- & more -- of men who wrote long years before him, & whose master-qualities he did but assimilate & turn to his own uses.

Hepburn Millar might write the article; but he might be de par trop loyal to his old Editor. Though I do not think he would. Then Lang tells me the matter has "lamented" him. These be suggestions only. Forgive me for making them. I can't help editing all
over the shop.

Send to E.C. Jack for the Volume. You have but to ask & have.

I am better -- decidedly. But you've only to queer my handwriting to see what "better" means. However, the fine, vigorous air of this place is doing much for me already, & I hope soon to be myself again.

Yours Sincerely[,] 

W.E.H.

1 The Henleys spent about a month here; see Connell, pp.316-17. WEH had been quite ill; see W.E. Henley, Letter to William Rothenstein, 18 February, bMS Eng 1148, Houghton Library, Harvard University.

Letter No. 479  To Arthur Morrison

MS: Rochester

The Chummery,
South View,
Crowborough,
Sussex.

[February/March 1897]

Dear A.M.,

It's a very silly & very intelligent: very fatuous & very decent. Why he should refer you all to Maupassant, Zola, & Co., the Lord alone knows. But he's a Frenchman who can read English: which is something. And C.W. tells me that Galiquane tells him the thing is going briskly. So we'll wipe him up & say no more about him.

I have been severely -- not to say seriously -- ill, & am here for a change & a rest. I am still on liquids more or less: & I haven't had the heart to tackle an MS. since I came -- a week ago yesterday. Judge, then, of my state.

I paid you extra rates for the Jago. For your apologia the current price -- 15/ a page. If you object, sing out to Heinemann.

Yours Alys,

W.E.H.

-1257-

2 Guy de Maupassant (1850-1893), French novelist. He was novelist of the school of Naturalism, the aim of which was to depict the lives of the lower classes with objectivity and without sentimentality.

3 Galiquane; not identified.

4 Arthur Morrison, "What is a realist?" The New Review, 16 (March 1897), 326-36. Morrison had been called a realist in an attack on his novel; see H.D.Traill, "The New Realism," The Fortnightly Review, n.s. 61 (January 1897), pp.63-73.
My dear Sir,

I've been -- not unwell but -- severely, even seriously, ill; & I am down here to refit. It isn't probable that I shall be in London by the 23rd; but even if I were, I should feel obliged, owing to the condition of my inside, to decline your very courteous invitation. That invitation, under ordinary circumstances, it would have given me great pleasure to accept. For, since Leslie Stephen sent me Omar (when I lay in the Edinburgh Infirmary),\(^2\) Omar has been something of an influence with me; & I should rejoice to do honour to the man who made him acceptable & intelligible to us Westerns -- who is, in fact, very much more Omar to us than Omar himself.

I've to thank you for a very cordial notice of my first Byron -- in The Star (was it?).\(^3\) I thought much of the comparison in your last paragraph: of Byron & Napoleon. I agree with you: that the King is returning from evil, & that other King has returned. If he lay by the way, it shall be, I promise you, no fault of
mine.

But I was laid by the heels at the next moment when I ought to have been stripped for the start, & toeing the mark. And I've lost a good seven weeks. And, enfin -- !

Very Sincerely Yours,

W.E. Henley

Clement K. Shorter Esq.

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1 Clement King Shorter (1857-1926), journalist. Editor of *The Illustrated London News* 1891-1897, founding editor of *The Sketch* 1893-1897 and *The Sphere* 1900-1926; *The Sketch*, a journal of art and actuality, 1 February 1893-17 June 1959; *The Sphere*, a weekly, 27 January 1900 to present.


Private

STANLEY LODGE,

MUSWELL HILL. N.¹

[March 1897]

Dear Archer,

In a few days our Burns III will be published. And I should take it as mightly kind if you could get it for review from the D.C.² You may love or you may loath; but at least you'll read. And I think I may say that the stuff we've got together in connexion with Burns's origins (the Volume contains the Johnson & Thomson songs) is worth considering.³ Much, of course, is old; but a very great deal -- & that the most remarkable -- is brand new; & the complete panorama is (if I may use the word) a buster.

Is Genest a dear book? I've to annotate English Bards, etc, & I know not whither to turn for facts & dates. Do please let me know. Also, the name of any thing else that might [----] be useful. Your own books are in perfect order, & are apparently quite content with their lot.

The Byron seems to have gone uncommon well, doesn't it? I find I tripped a little over Bluebeard⁴ -- (not about the elephants) -- but I hope to put that right in a second Edition (excuse du peu!).

-1261-
I've been abed four days with the fair nymph Colic,
& am not much use to any body.

Yours Ever,

W.E.H.

1 The address is printed in the centre of the page.
4 WEH is probably referring to his note that Lady Caroline Lamb wrote Glenarvon (1806) and adapted some lines from Byron's The Corsair as a motto; see WEH's Byron, 1, 410.

-1262-
My dear Bruce,

I know not what to say to you I'm glad or sorry. But I know quite well how I feel. Let me know, if you've time, how things go, & when we may, perhaps, expect to see each other again.

To answer you: -- "Greenock is furious" with us for our "treatment of Highland Mary." I wonder, will it run to dynamite, or a choice between the dagger & the bowl? Short of these methods, the Mariolaters can't hurt us; for we have 'em in a cleft stick. We think of taking up the cudgels in the N.R. on our own ait & part, & dissipating the silly, sentimental superstitions once & for all. But this is between ourselves -- I mean, between you & me. For the rest, I don't suppose that Wallace & Co. will touch the question: being afraid to do so for Burns's sake. They know enough to know that between 1784-6 he was behaving pretty badly all round. Paton, Campbell, Armour -- they are all going about the same time. And they've spent their wit so long to show that "Such a moral man was Werther" -- you know the rest!

I've begun the Terminal, & find the work quite
interesting enough to carry me on.

Yours Ever,

W.E.H.

The Latest Champion

of

Highland Mary

is

Francis Watt!!!!

Why not Charles Baxter?

The "bare-legged Beatrice[" hits 'em hard[.]."

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1 The address is printed in the centre of the page.
2 Mary Campbell spent some time at Greenock. "Seriously examined, her [Mary Campbell's] cult -- (for cult it is) -- is found an absurdity"; see Henley and Henderson, 3, 309.
3 H. and H. [W.E. Henley and T.F. Henderson], "The cult of Mary Campbell," The New Review, 16 (June 1897), 674-86.
4 Elizabeth Paton bore Burns an illegitimate daughter in 1784; see Henley and Henderson, 4, 259. Jean Armour bore twins to Burns in 1786; see Henley and Henderson, 4, 292.
6 Not identified.
My dear Archer,

Henderson sends me a long column from to-day's D.C., which he insists is yours. I don't know, after what you told me, in the beginning, that he's right; but it reads like you, & if it be yours indeed, then let me thank you for it, to begin with, & go on to compliment you for the most sensible Scot (Henderson excepted) I've ever met.

I am really obliged to you for putting your foot, for all it's worth, on the silly complaint that we want to belittle the Bard. And you get as near as next to nothing to the facts of the case in your statement of what Burns did. But I think you scarce realize the immense advantage to him the corpus of folk-song was on which he worked. Did you ever try to write a song? If you ever have, you'll know what a suggestion's worth. Given the "lyrical idea", & you are right. It takes time & trouble; but you're right. R.B. had his lyrical ideas ready made; & more R.B. had the sentiment[,] the feeling, the tone, the style, even the type -- all ready to his hand I think, & so does Henderson, that he owes as much to the old Innominators.
as the old Innominators owe to him. And as a person who has written songs I never open his book without wishing I'd had, or possibly have, "'arf his complaint".

I have been miserably ill; & I'm two months behind every thing. Even now I am not myself & my Burns Essay is done with effort & at a snail's pace. And this is why I've never asked you for Genest. When the Burns is done, you'll hear from me; for I must fall in to Byron II with all possible insistence. Till then -- -- -- !

Don't the old Deacon-Admiral-Beau stuff look monstrous fine in the Edinburgh edition type?³ My feelings, when I gaze, are pretty much those of a dustman in a duke's robes. But I don't wholly dislike myself, even so.

Yours Ever Sincerely[,]  

W.E.H.

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1 The address is printed in the centre of the page.  
2 WEH is mistaken in the date as the review was published on 23 April 1897.  
3 Vol. 23, Drama.
Letter No. 484  To Robert T. Hamilton Bruce

MS: Beinecke

STANLEY LODGE,
MUSWELL HILL. N.¹
19 May 1897

My dear Bruce,

I am sorry -- how sorry I do not need to say. But -- after the landsales -- I'm no whit surprized.²

I say no more; because I hope to see you very soon. Come whenever it best suits you.

If it were possible, I should like to put out the Muse this Autumn. Before however, I make up my mind as to the contents of the reprint, I must see Rosebery, & try to make him show me his Glenriddell Collections. He might join; but I do not believe he will. Meanwhile, I've peppered [----] the Essay with allusions, & have made it clear that bawdy was a talent of the Bard's. In a note I shall make it clear that it was the weakness, or rather taste, of his age;³ & that if he hadn't it, he'd have been a monster.

Yours Ever,

W.E.H.

¹ The address is printed in the centre of the page.
² The subject matter has not been identified.
³ Henley and Henderson, 4, 299, note.
To William Blackwood

19 May 1897

My dear Blackwood,

I am returning the four Volumes of Johnson's Museum which you were so kind as to lend me, with all manner of thanks. The loan was worth much to me, & saved me a great deal of trouble.

I'm afraid we must lay out your critic, in respect of our Vol. III. I had purposed for divers reasons (which I'm sure you'll guess) to hold my peace; but the Mary Campbell superstitions came to such a head that we had no choice but to [----] [----] [----] assume the offensive; so that Maga has had to take her place with the rest. The truth is (this for your private ear) the review was both ignorant & silly: as it were a country parson on Strauss & Renan. It reads too as though it had been edited by somebody who knew nothing of the book, but was anxious to score against one of us. Don't, please, think I'm blaming you for a moment in any way. And do, please, remember that our Fourth Volume, with my Essay on Burns, is yet to come; so that your reviewer may live to rend me piecemeal in the market-place, [----] [----] [----] [----] while "puir auld Scotia" stands & yellochs by. I only want to tell
you how it (the article) seemed to us, & to assure you
that, but for the Highland Mary business, we [----]
should have passed it by.

I had a bad turn in the early part of the year: a
turn that kept me idle for two months & more. But I
think I'm better now.

Yours Alys Sincerely[,] 

W.E.Henley

1 The address is printed in the centre of the page.
2 David Frederich Strauss (1808-1874), German
biblical critic; Ernest Renan (1823-1892), French
historian and biblical critic.
Letter No. 486 To Lord Rosebery

MS: NLS 10110 ff.69, 70, 70v

STANLEY LODGE,

MUSWELL HILL. N.1

19 May 1897

Dear Lord Rosebery,

I have at last got off my "Essay", so that the Centenary Burns is as good as done: though the Essay is still to pass through the press. Now I purpose to put through The Merry Muses with all possible speed; & before I begin the work, I want, if I may, to talk with you, & if I may, persuade you to show me that volume of Glenriddell Collections. The M.M., as it stands, consists of 95 numbers, some by R.B., some tickled by R.B., some folksong pure & simple. What, as an editor, I wish to see is how many of them are included in your collection. For, in truth, this is, not a reprint of a bawdy book but, a private publication which (a) is of the greatest possible interest to the true student of Burns, & (b) is the most striking collection of folk-bawd which, so far as I know, exists in literature.

I am clear of my Burns, for the moment, &, being very tired indeed, I haven't yet gone back to my Byron. If you care to see me, I will come to you in Berkeley Square [----] [----] [----] [----] any day you please. I've not been outside my own gate for at least two

-1270-
months: not, in fact, since I re-entered it after convalescing from a [----] bad, bad illness in the early part of the year. Such has been my devotion to the Ploughing Poet! But if you can give me a quiet half-hour -- -- --!

May I say that I've read your Centenary speeches with profit & with pleasure, both? I could wish that you hadn't kind of bracketed Shakespeare & the Bard. But then, of course, I'm an Englishman. But I'm grateful no end to you for declining to have any white washing, & for looking the facts of those last years at Dumfries full in the face. The bourgeois, the genteel, the barley-sugar Burns of the latest apotheosis is impossible. I have tried to show him as he was: the peasant of genius, killed by his environment & his temperament -- a Mirabeau without a chance, in fact: a Mirabeau without a chance. "Great is his strength", you say, but "great" ã (why not "greater"?) in his [-- --] weakness". That, as I think, is very nearly the last word. [----] Mirabeau-paysan: what chance is there for such a creature? My Dumfries chapter is nothing. For pity's sake I cannot write it. The whole thing goes by default. Given the [ ] & bawding, [-- --] the man couldn't have been [----] other. As you see. And .......

This, I assure you, is written to the "serious Burns student": not to the owner of the Glenriddell
Collections.

Very Sincerely Yours,

W.E.H.

1 The address is printed in the centre of the page.
2 Addresses delivered at the opening of the Burns Exhibition, Glasgow, 15th July, 1896, and at the public meeting in commemoration of the centenary of the poet's death held in St. Andrew's Halls, Glasgow, 21st July, 1896, by ... the Earl of Rosebery ... and others (Glasgow: Hodge & Co., 1896). The centenary speeches were reported in The Times; see "The Burns Centenary. Speeches by Lord Rosebery," The Times, 22 July 1896, p.12, cols.1-4.
3 WEH sums up Burns's final years at Dumfries as "a story of decadence." See Henley and Henderson, 4, 334.
4 Honoré Gabriel Victor Riqueti, Comte de Mirabeau (1749-1791), French orator and rake.
STANLEY LODGE,
MUSWELL HILL. N.¹

14 June 1897

My dear Sir,

I forgot to ask you, in the end, to what address I should send the M.S. of the Merry Muses. Also to say that I must ask you to consider the communication confidential.

On my return, I found a letter from a (Greenock) man to say that his father had seen R.B.'s letters to Mary Campbell, & that they were ever so filthy that they had to be destroyed!

The New Review portrait of the Queen is I assure you, quite worth looking at.² It isn't a photograph.

Very Sincerely Yours,

W.E.H.

The Right Hon.

The Earl of Rosebery, K.G., etc.

¹ The address is printed in the centre of the page.
My dear Bruce,

'Tis a most magnaminous offer; & of course I've communicated it to Jack. But, as I wired on Saturday, £50 is a ridiculous price, & the Magpie will get it from nobody but some b.f. of an American.² In any case, it's for you to ask particulars, & it's essential that the history of the letter be known, as well as it's purport & drift, before we buy.

Rosebery rathered [sic] wondered that he'd not heard from Angus; but said decidedly that £50 was absurred.

Rothenstein is staying with a man named Le Haure.³ He's a very clever little chap, has seen no end of people, & at present is very much in with Legros. If you still thought of buying a landscape -- -- -- ! There is no doubt that the old boy is kept uncommon short.

Rothenstein has "dr'a'ed my picter". I don't really like it, but it [is] the best there is. It's for a series of lithographs now publishing.⁴

The Essay is getting paged: which means that it's

-1274-
by way of being finished. Did you read our "Cult of Mary Campbell" in the current N.R.? We laid 'em out, a lot of 'em, splendidly, I think. I hear it has taken Wallace in the raw. I hope the ass will keep it there while he lives.

In a few days I will be sending you lots of books. They have been of the very greatest use to me, I assure you. As, for that matter, you'll see for yourself, when you come to read the Essay.

I am glad indeed to know that you are taking advice, & especially, that you're bettering. Is there ever a chance of seeing you?

Yours Ever,

W.E.H.

Hole was here 'tother day. He made a drawing of me, & produced a rather splendid likeness of you.¹

¹ The address is printed on the left of the page.
² Craibe Angus appeared to have a letter written by Burns. However, it turned out to be some letters and poems; see Letter No.492, 3 July 1897.
³ Not identified.
⁴ English Portraits.
⁵ Neither drawing has been found.
My dear Bruce,

Nothing can be done till we know what the letter is, & that we can learn from Angus alone. He told a Glasgow Evening News Man all that I told you, & a part of the information was published in that print. I hear that he makes a great hubbub of mystery about the thing; & my own opinion is, that he doesn't want to sell either to Rosebery or to you, for the very simple reason that if either got it, it would duly find its way to me. In fact, he's on the look-out for a sentimental ass who being a Common Burnsite, will not boggle at the suppression of evidence.

I am making enquires -- veiled, of course -- in Glasgow; but nothing's to hand as yet. Meanwhile, it isn't likely that the letter's a forgery; or C.A., who lives on his reputation as a Burns expert would scarce be found adverizing himself with it. What he wishes to do is to pose as a pious Burnsite & to make as much out of his piety as he can. So that nothing short of an explicit enquiry -- either from you, or from Jack -- as to the history & contents of the letter will secure. Nobody in the world would give £50 for a mere Burns
letter; & for a mere Burns letter Angus isn't the man
to ask more than he knows he'll get. Either, then, the
letter is a forgery or a piece of extraordinary
interest. Which of the two it is for the seller to
declare: or, of course, there can be no sale.

As I wired to you, Jack accepts your offer with
joy. But nothing can be done till Angus speaks.

We go to Hatley Cockayne this afternoon till Friday
or Saturday -- I know not which. Meanwhile, I'm
sending you 17 volumes: 13 (bound by Z) in a box
insured; 4 in a common parcel. I still have Nash & the
Bannatyne MS.3

Your Ever,

W.E.H.

The enclosed [----] from Henderson (an expert in
another sense) is very well worth your study.4 I agree
with every word of it.

1 The address is printed in the centre of the page.
2 The Glasgow Evening News, 11 February 1888-23
   September 1903. Despite extensive research nothing
   has been found in The Glasgow Evening News.
3 Nash has not been identified.
4 Not identified.
STANLEY LODGE,
MUSWELL HILL. N.¹
Thursday.
[Late June 1897]

My dear Bruce,

Just a line. The Magpie is merely playing with us. His letter would be useful -- useful exceedingly. But I'm d -- d if I'm going to take it on at his own price. So I've decided, with all thanks to you, the most magnanimous of men, & Scots, to let it go, unless, in answer to a categorical enquiry: -- "Have you such a letter? Will you let me see it? And what is your price, within reason?" : -- he owns up, & ceases to play booty, within ten days from now.

It would be good to get the letter, of course: always supposing that it's what the Shaggy One says it is. But we all know that Burns was drunk at Dumfries; so if he (C.A.) don't want to let us see R.B.'s own hand o'write on the subject, he can e'en go hang.

The essay is about 100 pages long. I hope -- & I believe -- you'll like it. I am positive it'll disappoint & mortify the Angus-Wallace-McNaught gang.² And there you are! A few weeks more, & we shall know.

If you've any stuff you think shd. be included in the Merry Muses, send it on.

-1278-
Yours Ever,

W.E.H.

1. The address is printed on the left of the page.
2. David McNaught, editor of the Annual Burns Chronicle.
STANLEY LODGE,
MUSWELL HILL. N.¹
28 June 1897

Dear Lord Rosebery,

I don't suppose that there will be any difficulty in the matter of the three copies.² But I am not yet sure. In any case, I will give you the benefit of any such doubt as there may happen to be.

My Burns is fast getting paged. And I begin to be rather well pleased with it than not. I cannot swear that I have the Man; but I think I've come very near to getting the Poet. However, -- -- !

That old scoundrel, C.A., declines to say anything about the letter of which I spoke to you. I am sure he will not put it on the market till our Vol. IV. is out, & we can make no use of the information it sets forth. 'Tis a pity -- for Robert's sake, mostly. But it can't be helped.

I am not without a hope of meeting you -- some how & somewhere -- again. If I should not, I adjure you never to blush on the question of a statue to R.L.S.

Very Sincerely Yours,

W.E.H.

¹ The address is printed on the left of the page.
² Probably The Merry Muses.
My dear Bruce,

So be it! If the letter -- which now turns out to be a batch of letters & songs -- be all the Magpie says, it's worth £50, at least. And we ought to have it for the Muse. But I don't suppose we'll get it; nor Lord Rosebery either. God made that particular type of Fool for our destruction & our exasperation. And He seems to be mighty generous to him in the matter of opportunities. Well, well! When I think that R.L.S. himself had already revealed his true face ere he died, & would have applauded Angus's innominate -- I am rather glad that I am myself, & you are you, & that we, & one or two others, live a life of our own, & are going to reprint the only copy of the true M.M. we know.

I reinclose the first communication from C.A. The second I have sent off to Henderson; with instructions to return it to you at Dornorch. If I could get the particular letter of which I spoke to you -- the letter about the Globe dinner & the sleep à la belle étoile which settled Robbie,⁢ my essay would look still better than it does. But the last sheets are in to-day, &
next week I must pass for press. So the bloody Philistine will have his own once more; & we, poor devils, must can do nothing. Well, well! If I were the Devil, & I got my chance with C.A.'s correspondent, I'd distinguish myself -- I would, indeed!

Write soon.

Yours Ever,

W.E.H.

---

1 The address is printed in the centre of the page.
2 WEH had overwritten 6 [June] in the date with a 7.
3 The Globe Inn, Dumfries.
My dear Bruce,

All I can say is: "Go on & prosper!" If we get it, we shall score, & no mistake. But I hope that we shall get it soon, for the Essay's now correcting for the press, & the "Editors' Preface", in which we ought to refer to it, is getting into page. So there you are!

If we get it, make sure that we get it for ourselves, & not for the Shaggy One & The Burns Chronicle! Verb, sap, sat. [Verbum sapienti sat est].

I hope to send you a private & confidential advance copy of the Essay in a few days. Meanwhile, have no fears for me or it. Blaikie, Jack, Henderson (especially) are all in a tale about it. Only the fanatics will foam. The true men all over the world, will bless me -- so they say. For my Burns is possible as well as great & is set in his right perspective once & for all.

I saw little Rothenstein on Sunday, & we learned with delight that at last our old desire is accomplished, & that some body had got you on to canvass. What's it like? Being a selfish beast, you say no word of it! And both of us are longing to hear!
Don't you like Nicholson's blocks? Admitted, of course, that the Brothers Maris are, etc, etc, [--] what better do you want? I think the Queen as good as, or rather a vast deal better than, is going. And so do we all, & be d -- d to you!

Yours Ever,

W.E.H.

1 The address is printed on the left of the page.
2 No mention was made of any new material in the "Editors' Preface" to Volume 4.
3 Not identified.
SOME UNPUBLISHED LETTERS OF

WILLIAM ERNEST HENLEY 1849-1903

Volume 4

Thesis submitted for the degree of
Doctor of Philosophy
University of Leicester

by

Damian Anthony Patrick Atkinson

April 1991
Letter No. 494  To William Heinemann

MS: Houghton bMS Eng 1335.1

STANLEY LODGE,
MUSWELL HILL. N.¹
2 August 1897

Dear Gabriel John,²

Here is all the W.B. I have.³ The rest went back (per J.W.Gilmer) for [ ]. Please understand that I must have a set of corrected pages; ere I start my [----] introduction. Or I promise nothing.

I have been horribly seedy; & I am by no means myself yet -- tho' better in every way than I was. The Brighton air should do me good, & pull me up, & make me Byronize. Any how, I'm taking down many books, & feel that Vol. V.,⁴ though it's a hell of a job, will probably get done ere I depart the Shadow of the Pavillion.⁵ But for heaven's sake don't put money on the event. I have been devilish ill -- ill⁶ as I never was before. And it has shaken me damnably. When I work, I am better than ever. But the difficulty is to work.

My address is 29 Sussex Gardens.⁷ This to the end (I hope) of August. Come by all means. We shall be delighted to see you. As (I hope) you know.

I haven't seen the August N.R. What has become of me that I -- the Editor -- shouldn't?

And now, a word: please turn on Rudyard, if you

-1285-
can, at once. If he won't, for his old Editor & (you) his present friend, then he is a common brute. But I think he will; for I don't regard him in that light at all. Any how turn, you, him on. I'd write myself; but he has ignored my existence since he returned; & I can't.

Yours Ever,

W.E.H.
Dear Dr. Garnett,

It's most kind of you, & I'm very greatly obliged by the kindness[,] the memory, the thought. But Donner sent me his Essay;¹ & I'm now considering the possibilities of an extract for the New Review.² All the same, I shall keep your copy for a while, if I may; lest my own be lost.

Some days hence I shall know that you are reading, or skimming, my Burns. I do hope you'll like it -- that above all, you'll agree that it's fairly sane. Not being a Northerner, I can keep my head on this crux; & I find that to try to write lyrics is, whether one succeeded or not, no bad preparation for writing about a real lyricist. Any how I have done my best, both as one who has lived & as one who has tried to write; & I can't help thinking that my Burns is nearer the truth than has yet been got. Whether I'm right or wrong is for you & a few others to decide.

Meanwhile, the Wicked Lord B -- advances but slowly. I am dead tired, & the heat has beaten me (hence the present address). However, I hope for the best; -- & if I live to say my say about Shelley &

¹
²
Keats (of whom I think the world) & that flimsy ruffian,\textsuperscript{3} that second-hand Giaour-Cain-Corsair-Juan,\textsuperscript{4} Trelawney,\textsuperscript{5} I shall be well content[.]

Yours Very Sincerely,

W.E.H.

---

1 Donner has not been identified.
2 Nothing is published in the N.R. under Donner's name.
3 No essays on Shelley and Keats by WEH have been found.
5 Edward John Trelawney (1792-1881), writer and friend of Shelley.
My dear Bruce,

The heat has so crippled me that I had to accept the offer of this house & come down here: which I did next Wednesday will be a fortnight. I am better for the change; but not much -- as yet.

Forgive me if I couldn't quite make out your last. I gather that you approve. Which is what I hoped you'd do. But I gather that you don't think Burns a peasant. Which amazes me. Also I gather that you do think him "a supreme master of construction". Here I simply cannot follow you; for I don't know what "construction" happens to be -- I mean, the sense in which the word presents itself to you. However, -- --!!

As to the storm, it would have come in any case. But I imagine it will blow over; &, unless some infuriated Burnsite hack my head with an (empty) whiskey bottle ... !!!

You say nothing of the letter: so I suppose there is nothing to be said.

C.B. has conceived the magnificent idea of buying you out of the M.M. corner, & selling 100 copies at £5/5 apiece.

-1289-
I see not a little of Rudyard: who is living, in his uncle Jones's house, at Rottingdean. ¹

A scandalous depreciation of R.L.S. in the current Athenæum: "Theodore Watts" all over it. ²

Here till the end of the month.

Yours Ever,

W.E.H.

¹ North End House, Rottingdean, Sussex, the home of Sir Edward Burne-Jones, Kipling's uncle by marriage.

To H. G. Wells

MS: Illinois

Stanley Lodge,
Muswell Hill, N.
14 September 1897

My dear Wells,

It's the best pot-boiler I've read. Much thanks for it. It made my wife quite ill.

I've been to Brighton & back. And I'm better. But somehow I can't get altogether well.

Yours Ever Sincerely[,]

W. E. H.

---

1 This is the only known extant letter from WEH to Wells for 1897.
2 WEH is probably referring to Wells's The Invisible Man (London: Pearson, 1897).
Dear Lord Rosebery,

I want to include you in the portrait-gallery which is now running in The New Review. Would you presently give Mr. Nicholson a sitting? It's nothing formal, nothing terrible: just a few moments of talk, & (as he works from all the documents he can lay hands on) the thing, so far as the sitter is concerned, is done.

Our next (October) is Rudyard Kipling; & after him Cecil Rhodes. Then I should like to place Lord Rosebery.

Burns IV is out at last. I hope that, if you do me the honour to read my Essay, you won't disagree with me all over the shop (so to speak): that, in fact, you'll make allowances for my Southern blood breeding. I have seen two or three Scots reviews; & really, they are quite respectful. I had looked for the shortest shrift & the longest rope ever known in Scotia's fair domain. And I've not yet got over the shock.

Very Sincerely Yours,

W.E. Henley

-1292-
The address is printed in the centre of the page.

Lord Rosebery did not sit for Nicholson; see Letter No.502, 10 October 1897.


Dear Mrs. Meynell,

You are quite right -- of course. "April should" it is.² And I've corrected it in the little table of Errata prefixed to the Essay. It all comes of trusting to a decaying memory.

I can say no more now -- for I know not if there be any more to say: having heard of, not read, what you have written.³

But I hope you like the Essay. I think it must be all right, for it has sent some Common Burnsites off their wits with fury.

