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{lh}To William Blackwood & Sons

Text MS Duke; Blackburn 102

{lra}[letterhead: Pent Farm]

9 July 1900.

{lsa}Dear Sirs

{lb}Pray have the enclosed copy typed as fast as can be done; as the book is finished (I intend to bring the last pages on Thursday),² and I shall want urgently the whole of the end for revision. Be kind enough to let me know where is the last inst^t of my org^l MS? And allow me to point out that you've sent the last inst^t of typed copy to Edngh instead of forwarding it to me. The typed copy unless corrected by me is not fit to go to the printers.

{lc}I am dear Sirs

{lc}faithfully yours

{ls}Jph Conrad

{lps}Messrs: Wm Blackwood & Sons

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{lh}To Ford Madox Ford

Text MS BL Ashley 2923; Unpublished

{lra}[letterhead: Pent Farm]

Monday. [9 July 1900]¹

{lsa}Dearest Ford.

{lb}I really hope to be done on Thursday and we shall arrive on Monday.

I am in a state of excitement. You'll be either struck with what I am doing now or else find it beneath contempt. I don't know anything myself except that it is either hit or miss with it. Devil only knows.

I shall bring you £{bp}20 in cash francs and cheque for the balance. I shall write to Mrs Dear² on Thursday if I've done the trick by that day. If she can't manage I shall ask her to tell you this. Then on Fr: and Sat: you could look out for something for us -- provisional if not able to achieve the permanent. If not we may catch on to a Hotel for a day or two.

As to arrangements for meals (at Mrs Dear should that come off) and so on: I fancy we had better not fetter each other (in our collective capacities). You have a help for the children and Jessie has not and is averse to having one. Let us preserve our {op"}liberte{a} d'allures."³ Moreover by the time we've arrived You shall have settled down to a certain system. My (or our) constant scolding and drilling of the boy at table will {op"}a la longue" be a horrid bore to you both. I feel it; I know it; I can't help it. We couldn't talk -- nor could our wives. Let us be together in the intervals of vile (but indispensable) sensual gorging of dead matter, when we can feast on reason and drink of the flowing soul.⁴ Love to You both [...] chicks.⁵ Ever Yours

{ls}Jph Conrad

{lps}Pray for me these days.

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{lh}To H.-D. Davray

Text MS Yale; L.fr. 40

{lra}[letterhead: Pent Farm]

10 Juin [Juillet] 1900¹

Translation

{lsa}My dear Davray,

{lb}The devil's in it for sure. I am in the middle of ending a fat volume which I hope to (and I must) finish, finish by two days from now.

Afterwards we go off to pay some visits that we've owed for ages, and then some friends are to wait for us in Bruges, where I intend to take a month's rest, because by dint of wasting paper I've turned into an idiot. All this, book, visits, rest, is so far in arrears that I neither dare nor can change our plans -- in spite of my very strong desire to abandon the wretched ink-pot and descend on you for a good, long chat.

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Again I won't be there when you come to Wells's place. I shall be boring myself at the house of some good people in Essex or in Surrey. But to miss you like this is really the height of bad luck.

I have often thought of you over there toiling away in your ant-heap; while over here, lonely as a mole, I must dig, dig without end or pause, without ever seeing the light.

We must meet, however. Don't fail to tell me in advance about your next visit to England, and save us at least a day at the Pent. For my part, if I come to Paris this year, as I hope to, I shall warn you in advance.

{lc}Yours very sincerely

{ls}Joseph Conrad

{lh}To William Blackwood

Text MS NLS; Blackburn 103

{lra}[letterhead: Pent Farm]

[14 July 1900]¹

{lsa}Dear Mr Blackwood.

{lb}The last word of Lord Jim is written but before I retire to rest I must with the same impulse, the same dip of the pen as it were say a word to you.

Whatever satisfaction I have now or shall have out of the book I owe very much to you -- not only in the way of material help but in the conditions which you have created for me to work in by your friendly and unwearied indulgence.

I feel I owe you also an apology -- many apologies for this long work about which the only thing I am sure of is the good faith I brought to its writing. I can't say much more. I would like to express something that would not be mere banality. But I can't. I've been now for 23 hours at work and feel unable to collect my thoughts.

We should like to leave for Bruges on Wednesday next.² The type of the last part of MS will be sent to me here. I must live with the end for a bit. There are many places which a bit* judicious cutting would improve and so on. As there is enough copy set up to go on with I suppose I may take a little time. But it will be only a matter of few days

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at most. In a few hours I start for London with the last pages. I am too tired to feel either glad or sorry just now. But it is a relief of some sort.