Yours Ever Sincerely[,]  

W.E.H.

¹ The address is printed on the left of the page.  
² Alice Meynell's review has not been identified.
To William Archer

MS: BL Add. 45292 f.124

STANLEY LODGE,
MUSWELL HILL. N.¹
7 October 1897

My dear Archer,

Much thanks. I will "discuss the same" with C.B. For the moment my sole objection is that 7½ p/c. is not enough.²

You published most truly that you are "no Scot" in your feeling for R.B.³ I recognize it, & apologize. One youth,⁴ in reporting on a passage you wrote of, finds a "gentle beauty" in the first six lines of The J. Beggars, & quotes "auld ruined castles gray, etc" as worthy of Keats.⁵ Another (in the British Weekly) has, I am told, examined my whole career, & proved, with extreme particularity, that if I didn't debauch Jean,⁶ & get Ann Park with Child,⁷ & write the Merry Muses, & die of drink & disappointment, & the gids, I ought to have done so; & Burns didn't, & there's an end on't.

Yours Ever,

W.E.H.

¹ The address is printed on the left of the page.
² Archer was intending to produce Admiral Guinea at the Avenue Theatre, London, from 29 November 1897 to 5 December 1897; see Connell, p.325. WEH is
probably discussing his percentage.


4 Not identified.

5 See "Address to the Deil," Henley and Henderson, 1, 48, verse 5.


7 Jean Armour.

8 Anne Park bore Burns an illegitimate daughter in 1791; see Henley and Henderson, 4, 315.
My dear Bruce,

I asked Henderson to send you that number of the British Weekly. I haven't read the rubbish, but I gather that it's the nastiest, thus far, that has got into print. To tell you the truth, I don't believe there will be any storm at all. The Scotsman, for example, is civil: compares me to (1) Carlyle, & (2) Meissonier. This last made me shudder; but it was the most magnificent compliment (come to think of it) the Scotsman could pay me. As for the British Weekly, 'tis the work of one Robertson Nicoll, who has, it seems, conspired with the Wallace wight to ruin the Centenary & sell the wight Wallace's edition -- his reissue of Chambers, that is. What the wretch wants -- & what the wretch won't get -- is recognition from me in print. My work is done, & they may undo it if they can. Beyond that I cannot & will not go.

No: I don't think there will be any storm at all. I fancy that Robertson Nicoll -- (by the way, he is running Annie Swann for all he's worth) -- & Wallace will do their worst. And their pals in the Scots press will do theirs: so that many estimable folk in Scotland
will remain for years under the impression that my Burns is a kind of vocal Phallus -- as it were a Singing Prick. But, as I've said, my work is done; & in ten years time all these audacities of mine will be sheer commonplace. Commonplace so common that none will be at the pains of unearthing them.

I must tell you of a delightful development: Yesterday morning the postman delivered a big envelope, with an address couched in terms so insolent as the writer -- a Glasgow gent -- could make. It contained, no word but, a small assortment of toy obscenities. If I've reached so far home as that, I think I may well sing Nunc Dimittis.5

The English prints are mostly heart & soul with me. But here's the rub: the English public doesn't give a d -- n for Burns. I don't blame it: it has so much besides! Even the Wallace wight admits that Burns is not exactly Shakespeare: though he finds a "tender beauty" in the first six lines of The Jolly Beggars. Even old Grosart, though he believes in Mary Campbell's maidenhead & is prepared to differ here & there & everywhere, admits that my Burns is a man.6 So, old chap, on the whole, I think we'll do. You builded better than (I think) you knew when, long years syne, in the smokingroom at George Square, you told me that your Burns was the last of old Scotland. Any how, that's the view of him that has got to stand. And it has
taken Henderson & me three years to build the beggar
his Pyramides.

I hear that those letters which we couldn't get are
merely documents in so far as Dumfries is concerned.
They will never, so I'm told, get into print. The
shock to puir auld Scotia would be too great.

If you come to London sans seeing us, then shall we
hold you false, [----] man sworn, middering, rot -- in
fact a Common Burnsite. So beware!

Yours Ever, dear Bruce,

W.E.H.

1 The address is printed on the left of the page.
W. E. Henley and T. F. Henderson, The Scotsman, 27
September 1897, p.3, col.1.
3 Jean Louis Ernest Meissoner (1815-1891), French
painter.
4 William Wallace, ed. The Life and Works of Robert
Burns, ed. Robert Chambers, 4 vols. (Edinburgh: W.
& R. Chambers, 1896).
6 Alexander Balloch Grosart (1827-1899), Presbyterian
minister, Elizabethan scholar and writer. The
reference has not been identified.
STANLEY LODGE,
MUSWELL HILL. N.¹

10 October 1897

Dear Lord Rosebery,

I am very sorry. I sigh as an Editor; as a private gentleman I submit. 'Tis a free country, this of ours, after all. But, as I said, I am very sorry. And if, at any time to come, you change your mind, & remove the interdict (for such I take it to be), you will give me great pleasure.

I should add that Nicholson isn't a nuisance at all, in the sense that the ordinary portraitist's a nuisance. He works largely from photographs for one thing; & for another, he doesn't ask a formal sitting -- only a few minutes in which to take informal notes & accept chance impressions. He never saw the Queen in his life, for instance, & had but a few moments with Lord Roberts.² So that you know of "sitting", for which I have the keenest sympathy (having suffered -- suffered!) is rather thrown away by him.

Nothing would give greater pleasure than to report myself at Dalmeny, were it but for 24 hours. But I am hideously behind with my second Byron; & do as I might, I could scarce contrive a visit this year. Besides, if you've read my Burns.....!
It has gone very well on the whole. Of course the Wallace-Nicoll faction has done its best to lie me out of life; & I am something haunted by old gentlemen who believe in Highland Mary's "purity", & insist that one of these days society is to be reorganized on the lines of *Scots Wha Hae & A Man' a Man.* But, as I say, it has served its term. And I [----] am resolved to keep silence -- an absolute silence -- & make no sign of any sort.

Yours Very Sincerely[,] 

W.E.H.

1 The address is printed on the left of the page.
3 "Is there for honesty poverty," Henley and Henderson, 3, 271-73.
Dear Miss Robins,

The musician came this afternoon, & went away with my musical doggerel in his pocket. So that's all right.

As to the prologue: I may & I may not. Thus far, I am barren. Perhaps I shall be till the end. For illness dogs me & my working hours are short. But I'll do all I can.

I am still hoping that you'll have to hold over the play, & that Pew may yet fall to my brother. I have seen him in [----] the part since it was first written -- him & none other. And I believe that if any one lives who could put the poor old Admiral into the evening bill, 'tis he.

The part of the Admiral, too, wants a very great deal of art & temperament. When you're to get it -- & how you're to content me -- is more than I know.

Yours Ever Sincerely[,] W.E.H.

When I said "barren", I meant "very nearly so". Thus far the Prologue goes thus:

The Master sleeps (sleeps on the something height, etc)

-1302-
Here in his ([---] something) name the Prentice speaks.

Not very promising, is it?

1 The address is printed on the left of the page.
3 Archer had asked WEH to write the Prologue: see Connell, p.325.
4 EJH was in America; see Letter cited above.
5 This did not appear in the final version; see Works, 2, pp.130-32.
Letter No. 504 To T. Hutchinson
MS: Gloucester S 8.11

Stanley Lodge,
Muswell Hill, N.
17 November 1897

Dear Sir,

Many thanks. (1) The Essay is reprinting -- at a shilling, I believe;\(^2\) but a printers[''] strike obliges us to hold it over until January, -- & the Poems with it.\(^3\)

(2) You will find some 14 pp. on T.E.B. in the December N.R.\(^4\) It isn't mine; but it isn't the author's either. So it's signed Three-Stars. It's not what it should be -- of course. But it does more for him than ever was done before, & should make some people read his verse.

He seems to have died a perfect death. I had a letter from him a few days before announcing himself at Muswell Hill,\(^5\) & praising the Burns Essay (of which, as I shall ever rejoice to think) he had a very high opinion. Also, speaking with all his wonted graciousness, of you. I have tried to say some thing of him in verse; but it won't come yet. Meanwhile, there is one gone from the world for whom I loved to write; & they that are left are few.
Yours Very Sincerely[,]  
W.E.Henley

Mr. T. Hutchinson

1 Not identified.
3 WEH was producing a collected edition of his poetry; see W.E.Henley, *Poems* (London: David Nutt, 1898). A copy in the writer's possession bears the embossed date 1897 on its front cover.  
Letter No. 505 To William Archer
MS: BL Add. 45292 ff.129, 130v

Stanley Lodge,
Muswell Hill, N.
21 November 1897

My dear Archer,

Glad that Valentine approves.¹ [- - - -] [- - - -] Tell him to be sure to get the right kind of pallor -- a seaman-beggar's tan with the livid quality that comes of Rum & hard living. The corkscrew curls quite natty, too, & the brass wrist-buckle bright & worn with an air.

Gaunt should be old fashioned. Kit a generation later by all means. If Gaunt wears shoe-buckles, let them be of iron. Pew's should be of brass -- very smart; but his crab-shells as avachis & degraded as you please.

As for the Prologue: here it is.² If you like it -- well. Get it put into type, & print it on your programmes. I am not yet pleased with it (I should think not); but I may better it in places, if you give me a proof df. And, if Miss Robins finds some verses too full of syllables, I can easily prove to her that none is, -- if she will give me the chance. For the rest, do as you like. Exactly. Like it (that is) or lump it. And, if you can suggest improvement, buck & fear not.

-1306-
Whether The World be wise or not, I am sure, dear Archer, that you've done your best & kindest, & that your great reward would be the recognition of the Admiral as an evening billster.

Yours Ever,

W.E.H.

Have you the Lyrics? If you haven't, let me know.

1 Sydney Valentine (1865-1919) played Pew.
2 See W.E. Henley, Prologue to Admiral Guinea, Add. 45292 ff. 133, 134, The British Library. The two printed copies are amended by WEH and Archer.
3 WEH's English Lyrics.
Letter No. 506       To Charles Baxter
MS: Glasgow Mitchell

Stanley Lodge,
Muswell Hill, N.
22 November 1897

My dear Charles,

(1) The only copy of The M.M., Ed. 1 -- the only one of any interest -- is with Bruce. It is unique in that it is annotated by Scott-Douglas -- who knew his Burns down to the ground, & had access to MSS. which the prudery of modern owners has withheld from us. What I have is a careful transcript: made for reference & press.

(2) This I will send, of course. But before I send it, I should like to talk the thing over with you.

(3) As for the prospectus: I can't write it till I can recover a certain lamentable (but rather thorough)) account of the thing in The Burns Chronicle by David M'Naught (David the Son of Nothing).¹ The story of The M.M. is obscure. But the book is accepted (with groans & tears & upheavings of the bowels of compassion) by Good Burnsites. And even Henderson was moved to write (in The Centenary Burns) that "it is "probably almost certainly," Robert's work. It consists of ninety-five numbers: some acknowledged Robert, some old with retouches by Robert, some old with never a touch of Robert; & is of the very highest interest both as a

-1308-
note on the quality of Robert's mind & a reflection of the mind of the Scots Peasant reacting against the tyranny of the Kirk. It is, in fact, the most remarkable book of bawd I ever saw. Lewis would have wallowed in it; & every body who reads it will do the same. I will gladly preface & annotate it, & sign my work; partly (a) because I would rather die than let so remarkable a book get lost; & , partly, (b) because I want to give your sainted step-brother-in-law another "sweet morsel" to chew for the rest of his days.²

P.T.O.

(4) How near it came to being utterly lost you'll realize when I tell you that (a) Burns's copy is the only one I've ever seen of the Princeps; & (b) it has been often reprinted, & in every reprint has lost a lot of its original virtue; so that the last (which I haven't seen), is probably a common bawdy book, with nothing distinctive in it. This so true that we (Henderson & I) were attacked with the utmost fury for our references to the book by a wretched bugger who'd only seen the late (say the second) Edition, & was eager to believe, for Robert's sake, that there could be any no other.


E.A.Y.
W.E.H.

-1309-
I hope you read & liked the Essay. I confess I like it. And I read it yesterday for commas for a reprint (at a shilling) to be issued on the Bard's birthday. Not a word to recall.

H.


2 Not identified.
Dear Miss Robins,

I hoped to see you to-day, & thank you for your good opinion. But I awoke with a slight sore throat, & my bronchials in a state of restiveness. So, as the fog was down -- (I hope to heaven it will lift on Monday) -- and I am seldom out of the house, I decided not to face the chance of cold & cough, but to stay at home, & tinker at the Prologue.

Archer made some excellent [-----] suggestions all but one of which I've adopted. I think he's the real author. At any rate he has been the means of making a rather sprawled & incoherent piece of effort a piece of work which can be spoken to a purpose & with a certain pleasure on the part of the speaker.

In my revise I cut the second couplet: which is entirely superfluous, as well as being over the audience's head. And, of course, I've changed the last line, which, in my present mood of penitence, I can't forgive myself for having written.¹

I shall be glad to read the verse to you, though I'm not a reader (R.L.S. thought me the worst in the world, & I returned the compliment; but that's not the
point). When I wrote to W.A., I was a little afraid lest you should find my redundant syllables & half-syllables unrhythmical. They are not, I am sure; but Tennyson, with his timid ear, has spoiled me for the writing of "correct" couplets, & vast numbers besides for the reading of any thing else.

Yours Always Sincerely[,]  

W.E.H.

1  The last verse was a reference to the two authors of the play; see Add. 45292 ff.133, 134, The British Library.
My dear Archer,

I woke this morning with a slight sore throat & a very roopy set of bronchials. The sore throat may be cigarettes; but the bronchials are another affair. So, as I go out but seldom -- say once a month -- I "concluded" to stay at home. The fog has all day been choking -- even here. So my regret is a tempered one. My mother died of chronic bronchitis; & my tubes are failing earlier than I expected.

I am glad you like the Prologue. I think it's all right now. If it be, the praise is wholly yours. I've taken every hint (save one) you had to give me. If you've more remarks to make, please make 'em. And I'll follow as best I can. You'll see that I've deleted the second couplet: it is superfluous, for one thing, & for another, it was over the head of the pit. But the next section is a couplet longer than it was. If you've any feeling about "clapped" (the old technical word) in the last line -- which was stupidly written: more stupidly than you say -- substitute "loved".¹

I want a revise; it shall go back in course of post.

-1313-
About seats: please send us half-a-dozen stalls, & half-a-dozen more to

Mrs. James MacLaren Cobban,
12 St. Peter's Square,
Hammersmith, W.
two for herself, & four for Lewis's cousins, Bob & his wife, & Katherine & her daughter, whose address I don't know: with two more to Alfred Nutt, 270 Strand, W.C.
That makes ten on my account (with a box) & four on Lewis's, in whose name, I imagine, some others ought to go. There I cannot [----] help you with; but probably Colvin shd. come in. Our deadheads are all poor but honest -- I assure you.

I think the Prologue ought to be signed "W.E.H." & "W.A." I suppose you mean to distribute?

If you can [----]

Yours Ever,

W.E.H.

1 "loved" was substituted.
2 Archer did not sign.
Dear Miss Robins,

I am very glad indeed to know that you like the Prologue, & feel that you can speak it. I have but one word in the way of counsel to say: -- speak it trippingly & gallantly, stressing nothing, for Sections I & II. Then in Section III -- the last 6 lines -- where solemnity comes in -- you can change your note, make your contrast, & achieve your affect. Yet, even here, the note should not be forced. A Prologue is not a play: it is a piece of verse to be delivered rather colloquially than not -- with touches here & there which make it rather drama than not. But that, I believe, is all it is. That & no more.

Forgive me if I intrude with these suggestions. They are "well meant" any how[.]. I hope they won't unsettle your "conception of the part." That's all.

A word about "Paradise" & "latitudes[..]". You can have whichever line you like: --

["Some thought that Paradise lay across the Line["]: & that "through these latitudes ran the road to hell["]: -- & its alternative. But not both. The thing is, not to repeat a metrical trick: -- A

-1315-
"Paradise" for "Par'dise" & "Latitudes" for "Lat'tudes": -- within three or four verses, & exactly at the same point in the verse, do you see?

I can never thank you enough for the care, the patience, the enthusiasm which you have [----] lavished on this venture. If Lewis lived, he would be more eloquent: he could not be more grateful. And so ....!

Yours Ever Sincerely[,]  
W.E.H.

1 "Paradise," line 17, was replaced by "Eden" and "latitudes" by "parallels"; see Works, 2, p.131.
Letter No. 510  To William Archer
MS: BL Add. 45292 ff.143, 144, 144v

Stanley Lodge,
Muswell Hill, N.
30 November 1897

My dear Archer,

The Press, so far as I've seen it, is better than I expected. Of course there's the usual ignorant stuff in the Mail;¹ & "the boys of the old brigade" -- Times, Standard, & Telegraph (by the way, "dear old Clemmy[""] is a trifle more scoundrelly than is his wont) are hard at it on the good old lines.² But the Chronicle, the News, the Post are excellent in their several ways.³ So I'm better pleased than I'd hoped. [----] Though I fear, with you, that there will be a loss on this production, & that your chance of an evening bill is small.

I hope to get away on Thursday afternoon. Can you keep me a box? If you can, please let it be on the opposite side from my wife's (Box B.) to get at which she had to cross the stalls.

Am I in order in asking for more paper? I want two pairs of stalls for Thursday, & one for Friday: with a pair of circles for that day -- the last. I enclose the addresses. If I could save you the trouble of posting them on to the [ ], believe me, I would.

And in confidence I enclose a letter from Bob

-1317-
Stevenson: just to let you see how the performance struck as intelligent a man as lives -- a man, too versed in the subtlest niceties of acting. What I gather -- chiefly from his letter is that the pace was too slow (see, in particular, his remarks on Act II, which should be taken at speed, & on Pew's death, which came like lightening); & in this he seems at one with you. If you could [----] contrive a reform in this direction -- !!!

Really, "dear old Clemmy" is something of a public scandal. His instancing, as an ideal, of Pinero's one & two line speeches is the most insolent nonsense I ever saw in print. To be lectured on one's rhythms & cadences by the poet of Here Stands a Post is amusing at least. But to have the whole drama -- from Aeschylus to Dumas II [----] tested by the standard Dandy Dick & The Second Mrs. T. -- voyons! For the rest, what rotters they are, these "boys of the old brigade". The Admiral is not a play to them because it isn't like the stuff they know! One wants action, one wants plot, & one wants something else. None is interested in character, & none is interested in emotion. And to one the Admiral is a "sanctimonious buccaneer" (he is neither, of course); & to all, the invention of the somnambulist & the blind man scene, for all their craving for "action", "incident", & the like, is of less account than the spectacle of Mr. Bill
Terris struggling for his Victoria Cross! In truth, a most idiotic & unmanageable lot. Worthy the actor-manager of whom they write.

Yours Ever,

W.E.H.

Later

P.S. The Evening Prints, silly as they are, are friendly. On the whole -- we've scored. Haven't we?

---

1 A.A.B, "A Stevenson and Henley play. 'Admiral Guinea' at the Avenue Theatre," Daily Mail, 30 November 1897, p.3, col.7.
2 "Avenue Theatre," rev. of Admiral Guinea, by W.E. Henley and Robert Louis Stevenson, The Times, 30 November 1897, p.8, cols.3-4. No report has been found in the Evening Standard. [Clement Scott], "'Admiral Guinea' at the Avenue Theatre," The Daily Telegraph, 30 November 1897, p.11, col.2.
4 Not identified.
6 William Terris (1852-1897), actor.
Letter No. 511  To Elizabeth Robins
MS: Texas MS File (Henley, W.E.) Letters

Stanley Lodge,
Muswell Hill, N.
11 December 1897

Dear Miss Robins,

We were sorry indeed that you did not come to Whitehall Court. For one thing, I wanted to talk Admiral to you; for another -- & this, by far the more important -- I wanted to thank you for the infinite care you have taken of our poor old [play] experiment in drama thanks to which, or very largely thanks to which, we have come within measurable distance of success.

I was keenly interested: I didn't know that we wrote so well; & I didn't believe the thing could grip a house. The disillusionizing was in both cases a great pleasure to me. And that is all I'll say about the play. When we meet, which will (I hope) be soon, we'll discuss the actors. I am very grateful to them all; for each of them did his utmost (I'd almost written his d -- dest) to make things sing. If they were not what I wanted, that's my fault -- not theirs. They did their best [----] believed; & they did worked for their belief. And they made a real success -- a half-success even in the Scott-Nisbet sense¹ -- of what I had regarded as a "frost" -- "du fond au [?comble]".

How much of it all is due to you I cannot yet

-1320-
realize. But, believe me, I am just as grateful as if I could. My sole regret is that you did not speak the Prologue nightly. I came to hear it. And I hold myself cheated of a great & peculiar pleasure.

Yours Ever gratefully,

W.E.H.

1 Not identified.
2 It is not known which performance WEH saw.
Dear Hind,

Your letter gave us both great pleasure. Good news is always good news; & it does not always travel fast. So that we found your idea of a special messenger one of peculiar happiness.

You do me honour -- truly -- in selecting any work of mine for distinction; and, on the whole, I am glad that the work you have selected for distinction is the Burns Essay. Yet I am half-disposed to wonder why it wasn't *English Lyrics*. For, to be perfectly honest, I do think the book quite the best bit of work I ever did.

It is a good thing, though, that you have distinguished the Burns Essay: good for me & good, I take it, for Burns. The thing has been grossly misrepresented; & your award will set people -- even Scots people -- reading it for its own sake; so that what I believe to be the real Burns -- what, at any rate, is demonstrably nearer the real Burns than any thing else I've seen -- will begin to take shape in people's minds. And in this way Burns & letters & humanity itself will profit.

-1322-
Yours Sincerely Always[,] 
W.E.Henley

WeH had written 11/1/97.

My dear Lord Rosebery,

I send you the notorious Essay — revised & corrected. I've read it word for word, & for the life of me I cannot see how you get "Vernacular stallion." A neat enough phrase, but (so far as I'm concerned), what the dickens does it mean?

Not having the honour to be a Scot, I am now absolutely convinced that no Scotsman has any business to say anything about Burns excepting as "a Scottish Mumbo-Jumbo." "En [?ceste] foy je veux vivre et mourir."\(^1\) Leslie Stephen says the exact opposite, & bars us English. But I'm sure he says it with a covert grin. As for myself, I never cared for "awful examples," in any line of business, & I'll be hanged if I'm going to see -- & worship -- one in Robert Burns. Meanwhile, the 25th & the "blast of Januar win!" are coming on, & I can look for nothing but death & damnation from millions of orators. So I'm in a fair way of becoming an "awful example" myself. As thus: -- "He's an Englisher. He would write about Robbie. See what's become of it. The Pitt, man, the Pett!" Which is almost too good to be true.

-1324-
I wish you could have seen the letter. There is lots more to be known -- I feel sure of that. And till we know it -- -- ! Meanwhile, I think of writing a little article on Carlyle & Burns. He loathed liqueur, & -- every thing Burns loved. But he really seemed to be the Father of All the Burns Clubs in Creation.

Yours Ever Sincerely[,]  

W.E.H.

1 "In this way I want to live and die."
2 Not written.
Letter No. 514 To Wilfrid Scawen Blunt
MS: Meynell

Stanley Lodge,
Muswell Hill, N.
21 January 1898

Dear Blunt,

G.W. has conveyed your views to me. They are natural enough, I own. And I hasten to confess that the sole culprit is myself. Since my illness last year, my health has been wretched, & my working hours have been so few, that I am a good eight months behind my second Byron. Heinemann has just as much reason to complain of me as you have, as you see; yet to keep myself free for his work I've refused more commissions than I care to say. There is the matter in a nutshell.

I hoped to have the selection ready for the Autumn season. I will certainly have it ready for the Spring. I wish I hadn't to excuse myself; but I must, & on these grounds.

I fear this place does not agree with me, & that I shall never be better till I get away from it. However, Byron II is nearing the end at last, & when it is out of hand, I can take you on -- as I meant to do years ago & I will. And, on the whole, I think you'll find you haven't lost by waiting.

Yours Very Sincerely[,] 

W.E. Henley

-1326-
Dear Blackwood,

Forgive my silence: the house has been full of influenza.

The idea seems, & is, excellent; & the ideas of Blackwood are generally well fulfilled; so I applaud it with all my strength. If you really want me, I might, if health & time be "in a concatenation accordingly" take on Dickens. Indeed, if you threw him to me I should probably rise & gage & get [-----] [-----] [-----] gaffed & landed.

But R.L.S. -- no! For many reasons, I have hitherto declined to write [a] word about him. Since he died, his name has never been mentioned by me in print. When Colvin's book is done, then I may say my say -- if I be still in the flesh -- in Blackwood's or another. Till then, I [-----] must & will be dumb.

You know best what you want. But -- isn't it too soon to write finally -- or even with an approach to finality -- of R.L.S.? I think so; I am not alone in thought.

I note that what you ask is a writer of eminence. Or I should have sent you, with very great pleasure, -1327-
the name of a young friend of mine who knows his R.L.S. to the bones, \& writes excellently, \& is altogether honest \& fearless. Let me know if you feel "so disposed". You'd get a good thing from him, any how.

Maga has been excellent of late. There are at least three articles in the current number which I'd have liked to print. And the beginnings of the new "Looker On" are quite admirable. If he goes on like this, he'll recreate a reputation.

Ever Yours Sincerely[,] 

W.E.H.

[Added by WEH at right angles to the left of the address] I am very grateful to you for the magazine, \& I hope you'll go on.


2 See Wellesley Index, 1, 200, for contents of January 1898 issue of Blackwood's.

3 Frederick Greenwood, "The Looker-on (No.1)," Blackwood's Magazine, 163 (January 1898), 130-46.
Letter No. 516 To William Blackwood  
MS: NLS 4675 ff.99, 100v, 101, 102v  
Stanley Lodge,  
Muswell Hill, N.  
29 January 1898  
My dear Blackwood,  

(1) Many thanks indeed. I hope to take on your C.D. It would give me very great pleasure to set him in what I conceive to be his proper place -- as well as a very great honour. But health's not what it was, & such time as mine must be given, this good while yet, to the wicked Lord B-r-n. So you mustn't be too sanguine.

(2) As to R.L.S., I feel sure that, as a publisher, you are wise & right; & I am pleased to find you falling in with my suggestion that a good youngster is better, far better, than an exhausted hack. Write, then, to Leslie Cope [----] Cornford, c/o Lieutenant Hill, R.N, Cheyney House, Sheerness. (He is just now getting up & taking on the Navy -- on Rudyard K's advice.)[.] If you give him the K man, I shall look after the book, of course; & so, I doubt not, will others. So you'll certainly get a novel & living thing.

(3) Have you yet a man for Thackeray? If you haven't, I believe I can give you the very best in the world. At all events, I can give you the man I'd pick, -1329-
if I were on the judgement seat.¹ Let me know; & if I may further obtrude myself, let me know about your George Eliot.² I don't believe in the withered hack. But I do believe in good work; & I think -- I am sure, indeed -- I know where to get it.

(4) I've writ to Whibley,³ & I doubt not that he'll write to you. Fitzmaurice-Kelly, of whom, I think, Hepburn Millar spoke to you, appears to me to have read every thing & certainly writes with any amount of brio & gest & style. He is busied just now on (a) a monumental reprint of the princeps of D. Quixote, in the style of the Cambridge Shakespeare & (b) a short history of Spanish Literature;⁴ so that probably he won't attack you for some little time. When he does, though, cherish him; for he's worth it.

(5) As for Colvin's R.L.S.: if I'm alive, I'll certainly take it on for you. But God alone knows, when it will be ready. You shall have due notice of it -- if I'm alive. And that's all I can say.

(6) I wish that poor dead woman hadn't committed Maga to such a frightfully reactionary view of the Centenary Burns. But for a real bit of Ebony on the book would just now, I feel, have done much, especially for Burns. However, it's past praying for now.

Yours Ever Sincerely[,] W.E.H.

-1330-
P.S.

Reading this over. I am amazed by my own impudence in suggesting this name & that. But I can't help it. The truth is I should have been a Scot; & then -- who'd have noted it.

1 C.F.Keary; see Letter No.517, 4 February 1898.
2 Sidney Lee was to have written George Eliot. The book, though advertised in the Modern English Writers series, was not published.
3 WEH's letter to Whibley quoted in Connell, p.333.
Letter No. 517  To William Blackwood

MS: NLS 4675 ff.103, 104

Stanley Lodge,
Muswell Hill, N.
4 February 1898

My dear Blackwood,

Many thanks for yours, & for all the kind words you say to me. I think -- indeed I am sure -- that Cope Cornford will justify his edition.

The man of all men who could do you the final Thackeray is C.F. Keary, once Assistant Keeper of the Coins, author of that sound & admirable novel (a "dead frost," as they say) Herbert Vanlennert -- as competent a book, on all issues, as, I think, I ever read. He is, above all, a workman: a name I seldom have occasion to use. But I'd back his right to it for all I'm worth. I think he'd write of Thack with that sober & intelligent enthusiasm which is exactly what (I conceive) is wanted in such books as these of yours.

About his fitness for producing a really satisfactory George Eliot, I am doubtful. He said he'd take the lady on -- with pleasure even. But -- ! I can see your difficulties, & though I am certain that he'd produce a satisfactory piece of work, yet you mightn't like it -- or rather the Firm mightn't like it. And there you are. I should say that his Thack, would be a sober masterpiece. I wouldn't put my shirt on his
George Eliot.

His private address I have mislaid. But write to C.F. [--] Keary, Savile Club, 107 Piccadilly, W., an you take me on. And --

If you've ought else to ask me, ask it frank & free & gay. I sit here, anchored to these informal essays with a piece of work in front of me which must be done, & [--] will be done slowly. But I am "all there when the bell rings"; & , sitting closer to the heart of the factory than you, I can generally give kind tips. If you want any, here I am.

When you come through London on your way (Inside) [sic] seawards, or southwards, come & see me. Next week I shall write to you about Kelly's Don Quixote: a reprint of the Spanish princeps. It's a notable piece of work; & it's Walter Blaikie's best book -- thus far. Maga, thanks to Lockhart, has a Spanish touch & tradition.¹ Is there any Scotsman who could take it on for you, & of whom you'd ask a review?² It is dedicated to W.E.H., or I'd ask space for it myself -- ill & sterile as I am. But one cannot review a dedicated book; so I simply sit still & ask questions.

Yours Ever Sincerely[,] W.E.H.

¹ Charles Francis Keary (died 1917), novelist and writer on history and philosophy, worked at the
British Museum.


3 Keary did not write the book, it was done by Whibley; see Charles Whibley, *Thackeray. Modern English Writers* (Edinburgh: William Blackwood and Sons, 1903).

4 John Gibson Lockhart (1794-1854), scholar and novelist, editor of *The Quarterly Review* 1826-1853. He was a major contributor to *Blackwood's Magazine*.

Letter No. 518 To William Archer
MS: BL Add. 45292 ff.149, 149v, 150

[Stanley Lodge, Muswell Hill, N.]
10 February 1898

My dear Archer,

Choose me another than XI, if it be so.¹ Raleigh has taken to both & I may not part him from them. I fancy we shall soon reprint. But these things are in the lap of the gods. I bulk so small, you see. I don't produce a vol. a year. Still, I am satisfied. And I know you will not think me over-glorious if I confess that I think my book's a book. If I could do the next -- but I hesitate to try. The effect of that Epilogue has been so strong that I am almost persuaded I shd. never have written it.² However ... !

The letter is a curiosity.³ Obviously, it was written in a coffee-shop, or one of Lord Rowton's cubicles,⁴ by some old drunken, decayed Oxonian. The fancy of referring my rhythms to Sir Philip Francis (it is Sir P., isn't it?) is [ ].⁵ I'll look up a crib to-morrow, & see how far he's right.

I read a lot of your lecture in the Academy: together with Gosse his "effusion" & your answer.⁶ Truly I know not how to thank you for your brave words in my favour. So I'll scarce try, I think that where I differ from all my contemporaries excepting Yeats is in
this: that I could do what they do if I thought it worth doing, but they can't do what I do, try they never so hard.

I wonder how you find the corrections. A remark of yours, about "Whose upshot all men face but no man knows", has always stuck in my gizzard; because I felt it just. I've burned & purged away the line at last, & feel happy.

Can you take on Kelly's Don Quixote for the D.C.? It is a reprint -- the first ever done -- of the princeps, with notes in the manner of the Cambridge Shakespeare. All the Spanish editions are based on Ed. 2, & many disfigured by the grossest blunders in the matter of emendation -- some being practically rewritten. Kelly, who began the work with Ormsby, has given the first clean text ever published. His Introduction, in Spanish & English, is path-breaking & epoch-making both. We English have always done better by the good Knight than his countrymen; and I feel that this time we've surpassed ourselves -- especially as the book is quite the finest piece of printing the Constables have ever done.

Yours Ever,

W.E.H.

What you say of the verses "To M.E.H." touches me home. It is four years to-morrow since she passed
from us, & -- -- But I'll say no more than it pleases us both to find you feel I've reached this high.


2 "These to you now, 0, more than ever --," Poems, p.256; also Works, 1, pp.239-40. This was a poem about WEH, Anna and their daughter.

3 Not identified.

4 Not identified.

5 Sir Philip Francis (1740-1818), diplomat.

6 "Some living Poets," The Academy Supplement, 5 February 1898, pp.151-52. A report of Archer's address to the Society of Women Journalists on "Some Living Poets," where Archer praised WEH among others but omitted some poets. Gosse attacked him for this (in the Daily Chronicle) and Archer replied that his lecture was limited by time and was not all embracing.

7 Not identified.

8 Archer did not review Don Quixote; see Letter No.523, 20 February 1898.

9 John Ormsby (1829-1895), journalist and translator of Spanish.

10 "Rhymes and Rhythms. XVIII. I.M. Margaret Emma Henley (1888-1894)," Poems, pp.239-41; also Works, 1, pp.226-28.
Letter No. 519  To William Blackwood

MS: NLS 4675 f.105

[Stanley Lodge,
Muswell Hill, N.]
12 February 1898

My dear Blackwood,

We breakfast (disjune) at twelve sharp. Try to bear up for it. I think I can convince you easily that Keary is the only man.

Many thanks for your gracious & most acceptable words about the Quixote. We'll discuss that also.

Cornford is dead on to the Stevenson. And I'm to lend him my copy of the Edinburgh Edition.

Yours Alys Sincerely[,]

W.E.H.
My dear Craik,

Many thanks for yours. The Outlook isn't mine;¹ but I'm interested in it, & I hope it will do. Probably, as it isn't mine, it will.

I am grateful for your good word sharing my view of Burns. Have you read my Essay? I haven't a copy on tap, or I'd post it with this. It costs but a shilling any how! I think I've got as near to the man as any one; & I've praised him on the whole too much[.] But Lord! if you'd seen the Scots papers on the 26th January last!²

Yours Very Sincerely[,]  
W.E.H.

¹ WEH had resigned as editor of The New Review with its final issue of December 1897; see the following announcement, The New Review, 17 (December 1897), p.605: "With the present number Mr. W.E. Henley resigns his editorship of The New Review. This step is forced upon him by uncertain health and the necessities of his own literary work. In consequence of his retirement it is not intended to continue the publication of The New Review in its present form. An entire break will be made with the past. Shape, price, style, mode of publication -- all will be changed." The new journal was called The Outlook and New Review, later The Outlook, weekly January 1898-1928.
Craik was referring to WEH's article "Views and Reviews. The Burns Superstition," The Outlook, 5 February 1898, pp.6-7, in which WEH attacks the popular and uncritical view of Burns as the greatest poet. He decries the myth and looks to the reality of Burns the man and poet.

For example, "Mr. Henley and his notorious Centenary Biography, " The Scotsman, 26 January 1898, p.8, cols.2-3; and "Burns Anniversary Celebrations," The Edinburgh Evening News, 26 January 1898, p.4, cols.3-5. One of the speeches reported in the latter paper described "Mr. Henley's book as hallucinations of an irresponsible literary hack."
My dear Archer,

An excellent article.¹ I wish they'd furiously rage against it all Scotland over. I believe we'll end by blowing up the pot-gutted, respectable Fetish you wot of; but O! if you'd seen the Edinburgh papers on my poor little note in The Outlook, you'd despair.²

Yours Ever,

W.E.H.

Can you help a countryman to a little reviewing work on the D.C.? He is hopelessly crippled & deformed, but writes English & has a valiant soul.

¹ Not identified.
² For example, The Scotsman, 8 February 1898, p.4, col.5; "Who is this literary iconoclast who has come out to destroy our Scottish literary idols?"
Letter No. 522 To Arthur Morrison

MS: Fales

Stanley Lodge,
Muswell Hill, N.
18 February 1898

My dear Morrison,

I like your collected Poems -- though I says it as shouldn't.¹ I have duly transcribed the improper piece of verse which you sent me in your letter, & hope your young friend will profit by it.² I didn't know Robertson Nicoll was such a swell. Where the deuce did he get his jargon? It isn't faultless, of course; but it's very good. Perhaps Crockett helped him. That would explain every thing -- wouldn't it?

I suffer lassitude, lassitude, lassitude -- & a sense, an overpowering sense, of sterility. Not in all my born days have I been so barren as I am now. I hope it's this strange, unnatural winter. If it ain't -- -- !

Come & see me soon. We've rearranged our day, & disjune at twelve. I want to talk about Essex as a possible home; for they are building us in steadily, & besides, this autumn & winter on these wet days have played the mischief with me. I've the house for another year; but at the end of that time Muswell Hill will know me, alive or dead, no more.

-1342-
Yours Ever,

W.E.H.

1 WEH's Poems was published in January 1898. Morrison's review has not been identified.
2 Neither the verse nor the "young man" has been identified.
Letter No. 523 To William Archer

MS: BL Add. 45292 f.152

Stanley Lodge,
Muswell Hill, N.
20 February 1898

My dear Archer,

All right. Yours is henceforth the King in Babylon:¹ the thing that of all I am most proud.

The reprint was ordered on Saturday; so, you see, we've lost no time on [   ] & our verses. And as yet I've seen but three reviews -- Echo, Telegraph, & Post.² I suppose there have been others. But they can't have been many. For the press-list was the shortest I ever signed.

I should have like you to take on the Quixote -- if only that you might have owned the noblest book the Constables have ever made. But so be it!

Yours Ever,

W.E.H.

---

My dear Sydney,

Very many thanks for the fifty. I wish that Arthur would declare himself! His intentions are honourable, I know. But I should like to know how honourable they are.

I hope with all my soul that Hurd will fall into line: (a) for the journal's sake & (b) for Ted's. He needs work, & he needs money. Work especially. And he is so clever that if he can do a thing, it's certain to be well done.

I couldn't do the Lake this week; for I remembered my promise only when your letter came (late last night); & I understood from Percy H. that the journal closed this morning. But I'll write of it next week without fail. I thought the thing out this afternoon, & I've lots of good to say.

Yours Ever,

W.E.H.
Arthur Balfour, George Wyndham and Rudyard Kipling were independently putting WEH forward for the pension; see George Wyndham, Letter to Arthur Balfour, 1897, Treasury file T1/9250/7195, Public Records Office, Kew. On 29 April 1898 WEH, "In recognition of his literary merits and of his inadequate means of support," was awarded a Civil List pension of £225; see Treasury File ZHC 1/6077, 1898, p.127, Public Records Office, Kew.

2 Edward Henley did not write for The Outlook as far as is known.


4 Percy Augier Hurd (1864-1950), editor of The Outlook 1899-1904. Writer and journalist. Connell incorrectly reads Hind as editor of The Outlook in quoting a letter from WEH to Whibley; see Connell, p.332.

My dear F.B.,

We shall be pleased indeed to see you! To-day I feel almost alive; & though I've work on hand which I can never do in time, I don't feel like prussic acid when I think of it. Which is a point gained.

As to our coming to London: well! if we must, we must. But of course you'll come to us -- won't you? I wish I could see you for an hour anywhere, for I want to talk to you as Primrose Leaguer.¹

I don't know if you remember certain articles on Imperialism by one C. de Thierry in the late N.R.² Any how, I've revised them very carefully, the attacks on Joe have been suppressed,³ the eulogies on H.M. & the Great Earl remain,⁴ the thing is timely, apt & useful. I am to preface it with a few words.⁵ And I thought of suggesting to the writer that he would do well to dedicate it to the Primrose League.⁶ Would the P.L. respond? The bookling (Duckworth) is published at 1/6 (I think) more for honour & glory than Oof, & would distribute brilliantly & well.

Tell me your thought. If you like I can show you the sheets. Meanwhile, I am keenly interested in the
matter, & have spent as much time & pencil on it as on at least three numbers of the late, unique, the never-to-be-forgotten N.O.

Our love to you both.

Yours Ever,

W.E.H.

1 The Primrose League was formed in 1883 in memory of Disraeli to further Conservative aims.
2 C. de Thierry [Mrs. J.(Weston) Campbell], "Imperialism (Part I)," The New Review, 17 (September 1897), 316-33; and "Imperialism (Part II)," The New Review, 17 (October 1897), 716-36.
3 Joseph Chamberlain.
4 Queen Victoria and Disraeli.
6 "To / The Primrose League / in admiration of / its principles, its aims / and its effects. / C. De T."
My dear Heinemann,

Many thanks indeed. And now for some thing else. I am in a difficulty, & I want your advice, & if it may be so, your help. Felix Semon has sentenced my brother, E.J.H., to the Adirondacks; he must get there as soon as ever he can; & he wants to raise £200 or so to that end. If he could borrow privily, his wife -- who has an admirable engagement, (American) which starts in August, would engage to give a loan upon her salary (it begins at £50 a week & goes on to £60) of £50 per month so that the whole thing would be cleared off by Xmas next, interest & all. The syndicate, in whose engagement she is, is of the highest character (I forget almost, but I think she calls it "the Boston"), but, for obvious reasons, she doesn't want to anticipate her salary. The questions are (1) Is such a security as she can give marketable? And (2) can you, as my friend (& practically, the only man of business I know, excepting S.S.P.) tell me where the market, if it exists, is to be found.

Again, this failing, it has occurred to me that Mrs.E.J., whose life is a perfect one, might emulate
C.W., & invest & borrow on the investment. Will you


tell me if that be so? She is a good honest creature

(though an American), & though a vagabond, she bears

an excellent name in her profession. Do think the

thing out, & tell me all you can. I'm anxious to help,

& I don't know where to begin. That's the fact. And I

come to you as an infant bleating in the night.

I got Murray II. It's not ill done, & it has many

more letters in it than Heinemann I. Prothero pays me

in his Introduction as handsome a [----] compliment as

one man could inflict upon another. Look it up, &

rejoice on it. I've lots to say, but I won't say it

here. All I will say is that we are not beaten yet.

If you'd rather talk than write about this business

of E.J.H.'s come any day you please. Breakfast, 12.

noon; supper 8.0 p.m.

Yours Ever,

W.E.H.

1 Sir Felix Semon (1849-1921), doctor. The Adirondack

Mountains are in New York State.

2 The engagement has not been identified.

3 Charles Whibley.

4 WEH was mistaken, it was vol. 1.

5 "no one can regret more sincerely than myself -- no

one has cause to regret -- the circumstances which

placed this wealth of new material in my hands

rather than in those of the true poet and brilliant

critic, who, to enthusiasm for Byron, and wide

acquaintance with the literature and social life of

the day, adds the rarer gift of giving life and

significance to bygone events or trivial details by

unconsciously interesting his readers in his own

living personality." See Prothero, 1, Preface, vi.

1350
My dear Heinemann,

(1) No end of thanks about Farmer. What you say is pretty much what I think. I will take your advice -- of course (I wish I'd turned to you before). And we'll give him his fortnight. Meanwhile, the case stands thus: -- He can't push on the book without an advance; & I won't help the book unless I, also, get a show. And, as I've done three vols for nothing, I think a show's my due.

(2) Of infinitely greater importance is my brother's case. Get away from London he must; or he'll die on our hands. There is just a chance -- or rather, there is a very good chance -- that he may, not merely live but, get new life là-bas. He tells me (he has been here this afternoon) that he thinks you not indisposed to make me the surety: I mean that you could lend me £200, which in turn I could lend to him. If this be so, it is the easiest way out of a very difficult passage. He promises a hundred as soon as they [----] get in touch with N.Y., & the rest before Xmas. And as his wife's a woman I'd go bail for £10 to any extent, I am content to do as she asks. In any
case, I am pledged. And (my gut once cleared) there's heaps of stuff left in me yet.

Which stuff I will cheerfully pledge to you. Provided (a) that this be done; & (b) that this be done quickly. 'Tis of the essence of things that E.J. be removed from this place, which is not good for him, at once.

If, my dear W.H., I seem abrupt, pre[-]emptory, rude, don't believe it's any thing but seeming. I am none of these things. I am only a person who asks a favour of you, & asks it in his own way, & -- Voilà.

Yours Alwys,

W.E.H.

---

1 It is not known what financial arrangement WEH made with Heinemann although £50 was forthcoming; see Letter No.528, 19 May 1898.
My dear Heinemann,

I am, believe me, grateful: not only for what you wrote to me but for what my wife reports of your talk this afternoon. And I shall not forget it.

The upshot is: please send me £50 by return, & I believe we can tide things over. But it must, I fear be by return. I may go further afield; but, after the Anna's conversation with the Bells (they are precious little else) this afternoon, I hope it won't.

Yours Ever,

W.E.H.
My dear Billy,

Here's the Introduction at last.¹ A poor thing but it has cost me three nights. Let me have a quick proof, please: for I cannot pass it for press without G.W., & him I'm not like to see for some days.

I am worse & worse, & next week (God willing) shall see me under the surgeon's knife. Come & talk to me about business; or send me Mr. S.S.P. I have behaved, as the saying is, like a pig. I should say "like a pig with piles". But even that's not bad enough.

However, I am advised that cold steel's the only cure, & that the sooner it's done the better. And there you are.

Yours Ever,

W.E.H.

Let me get shot of this Blunt book ere I go to bed.

¹ The Poetry of Wilfrid Blunt.
Dear Blackwood,

Many thanks indeed. Sir H.S. is capital reading. Zack too has great merit here & there; but the poor young thing will be praised out of her seven sentences, I fear, before she's time to assert her real self.

It is kind & kind enough to ask me for work. But I am still a lot the worse for wear: though the surgeon was the best in London, & the operation a complete success: & when I begin to work I've more debts to pay than I can just now see how to handle.

I mark my youngsters, & am proud of them. The Gladstone was excellent. But it would have been a vast deal better, I think, but for that rubbishing old dittum: -- De mortuis, etc". However -- --

Yours Always Sincerely,

W.E.H.
WEH was operated on by H. P. Dean: see Connell, p. 336. Henry Percy Dean (died 1931), surgeon.


"De mortuis nil nisi bonum"; "say nothing but good of the dead." Gladstone had died on 19 May 1898.
THE FISHERY,
WHEATHAMPSTEAD,
HERTS.
22 July 1898

Dear Blackwood,

Is there any room for a serial in Maga for '99? I write on the off chance -- remote as I know it to be -- that there may be.

The author is P. Anderson Graham, author of that very pleasant book *The Red Scaur* (Longman).¹ He's a Northumbrian, & his book deals with the district he knows & the fringe of Derwentwater's rising. I haven't seen it; but he seems to think highly of it.

Yours Alys Sincerely[,] W.E.H.

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¹ Graham did not appear in *Blackwood's*.
Letter No. 532 To H. G. Wells

MS: Illinois

Telegram

[Handed in at] Muswell Hill, 11.49
[Received at] New Romney 12.44 23 August 1884

From: Henley

To: Hills [sic], The Priory, New Romney

Many thanks for news[.] sorry and glad at once[.] hope improvement is permanent[.] will write soon[.] best wishes meanwhile[.]

Henley

1 Wells and his wife were staying with Dr. Henry Hick, Medical Officer of Health for Romney Marsh, at New Romney, Sussex.

2 "My father had an abscess on the kidney"; see Anthony West, p.246.
Letter No. 533 To George Nathaniel Curzon

MS: NLS 9754 ff.160, 161v

Stanley Lodge,
Muswell Hill, N.
25 August 1898

My dear Curzon,

My congratulations are belated;¹ but they are none the less cordial for that. With all my heart I wish you all your best friends wish. I am a [ ] of the Empire, as -- I hope -- you know. And I could wish the Idea in no better hands than yours. Indeed, you have a noble & gorgeous chance; & I envy while I bid you God speed.

The great thing, as I know, is health. Take care of that, & all will be well, & your work will be well done.

I read that I might congratulate you on other grounds.² Let that be as it may. The great thing is that you are Governor-General of India: that you have [----] as magnificent an opportunity, and in as absolute a cause, as ever fell to the lot of man. It is an affair between your Maker & you, now. And I am sure as that I sit here & write, that your Maker will be rather proud of you than not. That means, that the Empire also will be content. And that is all.

I'd like to see you ere you start. But I don't suppose I shall. So take this as the last of me: with
"the mightiest good wishes & with hopes Imperial "to the last degree."

Yours Alys Sincerely,

W.E. Henley

P.S.

But, remember, health -- health above all things.

My dear G.N., 'tis the one thing wanted. Cherish yourself as you would the Empire; & both will be well.

1 Curzon was made Viceroy of India on 10 August 1898.
2 He was created Baron Curzon of Kedleston on 11 November 1898.
My dear Wells,

Just a line. To thank you for yours; to express a kind of general & far-wandered hope that you are really — really & truly — on the mend; & to confess that I find convalescing more difficult work than I'd expected. I suppose it's the heat: which has wilted us both to the point at which wiltedness becomes indecent. We go to the sea (Steine Villa, Seaford, Sussex) on Monday; & there we may contrive to collect a little self-respect. But it will take us long; & for my part I don't despair of coming out of Ninety-Eight with a reputation damaged beyond repair.

What a time you must have had! Only once had I a real spasm. But it served. And it still serves. I have [ ] from my soul. You might write just a bit of bulletin now & then. It would do us both good.

Convalescing is, as I said, hard work. I've been writing, or trying to write, some quatorzains for Heinemann — to Nicholson's London Types.¹ I don't like to think of them; but the pains I've taken with 'em, & the trouble they've put upon me — these things are known but to God & me.

-1361-
I fear that Bowhite is something of a rotter. I must hear him some day, if but to hear an echo of E.J.H. Meanwhile -- -

Yours Ever Sincerely[,] 

W.E.H.

1 WEH wrote thirteen quatorzaines and an epilogue to accompany Nicholson's drawings of London characters; see W.Nicholson, London Types. (Quatorzains by W.E.Henley) (London: William Heinemann, 1898); also Works, 2, pp.101-20.

2 Not identified.
You will note that I use "A Superfine Extra Thick Correspondence", & not an ordinary Christian sheet of note-paper. That means that you may write me as many pages as you will (& you can't write me too many, from my point of view); but that I remains loftily superior, & says no more than can be said on a Superfine Extra Thick. For the present at least!

Meanwhile, where's New Romney? (I think I must have been schooled at Luton, where Geography doesn't "count for grants"). And is there any chance of your wife's escorting you hither? Or is it what the Boy at Rugby calls a "highly delicious dream"?

As for Presence, d---n Presence. I am a Presence: a Presence et preterea nil.

I want to see you. Also I want some day to talk to Gissing: about Dickens -- no less. I had dreamed of an edition (by W.E.H.), which should wipe away the reproach inflicted (is that the word?) on him by Andrew the lang-winded. But never mind. Write soon.

-1363-
Yours Ever,

W.E.H.

1 Of the five known extant letters written from Steine Villa, only one Letter No.537, 2 October 1898 is on notepaper, the rest being on small correspondence cards 11.4cm by 8.5cm.
2 Not identified.
'Tis always the effort -- some times successful some times not -- to get back to normality. But the place has done, & is doing, me good. A week of days like yesterday will send me back to my table. I've not got so far, as yet: despite that Academy. But I am more hopeful than I've been for many a moon.

How I wish you'd have been here to-day: to hear Rudyard talk of Cecil Rhodes & Walter Raleigh talk of every thing! I sat & listened, admiring & perspiring (for the heat was diabolish), & knew myself in luck.

When I am King of Baratonia, you -- & only you -- shall be Cartographer-Royal.

I am sure that your wife is right in all she makes you do. Our hearty commendations to her -- & through her to you. Ask her please to write to us -- "whenever so disposed."

Yours Alys,

W.E.H.
1. WEH is referring to his 50 guinea prize.
2. Kipling had recently returned from South Africa where he had met Rhodes.
3. Reference not identified.
Letter No. 537 To H. G. Wells
MS: Illinois

Steine Villa,
Seaford,
Sussex[.]
2 October 1898

My dear John Wellington,

This from the (no longer) groping hand.

We shall leave this region soon. Our house maid has eloped with a local builder under peculiar agonizing circumstances. What will become of it all I know not (but can guess). Meanwhile, we must also church it. In what direction? Chi Lo sa? Meanwhile, communicate no more till you hear you safely may.

Meanwhile, what's the matter? Why is the 'ome un'omely?^

I went out yesterday, & have been coughing ever since. Also bronchial-tubing. I -- the Presence -- no less! And if the Presence lives up to his bronchial tubes, then, by God, you have a spectacle which can never be enjoyed by me.

I am getting mighty sick of it -- Presence though I be. However -- -- -- !

Yours Alys[,]
W.E.H.

This life is mysterious. For instance; Why should we have come to Seaford to find a local builder who wanted
our housemaid? Why should we have had a housemaid whom nothing would satisfy but a local builder? And housemaids, are they all -- but no! The question is too vast, too spacious, too -- enfin! And the Local Builder; in the Abstract, in the Concrete, subjective & objective; has relations to Housemaids (a) in general & (b) in Particular; his -- -- "O Christ! (says Whitman) "this is mastering me."² Make it a novel, & Pinkerize it.³ As for me, I will speak no more.

1 Wells had moved to 2 Beach Cottages, Sandgate, Kent, in the middle of September 1898; see Mackenzie and Mackenzie, p.138.
4 James Brand Pinker (1863-1922), literary agent. Wells was one of Pinker's first writers; see Mackenzie and Mackenzie, p.113.
Letter No. 538     To H. G. Wells
MS: Illinois
CC
Steine Villa[,] Seaford. [Sussex.]
6 October 1898

We hope to evaporate soon -- now. But no further than Brighton.

I've been really dam sickly. A week -- a Gin Lady some ten days -- of sciatica in this frosty little hole: a germatorium, or I'm no Englishman, of the first type: has run me down -- down -- down. Till I feel as weak as a kitten & as wicked as the worst House-Agent you've ever met.

There are major reasons against Sandgate: which I'll tell you when we meet. I mean against Sandgate as a place of settlement. Meanwhile, all manner of thanks to you both. And I shouldn't wonder if you saw us soon.

Mrs. Cobban has been, & still is, with us. She communicated your last to us. She sends (per W.E.H.) her love, & will write as soon as she gets home.

Yours Ever,

W.E.H.

About the maid: will let you know as soon as we can write coherently.

-1369-
My dear Blackwood,

A horrible cold -- in head & chest -- has made a wreck of me; or I should have writ to you days ago. I am still no good; but we have found new quarters, & there I hope to improve apace.

Hepburn Millar has done his Kipling excellent well. He should have had ten pages more. But within the limits imposed on him he is first-rate.

I like the Autobiography. But I want to see the second instalment ere I declare myself.

To finish with Maga (for the moment): Next week an old friend MacLaren Cobban publishes his Angel of the Covenant -- an historical romance of Montrose. It is a capital piece of work, dealing with covering the same ground, more or less, as John Splendid. A man named Alexander Stuart -- a good writer & a good fellow -- is anxious to compare the two novelists, Munro & Cobban, in Maga; he has broached the matter to your London agent, who seems (they tell me) not considering to take the thing on. If you, on your side, will agree, I shall be personally obliged. As
I've no doubt whatever that Maga would profit, I don't scruple to make the suggestion.

I have seen & talked with L.C.C. Something will come of the interview, no doubt (I've been trying to get to Brighton to be near the fountain head). What -- exactly what -- remains to be seen. Meanwhile, I note that Eve Simpson is publishing a book about R.L.S. in Edinburgh (Hodder & Stoughton). This should be useful. Couldn't we get advance sheets?

Yours Ever Sincerely[,]  
W.E.H.