{lc}Believe me dear Mr Blackwood

{lc}very faithfully Yours

{ls}Jph. Conrad.

{lh}To William Blackwood

Text MS NLS; Blackburn 105

{lra}[letterhead: Pent Farm]

18th July 1900.

{lsa}My dear M^r Blackwood.

{lb}I hope you'll find this less incoherent than the letter penned after sunrise on the fourteenth. Thanks very much for the wire which I found on my return home yesterday. At once I posted the corrected proofs of Ch: 28 to 30 (revise) and 31 to 35 (first proof) rather badly cut about -- which is not altogether my fault as the type of that part had been sent off straight to Scotland without passing through my hands.

From end of 30 to end of 35 will make (unless I am mistaken) another instalment, and the next (Chap 36 en seq.) will conclude the story in the October issue.¹

It seems to me that Lord Jim as title for the book is meagre -- perhaps misleading? Could not a sub-title be invented? I am hammering the sorry remnant of my brain without being able to get sound or sense out of it. Perhaps even thus Lord Jim: A romance in one line would be better. I feel it's a poor suggestion.²

Another matter, if it is not too late already, has occurred to me. Would it not be better seeing the form of the novel (personal narrative from a third party as it were) to dispense with the word Chapter throughout the book, leaving only the Roman numerals. After all, these divisions (some of them very short) are not chapters in the usual sense each carrying the action a step further or embodying a complete episode. I meant them only as pauses -- rests for the reader's attention while he is following the development of one situation, only one really from beginning to end. I fear however that it may be now too late to make the alteration.³

Mr Meldrum has told me that a story by my friend Galsworthy ({op'}John .p283

Sinjohn)¹ is in your hands; my friendship has of course nothing to do with my opinion of the work; I didn't think it unworthy (on literary grounds) of being submitted to you.

{lc}Believe me, dear M^r Blackwood,

{lc}always yours faithfully

{ls}Jph Conrad.²

{lh}To William Blackwood

Text MS NLS; Blackburn 106

{lra}[letterhead: Pent Farm]

19th July 1900

{lsa}Dear M^r Blackwood.

{lb}I am in receipt of your very kind letter enclosing a cheque for £{bp}100 on acct of Lord Jim.³

I think that you shall have the typed copy (corrected) by the end of this month. I am sending my address in Bruges to M^r Meldrum and if there is no delay in typing [t]here shall be no delay in correcting.

I am exceedingly unwilling to cut about a proof. I prefer correcting the type where I can interline, erase and slash out without the feeling of causing extra work to be done.

Indeed my dear Sir I couldn't adequately express my appreciation of your unvarying and much tried kindness.

The end of Lord Jim in accordance with a meditated resolve is presented in a bare almost bald relation of matters of fact. The situation -- the problem if you will -- of that sensitive nature has been already commented upon, illustrated and contrasted. It is my opinion that in the working out of the catastrophe psychologic disquisition should have no place. The reader ought to know enough by that time. I enlarge a little upon the new character which is introduced (that of Brown the desperate adventurer) so as to preserve the sense of verisimi-
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litute and for the sake of final contrast; but all the rest is nothing but a relation of events -- strictly, a narrative.

Pardon this egotism. My head is full of this thing yet.
{lc}Believe me, dear M^r Blackwood,
{lc}very faithfully yours
{ls}Joseph Conrad.

{lh}To John Galsworthy

Text MS Forbes; J-A, 1, 295

{lra}[letterhead: Pent Farm]

Friday. [20 July 1900]¹

{lsa}Dearest Jack

{lb}We are off in an hour -- at last, and shall be back on the 16 or 17 Aug. to give their holidays to various children.

I've written to Blackwood mainly for the purpose of insinuating amongst other matters that a quick decision as to your story would be welcome. He has your address; but hurry of any sort is not in the traditions of the {op'}House'.

Meldrum professes great admiration for the M[an] of D[evon]. It is evident to me he has been struck plumb-center,* and I am glad to find him discriminative. This does not settle the question of publication, but his opinion has a certain weight with M^r B'wood.

The end of L.J. has been pulled off with a steady drag of 21 hours. I sent wife and child out of the house (to London) and sat down at 9 am, with a desperate resolve to be done with it. Now and then I took a walk round the house out at one door in at the other. Ten-minute meals. A great hush. Cigarette ends growing into a mound similar to a cairn over a dead hero. Moon rose over the barn looked in at the window and climbed out of sight. Dawn broke, brightened. I put the lamp out and went on, with the morning breeze blowing the sheets of MS all over the room. Sun rose. I wrote the last word and went into the dining room. Six o'clock. I shared a piece of cold chicken with Escamillo² (who was very miserable and in want of sympathy having missed the child dreadfully all day). Felt very well only sleepy; had a bath at seven and at 8.30 was on my way to London.