1 This is the first known extant letter from this address.
2 [J.H.Millar], "The works of Mr. Kipling," Blackwood's Magazine, 164 (October 1898), 470-82.
7 Leslie Cope Cornford was at Ovingdean Grange, near Brighton; see Cornford, Stevenson, p.vi.
Letter No. 540 To Lord Windsor

MS: PM MA 1617

5 West View,
Seaford,
Sussex.
13 October 1898

My dear Lord Windsor,

I should have writ before; but I've been having the vilest of times. We got to Seaford a month syne; & for some days all went well. Then I caught cold; then I began to cough; then I started to run down, & ran -- ran -- ran. Till 'I was about as good a man as when you called on me in Southampton Row.' Then we left that house -- which, we found, was putid with dry rot -- & came to this one which at any rate is clean, & where I am already beginning to pick up a little[.] If we can, we shall presently remove to Brighton; & there -- for the cough has rather frightened us -- there, it may be, we shall winter.

It's horrid bad luck, is it not? Especially as I had begun, & more than begun, to be sure of a useful autumn. But there it is, & I can but make the best of it.

All manner of thanks for the birds. My wife; who is allotted to such matters, joins with me in the strongest terms.

Have you read The Day's Work? There is some of
"Rudyard's best in it. And does Lady Windsor sing? Because, if she do, I'd like to ask her acceptance of a certain album; five songs of mine set by Francis Korbay, whom she may know (he teaches singing at the R.A.M.); & set, so far as I can see, quite admirably.

George Wyndham writes that he is not to go to the F.O. And the news depresses & angers me no end. Of one thing I am glad & for one thing truly thankful: I am not a politician any how.

Forgive this blast of egoism, & believe me,

Yours Ever Sincerely[,]

W.E.Henley

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1 The Henleys were at Russell Mansions, 144 Southampton Row for a short period; see W.E.Henley, Letter to William Blackwood [dictated to Anna Henley], 20 June 1898, 4675 ff.107, 108v, National Library of Scotland. The flat belonged to Christine Steevens; see W.E.Henley, Letter to Robert Fitzroy Bell, 25 May 1898, Beinecke uncatalogued, Yale University.


3 Francis Korbay, Five Songs from "A Book of Verses" by W.E.Henley (London and New York: Boosey and Company, 1898). The poems were: "Bring her again, O western wind," Works, 1, p.136; "Thick is the darkness --," Works, 1, p.134; "While the west is paling...," Works, 1, p.140; "The full sea rolls and thunders...," Works, 1, p.149; and "Out of the night that covers me," Works, 1, p.125.

4 The Royal Academy of Music, London.
5  Sea View[,] 1
Seaford,  
Sussex[.]  
18 October 1898

My dear Archer,

My brother, the actor -- Edward John Henley -- died of tubercle in the throat, at Lake Placid, N.Y., U.S.A., on Sunday last. 2 If you can write of him anywhere, I shall be grateful. 3

We knew him here, chiefly, by his incomparable burlesque of H.I. 4 But there were touches of genius in his scratch performance of Deacon Brodie; & , for my part, I've talked with no actor who knew his art so well. In the States, by what I'm told, he had a very splendid reputation. He seems, indeed, to have been able to do any thing he liked in any line he liked -- to have had voice, presence, charm[,] fun, cynicism, all the gifts. But this is all heresay; so I write no more.

Yours Ever Sincerely[,] 

W.E.H.

1  A mistake. It should be 5 West View.
2  E.J.Henley died on 16 October 1898.
4  E.J.Henley gave a burlesque impression of Henry Irving in F.C.Burnand's play Bluebeard at the Gaiety Theatre from 10 March 1883 to 2 June 1883.
My dear Wells,

Thank you for your letter. I wish you had seen him, the astonishing creature that he was. Even in London, all voiceless & pulled down, he created an impression which sets men wondering that he can be dead -- so instant was his magnetism, so abounding his temperament. I shall always believe that no English-speaking actor since Edmund Kean had so high a gift as he.

I am a bit better this last day or two, & we shall go hence -- unless I back down again -- Early next week. To Muswell Hill, of course; en route, I hope for Brighton.

Have you seen The Day's Work? Some of it is really magnificent. See me on it in to-morrow's Outlook: my first deliverance since the end of May.¹

Yours Ever,

W.E.H.

Dear Blackwood,

Who the Dickens is "A.B.C.D."? I can't so much as give a guess at his identity. Do impart, please!

Is it Walter Raleigh? That's the nearest I can go. If it be not -- -- -- !

Whoever it be, I am mighty obliged to him. He has a gallant mind. Right or wrong, he has that. And I love him for that he has it, & is content to be right or wrong, so long as he gets himself uttered.

I've seen Cope Cornford's additions. They are not bad, of course; but he can't bring himself to steal enough. I can help him but little, I fear. However, I'll do all I can. You may be sure of that. Meanwhile, I want to see what he can get out off Eve Simpson & Miss Black.

I wrote to you about Cobban's new book & a comparison -- a parallel with John Splendid. Yet you have not answered. Why? Tis so easy & so profitable!

Yours Alwys Sincerely[,]  
W.E.H.

Please note the change of address.
A.B.C.D. [G.S. Street], "Some opinions," Blackwood's Magazine, 164 (November 1898), 591-602. This was an essay on literature.

Margaret Moyes Black, Robert Louis Stevenson. Famous Scots Series (Edinburgh and London: Oliphant Anderson and Ferrier, 1898). Margaret Moyes Black, an early friend of RLS and his family.
My dear Heinemann,

I will write again to-morrow. Meanwhile, I send (to S.S.P.) as much of Vol. II as I have done.²

Yours Ever,

W.E.H.

Since the Notes were written much [    ] [    ] has come to hand.

1 The Henleys moved to this address on 19 January 1899; see W.E.Henley, Letter to H.G.Wells, 18 January 1898 [1899], University of Illinois at Urbana-Champaign.

2 Byron, vol. 2.
My dear Wells,

Where & how are you both? It was terrible to think of such atrocious fighting for life & the sofa cushions with that terrific sou-wester. In effect, what has become of Beach Cottage? And what (above all) has become of you?

We have taken a House here for two years. It is airy & fairly spacious, & has lots of grass & windows & shrubs & trees; & I think that in the intervals of building you will envy it, & wonder why the deuce it was you drifted east to Sandgate instead of west to Worthing. We hope to get in our traps next week, & then -- soon -- to ask you to come & envy & admire. But of that anon.

The great thing is: how you are. Did the storm burst you more or less? Or has your concern been simply for Sandgate & that spot of ground whereon (in the absence of V.-Shaped Depressions[]) there should have stood a certain 'Ome?

Forgive me, dear Wells, if I seem to neglect you. The truth is, I am wilted. It takes me so long to make up my mind to do any thing but eat & drink & sleep &
toy with cigarettes that I might be Buddha himself. How & when (if ever) I'm to get back to work is known at this moment only to the Demiurges, the Aboriginal, the Master of us all. And that, at this moment -- that is the sort of hair pin I am. That and not any thing besides [rest of letter missing]

1 St. George's Lodge, Chesswood Road, Worthing.
2 Wells was planning to have a house built at Sandgate, Kent. Work did not begin on Spade House until the spring of 1900; see Mackenzie and Mackenzie, p.148.
3 A person or power creating a world.
Dear Sir,

Your esteemed favour to hand, & a portrait of Mrs. W.E.Henley will be forwarded to your address in the course of the next two days. Meanwhile, permit me to direct your attention to the fact that a copy of a work recently published by me was forwarded for your consideration yesterday, by self & partner, from the distant post office.¹ That work is not, I should add, designed for perusal by the Young; but may be confidently recommended to the mind of riper Years. I trust that it will meet with your approval, I am,

Dear Sir,

Your Obedient Servant,

W.E.Addlehead

[W.E.H.]

¹ Farmer and Henley, 4.
Letter No. 547   To Rudyard Kipling

MS: Sussex

Telegram

[From] Worthing

[Received at] Hotel Grenoble [New York] 4 March 1899

Kipling

Rejoiced dear Ruddy for your sake and England[']s

Henley

1 Kipling had been very ill with lobar pneumonia and the crisis passed on 1 March 1899; see Lord Birkenhead, *Rudyard Kipling* (New York: Random House, 1978), pp. 196-98.
St. George's Lodge,
Chesswood Road,
Worthing.¹
15 March 1899

Dear Mr. Unwin,

Very many thanks for your kind letter. 'Tis true that I've promised to write a monthly article for the P.M.M.;² but I'm still ailing, & shan't begin for a month at least.

Meanwhile, I am greatly obliged by your offer. Please, though, send me only such books as you think best of; & send them here.³

Yours Always Sincerely,
W.E. Henley

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1 The first known extant communication from this address was on 4 March 1899; see W.E. Henley, Postcard to T. Fisher Unwin, 4 March 1899, Berg Collection, New York Public Library, when WEH announced his change of address.

2 WEH contributed a monthly article entitled "Ex Libris" in the Pall Mall Magazine from July 1899 to February 1903.

3 It is not known which books, if any, that WEH reviewed for Unwin, nor in what journal, if indeed, he did review any.
My dear H.G.,

What's up? What form of chastising has a loving Lord inflicted on you? Is "landslip" writ figurative?¹ Or How? Above all, are you really washed? And has your Break begun?² I see nothing in the D.M. so I suppose the [----] soap still whirling & whizzing between you & the Mrs. Wells we've never seen. If I be right, do give us a few facts.

For ourselves, we are full of trouble. Matilda, these eight years our maid, has developed typhoid of a rather bad type. Where & how & when she caught it the Lord aforesaid only knows. But of course we couldn't send her away to live or die of it alone; so we got in a nurse -- a good one, luckily -- & shifted her into the morning room for air's sake & light's; & there she lies, mighty ill & just holding her own. It will be settled this week -- one way or another. In the meantime we are very anxious.

How are you? I am very well. I can neither eat meat nor work; but I'm very well for me. My wife, despite fatigue & anxiety, is thriving. Do send us
news of your twoselves.

Yours Ever[,]  

W.E.H.

P.S.

I have touched the Holy of Holies, I am behind the Veil, I approach Nirvana, I am one with the Most High Gods, I am an advertisement for Eno!  

"Out of the night," too! Heard you ever such blasphemy? By God, if I can, I'll have Eno's blood, & turn it into a fruit salts for jackasses & swine..

---

1 Not identified.
2 Not identified.
3 The advertisement for Eno's Smelling Salts has not been identified.
My dear Elizabeth R.,

It seems aeons since we met & talked. Is there never a chance of you wheeling down to us some Saturday? 'Tis an easy day's ride, through pretty country, & Worthing itself, between downs & scars, is, I think, the leafiest place I ever saw. Already this little angle of ours is a delight & a refreshment to the eye, & a few days hence it will be all chestnut bloom, & white & purple lilac, & golden chain. And we get a good twelve hours' bright sunshine day in day out. And black bird & thrush are at it all the time: as if the world would never grow old, & such things as winter & death had never been.

Meanwhile, we have had bad luck. Matilda, our maid, whom you remember at Croydon,¹ has been sick, well nigh unto death, of typhoid (caught, as we believe, in Croydon). The fever has run its course, but she declines, thus far, to get better, & persists -- poor wretch! -- in indulging in abnormal temperatures. Of course, we've a nurse; but it's pretty bad, all the same.

-1386-
As for my dear Bruce's death, I will not speak of it. I think I scarce realize it yet -- all that he meant to me & all that it means.

How are you both? Do write & give me a little news! And London ... I've a longing to see St. James's Park at Whitsuntide -- under the slant rays of a westering sun. How I wish you could see the sunset as I write!

Yours Ever Affectionately,

W.E.H.

1 Ashburton Lodge, 29 Ashburton Road, Addiscombe.
2 Bruce died on 24 April 1899.
ST. GEORGE'S LODGE,
CHESSWOOD ROAD,
WORTHING.
22 May 1899

My dear H.G.,

It held me all one morning.¹ I can't say no fairer than that -- can I? But my feeling is kind of mixed. The idea is extrememly ingenious & suggestive; the vision of London & the escape are thrilling -- they had me in a kind of nightmare. But I can't believe in the heroine; the hero's morals make me stare & gasp; & -- in short, the latter half is less convincing than the former. Still, it's a big thing in its way, & there's no man living could have done it save yourself.

This is the laziest place. And I am the laziest person. Also, one of the stoutest. I begin to realize why it was that I was up to my ears in love, as a boy, with the story of Rip van Winkle.² When I go back to town (as I may, some time in June) to find nobody there I used to know, & -- by the way, why not make me the Sleeper, & treat the idea from the point of view of farce? There are enormous possibilities in the suggestion -- if you can but see 'em.

I see you've read the Heart of Darkness.³ Lord. Lord, what a thing to have to one's actif. A scrappy

¹
²
³
letter enough, "God wot," as they used to say in
William Morris's time. But the sunset has been
distracting, & there's a little white lilac at the gate
which almost persuaded me to drop into poetry.
Moreover, I have been "took" by the local photographer;
& I've come out like President Kruger. So forgive me
this jottering & unsteady screed.

And give us news of yourselves.

Yours Ever Sincerely[

W.E.H.

1 H.G.Wells, When the Sleeper Wakes: A Story of Years
to Come (London: Harper Brothers, 1899).
2 [Irving Washington], "Rip Van Winkle," in The
Sketch Book of Geoffrey Crayon, Gent. 2 vols.
(London: John Miller, 1820), 1, 53-92. Irving
Washington (1783-1859), American writer. Rip Van
Winkle fell asleep for twenty years and awoke to
find everything changed.
3 Joseph Conrad, "The Heart of Darkness (Part 1),"
Blackwood's Magazine, 165 (February 1899), 193-220;
"The Heart of Darkness (Part 2)," Blackwood's
Magazine, 165 (March 1899), 479-502; and "The Heart
of Darkness (Part 3)," Blackwood's Magazine, 165
(April 1899), 634-57.
4 Stephanus Johannus Paulus Kruger (1825-1904),
President of the Transvaal, or South African
Republic, 1883-1900.
My dear Lord Windsor,

Ivan-Müller tells me that he has resigned, & has recommended that our friend Maclaren Cobban be taken in his stead. It would give me very great pleasure to know that his recommendation had prevailed. Cobban is an excellent fellow, a staunch Imperialist, a writer of high order. Primarily, he is a novelist -- some day, when you want good reading, you must look up his *King of Andaman* & his *Angel of the Covenant*; but he is a capital journalist, & did me good service on *The National Observer*.

Somehow -- how I don't know -- he is nothing like so successful as he ought to be, & [-----] [-----] [-----] [-----] [-----] this appointment would be a great help to him. In the case of an incompetent man the argument implied in the statement would be fatuous enough. But then, he is the reverse of incompetent; so I am not ashamed to advance it.

Worthing has done me good, & is like, I believe, set me on my legs again. Next month I hope to be in town (in Ivan's flat), & there I pray that we may
meet, if but for an hour.

Yours Ever Sincerely,

W.E. Henley

1 Iwan Müller had probably been a member of the board of directors who managed the affairs of The New Review; see Wellesley Index, 3, 305-306. It is assumed that this board also managed The Outlook and that Iwan Müller had resigned from it. It is not known whether Cobban replaced Müller.


3 29 Queen Anne's Gate, London, S.W.; see Letter No.553, 5 June 1899.
5 June 1899

My dear H.G.,

I am glad to know you displeased & mortified & "brought low": for therein lies the root of regeneration, therein shall you find the beginnings of Style. As to which let this [---] only be said now: that sackcloth is good wear, & ashes [?makes] excellent hair-powder. Now & then. And of what I mean, we'll talk when we meet.

Meanwhile, you are in the true way. The thing to do is to write, get type-writing, correct yourself, & lay aside: then, when you've more or less forgotten, hark back & read aloud to Yourself & Mrs. W. That way salvation lies. On that point, O, H.G., I am clear.

We go to London (29 Queen Anne's Gate, S.W.) on Wednesday afternoon: for ten to twelve days. The Châtelaine is by way of being bust, & I, though I am quite the gay lyrist ("heart" & "dart," "love" & "shove", & all the rest) at my moments, am only a bit anxious about her. When you come, you shall hear all things. Meanwhile, be content to know that our Typhoid Case left our hands (in an ambulance) some two hours
since: after at least 10 weeks below stairs.

Yours Ever, Dear Wells,

W.E.H.
Dear Mr. Capes,

Forgive me, please! It was a mare's nest. I thought of the M'Clure-Harper combination; but it appears that you are already of the band.¹

All the same, I want you to know the new English agent -- Leslie Cope Cornford. He is (I think I may say) a pupil of mine; & he's a very good fellow as well as a real man of letters. This without prejudice to A.P. Watt, whose 10 p/c. remains inviolate.

I woke up 'tother morning, about 3 o'clock; & for about a minute & a half the Eddy on the Floor gave me as good a hit of creeps as I can remember to have had.²

Of course, I'll go through those proofs.³ Also, I mean to look at the Lake again, & see [(see)] what -- if any thing -- is wrong.⁴ I mean, with the style. Of course, if you write carefully -- if you write with a care for the mot propre, the swing of the sentence, the life of the phrase -- the Average Jackass, whose ideal of writing is mere ink-slinging, is sure to call you affected. That's nothing. I want to read to see if you are with Meredith (who is impossible, à la fin des
fins) or with R.L.S. When (if ever I manage to do what I want to do) I'll ask you to waste a morning on me. And we'll see.

Yours Always Sincerely[

W.E.H.

How I wish you had been on tap in the days of my hold upon the New Review.

1 Nothing is attributed to Capes in the Complete Index to McClure's Magazine Volumes I to XVIII, inclusive, June 1893 to April 1902 (New York and London: S. S. McClure Co., 1902). Nor has anything been found in Poole's Index.


3 Probably the proof of Capes's latest novel; see Bernard Capes, Our Lady of Darkness: a Novel (Edinburgh and London: William Blackwood and Sons, 1899). It was published in September 1899.

Letter No. 555  To George Leveson Gower

MS: Houghton Autograph file

ST. GEORGE'S LODGE,
CHESSWOOD ROAD,
WORTHING.
22 August 1899

Dear Sir,

It would give me great pleasure to know that you like the songs. There are two-&-twenty & an "Envoy" -- three-&-twenty numbers in all. I will send you a corrected copy as soon as I get one from the typist -- to-morrow, that is, or the next day. I hope you'll find the whole short; for in writing lyrics, I've no thought but for essentials.

I had not seen your father on Werner; but to-day I've read the whole thing, so far as it has give. I can't yet pronounce an opinion; for I've not had time to look up the corpus delicti -- even Werner. But I should be glad indeed to get proof that Werner isn't Byron's. I will say no more now; but write as soon as I can look into things a little closer.

May I add that through Harry Cust & George Wyndham* I seem to know you pretty well already?

Yours Very Sincerely[],

W.E.Henley

*Not forgetting Iwan-Müller!
This letter is "said to be addressed to William B. Fitts," Autograph file card, Houghton Library, Harvard University. However, the contents of the letter indentify Gower as the recipient. George Granville Leveson Gower (1858-1951), politician.

These were the first poems of a collection called Hawthorn and Lavender. WEH's first publication under this title was of thirteen pages; see W.E. Henley, Hawthorn and Lavender: songs and madrigals (London: William Heinemann, 1899).

Hon. Frederick Leveson Gower, "Did Byron write 'Werner'?" The Nineteenth Century, 46 (August 1899), 243-50.
ST. GEORGE'S LODGE,
CHESSWOOD ROAD,
WORTHING.
29 August 1899

My dear Sydney,

All thanks to you! A letter from Leveson Gower came with yours, & a revised & corrected MS. went to him on Friday. He is disposed to be friendly; for we know each other of old -- through Wyndham & Cust & the good Ivan.

What to think of the things themselves is what puzzles me. Next year I may be able to speak with confidence about them. All I can say just now, is that I'm not ill pleased with 'em, & would like to know who else could have produced 'em.

Harvest-bugs, you ses? By God, Sydney, I am almost mad with 'em! I seem to have shingles all over me; & nothing does the irritation any good. But is it harvest-bugs? It might be mosquitos, or rather snakes, or even crocodiles! And the irritation is almost intolerable.

My Jubilee passed quietly enough. I wore my gold watch (the first, you villain, I ever had!); & we lunched alone; & we drank my health in a bottle of Chateau-Langor, brought hither from Muswell Hill, where
it was received last winter. It was excellent: so excellent that it almost persuaded me to wish that I was, not a Poet but, a Publican.

How do you like St. Andrews? Try to find time for a letter. Some day, I will tell you what I know of the place. By letter I will say nothing.

Yours Ever, dear Sydney,

W.E.H.

I haven't read Decle through; but he's all right. You should sell him in hundreds. Arnold White, however, is rot.

Bites: -- This is written with four on my left wrist, two on my left leg, one on my right ear, three on my right hand, two under my right eye. If I met A.L., or E.W.G., at night, now, in a word -- -- -- !

1 Hawthorn and Lavender.
2 WEH was fifty on 23 August 1899.
3 The watch was given to him by Charles and Leonard Whibley; see Connell, p.343.
6 Lang and Gosse.
ST. GEORGE'S LODGE,
CHESSWOOD ROAD,
WORTHING.
29 August 1899

My dear H.G.,

Where & how are you? Do let's have a word! This leaves me at present stung & bitten almost to madness by a mysterious & innominable Insect which. I believe, you imported with you from the year 2190, or the planet Mars, or some other of those nefarious & devilish haunts of yours. God grant you suffer not as I, your victim, do! Stung & bitten, bitten & stung, & stung & bitten again -- not fifteen Scotchmen could possibly scratch so much as I want to scratch; but dare not, because it makes things so much worse!

It may be a blamed mosquito. I think it's something of the Bug species. We have never seen it! But Lord, if you could see me, you wouldn't want to go further!

Anyhow, write, you Babes that you are! And tell us how things go with you in the world.

Yours Ever,

W.E.H.

[added by WEH across the top of the letter at right angles] This has been on my conscience for weeks.

-1400-
Forgive me, & play a noble part. Anna would like to write, but is too woebegone: having broken the back of her bicycle & given way to neuralgia -- largely -- "on her own." However, her heart is good, as I hope you know. I daresay that if the other Rake -- enfin!
St. George's Lodge,
Chesswood Road,
Worthing.
9 September 1899

Dear Osbourne[,] 

I have no explanations to give, and I am surprised that at this date you should ask for any.

At the time of your first visit to England, after Lewis's death, I declined any further intercourse with your family. I am at a loss to understand why you break in upon me here & now.

Yours very truly[,] 
W.E.Henley

[to put what I had to say in a letter'].

1 The copy is in an unknown hand.
ST. GEORGE'S LODGE,
CHESSWOOD ROAD,
WORTHING.
19 September 1899

Dear Mr. Capes,

I am glad indeed to have Our Lady: though I wish the purging of her had begun at p.1.

When are you coming to see us? As to my Byron, I ask no better than to go on with the edition; when I can. You see, I've had a d -- d bad time of late; & now I'm leaving it behind me, I am getting fat! Actually, je prends du ventre[.] And there is no work in me. However, the Byron's there, & the Byron will be. Meanwhile, we meet, you & I, in the current P.M.M.;¹ & you'll see thereof that I have the "Noble Poet" always in my mind.

I rather liked that paragraph in this morning's Daily Mail.² In some ways it did not say enough; & not having said enough in these ways, perhaps it shouldn't have quoted (against you) that awful & terrifying excerpt from your immortal works. Yet I am glad that it quoted -- on the whole. For that, you see, is how you often seem ever to the best (& the most liberal) of critics: as this one is. Let me help you; & I pledge you my word, unless Old Adam is
ineradicable, immitigable, & imperturbable your next book shall be a masterpiece of clean, expressive English.

As for Our Lady, & my works -- believe me: you say too much. What I've done for it isn't worth a thought. Though I'm very glad that you think other wise.

Yours Ever Sincerely[

W.E.H.


Dear Dobbie,

Where can I see a copy of Smollett on Habakkuk Hilding? If you can help me, I shall bless you.

The summer has been a trying one, & has made me monstrous fat. However, it gave me some verses; the first for many moons. I know not if they be good or bad. But you'll soon be able to judge for yourself.

This is the leafiest, pleasantest place. I would we'd known of it years ago.

How are you? And what are you doing? And the good Cosmo? My love to you both, anyhow.

Yours Ever,

W.E.H.

---

1 A faithful narrative of the base and inhuman arts that were lately practised upon the brain of Habbakkuk Hilding, justice, dealer, and chapman, who now lies in his house in Covent-Garden, in a deplorable state of lunacy; a dreadful monument of false friendship and delusion. By Drawcausir Alexander, fencing-master and philomath (London: J. Sharp, 1752). This was a pamphlet attacking Henry Fielding, for plagiarism among other things, possibly written by Smollett. WEH was working on an edition of Smollett; see The Works of Tobias Smollett. With an Introduction by W.E. Henley. 12 vols. (Westminster: T. and A. Constable, 1899-1901).
ST GEORGE'S LODGE,
CHESSWOOD ROAD,
WORTHING.
5 November 1899

My dear H.G.,

I am with you to the hilt. I rejoice that you've "food for two years" & therewith a renewed & recovered sense of self respect. I may not live to see the effect; but I know it will be a good one, & I know that you'll have good times, in bringing it on. So there you are.

Why, in fact -- why should a party deem it a duty to exhaust himself in the public service almost ere he has begun to know his own A B C? I suppose it's the unhappy head winning as does it; & yet, in many cases, I am not so sure. It becomes a habit -- like [----] (I blush to write the word, but you can fill it in); or how to account for this man & that man & the other man? Any how, all my life long I've been counselling rest, & rest again, & always rest. I congratulate you from my soul that you feel the need of it, & are able to give yourself a free time.

I cannot write about it all; but what I've written is all right. Sunday, when we meet, we'll have it all through. Meanwhile, as I said, I'm with you right to

-1406-
the end; & I believe in the result as I believe in our Army in S.Africa.¹ And I can't say more than that.

I am still unable, still lunatical, still constipated (in every sense). And I can think of little but White & Ladysmith & the tremendous difficulties of his position (I think he's done dam well);² or I'd have writ before. Forgive me, if I haven't.

My dear Wells, you have in you a lot of excellent stuff. Stuff of divers kinds. Stuff whose like I know not where to seek except in you. One vein you've worked & worked & worked. Now let's try the other. And then, it may be, we may get a combination of the two. Meanwhile, rest & be thankful. Also ambitious. Ambitions are possible. And I, for one, shall be content. [page torn and rest of letter missing]

¹ The Boer War, between the Boers and Britain in South Africa, had broken out in October 1899 and the British forces were not as successful as had been hoped.

² Field Marshall Sir George Stuart White, V.C. (1835-1912), commander of the British forces besieged at Ladysmith by the Boers from 2 November 1899 to 1 March 1900.
St. George's Lodge[,]  
[Chesswood Road,]  
Worthing[,]  
8 December 1899

Dear A.N.,

I have had to give Whibley 10 more days. I look for his copy on the 17th. 'Tis the best I can do. I thank God the Series is so near its close.

Meanwhile, when do we publish The Courtier? When you announce it, next week, you must specially announce the Rabelais, Bks. I-III for January: Bks. IV-V to follow in the early Spring.

I suppose I must take on Stephen Phillips. Please send me the Poems & P & F: both published by John Lane. Also Pierre Louys his translation (2 fr.) of Lucian's Courtisans.

Before we redde up for the year, I purpose to send you more books.

Yours Ever,

W.E.H.

1 Whibley was writing the introduction to Rabelais in the Tudor Translations; see Charles Whibley, Introd., Rabelais. Gargantua and Pantagruel. Translated by Sir Thomas Urquhart and Peter Le Motteux. 1563-1693. The Tudor Translations, XXIV-XXVI (London: David Nutt, 1900), vii-xcv. -1408-


Mr. H. G. Wells,

Dear Sir,

Our leading literary journal having described you as "unutterably dull",¹ I write these few lines, hoping you are well as it leaves me at present, to inform you that there must be an end to our acquaintance.

As, however, I do not wish to part company in an unfriendly spirit, I take the present opportunity to ask you how you are, & (2) to intimate to you that, if you wish to keep yourself abreast of the intellectual movement of the epoch -- (as distinguished from its mere announcement, by propagation of pseudo-scientific stories) -- you will find, in the North American Review for November certain verses which I believe will make you rather wish you expressed yourself in any thing but -- (what seems to you but is not) prose.²

I am, Dear Sir,

Yours Faithfully,

W.E. Henley

The favour of an early reply expected & desired[.]
Not identified.

W.E. Henley, "Hawthorn and Lavender: Songs and Madrigals," The North American Review, 169 (November 1899), 593-603. This was a collection of twenty-four poems.
My dear H.G.,

I stagnate horribly: the winter darkness has got into my system. Added to which I've been, & still am, deaf in both ears. So that, S.Africa ending, life has seemed less gay than I'd hoped it would.

How are you both? Did you get the N.A.R.? I'm told that all we metre-mongers aren't in it with one Stephen Phillips. I decline to believe it. I keep my little crown tight on my head, & refuse to take it off at any body's bidding.

What a howling cheer you were when you wrote A Star! I've had nothing hit me so hard since The Time-Machine.

I hear that you're to have Bob Stevenson with you soon. I hope with all my soul you'll be able to give me good news of him from time to time. We have passed, he & I, out of each other's lives, but I shall ever remember him as unique, & my affection for him will know no change.
Yours Ever,

W.E.H.


2. Bob Stevenson had had a stroke and took lodgings in Sandgate; see Wells, *Experiment in Autobiography*, p.611.
Letter No. 565 To Lord Windsor
MS: PM MA 1617

ST. GEORGE'S LODGE,
CHESSWOOD ROAD,
WORTHING.
25 January 1900

My dear Lord Windsor,

I am very glad to have news of you, even though it tells me that you've had no better luck than the rest of us. I hope that, long ere this, the Fiend has taken his departure, & that you are getting yourself nursed back into decent health. For myself, he left me deaf & hoarse & as futile a thing as crawls; but I believe I'm bettering now.

I wish that lyric had been printed.¹ I felt it was wanted. Yet three journals washed their hands of it; so I let it pass. I've written another in a more popular strain & with no expletives; but I don't believe it will do.² Meanwhile, some body has set England, my England, & seems mighty pleased with the setting.³ So I may get a show after all.

If you've had time to tap The Courtier, I am sure you've found Walter Raleigh's Introduction of the best going. I am passing for press just now Bks. I-III of the new Rabelais, which should be out some time next month. I am very proud of it, so far, & I expect to be still prouder when I lay hand on the "finished

-1414-
As I write, there comes news of Warren's achievement. God bless him, & God bless the Tommies in his hands!

Yours Ever Sincerely,

W.E.H.

1 Presumably WEH's "Remonstrance," Works, 2, pp.136-37, which had been rejected by The Times; see Connell, p.346. This poem is a good example of WEH's jingoism.

2 Not identified.


4 Lt-Gen. Sir Charles Warren (1840-1927), commander of the 5th Division had successfully crossed the Tugela river in an attempt to relieve Ladysmith, 18-23 January 1900.
ST. GEROG’S LODGE,
CHESSWOOD ROAD,
WORTHING.
6 February 1900

Dear Sir,

The explanation is this. On Friday last I telegraphed, to "Shorter, 6 Great New St. London", as follows: -- "May I submit new war song, with or without music, for immediate publication in Sphere". No answer came; so I telegraphed to you yesterday in the terms you know.

Since things have gone this far, I send the song herewith. If you care to use it[,] it is at your service. Provided only that you use it quickly; as I conceive that now or never is the time for it.

It has been brilliantly set by Mr. Charles Willeby, whom I believe you know; so that if you want the music as well as the words you must ask him for it, as I have given him the sole music rights.

Yours very faithfully,

W.E. Henley

Clement K. Shorter Esq.

2 Charles Willeby, composer.
To Clement K. Shorter

ST. GEORGE'S LODGE,
CHESSWOOD ROAD,
WORTHING.
8 February 1900

My dear Sir,

I am deeply obliged by your letter, & at the same time very glad to get so immediate & so splendid a show for my verses. I send the corrected proof herewith. I hope you will be able to give me a review.

As to the terms: I have thus far been chiefly concerned with finding an audience. On that I am bent, & if you can help me in the Colonies .... ! [----] For the remuneration, however: -- send me what you think the thing is worth, & I shall be satisfied. Especially if the cheque be one that I can send with joy to The D.T. Shilling Fund;¹ which in any case I purpose to do. Of course, with due acknowledgement to The Sphere.

I have told Willeby, & you'll probably hear from him. Meanwhile, as I said, I should like his right assorted; so, if it can be so, please fill in the formula.

I had another copy of verses which I might have sent you;² a better thing, I think, than this. But we are wearing through our dark hour, & at this time it

-1417-
would probably come too late.

Yours Very Truly,

W.E. Henley

1 The Daily Telegraph Shilling Fund for Our Soldiers' Widows and Orphans.
2 Not identified.
ST. GEORGE'S LODGE,
CHESSWOOD ROAD,
WORTHING.
16 February 1900

My dear Sir,

Very many thanks for the excellent place you've given me & for your note on Willeby. Nothing could be better.

Yours Very Sincerely[,] 

W.E. Henley

Clement K. Shorter Esq.
Letter No. 569  To William Blackwood

MS: NLS 4701 ff.209, 210v

ST. GEORGE'S LODGE,
CHESSWOOD ROAD,
WORTHING.
30 March 1900

My dear Blackwood,

Very many thanks for yours. I look forward to Maga's pronouncement on Smollett.¹ I am pretty sure that the retort will be better reading than the provocation.

I think, & think again of titles for G.W.S. Vol. I.² As thus: --

Miscellaneous
Things Seen
Impressions of Men, Cities, & Books
A Journalist's Leavings

& so on. These, if you like, might be adapted thus: --

Things Seen

being

Impressions of Men[,] Cities[,] & Books

or thus: --

Men, Cities & Books

Impressions (or Things Seen)

or thus: -- [----] but no! I'll try no more now. In a day or two I'll send you a couple of suggestions for title-pages complete.

-1420-
I don't yet know (being sore ber-sted) how long the introduction will be. Probably it will run to 20-25 pp. Certainly no more. It should be with you -- I fear to promise having so much on hand, & so little working time; but it should be with you about the middle of next month.

Meanwhile, you have the body of the book.

Yours Always Sincerely,

W.E.H.

What price Pulvis et Umbra

Men & Cities & Books?

1 Rev. of The Works of Tobias Smollett, Introd. W.E.Henley, Blackwood's Magazine, 167 (May 1900), 697-99. The reviewer remarks that "What he [WEH] did for Burns he has done on a smaller scale for Smollett," and "we thank Mr. Henley for the final edition of a great English classic."


3 The memoir was nineteen pages long.
Letter No. 570  To Austin Dobson
MS: London MS. 810/I/818

CC

ST. GEORGE'S LODGE,  
CHESSWOOD ROAD,  
WORTHING.  

4 April 1900

My dear Dobson,

I've asked Messrs. Constable to ask your acceptance of 
their (not my) new Smollett. Partly out of 
[----] [----] [----] gratitude; partly out of a 
sense of favours to come (I want to ask you questions about 
Habakkuk Hilding, which only you can answer). Meanwhile, I hope you'll like my Essay. If it do 
nothing else, it shows me sticking hard & striking home for Henry Fielding. And that, I know, would make you forgive much.

I am trying to write patriotic verse. Sometimes I succeed -- more or less; sometimes I fail -- completely.

Remember me to C.M.¹ I am sitting (tell him) for my portrait,² & my view of life in general is, that it's a mistake.

Yours Ever,

W.E.H.

-1422-
Cosmo Monkhouse.
Probably that completed in 1900 by Francis Dodd. It is a pastel and is now in the National Portrait Gallery, London. Francis Dodd (1874-1949), painter and etcher.
Letter No. 571 To Clement K. Shorter

MS: Brotherton

CC

ST. GEORGE'S LODGE,
CHESSWOOD ROAD,
WORTHING.
5 April 1900

My dear Sir,

Do you care for yet another -- next week?

It is called The Last Post,¹ & pretty well completes the little cycle of lyrics -- of a kind -- on which I've had no choice but to busy myself of late.

'Tis in two stanzas: of eighteen lines apiece. Don't, please, mind saying no, if you'd rather not have it; as I means to make a plaquette of it & the rest, & put it before the public very soon.²

Yours Very Truly,

W.E.Henley

Clement K. Shorter Esq.

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1 W.E.Henley, "The Last Post," The Sphere, 21 April 1900, p.399; also Works, 2, pp.156-57
2 W.E.Henley, For England's Sake: Verses and Songs in Time of War (London: David Nutt, 1900); see also Works, 2, pp.133-62. The booklet consisted of twelve poems. It was published in July 1900.
Private

ST. GEORGE'S LODGE,
CHESSWOOD ROAD,
WORTHING.

21 April 1900

Dear Blackwood,

George Street has sent me on the proof of your title-page for the new volume of G.W.S his miscellaneous. I understand that this said volume was to be the first of a [----] complete edition; but I see no mention of the fact; & I want [----] [----] [----] you to tell me, plainly, (1) if such an edition is on the cloth; & (2) what share I am to have in it. These questions I ask because I feel bound to say, [----] at this pass, that I can lend my name to no complete edition of G.W.S. the constitution of which I cannot honestly & whole-heartedly approve.

If my share in the edition business is confind to the furnishing of an Introduction to this particular volume of reprinted pieces, then, there is, of course, no more to say.¹ But is it? That is what I want to know.

Mrs. Steevens is anxious, I believe, that a verse which I wrote on the news of my dear boy's death should appear in a conspicuous place. Will you make room for it on the title-page?² Or shall we print at the

-1425-
beginning or end of my note on levé? The question is a little complicated by the fact that Kipling also wrote a verse, & that she would like to have both.\footnote{Kipling's four line verse headed the Memoir; see \textit{Works of G.W.Steevens}, 1, ix.}

My note on him will not be long. "As like a bronze medallion as I can make it that is my ambition. I hope it smiles on you.

I hope, too, that you got the \textit{Smollett} all right, & that, it is in for serious treatment.

Yours Very Sincerely,

\textit{W.E.H.}
My dear H.G.,

I will say but this: your letter brings him nearer to me than I had ever dreamed that anything except his resurrection could.¹

Will you not -- must you not -- ought you not to -- cast so notable & so great an impression of him into permanent form? To me your duty is clear.

It matters not when: this was no R.L.S., who after all, was but an ordinary human being: one of ourselves, with a style & a more insolent & commanding selfishness. This was the man the nearest God I've ever seen, or shall ever see. It is for you, surely, who have so keen & so large a vision of him to make this plain. Some day -- soon. Not too soon. But soon enough.

I shall try to say a little in the P.M.M. of what I feel.² Unhappily, he is no loss to me -- as he is to you. I lost him years ago; & my great bereavement, which came after, made me indifferent to most things under the visiting moon; or I might have tried to get back upon the old familiar terms, & have taken up life

-1427-
again in the old affectionate way. It was not to be; & I can but faintly appreciate what I missed. However, it was inevitable. Yet I loved him till the end, & till the end, whether he knew it or not, I championed him. And I think that in his wise, scarce human way, he loved me.

Your picture of him is a joy -- of a kind. I want you, if you will, to send one to Walter Raleigh, 63 Canning St., Liverpool; to whom, if I may, I wish to show your letter.

It is almost time -- isn't it? -- for a migration from Sandgate westwards? I'd like to tell you how I made him write: I mean, write for the press: & so become influential & self-supporting. But that's a story will keep.

Write & tell us a little about yourselves.

Yours, my dear H.G.,

W.E.H.

Have you heard of the post-mortem? Cobban wrote of it to me. But that again is for another day[.]
Madam,

I have to thank you for the MS. of your song. On Sunday I hope to get it sung to me: when I will write again.

It gives me very great pleasure to know that my verses have gone home to you; since I have ever esteemed them the best that I have ever done or shall ever do. They were written & published some eight or ten years ago; but no musician ever touched them till the other day, when Miss Frances Allisten took hold of them, & made a setting, which will presently be on sale at the Messrs. Boosey's.

Yours Very Truly,

W.E. Henley

Mrs. Lear.

1 Probably Mrs. Judith Lear; see Catalogue of Music in the British Library.
St. George's Lodge,
[Chesswood Road,]
Worthing.
26 May 1900

Dear Blackwood,

Here is the most of the Memoir. Of course there are gaps & halts; but I can fill them in in proof. The rest should be with you some time on Tuesday. And the sooner you put in your proofs -- which, please remember! -- will have to be read at Merton as well as here -- the better I shall be pleased.¹

Yours Alys Sincerely[,]  
W.E.H.

¹ Mrs. G.W.Steevens lived at Merton Abbey, Merton, London.
ST. GEORGE'S LODGE,
CHESSWOOD ROAD,
WORTHING.
20 June 1900

Dear Mr. Balfour,

No: I can't help you at all. I remember vaguely some thing of the kind, but I am pretty certain it never came off. Lewis was alys full of schemes & plans & fancies. You left him hot on one, & the next time you saw him, you found, to your distress (having gone all the way with him) that he'd forgotten all about it. I take it that here is a case in point.¹

In any case, if the thing came to a head, I think that Baxter would have a note of it.

Perhaps Lewis's cousin, Katharine de Mattos, may recall those times better than I. She was at Skerryvore a great deal then -- or I am much mistaken. Indeed I remember that she & Lewis were at one time engaged on a comic Zolasim -- Ce sacré -- Illingsworze,² or words to that effect -- the fun of which constited largely, if not wholly, in the application of Zola's distemperate & exorbitantly lecherous view of art & life at Bournemouth. This was possibly an outcome of the design which Lewis mentions in his letter. At all events, you might possibly apply

¹
²
to the lady with advantage. I don't know her address; but c/o Mrs. Stevenson, 41 Oxford Rd., Chiswick, would certainly find her.3

Thank you very much for what you say about myself. I have long hoped to meet you. Perhaps -- through Barrie, say, -- [----] I may presently get my wish. Meanwhile, I am sure you will be interested in what I've written about Bob -- my dear old friend -- in the August 1929 P.M.M. If you read it, & like it, I hope you'll tell me.

Yours very Sincerely,

W.E. Henley

published to-day

1 Balfour was working on the official biography of RLS which Colvin was unable to do; see Graham Balfour, The Life of Robert Louis Stevenson, 2 vols. (London: Methuen and Co. Ltd., 1901). Thomas Graham Balfour (1858-1929), writer and second cousin of R.L.S.

2 Not identified.

3 Bob's widow, Louisa Stevenson.
ST. GEORGE'S LODGE,
CHESSWOOD ROAD,
WORTHING.

[August/early September 1900]

Dear Mr. Lee,

I am very sorry to have misrepresented you, & especially sorry (if I may so) to hear of it so late.\(^1\) I will most certainly \[- - - -\] make you such amends as I may; but I cannot now say any thing in print until the December issue of The P.M.M., which appears about the middle of November.\(^2\) Had I heard from you a week ago, I would have been a month earlier. As it is, there is nothing, I fear, for it but waiting.

I should tell you that I had already heard, from "Thormanby" (I do not know his real name) that you had been more catholic than Leslie Stephen.\(^3\) Unfortunately, his letter found me far away from home, so that I could not verify & [ ] his statements.

I note that you "harp & carp" at my use of the word "Lewes".\(^4\) Of course you've every right -- & it may be, [----] every provocation -- to do so. I don't defend the use of it, whether humorous or not. I will but remark that neither Byron nor Keats would have objected, [----] neither Wellington nor Palmerston;\(^5\) & I'm quite content to be d -- d in their presence.

-1433-
Yours Very Truly,

W.E.Henley

1 In a postscript to an article in the P.M.M. WEH criticized the DNB for its poor treatment of sporting personalities; see W.E.H. [W.E.Henley], "Ex Libris. Old England," The Pall Mall Magazine, 22 (September 1900), 139. The article is reprinted without the postscript in Works, 4, pp.233-47. Lee, in a letter now lost, protested at this slight.

2 In the December issue of the P.M.M. WEH makes a reserved apology in a postscript to another article, his reservation being that "in the matter of sport, the D.N.B. has not been altogether so well guided as it might have been." See W.E.H. [W.E.Henley], "Ex Libris. Brown the Poet," The Pall Mall Magazine, 22 (December 1900), 587. The article is reprinted, without the postscript, as part of an essay on T.E.Brown in Works, 4, pp.214-31.

3 "Thormanby [W.W.Dixon]," Boxers and their Battles (London: Everett and Co., 1900); one of the books discussed by WEH in the September P.M.M.

4 In his article on Bob Stevenson WEH had used the form "Lewis."

My dear Garnett,

Very many thanks for your letters. They reach me late, for I've been abroad in Scotland. I had already heard from Sidney Lee to the same purpose, & I am preparing to do penance as soon as ever I can. That is to say, in my next article: which appears about the middle of November next. 'Tis late, but 'tis the best I can do.

Yours Very Sincerely[,]  

W.E. Henley
Letter No. 579

To the Editor, Cornhill Magazine

MS: NLS Acc. 7212

ST. GEORGE'S LODGE,
CHESSWOOD ROAD,
WORTHING.

8 October 1900

Dear Sir,

I am obliged by your request. But for the moment I have nothing to offer you. My verse, being mainly lyrical, is a matter of moods; & of late these have been rare with me; & for the two or three lyrics I have on hand, I fear that none is worth your while.

If any thing comes to me, I shall not hesitate to accept your invitation. But I grow more & more scrupulous; & I fear that you will have to wait.  

Yours Very Truly,

W.E.Henley

The Editor,

The Cornhill Magazine[,]

Etc[.]

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2 WEH did not contribute any verse.
ST. GEORGE'S LODGE,
CHESSWOOD ROAD,
WORTHING.

12 October 1900

Dear Mr. Farmer,

Yours is indeed the hardest of cases. I wish I could help further. But I've just lost half my income, & must fend for myself. All the same, I'll see if there is nothing to be done outside.

If my name & influence as a signatory be of the least use with the R.L.F., please do your best with them. I say this because there are those who found them useful.

As for the fiver, when you can pay it, please do so. I haven't any doubt but that I'll be very glad to get it. But don't let it distress you -- not for a moment.

If the dictionary could be done, & done soon, I think you'd score heavily. So when you are ready, I am. You will tell me -- won't you? And, as you are "comp"aring [sic], I had better do all the revision I can in MS.

Yours Very Sincerely,

W.E.H.
This is the second of ninety-three known extant letters from WEH to Farmer.

Farmer was constantly lacking funds. With a previous letter WEH had sent £5 to Farmer; see W.E. Henley, Letter to John Stephen Farmer, 2 October 1900, MA 1617, Pierpont Morgan Library. Farmer had made a previous application on 27 June 1899 to the R.L.F. and received £75; see Royal Literary Fund Archives reel A13, Cambridge University Library.

WEH did not approach the R.L.F. on Farmer's behalf until 1903; see Letter No. 661, 4 May 1903.
My dear Lord Windsor,

I have been ailing of late: ailing in mind & body. Or I'd have writ before.

You are right in surmising that I am not desperately interested in Ruskin. The fact is, I never [----] "took" him: I knew naught of him at the proper age & stage; & when I began to know him I was under other influences. But I read you with respect: I thought your plea for him neither ill-considered nor excessive.¹ I recognize the fact, that he made us all attempt to feel, & that some are very much the happier for his passing.² At the same time I realize that -- I can't help realizing -- that he was all wrong: that he did more for the "literary" picture & more for the "painter-poet", than any man that lived; & I am strongly inclined to hold that those who got good out of him, got it in his despite, & simply because they were "built that way." He persuaded people to feel -- more often than not, very much more often than not, on false pretences. But he persuaded them to feel -- or to think they felt; & among them were certain, better
gifted than himself in the matter of feeling & perception, whom he set going. That I take to be his sole merit as an art critic. For the rest, he did his best to bedevil painting, pretty much as Wagner has done his best -- but at first hand -- to bedevil music: by teaching his public to look at it for a thousand anti-pictorial qualities, & to despise in it -- Constable, Rubens, Corot, Van Dyck, Claude, Gaspar Poussin, Jan Steen -- such essential qualities as it has. Et puis voilà! You have learned of him, & there you are: you consider him dispassionately, but on the whole with kindness. I've spent a number of years in fighting him & in damning his evangel, & here I am. And "so", as Touchstone says, "we measured swords & parted." He has given me much trouble & is responsible for much foul work & for some fortunes got on false pretences -- with consequences on the other side that proceed from these results. But, honestly, I can say that I'm glad he was, & that I wish there were more like him. If we had but one on the right side, for example!

But a truce to Ruskinism -- pro & anti. I wonder if you are interested enough in slang to help a man who is compiling a big book on it who is just now at dead low water. His name is John S. Farmer; & for some years past he has been engaged, with my assistance, on a book called Slang & its Analogues, of which four
volumes have already appeared, & of which the remaining two are fairly on their way to completion. It is not a work [----] for Drawing room tables; for slang is of its essence obscene. But it is, of its kind, the best there is; & I believe that Murray, of the Dictionary, has just used & quoted it, & has said that, so far as it goes, it's all right. Meanwhile, Farmer has published other things, & has just now broken down completely. An application to the Literary Fund for immediate relief was supported by Furnivall, Gollancz, & Sidney Lee; but at the last meeting there wasn't a quorum & so it was postponed till some time in November. I've done what I could -- which isn't much; & now it occurs to me to come to you. If you could help him with a gift, so that he could tide over the next few weeks -- (he has, I needn't say, a wife & family) -- Slang & its Analogues would be nearer, perceptibly nearer, completion than it is. If you aren't interested in the subject -- which, to be sure, is very lewd, base & astonishing, & goes to my head like Milton's English -- then forgive me my suggestion & let us say no more about it.

We have beaten them royally, but I'd have liked a few more gains more. Anyhow they're eaten up, & we can work out our policy in S. Africa in peace.  

Ever Yours Sincerely[,]  

W.E.H.  

-1441-
1 It would seem that Lord Windsor's views about Ruskin were in a letter to WEH.
2 Ruskin died on 20 January 1900.
3 Sir Anthony Van Dyck (1599-1641), Flemish painter.
4 Gaspard Dughet (1615-1675), French landscape painter, adopted the surname of his brother-in-law Nicholas Poussin.
5 Jan Steen (c.1626-1679), Dutch painter.
6 As You like It, Act 5, Sc.iv.
7 Five books are listed in the British Museum Catalogue.
8 See the Royal Literary Fund Archives reel A13, Cambridge University Library. Frederick James Furnivall (1825-1910), scholar and educationalist. One of the first editors of what became the Oxford English Dictionary. He founded the Early English Texts Society in 1864, the Chaucer Society in 1868 and the New Shakespeare Society in 1873, among others. Israel Gollancz (1864-1930), Shakespearean scholar and a founder member of the British Academy in 1901 and its first secretary. The British Academy, a society for the study and promotion of moral and political science.
9 The Transvaal had been annexed by the British on 1 September 1900 and it was assumed that the end of the war was imminent.
Dear Mr. Farmer,

This is early-closing day in Worthing; & I could not cash a cheque for a P.O. I'm sorry; but your telegram came an hour or so too late.

I enclose a cheque for £10.¹ I've as much again for you, which I propose to retain, unless, of course, you'd rather have it at once. On the whole, I think this course -- of holding over for a little -- the best. In any case, I wait to hear from you.

Yours Very Truly,

W.E. Henley

¹ The money came from Lord Windsor; see Letter No. 584, 22 November 1900.
ST. GEORGE'S LODGE,
CHESSWOOD ROAD,
WORTHING.
21 November 1900

Dear Mr. Farmer,

I'm very glad to know that things are once more satisfactory. Of course, I meant the win for the bad time coming; but my friend, who is a wealthy man, explained, when he last wrote, that when he got my letter, he was dry; so that his half was some weeks overdue. However, that is all right now, & I doubt not that the money will come in very useful a little later. ¹

I am, with you, most anxious that the book should get finished; & I do most earnestly hope that you will stick at it now until it's done. Of course, I will do all to help it on that I can.

Thank you for the fiver. It was for obvious reasons, very welcome.

Yours Very Truly,

W.E. Henley

¹ Farmer replied on 17 November 1900 thanking WEH for £10 and asking WEH to thank his (Farmer's) unknown benefactor; see John Stephen Farmer, Letter to W.E. Henley, 17 November 1900, MA 1617, Pierpont 1444.
Morgan Library. In the same letter Farmer writes that he has received a grant from the R.L.F. though he does not stipulate the amount. He received £75; see the Royal Literary Fund Archives reel A13, Cambridge University Library.
My dear Lord Windsor,

I am about again. But I find that, at my age, a fortnight's bed takes a certain amount of living down. But I am beginning; & as yet, the work is hard.

But I want to thank you "for all I'm worth" for helping Farmer, & to send you his (Farmer's) letter of thanks to you through me. You will see that he is very properly grateful, & that he is very keen to finish the book. There is every reason why he should be so, & why he should do as he wants to do; for it is very certain that the finished work would sell, & sell at a capital price; whereas the book unfinished sells not at all. In any case, I shall keep him hard at work on it, if I can; for I am every whit on getting it done as he is.

I should like you to see the four volumes already in type -- this though Vol. I is rubbish ('twas done before I took it up). It is not for family reading -- far from it. But it's immensely interesting, & not a bit more indecent than, to be practical, it ought.

I hear of a string of pheasants. All manner of thanks for them.
Yours Always Sincerely,

W.E.H.

P.S. The sooner Cadogan goes, the better the Cabinet will be.¹

¹ George Henry Cadogan (1840-1915), statesman. At this time he was Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland.
Dear Lord Rosebery,

Mes compléments! I hear that the book has gone to you for something like the price of the binding. They now say that it was a mare's nest of Craibe Angus's finding. But I've never seen another copy; & I'm more fortunate than most Burns Students, for they haven't seen this one -- the only one that's going.

I hope to reprint, of course; & if I do, I hope I may come to you -- alys supposing, that is, that you do not give another copy away -- for purposes of collation.

You are kind enough to ask me of myself. I have nothing to say, except that I enjoy uncommon poor health, & have lost much life & energy of late. I had a bad experience -- (a poisoned hand) -- some two years since; & it made me older than I ought to be. However, I write a little -- a very little -- verse, & a little prose; et puis voilà. I think that's about all.

May I say that I thoroughly enjoyed your Napoleon -- injustices (or unjustnesses) & all?²

-1448-
Yours Very Truly,

W.E. Henley

P.S.

Are you interested in Burns to the extent of being interested in this? I'm not. But would the Burns Shelves at Burnbourgh be complete without it?

1 The Merry Muses.
2 Lord Rosebery, Napoleon; the Last Phase (London: A.L. Humpheries, 1900).
3 Not identified.
Dear Mr. H. G. Wells,

As a rule, one doesn't think much of people who neither answer letters nor acknowledge photographs. But there is something touching in your infantile delight in Spade House, & for this once, we unbend the brow, we relax the mouth -- in short, we stretch a point in your favour.

How does the new Home work? It has been described to me as a kind of rabbit-hutch plus sanitary appliances & electric bells. But I hesitate the description as accurate, & content myself with the reflection: -- Spade House is all very well. But will it wash?

This, dear people, is the worst & blackest & bitterest time in all our year. 'Tis so full of brilliant & goodly memories, & -- & all the rest. You wrote the last page, H.G., of Love & Mr. Lewisham: so I need say no more.

Excepting that here's to both of you in the New Century! And may it be a lot less ugly than (if H.G. -1450-
had his way) one of you make it out.

Yours Ever,

W.E.H.

---

1 Wells had moved into Spade House, Sandgate, Kent, in December 1900; see Mackenzie and Mackenzie, p.148.

2 H.G. Wells, Love and Mr. Lewisham (London: Harper Brothers, 1900). WEH is referring to Mr. Lewisham burying the past and the fantasied future contained in notes, into a waste-paper basket. "It is the end of adolescence," he said, "the end of empty dreams."
ST. GEORGE'S LODGE,
CHESSWOOD ROAD,
WORTHING.
3 January 1901

Dear Mr. Farmer,

I have pleasure in enclosing a cheque -- which please acknowledge -- for another £10.

I send, too, pp.1-32.¹ You will see that I take exception to what seems to me the waste of space in quotations of no particular interest or authority.

By all means send on the rest of the stuff. I will deal as rapidly with it as I may. And if you've arranged for an issue in parts, the sooner Part I is out the better.²

Did I lend you Leland & Barrè?³ My copy has vanished, & I know not whither.

Yours Very Truly,

W.E.Henley

I send, too, a new slang dictionary (French) which may be useful.⁴ To-night or to-morrow.