Same day we journeyed to Slough and saw the children.³ They are .p285

improved, very much liked, very happy. That's a success. From there we rushed straight on to the poor Hopes where we slept two nights. Yesterday morning cheque from B'wood arrived and today we are off to join the disconsolate and much enduring Hueffer. Address: 4: Rue Anglaise Bruges.

I am still well. Jessie too, notwithstanding the heat. Borys in great form but exceedingly naughty except when actually travelling when he is simply angelic.

This is all that will go on this piece of paper. Our love.
{lc}Ever Yours
{ls}Conrad.

{lh}To William Blackwood

Text MS NLS; Blackburn 107

{lra}Hotel de la Plage

Knocke-sur-Mer

Belgium

23^d July 1900

{lsa}Dear M^r Blackwood

{lb}The enclosed letter¹ written on the eve of our departure from the Pent got itself carried off here in my writing case.

I don't know what you must have thought of me?

Besides your letter that to M^r Meldrum (giving my address) has been also found here by my horrified wife. No wonder I haven't got yet the type of L.J. It is a stupid accident. First thing to-morrow morning I shall wire my address to 37 Paternoster Row² and I've no doubt that by the end of this month the corrected copy shall reach your hands.

Pray accept my apologies for this delay in acknowledging your good letter and the cheque.

{lc}Always very faithfully Yours

{ls}Joseph Conrad.

{lps}PS We've found Bruges too hot so came on to this little seaside place
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{lh}To R. B. Cunninghame Graham

Text MS Dartmouth; Watts 135

{lra}[letterhead: Grand Ho{cr}tel de la Plage

DIGUE

KNOCKE-SUR-MER]

In a hurry to catch post

Belgium.

28 July 1900

{lsa}Tre{g}s cher ami

{lb}Yesterday I dispatched a letter to Morrocco,* with apologies and news and a lot of loose chat which is no loss to you.¹

Jim finished on the 16th inst.² At last. It is going to appear in book form (by itself) in October.

I started upon a small holiday at once even before the last inst^t of Jim had been typed and corrected. I shall do that here.

Youth, Heart of darkness and some story of the same kind which I shall write before long are to form a vol of Tales which (unless forbidden) it is my intention to dedicate to You.³

My brain reduced to the size of a pea seems to rattle about in my head. I can't rope in a complete thought; I am exhausted mentally and very depressed.

Pity I miss you. It would have done my heart good to see and hear you -- you the most alive man of the century.

I am awfully sickened by {op"}public affairs". They made me positively ill in Febr^y last. Ten days in bed and six weeks of suspended animation.

Drop me a line here. We return to the Pent on the 15th of August. I must see you when you come to London again. Jessie's kindest regards. Borys (who's grown very ugly) remembers you perfectly and still wears the heart. Ever Yours

{ls}Conrad.

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{lh}To John Galsworthy

Text MS Forbes; J-A, 1, 296

{lsa}[letterhead:

Grand Ho{cr}tel de la Plage]

11 Aug 1900

{lsa}Dearest Jack.

{lb}Pardon me not answering your letter. The boy has been very ill indeed -- dysentery; and the danger of a fatal termination has not been over till yesterday. Jess showed lots of pluck. The poor little chap is a

miserable object to behold. As soon as he has picked up a little strenght* we are coming back. I had enough of this holiday.¹

Fortunately I had done with Jim before the boy fell ill. The corrected type went off five days ago and the very next day I had to devote all my energies to nursing, along with Jess, who, all the same, had to bear the brunt of it as You may imagine.

The whole Hotel was in a commotion; Dutch Belgians and French prowled about the corridor on the lookout for news. Women with babies of their own offered to sit up, and a painter of religious subjects Paulus by name² rose up and declared himself ready to do likewise. Elsie Hueffer helped a bit but poor H. did not get much collaboration out of me this tide.³

Well, it's over. We shall try to be home by the 20th. I've done nothing except as I said getting the end of Jim fit for print. There was a good deal to do to it as a matter of fact.

The plan of your story is excellent. I can't enlarge just now, only this is certain that such a story shall want an immense amount of execution. You must make the personal note very strong. Delighted to hear M^{ie} Carlo finished.⁴ I can't get any news from B'wood as to the M of D. The delay is a good sign. They refused something of Hueffer's in four days. They were 3 weeks accepting Karain.⁵

{lc}Always yours

{ls}Conrad.