¹ Presumably proofs or sheets of Slang, 5.
² It was not issued in Parts.
⁴ Not identified.
Letter No. 588  To John Stephen Farmer

ST. GEORGE'S LODGE,
CHESSWOOD ROAD,
WORTHING.
15 February 1901

Dear Mr. Farmer,

(1) A line to say that I posted N slips in a registered parcel to-day.¹

(2) I've just had occasion to consult the Century under "N." I find that many of our quotes are taken from it. I am sure the source of these should be acknowledged in our page.

(3) I came on a phrase unknown: "Night-liner" = a night-walking cab.³ I think that whether English or American, we should take it in.

(4) What price "Non-est-inventus" (= Absent)?⁴

Yours Very truly,

W.E.H.

¹ Farmer and Henley, 5.
³ Farmer and Henley, 5.
⁴ Farmer and Henley, 5.
ST. GEORGE'S LODGE, 
CHESSWOOD ROAD, 
WORTHING. 
25 February 1901

Dear Mr. Quilter,

At the risk of seeming ungracious, I must, on reflection, say no. I've too-too much on hand for myself, I'm too deeply in debt all round; & I must make the most of the wretched health I have.

I am indeed sorry to hear of your unhappy plight. I have had too much of the same sort of thing of late. And the worst is, it takes one such a long time to get well! At my time of life, to be ill for a month is to be useless for a quarter of a year. The rear spring's snapped, I fear: I must crawl when once I leaped. I hope you are better than that.

I've had three or four days of bed since your last letter came in. And that is why I write in these terms.

As it happens, I could say nothing about the subject you put forward; for the simple reason that it was a matter of honour between Robert Louis Stevenson and myself that neither should discuss the plays in print, & that neither should tell how they were
written.

Yours Very Truly,

W. E. Henley
ST. GEORGE'S LODGE,
CHESSWOOD ROAD,
WORTHING.

5 March 1901

Dear Mr. Richards,

I've been miserably seedy for some dozen days. But I can now look forward to a better time.

I daren't open Wareing's parcel till to-day. But I think his work is excellent. I know it's all I wanted.

I've given him the names of two more Shakespeares -- both cheap -- which I think we should have in hand.

The Furness Variorum is excellent -- as far as it goes. But it don't go more than a third of the way.

As to the Prospectus: I must do a play before I know anything about it.

Haven't you raised a new poet? If you have, I wish you'd send me his book.

Yours Very Truly,

W.E. Henley

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1 (Thomas Franklin) Grant Richards (1872-1948), author and founder of the publishing firm of Grant Richards.

2 Alfred J. Wareing (1876-1942), actor and theatre manager. Founder of Glasgow repertory theatre 1909, and Librarian of Shakespeare Memorial -1456-
Library, Stratford-on-Avon, 1931-1933. He assisted WEH on his Works of Shakespeare; see note 3 below.

3 WEH was editing Shakespeare's plays (a task which was not completed at his death); see W.E. Henley, ed., The Works of Shakespeare, The Edinburgh Folio, 10 vols. (London: Grant Richards, 1901-1904). Walter Raleigh completed the edition; see The Letters of Sir Walter Raleigh (1679-1922), ed. Lady Raleigh, 2 vols. (London: Methuen and Co., 1926), 1, 251.

Letter No. 591 To Lord Windsor

MS: PM MA 1617

ST. GEORGE'S LODGE,
CHESSWOOD ROAD,
WORTHING.
10 March 1901

My dear Lord Windsor,

I know not if you saw these verses in The Morning Post.¹ But my dear friend, Walter Blaikie, the artist-printer, has chosen to enoble them thus, in what he calls a "monumental broadside";² & I think you'll like to have them in this form -- apart from any interest you may take in them for their own sake.

Yours Ever Sincerely,

W.E.H.

1 Queen Victoria died on 22 January 1901 and WEH wrote a 113 line memorial ode. John Nichol Dunn, as editor of The Morning Post, published it; see W.E.Henley, "I.M. Reginae Dilectissimae Victoriae 24th May, 1819: 22nd January, 1901," The Morning Post, 2 February 1901, p.4, cols.4-5; also Works, 2, pp.170-76.

ST. GEORGE'S LODGE,
CHESSWOOD ROAD,
WORTHING.
18 March 1901

Sir,

I perceive you are a vile Whig.

I am, Sir,

Your Obedient Humble Servant,

Saml. Johnson
Letter No. 593 To Captain Wheeler

MS: Fales

CC

ST. GEORGE'S LODGE,
CHESSWOOD ROAD,
WORTHING.

19 March 1901

Dear Captain Wheeler,

I should be delighted, & if I can assuredly I will. But I've been "unloading" of late (for a particular print), & I fear the hold is empty. Still, I don't say no positively. I will do my best this week, & if I have to default to you on Monday morning (first post), you will believe, I hope, that it's because I must.

I wish you every success in your adventure. I should say that, boldly handled & rightly addressed, such a journal would do a lot of good.

Till Monday, then -- !

Yours Very Truly,

W.E.Henley

I hope I have your style & title right. If I haven't, it's out of pure ignorance; & you will correct me as I deserve.

1 Not identified.

-1460-
My dear Dobbie,

Of course! Whatever seems best to you seems best to me.

The publication of yours before mine can make no sort of difference to me.¹ You were the blessed Glendower.² Twas yours to impart, & mine to acknowledge by your bounty. For the rest, I've said the most in my say in the introduction I wrote to the Collected Works.

All I hope is that you'll join with me in clearing our blessed Henry of the charge of picking quarrels with a snarling Scotsman. We've three Scotchmen against us: Smollett, Sir Walter & Leslie Stephen. But, as a fourth has remarked: -- "Facts are stubborn chielis, & winna ding".³ And they can all three go hang.

I've had a fury of verse on me for weeks. Look out soon for more Hawthorn & Lavender.

Yours As Ever,

W.E.H.

-1451-

2 Owen Glendower (?1359-?1416), Welsh leader against the English. The reference is to Dobson's rebelling against the view that Fielding was not such a great writer. WEH writes in his essay: "Still, the first great effort to redeem our Fielding from the reproach affixed upon him by the inheriter of his provence in art, his genius, his cynicism, and the rest ... was Mr. Austin Dobson ... ": see W. E. Henley, *Fielding*, 16, vii-viii; also *Works*, 3, pp.5-6.

3 Not identified.
5 May 1901

My dear Lord Windsor,

The Dante Society has asked the Cavaliere Agostino Sindici to lecture on the dialect of the Campagna Romana: the dialect & the legend: & to illustrate the lecture with some of the sonnets in which, writing in the very speech of the Campagna -- which he has been studying since Solferino -- he has embodied some of the legends of the Campagna. Heinemann, whose father-in-law the Cavaliere is, asks me to preside. I would gladly do so but (a) I know nothing of procedure in such matters, & (b), what's an hundred times more important, I know nothing of Italian; except that I read Dante & Boccaccio long years ago. So I have declined the honour; & I write to beg you, as one of the very few Englishmen who know anything at all about it, to take the place which, had I been able to fill it, I should very gladly have taken. In your stead.

The lecture -- causerie -- call it what you will -- is down for (I think) the 22nd May. It should be extremely interesting. Heinemann, who came down to me yesterday, purposes to call on you to-morrow --
or whenever he may; & he will tell you more than I can. In any case, I hope I wrong nobody if I say that I hope [----] to learn that you are interested.

I learn that Willeby has gone to St. Fagan's. I hope he'll pick up a few tunes there, & set them to my verses. They are not the worst I've done. But one's ever dissatisfied.

Yours Ever Sincerely,

W.E. Henley

The Sindici -- Sindici -- appears to be a distinguished, a really distinguished poet. It seems that in Italy one can be so: in dialect. I read the other day, for instance, of one Belli, who ran the life of Rome into sonnets in the Roman tongue. And of course there's Meli in Sicilian, & several gents in Venetian. And this speech of the Campagna seems to be the most wonderful of all: as near Latin, I take it, as can be. And yet Italian. 'Tis an odd business: here's Leopardi, writing Roman-Tuscan, & Belli writing Roman, & Baffo writing Venetian, & the Cavaliere Sindici writing [----] Campagnesca; yet all are classic, all are fromalists, all are Italian. A sonnet in pure Yorks, a Cardiff (St. Fagan's) English, or my own native Gloucestershire, or what is left of the lingo of Burns -- what would it be worth? 'Tis, in truth, a most curious business.

-1464-
1 Augusto Sindici (1839-1921), Italian poet.
2 The reference has not been identified.
3 Heinemann had married Donna Magda Stuart Sindici in 1889.
4 Giovanni Boccaccio (1313-1375), Italian writer.
5 No report of the Dante Society appears in The Times for May 1901. The A.G.M. was held on the 5th June 1901 at the Pferiffer Hall, Harley Street, London, see The Times, 6 June 1901, p.6, col.6.
6 Near Cardiff, South Wales.
7 Guiseppe Gioacchino Belli (1791-1863), Italian poet.
8 Giovanni Meli (1740-1815), Sicilian poet.
9 Giacomo Leopardi (1798-1837), Italian poet.
10 Franceschina Baffo, sixteenth century Venetian poet.
21 May 1901

My dear H. G.,

I sympathise -- deeply --; & I hope you gave Lloyd Sanders beans.¹ There were so many -- too many -- omissions! But we'll have it all over again presently; on a bigger scale. And then -- you'll see.

On the whole, I thought Lloyd did his work excellently -- so far as he did it at all. There's lots of me which he knew nothing about; & [----] he was silent as to these; while, on the other hand he ignored some things that were well within his purview. But his article, I really think, is the first to put me on my feet for what I am -- or, rather, for what I was. And he had but three days to do it in. And he did not consult (as he weeps to me) the faithful Dunn. 'Tis pity. But even so, the Historic Figure (if I may say so), begins to take on shape & substance; & I am content.

Have you seen, or heard of, Nicholson's portrait? Painted by subscription? And now on view at the F.A. Society's rooms in Bond St?² He purposes to make a wood-cut of it; & again I am content. A most genial
work; & an excellent bit of painting. If you haven't seen it already, you must come presently, & see it here.

Did my Missus write to yours? She said she did; but God He knows the truth of things -- He, & only He. Any how, my Missus is away North -- to Glasgow, Annan, East Linton. If I could move, I should be a gay widower. But I can't; so I'm not. And there you are!

I happened on a Strand the other day; & found you, as ever, intent on blood & wounds: -- "Confusion, honour, murder, guts, & death". Have you a set of proofs you can lend me? If you have, pass 'em along, Sir! Pass 'em along!

You too, by God's help, & in God's name, are going to be jolly happy. At least, I hope so. And if I hope aright, I can wish you no better than to go in the same old idiotic, triumphing way --

Yours Ever, my dear,

W.E.H.

1 The article has not been identified.
2 A portrait of WEH entitled Man of Letters (now in the Tate Gallery) on view at The Fine Arts Society, Bond Street, London.
3 This is in strong contrast to his views of a reproduction of the portrait later in the year; see Letter No.602, 6 September 1901.
Letter No. 597  To William Paton Ker

MS: London MS. 793/I/180

ST. GEORGE'S LODGE,
CHESSWOOD ROAD,
WORTHING.

23 May 1901

My dear Ker,

Rags? But such rags! I was just wandering how to approach you (on my bended knees, of course), when these 40 pages came in. For God's sake, go on, go on. Rags or not, these are what's wanted. At the printing office. Just now.

Your Second Volume should reach you soon. A real monument, Ker -- a monument! Over 500 pp.; yet lovely to look upon, & weighing less in hand than Billy Heinemann's latest novel.

I -- what am I doing? I don't know. I've been writing verses. Lyrics. Novels in metre. Rot. I'll never do any thing worth remembering. Not me. Also, I am supposed to be editing a Shakespeare. Now, Ker, lay your hand, your good right hand, upon your heart, & answer me candidly: -- Is there any body in the world who is less fitted to edit Shakespeare than I am? If there be, produce him; & we'll do the trick together.

You must come, & eat with me, soon. My wife's away. But I dare say we can vittle you all right. Meanwhile[:]

-1468-
Rags -- & rags, -- & rags again.

Yours Ever[,]  

W.E.H.

It reminds me of the excellent Elizabeth Bellwood:² --

Rags & bones was all that was left

Of the man that struck O'Hara!

I don't know why. "Rags", I take it ... The human mind!

1 William Paton Ker (1855-1923), scholar and author. Professor of English Literature, University College, Cardiff 1883-1889. Professor of English Language, University College, London, 1889-1922. He was writing the introduction to one of The Tudor Translations; see William Ker, Introd., The Chronicle of Froissart. Translated by Sir John Bouchier, Lord Bervers. 1523-1525. The Tudor Translations, XXVII-XXXII (London: David Nutt, 1901), ix-xxxiii.

2 Probably Bessie Bellwood, stage name of Catherine Nicholson (1857-1896), ballad singer and actress. The song has not been identified.
Letter No. 598 To H. G. Wells
MS: Illinois
CC
ST. GEORGE'S LODGE,
CHESSWOOD ROAD,
WORTHING.
29 May 1901

My dear H. G.,

I thoroughly sympathize; & I hope you gave Lloyd S, the toss he deserved. You might tell me: if you did, & whether or not he took it fighting.

The Veriform Appendia is evidently a kind of devil.¹ I am sure of nothing any more. I've got her away to Arran: where she can't possibly overdo things. But I'm sure of nothing. Truly, H. G., the sole thing is for surgery.

I am vile beyond the common. I think the long spell of East Wind has got itself perpetuated inside my carcase. There the blasts rave & worm. Their undulations fill the ear of night, & are painfully audible by day. I would it were not so; for it makes me the idlest & the sick-of-lifest man there is.

Thank the Good Lord it has rained again, & is still raining. I beleive it will make me whole.

Yours Ever,

W. E. H.

¹ Appendicitis.
My dear H. G.,

I've sorrowed over Gissing. But there are compensations. Ten years since the news would have meant death. Surely that is not so now?

We've had our troubles too. But of them no more now.

I think that you & I, between us, have pretty well done the Old World justice (as against the New) in the current N.A.R. You are extraordinarily good; & I know that my lyrics don't grow on apple-trees. And I'm glad to have helped you to put in a decent appearance against that current jack-ass (but excellent novelist) W.D. Howells.

When does Mrs. W. "expect"? All power to her, any how!

Yours Ever,

W.E.H.

Don't resent silence on my part. I'm often worried; & of late!!


4 George Philip Wells was born on 17 July 1901.
To the Editor, *Cornhill Magazine*

MS: NLS Acc. 7212

CC

ST. GEORGE'S LODGE,
CHESSWOOD ROAD,
WORTHING.

23 July 1901

Dear Sir,

Many thanks ... Do you care for this for your October number? I am thus instant, because the stop is off, & I know not when it will be on again.

The verses I enclose have already appeared in the Glasgow Students' Album; but I think that doesn't disqualify them for appearance elsewhere.

I am using them in my new bookling as the Prologue to my *Hawthorn & Lavender* (a cycle of songs); & if you care for them, they might appear with that description. Or they might be used with their original title: De Forti Dulcedo.

The book is due on the 1st October.

Yours Very Truly,

W.E. Henley

The Editor

[?The Cornhill Magazine.]

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1 This letter is presumed to be to the *Cornhill Magazine*. 

-1473-
2 No WEH verse appeared in the *Cornhill Magazine* for 1901.
3 The *Glasgow Students' Album* has not identified.
ST. GEORGE'S LODGE,  
CHESSWOOD ROAD,  
WORTHING.  

[?August 1901]

Dear Mr. Capes,

I'll do every thing I can. But I fear it won't be much. For, to speak sooth, I'm in for a kind of shower-bath all through August.

But nothing pleases me better than tickling a proof. So pray then send.

Need I say that I did not care for J. B.?¹

My wife is, to all appearances, completely healed.

Yours Ever,

W.E.H.

[added by WEH at right angles to the left of the address] When are you coming up this way again?

¹ Bernard Capes, Joan Brotherhood (London: C.A. Pearson, 1900).
ST. GEORGE'S LODGE,
CHESSWOOD ROAD,
WORTHING.

26 August 1901

Dear Sydney,

They're all right. There's a heat about them, a force, an authority of sincerity, which brings 'em home. Home to me, any how. As to the Public, I say nothing -- knowing even less. But therein you're an expert, ain't you?

I'm up to the eye-brows — worse luck — in Iwan[']s M.S. Tis a curious work. Very interesting; not well-written; very long. But I think it should do. I've done some 200 pp. word by word, & I haven't come on Milner yet. I hope to get through the pile this week. After which I must fight for my own hand: having more to do than I know how to do, & being bent on a holiday of sorts next month, or early October ... However, I doubt not I'll through with it.

The good thing is that my book of verses is out of hand at last. I am reprinting London Types in it, & I've dedicated them to an S.S.P. I wonder if he'll resent the impertinence? If he do, there's still time.

Yours Ever,

W.E.H.

-1476-
P.S.

MS. to-morrow. Please note that all this about Iwan's book is strictly private & confidential.

1 Probably Hawthorn and Lavender.
3 Alfred Milner (1854-1925), statesman. Governor of the Transvaal May 1897-January 1901.
4 The dedication is simply "To S.S.P."; see Hawthorn and Lavender, p.71.
ST. GEORGE’S LODGE,
CHESSWOOD ROAD,
WORTHING.

6 September 1901

Dear S. S.,

'Tis an enormous disappointment. The grace, the wit, the gaiety, the personality of the picture have departed with the colour (especially!) & the size; & its defects are exaggerated to an extent which makes the [----] reproduction impossible.¹

To come to details? I shall name but one. Note the extraordinary monotony -- the abnormal want of moulding -- in the right side of the face. From tip to bottom, the surface is the [----] same. It is hard to tell flesh from hair, & there's no feature left. 'Tis all one dabb of sameness. That the painter should think it good enough surprizes me not a little, & distresses me more. Probably he's tired of his work. But that's no excuse for such a show on his sitter, & none for such an affront to his patrons.

I think he'd be unwise to let it go forth. Among the subscribers, there were one or two possible sitters. There will be none now.

But for that matter, my wife declines to let this "crapulous grotesque" go out as any suggestion of me.
She can't stand it on any terms. And I confess I'm not influenced.

Nicholson should have made a wood-cut of the thing\(^2\) -- (By the way, when is, & what of, the woodcut he said he was doing?) -- as he thought at first he would. He could have got so much in one that he has actually lost in this.

I fear that he that [----] [ ] aright of John Stuart is like to go unsatisfied till the end of time.\(^3\)

Billy promised me A Woman of The Veldt.\(^4\) Where is it?

Yours Ever,

W.E.H.

1 A reproduction of Man of Letters. WEH's views of the portrait in this letter are contrary to those expressed in a letter to Wells; see Letter No.609, 5 November 1901. Steen writes that WEH was pleased with the portrait; see Steen p.63.
3 Not identified.
4 WEH is mistaken as the book was Basil Marnan's A Daughter of the Veldt (London: W. Heinemann, 1901).
ST. GEORGE'S LODGE,
CHESSWOOD ROAD,
WORTHING.

17 September 1901

My dear Sydney,

What price Nicholson? Has he turned up the wood cut? And, if so, why? And how's he going to satisfy the subscribers? Do please let me know.

He tells me that Colonel Harvey don't want him for the book of verses.¹ But that tells me nothing.

If you know any body with a small but airy & convenient flat, who wants to let it for a month, or would "loan" it to an undistinguished man of letters, [----] for October, or a part of it, you might turn me on.

Especially if there be a lift.

Yours Ever,

W.E.H.

My love to Billy. And tell him he's a brick!

Dear Sir,

I have your address from Mr. Dent. [----] I heard from him this morning that he had asked you to call at once. It will give me very great pleasure to make your acquaintance, but for the next few days I am so full that, if you come, we could get no talk. So I telegraphed for your whereabouts; & now I write. I ought to have done so long ago; but I've had much to do, & I've had illness in the house, & been wretchedly ill myself; so I didn't. Please forgive me.

Dent, [----] in writing sent me your Prospectus. Tis the first I've seen of it. It tells me that there is much of Hazlitt which I haven't read. I hasten to add that, having no mind for metaphysics -- or should I say philosophy? -- there is much of that which I never read. The Political Essays (1819), however, are new to me, & I take it, are worth reading: so I've writ to Bain for the book. Heaven send he have it!

Could you lend me (1) the Principal Picture-Galleries: & (2) the English Stage. I have both some where. But I cannot lay hands on them. If
you can help me to them, I will keep them but for a few days, till the end of the month, by which time I hope that my petit boniment [small quack's show] will have got itself done.

Yours Very Truly,

W.E. Henley

A.R.Waller Esq.

PS. I have your address from a telegram. I hope that telegram has not misled me.

1 Alfred Rayney Waller (1867-1922), literary editor and journalist.
4 J. Bain, bookseller, the Haymarket, London.
6 William Hazlitt, A view of the English Stage: or, a series of dramatic criticisms (London: Robert Stodart, and Anderson and Chase, 1818).
ST. GEORGE'S LODGE,
CHESSWOOD ROAD,
WORTHING.

1 October 1901

My dear Lord Windsor,

Thank you many times. It is (as they say) "fund money", & it means an Irish Poplin apiece for my wife & her sister. So, you see, kind deeds are never done wholly in vain.

I don't know why Hurd should take the tune he does with me. In the beginning I did my best for him & his paper -- in the beginning & for some time after. The explanation is, I suppose, that he isn't strong, & that there's somebody on the staff of The Outlook who is stronger than he -- somebody who don't like me (These last days, I gather, I am accused of inciting both Rossetti & Browning). Et puis voilà. I ought to have said nothing about him & his recalcitrants.

But since I've done so, please forget for my sake that I so far forgot myself, & let there be oblivion.

I'd love to talk Rossetti & E.B.J. -- with you. But we'd never agree. E.B. gets on my nerves: as the negation of paint. I admit that he was a learned & anxious colourist. But you know how deadly an insult
is implied in that admission; & on that implication I am content to leave you.

Yours Ever Sincerely[,] W.E.H.

1  An Irish Poplin was a dress made from silk and wool or a cotton imitation. The reason for the gift from Lord Windsor is not known.
3  This may have been in a private letter but the circumstances are not known.
9 October 1901

Dear Sirs,

In reply to yours of the 20th September, I beg to say that I could, if there were plenty of time, take on the articles on Byron, Thackeray, & Dickens. The others I should not care to undertake.

I should have written before but I have had much to do, & besides, have been ill.

You do not say how long you want the articles to be, nor on what scale you propose to remunerate their author.

Yours Very Truly,

W.E. Henley

T. Nelson & Sons.

1 Publishers.
2 There is nothing to indicate that WEH wrote any essays for Nelson, nor is the book or journal known which would have contained them. There is no reference to WEH in the Nelson Archives, Edinburgh University.
ST. GEORGE'S LODGE,
CHESSWOOD ROAD,
WORTHING.
[?October 1901]
Letter No. 609  To H. G. Wells

MS: Illinois

19, ALBERT MANSIONS,
BATTERSEA, S.W.¹

5 November 1901

My dear H. G.,

I rejoice, & am glad. We rejoice, & are glad. I doubt not, that when he sees your letter, he also will rejoice & be glad. For I think he's not a little proud of his job.²

We are breaking up the Worthing "home": which, however, we do not leave till Lady Day:³ & as a beginning, we took this nest of cupboards, furnished it, & plunged straight into Tarton as it were.⁴ 'Tis awful: Dante, aei brunò was no lower than the inspissated [ ] that has hung over us since Saturday night. If we get no relief, we shall slip for Worthing at the week's end.

I daren't call myself a Man of Letters. C'est un[e] pudeur de peinture [It's a modesty of paint].

I've had too much to do of late. Hence my silence.

My new book of verses should have been with you weeks ago. But these bloody Americans -- -- -- ! If you have aught to do with "Harper & Bros.", pin 'em, tent-peg 'em, stake 'em, my boy -- tight, tight to the ground; as tight as stamped paper will. I was ready by October 15th. Thanks to them, I am now a Xmas book.

-1487-
Write how you are, all three.

Ever Yours,

W.E.H.
Dear Lord Milner,

Iwan-Muller thinks that I may be pardoned for sending you a copy of my new book of verses, & for writing to you to say that I've sent it. It goes with this & I hope (I blush as I write it down; like Sterne's [---] Reporting Angel)\(^1\) -- I hope that you'll find bits in it that are not wholly & utterly devoid from literature. Very soon I hope to send you -- (but this will be per favour of the Colonial Office) -- Vols. 3 & 4 of your *Froissart*.\(^2\) They are an unconceivable time on the way; but each one is 500 pp. solid; & they can't be rushed. If they could have been, they would have been: for you.

Of course I am a beggar; & to this extent. If you receive, from Pagan, Burmah, the papers of a certain Ernest Dawson,\(^3\) who asks for civil employment, I beg you to consider them with a careful & kindly eye. Dawson was one of Lumsden's horse; was at least once under fire (& wrote of the experience with a modesty & an intelligence that pleased me); got entail twice; & was invalided home -- to Woking. There I met him. He is one of those big, blond, sweet-tempered capable
Englishmen who never lose heart, nor are ever angry enough on a great just issue; but who end by having their own way (which is England's) with whomever they are set to rule. I read that that is the sort of man you want: the administratory Englishman trained in India. So, violent as it may seem, I do not hesitate to recommend him, "for all I'm worth," to your notice.

It is absurd in me who have never met you (but I have talked of you, & at you, & about you for hours) to write thus to you: as if I had known you for years. But I must & tell you that the weather here is damnable; that Iwan is magnificent all the time; that George Wyndham teams with ideas, & has (I think) Ireland in the hollow of his left hand, or, (if you'd rather) in his least important waistcoat pocket. As for me, I edit Shakespeare, & may not write of politics. But I think that the Empire is (if I may say so) going strong, & that the Adversary has never a leg to stand on: except such very wooden ones as are provided by the pro-Boer press. As to which, the last gossip is that the Daily News has once more changed editors, etc., & is henceforth (so says Iwan) to be run on the principles of the Sermon on the Mount. Meanwhile, what I want is a new law against traitors & high treason. And if I die without seeing it: without the knowledge that Mr Blank Dash was yesterday whipped at the cart's tail from (say) Fleet St to (say) Duke
St; & that Mr So-&-So stood to-day in the pillory, &
lost an eye, & most of his front teeth in the
experience; & that Mr. Three-Stars is to-morrow morning
at 8 a.m. precisely to lose his head on Tower Hill: if,
I say, I don't live to see these methods applied to the
very pestilent set of whom I wot, then shall I die a
disappointed man.

Forgive my hobbling, & believe me, with
ever-increasing admiration & gratitude,

Yours Very Sincerely,

W.E. Henley

1 The Reporting Angel in Sterne's Tristram Shandy;
see Laurence Sterne, The Life and Opinions of
Tristram Shandy, Gentleman, 2 vols. (York: printed
by Ann Ward, 1760). Laurence Sterne (1713-1768),
cleric and writer.
2 Dedicated to Milner: "Alfredo Milner Africano."
3 Ernest Dawson, late Captain, Lumsden's Horse.
Dawson had transferred from the Upper Burma
Volunteer Rifles in Mandalay to Lumsden's Horse
which served in South Africa from 25 March 1900 to
December 1900.
4 George Wyndham was Chief Secretary for Ireland from
9 November 1901 to 5 March 1905.
5 Matthew v-vii.
Letter No. 611 To Clement K. Shorter

MS: Quayle

19, ALBERT MANSIONS,
BATTERSEA, S.W.
19 November 1901

Dear Mr. Shorter,

Very many thanks. I see no reason why, if you can endure my politics, we should not come to terms.

Those you offer are not those on which I am "running the show" just now. But I don't suppose there need be any difficulty over them.

The chief of difficulties is the politics. I don't think I shall ever be more violent than I am to-day. But I must have [---] leave to say what I think needs saying; or there can be no deal.¹

We are here for some days yet. Perhaps you could come some afternoon, & talk it over.

Yours Very Sincerely[,] W.E.H.

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¹ The Sphere was publishing "An Impression of the Week." WEH was asked to contribute an occasional page, his first being later in the month; see W.E.Henley, "An Impression of the Week," The Sphere, 23 November 1901, p.182. WEH contributed seven articles in this series in The Sphere, the final one being on 29 March 1902. In his first article WEH dealt with the England cricket tour in Australia and the Boer War. His violence in politics was directed against the Boers and the British waste of money, as he saw it, spent on concentration camps for Boer women and their
families while their husbands and sons were killing British troops. Although critical of the slow progress of the war he believed that the Boers would be defeated.
To Lord Rosebery

Many thanks for the birds. At this home (which will soon be ours no more) such visitors are ever welcome.

I suppose that some faint rumour of the riot over a note on R.L.S., which I contributed to the current Pall Mall Magazine, has reached your years? If it have, please accept my assurances that I withdraw no word, & that at the proper time, if it ever come, I shall be prepared with more.

Of course I've taken no more notice of these brawlers over R.L.S. than I took of those that brawled over Robert Burns. I believe that I am right in the last case as I was in the first.

Yours Very Sincerely,

W.E. Henley

WeH and Anna returned to this address on 26 November 1901; see W.E. Henley, Letter to John Stephen Farmer, 25 November 1901, MA 1617, Pierpont Morgan Library.
W.E.H. [W.E. Henley], "Ex Libris. R.L.S.," The Pall Mall Magazine, 25 (December 1901), 505-14. Graham Balfour's biography of RLS was published in October 1901 and WEH reviewed it for the P.M.M. His apparently bitter attack was on the man, the "Seraph in Chocolate, this barley-sugar effigy of a real man" as represented by Balfour -- RLS's cousin. WEH wanted to destroy the myth and sentiment that had developed since RLS's death. The literary world was aware of the quarrel between WEH and RLS but not its nature and saw the attack as the revenge of an embittered man. For a discussion on this review; see Cohen, The Henley-Stevenson Quarrel, pp.77-92.

WEH did not write again about RLS.
ST. GEORGE'S LODGE,
CHESSWOOD ROAD,
WORTHING.
6 December 1901

Dear A. M.,

London has played me out a lot; & A Midsummer Night's Dream, & sore eyes (that touch of Tophet that we had!) & a champion [ ] have kept me busy since we got home again -- yesterday week. So 'twas but to-day that I could read.

I did so with great pleasure. The stuff is quite excellent. I don't & won't advise: I can't. All I will permit myself to say is Hang into it hard. You criticize yourself quite justly: you haven't given it time & thought & elbow-grease enough. These are all that's wanted to make it a tip-top thing.

I'm glad you like H. & L.

Yours Ever,

W.E.H.

Haven't they been having a beano, these Common or Garden Stevensonians? Now, haven't they. I've not read many of their [ ], but I think that beano's the word.

We shall return to town (D.V.) early in January.
1 WEH's edition of Shakespeare.
3 They were at Albert Mansions by 28 January 1902; see W.E.Henley, Letter to John Stephen Farmer, 28 January 1902, MA 1617, Pierpont Morgan Library.
Dear Mr. Shorter,

Yours of the 6th to hand this morning. So I couldn't telegraph a "Yes"; nor could I take your lead, as the best part of my "Impressions" was writ last night.¹

I fear there's a lot of politics in it. But that this is so is less my fault than yours. I told you, in the beginning, I wanted to talk politics & you said, practically: -- "All right! Fire away". Hence the politicality of these presents. However, pass this, & I'll do my best to be better next time.

As for my "critics" (as you pleasantly & obligingly style them); I have nothing to say either to them or about them. In fact, I don't see where they come in. I have put certain facts on record; and they have hammered me for putting those facts on record. But they haven't [?trounced] my statements, nor have they disproved -- they have not even attempted to disprove -- my case. So I leave them alone. When I take them on -- if ever I take them on -- I shall want more "room & verge" than I can get in The Sphere. Meanwhile, your

-1498-
readers must long for me, & batten on the stuff supplied by the other side.

Let me thank you -- heartily -- for what seemed to me the very common-sensible view of the whole proceedings which you sketched in your last number. That, at all events, is the spirit in which, whatever the issue, the controversy should have been, but was not, taken by the Bandar Log, the Monkey-House, which calls itself the London Press. It has a fine opinion of itself, that London Press; but I had the Scots Press on me, three or four years ago, in the matter of Burns; & there isn't a pin to choose between the metropolitan & the provincial. Also, in both cases I believe the effect will be the same.

This, with the stuff, is posted (at 8.10; at our G.P.O.) in time for delivery to-morrow (Monday) morning. If I get a proof to-morrow (Monday) night, I can post it so as to reach you by second post on delivery on Tuesday.

Yours Very Truly,

W.E.H.

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1 W.E. Henley, "An Impression of the Week," The Sphere, 14 December 1901, p.258. WEH writes: "My impression of last week is something blurred, something informal and confused." He remarks on the successful tour of the Prince of Wales round the Empire and his speech at the Guildhall. WEH refers to a report in a Brighton paper of a certain Mr. Lehmann who spoke at a pro-Boer meeting which
ended in uproar despite his praise of British troops.

2 C.K.S. [Clement K. Shorter], "A Literary Letter," The Sphere, 7 December 1901, p.246. Shorter in a general essay on RLS notes the "extravagant laudation" of RLS which "has brought its nemesis." He states, in passing, that WEH is not one of those critics who finds that Stevenson is not such a considerable writer "once he is dead."

3 The Bandar Log were the despised Monkey-People in Kipling's Kaa's Hunting, one of his stories in his Jungle Book (London: Methuen and Co., 1894).
Letter No. 615 To Lord Windsor
MS: PM MA 1617

ST. GEORGE'S LODGE,
CHESSWOOD ROAD,
WORTHING.
10 December 1901

My dear Lord,

I don't for a moment purpose to disappoint either myself or my [----] dedicatee.¹ So beware! Meanwhile, it isn't Nutt's fault: it's mine. The book is in type: has been in type for weeks. But a gent called William Shakespeare came in; & he was too much for me; so I had, perforce, to hold over Views & Reviews until next year. It will be published as soon in January as ever we can get it out.

I didn't mean any particular Ass: I meant the Ass in General;² what Geroge Wyndham calls the Garden Ass. He has had his will of me, has the Garden Ass; but I don't think it matters. As to the article, well, it looks frankness itself; but it isn't.

We get sunshine here, & clean air, & clear skies. So we'll stay here till I've done more Williams,³ & finished off my little book for you. And then, if the weather hold, we shall [----] return to our flatling, in Battersea. Meanwhile, we study the journals diligently, for a "country cottage". If you had something in Guilford, now!

-1501-
You will not be in town till February, I gather.
Then, why not advise me of the painter-subject before. In any case, I'll be on the spot: for all I'm worth.

Do you remember Rudyard's story of Mowgli & the Bandar Log? I can like this outburst of anti-Henleyism -- (it really is not pro-Stevenson) -- to nothing so much as to a debate among the Bandar Log. I find from it I've more enemies than I knew. But my master-emotion is amazement: that here, in our midst, is the Bandar Log, & I never knew it until now.

Yours Ever Sincerely,

W.E.Henley

1 "To Robert, Lord Windsor, / these essays / in the appreciation / of an art he practises / and loves," Views and Reviews: Art.
2 See W.E.Henley, Letter to Lord Windsor, 2 December 1901, MA 1617, Pierpont Morgan Library.
3 Hugh Williams (1773-1829), a landscape painter; see Views and Reviews: Art, pp.111-12.
4 Rosebery was intending to have his portrait painted and WEH had suggested George Lowry; see W.E.Henley, Letter to Lord Windsor, 31 July 1901, MA 1617, Pierpont Morgan Library.
Dear Bernard Capes,

No; we shan't face Christmas in town. Not if we knows it. I am smutched with these fogs, & my skin won't whiten.

Love the Gipsy is excellent work -- excellent in the good sense of the word. And I'm very glad to have it.

I saw you in The Academy (that measly print), & was glad. I believe you are right. I've done no better than in this book, & in some ways I think I've never done so well. However -- -- -- --

All good wishes for the next book & for 1902.

Yours Ever Sincerely,

W.E. Henley

I expect to make town somewhere about the middle of January.

1 WEH had mistakenly written 1902.
ST. GEORGE'S LODGE,
CHESSWOOD ROAD,
WORTHING.

29 December 1901

Dear Mr. Farmer,

What is your station? And are there any decent cottages going in the neighbourhood? If there's a house agent on tap, you might send me his name.

Yours Most truly[,]  

W.E.H.
Letter No. 618 To John Stephen Farmer
MS: PM MA 1617
CC

ST. GEORGE'S LODGE,
CHESSWOOD ROAD,
WORTHING.
2 January 1902

Dear Mr. Farmer,

I am deeply obliged by your letter. I'd have answered it at once; but for a cruel attack of gastritis, which has left me a rag.

What we want is five or six rooms (at least) with a decent garden & a few trees. As much view as can be got, of course; & the higher the better. Farnham way would suit us excellently.¹

Meanwhile, we saw an ad. in the D.T. & wrote. A place with verandahs & two acres of ground: 4 miles from Liplock, & 2 from Haslemere; 15/ a week. Know you of such a place (among pines, too!)? Of course, we want to furnish; but we might be glad to take this for a bit.

For any tips, however, I shall be very grateful indeed. So please do what you can for me.

Yours Very Sincerely[,]  

W.E.H.

¹ WEH was looking for a cottage in Surrey.
9 January 1902

Dear Mr. Shorter,

The cheque came in this morning. I am a lot better. If I wrote next Saturday-Sunday, I should of course take on the Kipling Agitation. For once, I think, the Youth has gone wide of the mark. But not so wide, surely, as our beloved "A.A."²

Yours Very Truly,

W.E.H.

1 Kipling had attacked the English for their failure to understand the truth about the Boer War and their inaction in finishing it. He attacked the very essence of the English -- their love of cricket and football; see Rudyard Kipling, "The Islanders [poem]," The Times, 4 January 1902, p.9, cols.5-6.

2 A.A. (?Alfred Austin], Letter, The Times, 7 January 1902, p.10, col.3. The writer attacks Kipling for his views expressed in The Islanders.
Dear Mr. Shorter,

Many thanks for yours. I will do my best next Monday. I fear, however, that I am scarce the man you want. I like the work (or I should not do it at the price) & because it keeps me in touch with affairs & the outside world. But it seems to me that politics are the only matter worth writing about just now, & that not to write about them when one has a chance of writing is to range oneself among the flannelled fools & the muddied oafs at once.¹

However, I'll do my best on Monday; & there after as may be. We come to town next week, & perhaps we may meet, & settle matters once & for all.

Yours Very Sincerely[,]  
W.E.Henley

¹ W.E.Henley, "Mr. Kipling and the 'Muddied Oafs,'" The Sphere, 25 January 1902, p.88. Despite his earlier view about Kipling's Islanders WEH defends the poem: "I am an ardent Kiplingite." He feels that Kipling had shamed the public in their indifference to the war but that the poem would not
have any effect on the war, though he foresees a
more efficient army in about ten years time. He was
glad that the poem was published but that Kipling
was wrong in his hard condemnation of the public.
WEH also attacks A.A's letter in The Times for, if
he is the Poet Laureate, it is not his job to write
against Kipling but to write verse. Kipling
referred to "flannelled fools at the wicket or
muddied oafs at the goals."
Letter No. 621 To John Stephen Farmer

MS: PM MA 1617

CC

ST. GEORGE'S LODGE,
CHESSWOOD ROAD,
WORTHING.

22 January 1902

Dear Mr. Farmer,

(1) Very many thanks. But it's far beyond a rascal poet like me.¹

(2) I am sending (a) a box, containing 21 vols. of plays, & Burton's Anatomy (3 vols); & (b) a parcel containing Mill's Pugilistica (3 vols), an odd but precious volume of The Fancy, Ireland Sixty Years Since,² which has a whole chapter about slang songs, etcetera -- among the same a lot of old Tudor proofs, which are worth looking at, & may be [----] cut up. Of these the Plays are of no great importance: the others are, so please deal with 'em at your convenience, & have 'em ready against the time when we can shelve 'em once again.

(3) I haven't included any Pope:³ I took a look at the prose, & found nothing but good English. I wish we could somehow land the Miscellanies -- Swift, Pope, & Arbuthnot;⁴ also more of Swift. With these & Brown & Ward we ought to defy chance.⁵

We are thinking of going to Battersea on Saturday

-1509-
(19 Albert Mansions); but I fear we shan't get off till Monday. However -- -- --!

(5) I've several slips from Stockwell this morning,\(^6\) & will work them off as soon as ever I can. To-morrow, in any case, I'll post you divers quotes for Please, Pleasure, Punk, among others; so don't close till you get 'em.

Yours Very Truly,

W.E.H.

1 The matter has not been identified.
2 [Right Hon. J.E. Walsh], Sketches of Ireland Sixty Years Ago (Dublin: n.p., 1847).
3 Alexander Pope (1688-1744), poet and writer.
6 Either their printer or Stockwell, London.
Letter No. 622 To H. G. Wells
MS: Illinois
CC

ST. GEORGE'S LODGE,
CHESSWOOD ROAD,
WORTHING.
25 January 1902

My dear H. G.,

I am a rotter. But, have you any objection to Sutton? And do you know Banstead Downs? That Woking house is good enough; but they're all on the make, & we mean to try elsewhere.

I've heaps to say: though I confess I've not yet found guts & time to read Anticipations. But I can't write any thing. So come & see us soon at the flat-let: whither we fare to-morrow.

I hope you enjoyed The Times (Literary Supplement) on H. & L. 'Twould be a pang to know you hadn't.

Give me your R.I. address: it may stir me lyrically. That's the sort of thing I need. D -- n your republics -- your motor-car tempered with homme-moyen. I'm not in that show. Give us the other -- the Unknown; & I may respond.

E.A.Y.,

W.E.H.
Presumably Heather Brae, Maybury Hill, Woking, Surrey, to which the Henleys had moved by the end of March 1902; see Letter No. 626, 25 March 1902.


Wells had given a paper entitled The Discovery of the Future at the Royal Institution, London, on 24 January 1902.

In Anticipations Wells predicted a world republic. Wells predicted the chaos that the car would produce as a common form of transport.
Dear Mr. Shorter,

Thank you for The Sphere. I am interested in that portrait of R.L.S. Could you, & would You, find out for me how the man Williamson got it? It looks as if it had been drawn from a carte-de-visite (unique, I believe) of Lewis at 3 or 4 & 20, which I lent (with others) to Cust for the Memorial Article in the P.M.G., & which, with the others, never came back to me. It isn't a bit "like"; but the hat, the pose, & the velvet jacket were all there.

If you don't care to chip in, will you give me Williamson's address? I want to run nobody to earth, & afterwards to ground; but I should like to know how this bastard was begotten.

Yours Very Truly,

W.E.H.

1 The issue of 15 February 1902.
3 "Death of Mr. R.L.Stevenson," The Pall Mall Gazette, 17 December 1894, p.7.
Letter No. 624 To Clement K. Shorter

MS: Brotherton

CC

19, ALBERT MANSIONS,
BATTERSEA, S.W.
20 February 1902

Dear Mr. Shorter,

Many thanks ...... 'Tis against my principles; but
I'll send you more stuff on Monday week.¹

Yours Very Truly,

W.E.Henley

¹ W.E.Henley, "An Impression of the Week," The Sphere, 8 March 1902, p.232. The article is about the composition of various private and public art collections.
Dear Mr. Kitton,

Many thanks. The pen, a Waterman, is one of the best I've seen; but the nib is too hard for me, so I'm sending it to the London Agency.

I think I owe you (1) an Introduction to the two Uncommercials -- 3000 words strong (thus Mr. Sproul), & (2) an Introduction, 2000 words strong, to the Plays & Poems. I suppose I can send them in any time during the next three or four months?

Yours Very Truly,

W.E.Henley

1 Frederick George Kitton (1856-1903), writer, artist and editor of more than one edition of Dickens.

2 The Henleys' London flat; see Kennedy Williamson, p.281.

3 WEH had been asked to contribute to Kitton's Dickens; see The Complete Works of Charles Dickens, ed. F.G.Kitton, 15 vols. (London: George Harrap, 1903-1908). George D. Sproul, of Harrap. WEH contributed to one volume; see W.E.Henley, Introd., Reprinted Pieces, vol. 9 of The Complete Works of Charles Dickens, ed. F.G.Kitton, xi-xv, but he died before his Introduction was typeset; see Editor's note in parentheses, 9, xv. Charles Dickens, "The Uncommercial Traveller," All the Year Round, 28 January 1860-16 June 1860, in ten installments. All the Year Round, weekly, April 1859-April 1895.

Dear Arthur,

How would you translate into living slang the dead Elizabethan "silly-cheat"? 'Tis Autolycus, in The Winter's Tale. He hates the highway, he does: his revenue is "the silly-cheat." At first I thought it was a kind of reference to a confidence-trick. But I looked into it; & found that "silly" don't mean "stoopid", & does mean "helpless, feeble, wretched" (cheat, of course = lay, trick, fake). Well, how to put that? Autolycus constantly examples his confession by falling down & wishing he'd never been born, & swearing he was murdered & robbed; & so cops the Clown. Well, now, Arthur Morrison, how to put into words?

I didn't answer your last, because I really didn't see that I could help you any way. My dear boy, you've done a good thing -- a blamed good thing; & there's an end on't. All I can do, to look on, & applaud.

But I'll look at the letter again; & if I can find -1516-
any thing in it that needs reply, I'll take it on. Meanwhile, it's packed & inaccessible.

We go to Woking to-morrow morn. We'll be there, I think, about a fortnight when we come back to Battersea. And so we shall go dodging back & forth, I take it till early summer. Is it to be there or here? Like the cabman in Pickwick: "All I asts is where?"

Yours Alys[,] W.E.H.

1 Shakespeare's The Winter's Tale, Act 4, sc. ii.
2 A character in the play.
3 "Silly-cheat" did not appear in Farmer and Henley.
4 The Hole in the Wall.
Letter No. 627 To C. C. Bell

MS: BL Add. MS. 42711 ff.215, 215v

CC

Heather Brae,
Maybury Hill,
Woking.
8 April 1902

Dear Sir,

By all means use the verses. And please head them thus:

I.M.

Cecil John Rhodes

18 -18

with (I mean) the dates of his birth & death.²

Yours Very Truly,

W.E. Henley

C.C. Bell

1 Charles Christopher Bell (1869-1902), writer.
2 Rhodes died on 26 March 1902 in South Africa. The publication has not been identified.
HEATHER BRAE,
MAYBURY HILL,
WOKING.
5 May 1902

Dear Sir,

Many thanks for your letter. I hardly like to take on one minor Dickens; but I don't mind taking two: the American Notes,¹ that is, & the Uncommercial. If you are willing, to go so far with me, well & good. There will be nothing left but to settle dates & terms.

I am very sorry to have made such a beast of myself; for I'd thought of Chuzzlewit -- no less.

However -- -- --

Yours Very Truly,

W.E.Henley

F.G.Kitton Esq.

Dear Sir,

I am glad to hear that the unexpected has (as usual) come off; & I will take on Chuzzlewit with very great pleasure. My terms are £7 per thousand words.

All the same, I am sorry to lose the two books -- the *Uncommercial* & *American Notes* -- of which I wrote: there is so much of all but the very best Dickens in the first; while the second is matter for a very curious & entertaining Introduction, which (for the rest) I have at my finger ends, & which wants writing. If, then, it were possible, I would gladly take on these as well.

If you have a book to give away, I should like to put it in the way of Mr. Leslie Cope Cornford (1 Madeira Estate, Black Rock, Brighton), who is an ardent Dickensite, & has written a very competent & illuminating little book on Stevenson. His interest (he's primarily a novelist) is in story & character; but if you don't give me the *Uncommercial* (for instance), I am sure that he would introduce it beautifully: with a real feeling (that is) for the
excellent & remarkable work which it sets forth.

Yours Very Truly,

W.E. Henley

P.S.

Cornford's Stevenson was done for Blackwood: in the series for which I'm down for a Dickens.
Letter No. 630   To John Stephen Farmer
MS: PM MA 1617

69 Harley St[.], W.¹

[London.]

13 May 1902

Impossible to do more for a day or two. Meanwhile, these notes should help.

W.E.H.

I think you'd best not page till I send my revise.

¹ The address of Henry Percy Dean. The letter is written in a very shaky hand as he had had an operation on the 9 May 1902; see Letter No.631, 23 May 1902.
Dear H. G.,

I gather from your esteemed favour (1) that you are developing a bow-window; (2) that Phillip is getting articulate; & (3) that you are writing a book.¹ 1 & 2 are in the lie of things -- the natural order. But what price the book? I want to know about that.

As for me: I am a common humbug. I'm all right. Given a good surgeon, & the question is What can't you do?  On Friday, 9th May, I took a lot of chloroform, etc; & on Sunday 18th May I came on to these cupboards, a better man than I've been for months. I'll tell you all about it when we meet. "Which God send soon."

Our address at Woking: at which we purpose to be found in the first days of June; is Heather Brae, Maybury Hill. Come; & see; & envy.

Yours Ever,

W.E.H.

¹ Probably Wells's The Sea Lady (London: Methuen and Co., 1902). It was published in August 1902.
HEATHER BRAE,
MAYBURY HILL,
WOKING.¹
13 June 1902

My dear A. D.,

I am very glad to have the C.G.J.:² if it were only for the matter under the head-line "Covent Garden." Be sure that I'll cherish the volume, & return it to you safe & sound, as soon as ever I've broke the back of my Introduction.³

Of your Journal of a V. to L. I'll only say that I think Croscup is very lucky in winning you to let him print it in the edition of his.⁴ I would, with all my heart, that he could persuade you to annotate the plays & all like this!⁵ It ought to be done & it will never be done unless you do it.

I wired (excusez de peu!) to you for the Miscellanies.⁶ I can't get 'em out of the L.L.⁷

It has rained, rained, rained all day; & I feel at least two hundred years old. Well, well -- --

Yours Ever,

W.E.H.

¹ The address is printed on the left of the page.
² The Covent Garden Journal. By Sir Alexander -1524-
Drawcansir [Henry Fielding], a twice weekly paper, 4 January 1752-11 November 1752.

3 WEH's Fielding.


5 Dobson did not annotate the plays.

6 WEH received the book by 16 June 1902; see Connell, p. 372.

7 The London Library.
Letter No. 633  To Frederick George Kitton
MS:  PM MA 1617

HEATHER BRAE,
MAYBURY HILL,
WOKING.¹

17 June 1902

Dear Mr. Kitton,

Yes: to the Uncommercial & the Minor Writings;² & yes, also, to the Reprinted Pieces if only you'll tell me what they are, & whence they come. My edition is the "Gadshill"; I am sure of nothing in it.

I have heard from Mr. Sproul, as to the Chuzzlewit[.] And I am more than sorry to hear that I'm not to have American Notes. However, -- -- --

Yours Very Sincerely[,]

W.E.Henley

¹ The address is printed on the left of the page.
27 July 1902

Dear Mr. Kitton,

There is some mistake, I'm sure. I would write nothing about these Minor Works except a few cordial & cheery sentences about Captain Boldheart,¹ & I can't understand how the mistake has arisen. Of course, if you say that I'm booked -- that I booked myself -- I must believe you. But I hope you won't. I hope you'll rather call in Mr. W.H. Pollock, or Mr. Edmund Gosse, or even Mr. Lang, & get the thing out of them.

If it were the H.W. & A. the Y.R. stories, now! I would [----] take them on for nothing; & with infinite pleasure. But this cheap journalism: -- frankly, I won't.

So far as I remember, Sproul wrote confirming the Chuzzlewit. So that's all right.

However, it's not for me to criticize[.] And I'll say no more than that I think Lang was very happily inspired when he said no. I said what I thought -- said it in print -- of his contribution to the "Gadshill" Dickens;² & I am not at all sorry that Mr.

-1527-
Swinburne has said what he thinks of it.\footnote{Charles Dickens, "Holiday Romance. Part III," Our Young Folks, 4 (April 1868), 193-200. Our Young Folks, a monthly, Boston, Mass., 1865-1873.}

Yours Very Truly,

W.E.H.

PS.

When do you want my copy? You say August 1 for reprinted Pieces. Mr. Sproul says a year hence is all his fancy paints. Which of you am I to believe?

\footnote{W.E.H. [W. E. Henley], "Ex Libris. Some Notes on Charles Dickens," rev. of The Works of Charles Dickens, The Gadshill edition, ed. Andrew Lang, The Pall Mall Magazine, 18 (August 1899), 573-79. WEH criticises the edition for "its inspiration is wayward, humoursome, perfunctory: of work, too, done against the grain, after insufficient preparation, and on principles that shift and change according as the writer's whim is lively and alert or jaded and indifferent. The 'Notes,' for instance -- it is altogether impossible to take them seriously." WEH is especially critical of poor scholarship in Lang's etymology.}

\footnote{A.C.Swinburne, "Charles Dickens," The Quarterly Review, 196 (July 1902), 20-39.}
Letter No. 635 To Frederick George Kitton

MS: PM MA 1617

HEATHER BRAE,
MAYBURY HILL,
WOKING.

29 July 1902

Dear Mr. Kitton,

Many thanks. I don't know the plays & poems. Could you lend them to me? In any case. I am not averse from taking them on. Neither plays nor poems were C.D.'s game; & I don't mind saying so, & why. What I do mind is taking to task a very great writer //: our greatest since Shakespeare as I think: for the works of his non age. There's no Andrew Lang (believe me) in me; & that is why, since I could say no good about these early experiments, I choose to say nothing at all.

Your list, as you say, reads hands only. But Gosse once described C.D. to me as "a very much over-rated writer". And Pollock never had any thing worth hearing to say on any thing human or devine, & is rather worse than better now than when he began. And Dr. Nicholl -- well, why Dr. Nicholl?, Why? I ask; in all humility. For I really do not know.

I think you are right in your theory that we owe to you the Swinburne of the Quarterly [---] [---].

-1529-
Meanwhile, won't you tell me? Is Lang engaged on this edition? And is Gosse? And is Saintsbury? I should **horribly** like to know.

Yours Alys Sincerely[,]  
W.E. Henley

And Theodore Watts-Dunton?

P.S.

I find I haven't said the chief thing I intended to say: which is, that I'll send you the MS. of mine on *Reprinted Pieces* in the course of a very few days.

Meanwhile, I want to see your prospectus.

As for this alternative of yours to me, why not offer it to Leslie Cope Cornford, 1 Maderia Estate, Black Rock, Brighton. A good Dickensite, a capital critic, & an excellent writer of English.
Letter No. 636  To Frederick George Kitton

MS: PM MA 1617

HEATHER BRAE,

MAYBURY HILL,

WOKING.¹

7 August 1902

Dear Mr. Kitton (F. G.)[,] 

(1) R.P. copy, as you suggest, later in September. 

(-----) (2) Plays & Poems, ditto; £14; when you want it. (3) The Uncommercial (Traveller & Samples): I don't, at present, see my way to doing less on this than on the plays & poems; & I think we had better leave the question of length & fee open. (4) Chuzzlewit & the others: please give me approximate dates for delivery.

I'll get the Life.² I never see the M.P. or the D.N. especially the D.N.³

Yours Very Truly,

W.E. Henley

¹ The address is printed on the left of the page.
³ The Morning Post and The Daily News.
Letter No. 637  To Mr. Croscup

MS: NLS Acc. 5370

HEATHER BRAE,
MAYBURY HILL,
WOKING.¹

29 August 1902

My dear Mr. Croscup,

I hoped to send you an instalment (some 5000 to 6000 words strong to-day); but the typist (a friend of Pawling's) has been too much for me. I've spent a couple of days on her work; & what between corrections & additions -- well, I can't. Your printers would make nothing of it at all. So I have decided, at the last moment, to get the MS. retyped, & to forward it by Wednesday's mail. When you get it, I think "you'll can" put into type. More will follow, till it's done. And there you are.

But I do regret the absence of proofs. I've never, as yet, let any thing go to press which I hadn't seen through the press. I'm not sure that this Fielding won't [---] be as good a thing as I've done; & the agony of putting it through on a type-written copy is almost more than I can bear.

Yes: I'll sign as many as you like; & the photographs will get themselves done as ever I can break bounds & get to town. A day off from H.F. is what I want just now.

-1532-
And now, I must go quest for another & better Typist; so I'll say Good-night & Good-bye.

Yours Alys Sincerely,

W.E.Henley

Depend on Wednesdays' mail.

1 The address is printed on the left of the page.
Dear H. G.,

I liked it no end. And I am no end grateful to you, H. G., who give us such stuff in your stride; but I pray God I may live to see the stuff you can & (will someday) do. You, & only you.

I am a kind of elderly shyster; but I am by way of being at work, & what is worse -- (or better? Je m'en [ ] pas mal!) -- of working against the clock. A most damnable -- ("Come, now! Wot are you a sayin' of!" Thus, H. G. the Holy Ghost in me: thus, & in these very aunts) -- business; & I shall quit of it presently. And then, my dear Mr. Wells, we may make an appointment somewhere in the neighbouring city of London; & thither proceeding, you from your sea-girt, I from my [ ] home, we will remind each other, over cups compounded with no all aging Thames, that we are never heard of in The Daily Mail, & that (in point of fact), the World, H. G., knows nothing of it's [sic] Greatest Men.

How is George Philip? Also, the Missas, his Mama?

-1534-
Mine goes to Scotland to-morrow, or next day: to a place called Glasgow (otherwise Girvan). Are they not the same, you ses? Well, they may be be, Mr. Wells, I ses. I don't think they are; but since you put it that way; Are they, or are they not? Well, Mr. Wells, perhaps they are.

Do let us know about yourself, H. G., & about yours. About us there is really nothing to be said; excepting that I am invisible to the naked eye of any one, of either sex, until about the 15th September. When -- but let me not anticipate.

E.A.Y.[,]

W.E.H.

1 Presumably Wells's The Sea Lady.
Dear Mr. Croscup,

I fear I've given you but a rough-&-tumble kind of thing. But, in sober earnest, I found, when I came to review performance, that I could do no more: that it had to be that or nothing. Also, I fear that here & there I've been a bit indelicate, coarse even. Also I am already anxious of several howlers. Give me a single proof, & all shall be fairly smooth. But a single proof I must have; or I shall -- well! I shan't come off. And, for your sake, & H.F.'s, I wouldn't have that for the world.

It was a great & welcome necessity, this Fielding of yours; & I'm grateful, poor as the result may seem, for what it did for me. I was deep in the Slough of Despond; & lo! I am almost myself again. Almost; but not quite. Still ... !

I sent you an amateur's shot at me. I am waiting a professional's (Barrand, of Oxford St.). It will be two year's older; but -- -- -- Next month, I hope to get a sitting from old Hollyer: the sole & only in the world.

-1536-
Yours Very Truly,

W.E. Henley

A miry place in Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress.
HEATHER BRAE,
MAYBURY HILL,
WOKING.¹

26 September 1902

My dear Pauling,

It's a good thing that, for men of Pugh's parts in Pugh's case, there is such a charity as the Literary Fund.² I knew him -- I still know him -- as a writer of extraordinary promise & of performance scarce less extraordinary; & as you know, I gave him every chance I could. His was an unique experience, & he wrote of it with an unique pen. Lower-middle-class London (if I may say so) has had, to my thinking, very few more faithful & at the same time, more masterly & brilliant exponents than the author of A Man of Straw.³ I cannot tell why he has not succeeded: I can but suppose that the cause of his failure, or break-down, or whatever we like to call it, is that bad health, the whose ills of which you did so much to palliate in the beginnings of your connexion with him. Be this as it may, the fact is, that he has broken down, & that this uncommon talent is in danger of extinction. Clearly, he is a case for the Literary Fund; & I think that we should press his claim upon it as hard as ever we can.

There is so much that is exceptional in the poor
boy's case: the grinding poverty from which you rescued him, & in which he observed his material, & continued to practise, [----] as it were at death's door, his art; the quality & the completeness of his results, as soon as he had fairly recovered from his origins; the fine courage & the good apprehensive spirit which were essential in him for so long. (Indeed, I think [----] they are few I know, of whom I could write as I can of him.) What, I take it, he now wants is rest: rest, & the where withal to make another book. If I can help him, with you, to a grant from the [----] Fund I shall be better pleased than I can say. A mind & a pen like Pugh's are rare; & I say this knowing (as you know I know) some thing about it.

I've nothing else to say; but if I can advance Pugh's interests by writing to the Committee, or interviewing Presidents or any thing of that sort, here I am.4

Yours Ever Sincerely,

W.E.H.

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1 The address is printed in the centre of the page.
2 Pugh had applied to the R.L.F. on 23 September 1902; see the Royal Literary Fund Archives reel A15, Cambridge University Library. He received £75.
4 WEH did not write a letter on Pugh's behalf to the R.L.F. This letter to Pawling reached the R.L.F.
HEATHER BRAE,
MAYBURY HILL,
WOKING.¹

1 November 1902

Dear H. G.,

Please address & post the enclosed. When we've all got motor-cars, we'll be able to go without the aid of Mr. Austen Chamberlain.²

What price Clifford's Inn?³ We shall soon be luxuriating in the vast spaces & palatial dimensions of 31 Albert Mansions, Battersea, to which — ("the accommodation at 19 Albert M. for the under-butler & second footman being of the most confoundly limited area") — we are removing at the feast of Noel.

Dawson has stuff in him, I think. If you can introduce him to Newnes,⁴ you might be doing him a good turn. At any rate, I suggest it. I have a MS. of his in hand; interesting in a way. But O, H. G., if I could but get my fingers into & about it for the space of some two hours!

Ever Yours,

W.E.H.

¹ The address is printed on the left of the page.
² (Joseph) Austen Chamberlain (1863-1937), statesman.
³ (Joseph) Austen Chamberlain (1863-1937), statesman.
⁴ (Joseph) Austen Chamberlain (1863-1937), statesman.
Letter No. 642 To Arthur Morrison

HEATHER BRAE,
MAYBURY HILL,
WOKING.

9 November 1902

My dear Arthur M.,

I fancy Badalia H. is ahead of you in point of time.¹ But what of that? She's a poor thing, any how; & the fool that would call Mean Streets an imitation is fool enough to say any thing. Why vex your soul about him?

Meanwhile, I rejoice in The Hole in the Wall. It's excellent good work; & tis good news to see it's in its Third Edition.

You must send me your Painters in Japan, anon.² I'd love to read. And I do not see the review.

I've no news: except that I've been for three short spins in Harmsworth's best motor, & am infatuated.³ Also, I'm better -- far better -- than I was. Also, I've lots of little tinkering jobs on hand, & never seem to get any of 'em done; so that when it will be Battersea again is more than I know.

Yours Ever,

W.E.H.

¹ ² ³
Not identified.


The result of this was a poem; see W.E.Henley, "A Song of Speed. To Alfred Harmsworth," *The World's Work*, 1 (April 1903), 486-93. It was subsequently published in booklet form; see W.E.Henley, *A Song of Speed* (London: David Nutt, 1903); also *Works*, 2, pp.179-94. *The World's Work*, a monthly, December 1902-November 1923.
HEATHER BRAE,
MAYBURY HILL,
WOKING.

17 November 1902

My dear H. G.,

How are you & yours? Especially George Philip? You might let us know: big & glorious & resplendent as you are, you might let us know. I think you might. Yes; H. G.; I almost think, you might. You don't agree? Ah, well! Probably (being a successful author: a man who might buy a motor-car, if he cared to do any thing so like everybody else), you're right. Let me, please, apologize for addressing you with that insufferable familiarity. Dear Mr. Wells (then), do not be angered, nor suffer a simple wrinkle to distain the marble of your millionairish brow. Suffer me to start again, & to start in a vein which better becomes (if I may be allowed an opinion in the matter) our respective stations.

Honoured Sir,

And Patron (if I may venture to so express myself), I take the liberty to introduce to your notice a Cove, one Ernest Dawson, fresh from South Africa (via Burma, where the poor bloke holds an appointment), & delighted to think, & to hold, & to
believe that, through my humble intermediary, he may be permitted to gaze upon that Celebrated Author of The Time Machine, & even, if that Celebrated Author be moved to condescend to his great but simple need, on an Author, Celebrated indeed, but not so Celebrated as the Celebrated H. G. Wells: I mean the Celebrated Joseph Conrad. He is a good Cove (though I say it that shouldn't); so treat him as a good Cove should be treated by a Celebrated Author. Also, he is a large, quiet, human kind of Cove; so if I may, honoured Mr. Wells, express myself in terms of a familiarity which, in my grovelling state, I am far from feeling, do the best for him you can, & be d---d to you.

I've a Stomach; & a Liver; & there are times when I'm almost mad with either one or the other. But neither is perennial. Have you nothing to tell me of Pugh? Our love to you both.

E.A.,

W.E.H.
Letter No. 644 To Sydney Southgate Pawling
MS: Pennsylvania

HEATHER BRAE,
MAYBURY HILL,
WOERING.

18 November 1902

My dear Sydney,

What price Schnapps -- old Schnapps[.]
I believe it would help me; & if you can put me on to some, I am game to go for it.

Also, will you send me, please, the D.N.B. on Dan O'Connell?

Croscup is very keen on The Poetry of Byron by W.E.H. What say you?

Also, why do you never come to eat & drink?

E.A.[,]
W.E.H.

What a sickening ass is W.D.Howells! I read him on Zola in the N.A.R this morning; & as I read, a disturb by my dear old James Walter Ferrier; the how of Stevenson's Old Mortality Essay, & of my poor verses in the Envoy to Charles Baxter:

Our Athos rests, etc:
& even as I read, [t]his rhyme came in, & on, till I had perforce to stop reading: --

If you wish to purge your bowels
Peruse the works of W.Howells.

-1546-
A rough & simple statement, Sydney. But true, Sir;

[----] 0, how true!

1 A Dutch gin.
2 R.D. [Robert Dunlop], "O'Connell, Daniel," DNB (1921-1922). Daniel O'Connell (1775-1847), Irish statesman and lawyer, was an ardent Nationalist and was imprisoned for his views.
3 Nothing came of this.
Dear Mr. Farmer,

Very many thanks; alike for "scamp" & for Hookham Frere.¹ Both have come off.

I am very glad indeed to know that S. & its A[.] is in so fair a way, & that Vol I will presently be worthy its success.² Of course, I'll do all I can, as I said I would, to pull off thing with credit to ourselves. Meanwhile, I've advertized it a little bit in The Pall Mall Magazine for January, 1903.³

I've slips from Stockwell: which I will do my best to get off to you to-morrow.

Yours Very Truly,

     W.E.H.

¹ "scamp"; see Farmer and Henley, 6. John Hookham Frere (1769-1846), diplomat and author.
Letter No. 646 To Frederick George Kitton

MS: PM MA 1617

HEATHER BRAE,
MAYBURY HILL,
WOKING.

21 November 1902

Dear Mr. Kitton,

I should have sent you copy long since. But Mr. Sproul has asked me to "furnish forth" the Chuzzlewit introduction first of all, & has even suggested that I shall hold over the other matter till the early part of 1904. At the moment of writing, I can't lay my hands on his letter; but I'll look it up for you to-morrow.

This being the case, I've been looking round & round about M.C.; & hope to post you the copy (3000 words, or so) next week.

Yours Very Sincerely[,] W.E.Henley
HEATHER BRAE,
MAYBURY HILL,
WOKING.¹
30 November 1902

My dear Lord,

As that powerful thinker, the Governor of North Carolina, observed to that mighty Intellect, the Governor of South Carolina: -- "It's a long time between drinks."² And I wonder why. Worthing was accessible enough: even to Birds. Woking is not accessible at all: especially, it seems to Birds. And what I'd like to know is whether or not it's any fault of mine.

I've had vile times since I saw you & talked with you. Times are so vile that I've kept no Jovian eye on portrait-painters,³ & even Rodin has fallen out of my field of vision. If this were not so, I should have writ to you weeks ago to ask you, as C.C. of W.,⁴ for a place in one or other of the Parks in which Rodin could set up an exhibition of his œuvre, as he did in Paris,⁵ & has since done in Prague.⁶ It is possible, it is even probable, that others have stirred in this matter before me. If that be so, I will merely [----] urge you (if I may say so) to incline most favourably to the pleading of Your Petitioners.⁷ And if it be
not, I will, if you will tell me so, proceed to badger you in the good old official way.

Meanwhile, what (I ask it again) -- what have we done that no Birds have come to us from Hewell, & none from Shropshire

    Yours Ever Sincerely,

    W.E. Henley

1 The address is printed on the left of the page.
2 The reference has not been identified.
3 Jove, or Jupiter, the supreme God of Roman mythology.
4 Lord Windsor was Chief Commissioner of Works.
5 Paris, June 1900.
6 Prague, May 1902.
7 A London exhibition was not held.
HEATHER BRAE,
MAYBURY HILL,
WOKING.
5 December 1902

Dear Mr. Kitton,

The Reprinted Pieces copy is all but done. I will post it to-morrow. The M.C. Introduction, next week: as I should like the two to go forth -- & be paid for -- together.

If you mean, Will I take £5 for the labour of signs all such prefaces as I am [----] writing for you, Frankly, I won't. If you mean, Will I sign 300 copies at £5 preface, yes, I will: provided I may sign my initials only, as I shall do in print. In point of fact I scarce ever use my full signature: even under verse.

Yours Very Truly,

W.E.Henley
HEATHER BRAE,
MAYBURY HILL,
WOKING.
6 December 1902

My dear E. D.,

I'm glad indeed to know you'd so good a time.

As to that MS.: I want to rearrange a couple of pages ere I return it to you; & I can't yet lay hold of the time.

Speaking in general (as one man to another) you slop over too much; using three words instead of one; so that your reader is ever "shipping it green", so to speak, instead of now & then. Don't give way to it, please. Be plain & brief: or rather, be brief & direct as well as plain. Tis the true surest. Tis also the only one.

I have Jack's book;¹ but I'm so muzzed up with footling little jobs that as yet I've but inspected the outside of it.

Yours Ever,

W.E.H.

When you've rewritten, we'll try Newnes.

¹ Not identified.
Dear Mr. Kitton,

Many thanks. The typed transcript is atrocious; & I'm glad to have my copy back again. I can read it, any how.

I hope to post the M.C. stuff to-morrow. If I don't I will send it on Monday: together with the typed copy (revised & corrected) of Reprinted Pieces.

Sincerely Yours,

W.E.H.
Dear Mr. Kitton,

I posted you this morning a registered parcel containing (a) the MS & (b) the type-written copy of Reprinted Pieces, & (c) the MS. of Martin C.

Please tell me who pays; & when.

Yours Very Truly,

W.E.Henley

I'll write about that matter of the signature next week.
Dear Mr. Croscup,

Our terms were "£7 per thou." If I'd known then what I now know our terms would have been higher. But as they was so they is; & I'd like to know how much I owe you, or, per contra, how much you owe me.

I am very glad to know that you will send review sets to Whibley & Marcel Schwob. Since I wrote, the latter has moved house, & his address now is

11 Rue Saint-Louis en l'Isle, 11,
Paris

instead of 41 Rue de Valois, that it was. I'll write to him at once, & convince him that the Revue de Paris is the thing. Of course, he could do himself better justice in the Mercure de France. But I think that the Revue would be more useful than the Mercure: though I don't suppose that either will profit you a cent -- directly at any rate. What, practically, these envoys will do is to cause to be placed on record the impressions, at first hand (I mean, the first impressions) of two considerable sets of brains on (a) Henry Fielding & (b) W.E.Henley his views of H.F.

1556-
Neither has written a line about H.F. So we're so far in luck.

If you want a third name, I can -- & I'd rejoice -- to give you one. If you agreed, it would mean a really good "send off" on a big London daily. "The rest is silence[.]

Meanwhile, both Whibley & Marcel are asking me this question: -- "When do you -- (Cros cup) -- pull it off"? To which, not being Croscup, I can say nothing at all.

They want to prepare H.F.; so as to do their d'am'dest in his honour. And (owing to the curious slackness of the Croscup & Sterling Co.) I can sympathize with 'em.

Yours, Dear Mr. Croscup,

W.E.H.

1 The address is printed on the left of the page.
2 No review of Fielding has been found in the Revue de Paris.
3 No review has been found in the Mercure de France.
Dear Mr. Kitton,

Many thanks for your card. On Monday I will post you copy of *Reprinted Pieces*.

I am greatly obliged to you for your reference to Foster, & the matter of "involuntary" verse.¹ I worked it into a note (q.v.), & it's not impossible that [I might] return upon it in proof.

How many words long was my Introduction please? I ask, because I'm never sure of my *faconde*, & really want to know.

Yours Very Truly,

W. E. H.

¹ Not identified.
My dear H. G.,

I've read, by accident, your remarks on the teaching of English in the current Fortnightly, God prosper you! And may I live to rejoice in your prosperity!

But I've my doubts. Do they want it? Voyons un peu. Henley & Whibley's Prose was designed in three vols, would have included all manner of master-bits, in character & narrative, between John of Trevisa & Charles Dickens; would have been, as I believe, the best guide to English ever conceivable done. Why isn't it, you says? Because that rotten proBoerizer Methuen, calmly stept in & bucked the scheme. It wasn't in a line with the wretched, piddling school books on his list, you see; & Charles & I owe money on it to this day; besides being disconsidered for an arbitary & (to all appearances) given futile determination of limits, we offered to buy it of the bugger. And would he sell it? Not him! So there it stinks & rots; & if God only condemns him to rot & stink in the same way, I'll be a [----] Deist right
away.

Again, you ask for a [- - - -] lyric anthology. Have you seen mine? If you haven't, ask the same Methuen to spring you a copy. I owe him money on that, too. Yet I believe it will realize your ideal of what a lyric anthology should be. Does he sell it? Not a bloody bit of it. He has a very large "school connection"; & as I said, I owe him money on it. As many as nine copies were sold in these Islands last year, & one Colonial (God! how I'd like to meet him!) went a mucker on it. Into that book I put myself, H. G.: myself & five & twenty years of such scholarship as I've achieved. And that bloody Pro-Boer has rendered it of none avail. That book has every thing in it that a school-book should have: it ranges between Chaucer & Poe, it takes in the Bible, I think there's no good lyric in English but is contained in it; & every year the Pro-Boer tells me I owe him money on it. And he'll no more sell this one than he'll sell the other. The other -- the Prose -- he cut up inhumanly in delivering; this one he has only aborted. The result's the same. That old jackass Palgrave's Golden Treasury is a property. This, an hundred times the better book, is a [ ]. Et puis voliè.

Write (if you haven't it already) to Nutt, & ask him to send you Lyra Heroica. That has got into schools, & the youth of England is being trained on it.

-1560-
I hope George Philip will bless me for it presently; whatever his parent think of it. At any rate, if you don't know it, look at it, & we'll talk when we meet.

The 22nd Jan. is our Silver Wedding day; & we hope to spend it at 31 Park Mansions, Battersea Park, S.W. If you're at that Inn of yours, & don't look in on us, that day, so shall you be Eternally damned, [ ], harried, & bemaule, even as the Pro-Boerizer of whom I've written.

Yours Ever,

W.E.H.
HEATHER BRAE,  
MAYBURY HILL,  
WOKING.  
15 January 1903

Dear Mr. Farmer,

The MS. goes to you to-night.1 Please acknowledge its reception. A telegram with the one word "Safe" would put me out of pain.

The enclosed from Whibley will serve: under Tumbler.2 Do you know, can you help him to, a text of Sam Hall?3 I had one once; but it was oral.

Yours as always,

W.E.H.

---

2 For "Tumbler"; see Farmer and Henley, 7.
3 Not identified.
My dear Charles,

On Thursday, the 22nd, we celebrate (furtively & shyly, as becomes our modest place in the World of Letters) our Silver Wedding Day. So far as I know, the tryst is Café Verrey, 1 p.m.; but human life is full of accidents, & there may be rubs; in which case 31 Park Mansions, Battersea Park, S.W., is the general rendez-vous. And there you are. And now, hark back over five-&-twenty years, & recall the Church & the old sun, & the [----] swept-up snow; & St. David[']s St., & the excellent advice you gave us at the fire-side, before we started for Tron. I think there was a fiver in it. Or was it more? I know not. Any how I remember the advice. Mr. Micawber could have done no better; & I wish, with all my heart, we'd been able to abide by it.

This, however, is by the way. The main thing [----] is, Thursday is our Silver Wedding day; & that, whatever has come & gone meanwhile, we cannot let it go by, without a word to our oldest friend nor a reminder to him of that day, a quarter-century ago, when he
looked so well, talked so well, did so well, that it seemed that any shadow of dissention, parting, unkindness, was impossible.

Yours Ever Affectionate[,] (Alwys)

W.E.H.

A.J.H. [Anna Jackson Henley]

1 The address is printed on the left of the page.
2 Baxter was one of the two official witnesses of the marriage; see the Register of Marriage for the district of St. Andrew, Edinburgh, 23 January 1878.
3 Mr. Wilkins Micawber, in Dickens's David Copperfield (1849-1850).
HEATHER BRAE,
MAYBURY HILL,
WOKING.¹
18 February 1903

My dear B. C.,

I am delighted to have your book.² The Ded. pleased us both no end.³

In a few days I shall have health to read it. Meanwhile, I note that the house breakers are at work.

For the next six weeks or so, we shall (D.V.) be at 31 Park Mansions, Battersea, S.W. After to-morrow (Monday).

Yours Alys Truly,

W.E.H.

¹ The address is printed in the centre of the page.
³ "To W.E.Henley / in token of some drastic kindness / some stimulating approval / This Book is affectionately dedicated."
Dear Mr. Farmer,

I'm almost blind with work; but I want to say, at once, that [---] two sheets a week, unless the galleys & pages come, each lot, together, are too much for me. I can't give more time to the book than I've been giving. My health is too bad, for one thing; & for another I've too much to do.

I'm in town till this side of Easter. Why not come & talk?

Yours Very Truly,

W.E.H.
Dear Sir,

My old friend, Mr. James MacLaren Cobban, has, I learn, applied to the Royal Literary Fund for relief. I hasten to back his application with all the instancy I may.

I can do so with a certain practicality; in as much as I have watched him through the distressing malady which has prevented him from working during the last three months, & witnessed with admiration & affection, the endeavour to be quit of liabilities which, lasting, for many months, has landed him where he is. I do not hesitate to say, that is, that his present ailment is an effect of sheer hard work; months & months of which, with no free time for exercise & relaxation, can have but one result.

For the best of my friend's works: I take it that most men living would be proud to sign them. Of the others I will but say that they are good enough for five-sixths of the world that makes its living by fiction.
I am, Dear Sir,

Yours Faithfully,

W.E. Henley

The Secretary[,]

The Royal Literary Fund[.]
31 PARK MANSIONS,
BATTERSEA, S.W.¹
8 April 1903

H. G.,

Mon'ami! Right you are. But you never said so before; & I've been saying it all the time. And when I said it about our Queen: you jibed, you little Beast, you jibed.²

However, there it is: that's my form. And if it's yours, why, then, so much the better for the Race. For there's two of us, when before there was but one. I am sure, from your card, that the Song has pleased you.³ In that I am content. I wrote it, as Mozart wrote Don Juan,⁴ "for myself & two or three friends." More than one journal has called me lunatic; an anonymous sent (from Glasgow) suggests that after this there is nothing but Colney Hatch; Mr. Gilbert K. Chesterton is convinced that this is what comes of being anti-Boer.⁵ But it don't matter; not one little damn. Oneself & two or three friends. 'Tis, if you take it, the last word of human ambition.

We go to-morrow to Heather Brae, where we'd like fine to feast you, & introduce you to strange, poisonous, illuminating drinks.
Yours Ever,

W.E.H.

1. The address is printed in the centre of the page.
2. The subject matter of the first two paragraphs has not been identified.
3. The Song of Speed.
4. Don Giovanni was published in 1787.
5. G(ilbert) K(eith) Chesterton (1874-1936), writer and literary critic, was pro-Boer in his writings for The Speaker during the Boer War.
Dear Sir,

Mr. J.S. Farmer, with whom I have collaborated, these some years past, on a Dictionary of Slang & it's Analogues, tells me that he has applied to your Fund for a grant in aid, & asks me to support his application. I have very great pleasure in acceding to his request.

It is a fact that during the last eighteen months he has worked so hard that the work in which I am particularly interested is some 800 to 900 pages longer than it was, & that all this compilation has been done in the teeth of all manner of difficulties, set-backs, troubles, disheartenings. It is a pleasure to me to reflect that, thanks to this solid effort on Mr. Farmer's part, we are appreciably nearer to the end of what I do not hesitate to say is out-&-away the best, the fullest, & the most scholarly & smart lexicon of its kind ever done in English, or, for that matter, in French either.

I can help the enterprize, & I have helped it, with counsel, corrections, readily as I am able to command.

-1571-
But I cannot help it with money; & therefore I am especially happy in asking help for its author from your Fund, & on backing an appeal which has, I believe, the support of so excellent a scholar and so good & thorough-paced a man of letters as Dr. Furnivall.  

Yours Very Faithfully,

W.E. Henley

L. Roberts Esq.

1 The address is printed in the centre of the page.
2 Farmer applied on the 4 May 1903; see the Royal Literary Fund Archives reel A13, Cambridge University Library.
HEATHER BRAE,
MAYBURY HILL,
WOKING.¹
12 June 1903

My dear Lord,

This infernal renouveau has been too much for me; & I feel a hundred winters old. I can do nothing: not even write letters. And I'm a good six weeks behind all my engagements;² so that I enter on the blasting summer which is (apparently) before us with health & spirits "in a concatenation ascending."

You said you were grateful to me for Speed? I can't believe it's I you mean. It must be somebody else of the same name. No palsied old wreck like me could ever have made any such verse as that. However, ....

I hope to see you when you get back to town. Either here or at Battersea. Alfred Harmsworth has been giving me the use of an excellent Panhard;³ & I've had some good spins on it. But the north-easters & the rains have fairly knocked it on the head; & I find myself biffed in that direction, as in all others.

However -- -- -- --

Yours Ever Sincerely,

W.E.H.

-1573-
1. The address is printed in the middle of the page.
2. On his death on 12 July 1903 WEH left outstanding work but more importantly debts of about £500. Also he had had an advance of £200 for literary work; see Treasury File T1/9982A/13853, Public Record Office, Kew. Wyndham and Lord Windsor were to clear the debts and Barrie was to repay the £200 advance; see the Treasury File cited above.
3. An American car.
Primary Sources: Public

Austrian State Archives, Vienna
Beinecke Library, Yale University
Berg Collection, New York Public Library
Bodleian Library, Oxford University
British Columbia University
British Library
Brotherton Library, Leeds University
Brown University
California State University, Hayward
Columbia University
Duke University
Fales Library, New York University
Fitzwilliam Museum, Cambridge
Glasgow University
Gloucester Library
Hornel Library, Kirkcudbright
Houghton Library, Harvard University
Huntington Library, San Marino
Illinois University at Urbana-Champaign
Indiana University
Iowa University
John Murray Archives

-1575-
Kentucky University
Library of Congress, Washington
London University
Mitchell Library, Glasgow
Musée Rodin, Paris
National Library of Ireland, Dublin
National Library of Scotland, Edinburgh
Newcastle University
New College, Oxford
Pennsylvania State University
Pierpont Morgan Library, New York
Princeton University
Reading University
Rochester University
Royal Literary Fund
St. Andrews University
Southern Illinois University
Stanford University
Sussex University
Texas University, Austin
Trinity College, Cambridge
University College, London
Virginia University
West Sussex Records Office, Chichester
William Heinemann Archives
Primary Sources: Private

Damian Atkinson
M. E. Korn
Doranna Mitchell
Michael Packenham
Eric Quayle
K. B. Rankin

Works by W. E. Henley


Hawthorn and Lavender with other verses. London: David Nutt, 1901.


Prologue to Beau Austin. Haymarket Theatre, London, 3 November 1890.

A Song of Speed. London: David Nutt, 1903.

The Song of the Sword and other verses. London: David Nutt, 1892.


Editions and Introductions by W. E. Henley


Collection Cottier, catalogue of ancient and modern pictures, important works of the French, English and Dutch schools, of which the sale by auction will take place in the Galleries Durand-Ruel...Paris, the 27th and 28th May, 1892. Paris, New York and Edinburgh: T. and A. Constable, 1892.


-1579-


-1580-

Lyra Heroica. A Book of Verse for Boys. London; David Nutt, 1892.


"The Graphic" Gallery of Shakespeare's Heroines. The stories of the several plays from which the pictures are taken are written by W. E. Henley. London: Sampson Low, Marston, Searle & Rivington, 1888.


VI. Celestina or the tragicke-comedy of Calisto and Melibea. Englished from the Spanish of Fernando de Rojas by James Mabbe. Anno 1613.

-1582-


XXIII. The Book of the Courtier from the Italian of Count Baldassaire Castiglione: Done into
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