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{lh}To David Meldrum

Text MS Duke; Blackburn 108

{lra}Pent Farm.

1 Sep^t 1900.

{lsa}My dear Mr Meldrum.

{lb}Thanks for your note; I was very sorry I couldn't see you, but I came up rather unexpectedly and there was no time to warn You.

I've dispatched to Edinburgh the last Maga proofs of Jim; a good bit cut about but undoubtedly bettered. I am glad that at least is off my mind as I am blessed with enough worries to prevent me from going to sleep.

The day I came up I ran accross* McArthur¹ whom I did not know before. He seemed to be animated by most friendly sentiments towards Your servant. I was at lunch with Edward Garnett when he turned up -- and this brings me to one of the objects of this letter.

E. Garnett thinks of publishing (in due time) a vol: of criticism. It will be something fresh and intelligent too -- and it is about time intelligence had its say in those matters. What he would like to do would be to publish very soon, what is intended for a sort of introduction to such a volume, as a paper in some magazine. This would be a general view, a sort of philosophy of criticism as he conceives it illustrated by examples (from Lyolf Tolstoi² to Joseph Conrad I believe) giving his idea of the relation between literature and life in their modern conditions. A large order for 6000 words. Still the man is quite capable of it; and I am sure there will be no platitudes in it whatever amount of sound truth there may be. Do you think he would have any chance of being given room in Maga?

For myself I don't see why not. Whatever his political and social opinions may be³ (and he is not one to obtrude them in questions of art) his attitude towards literature is, one may say, aristocratic. This obviously is not the same thing as conservative -- still. And, at any rate, it would be a fresh utterance. If the idea commended itself to you and you were to drop him a friendly line he would call on you and explain

exactly what it is he wishes to say -- and thus you could judge better whether he would be acceptable to M^r Blackwood.⁴

I haven't heard from M^r Blackwood lately. Do you have any idea whether the {op"}Man of Devon" is accepted or rejected? Jack Galsworthy .p9

has been down to see me since my return and I rather think the poor fellow is worrying a bit about it. He finished another thing called The Cosmopolitan quite as good as the Man of Devon but a little shorter.¹ There's stuff in the chap.

Now as to myself. I must make a fresh start without further delay. I think of writing something that would be suitable for the vol: of Tales. I would like to know whether M^r Blackwood would wish to serialise that too (First Command would be the title probably).² The fact is I could I think place it elsewhere (especially after L. Jim comes out) at an advantageous rate and I think I shall be ready in about six weeks. Of course were M^r Blackwood to take it I wouldn't expect immediate publication, but I would expect (can't help myself) immediate payment. I would also -- supposing the story completed the vol: -- beg that the book should not be published in the Spring. My collaboration story³ shall appear in March and the two would clash.

If Jim has any selling success (which I doubt) I would have a clear road to run after the end of the Rescue. Otherwise I can see I shall have a difficult existence before me. Sometimes I feel utterly crushed at the prospect; and yet I can not but feel that I've been exceptionally fortunate in the appreciation my work has met with, and in the friendliness and generosity of my publishers. Surely if I go under I shan't have the divine consolation of railing bitterly at the unkindness of mankind. This, as you perceive, is a serious disadvantage.

Anyhow I shall try to swim as long as I am able. My wife joins me in kind regards to Mrs Meldrum and yourself. Believe me yours always. {ls}Jph. Conrad.

{lps}PS Will you forgive me if I put off wiping out my indebt[ed]ness to you till I get my Canadian rights advance?

{lps}PPS Does Tauchnitz take up the books published by the Messrs. Blackwood. I should like to place my Jim in Germany with Tauchnitz.⁴ Unwin always managed that for me (so he said at least), or is it Tauchnitz himself who approaches the author or the publishers?

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{lh}To Mabel Reynolds

Text J-A, 1, 297

{lra}Pent Farm,
5th Sept. 1900

{lsa}Dear Mrs. Reynolds,¹

{lb}The MS. heralded by your letter arrived this morning. I've had the time to read it.² It is wonderfully well done: technically and in the clearness of the idea it is superior to the Villa.³ Jack is making giant strides; there is in his latest work, -- notwithstanding the first person form, -- a truly artistic aloofness even more pronounced than in the Villa. He is coming on! It is for me a wonderful example of what a determined singleness of purpose can achieve when there is a solid basis of a remarkable talent that I verily believe will go very far, -- practically as far as he chooses to push it.

That I have detected the existence of that talent, when in the nature of things it could not be very obvious, I shall always remember with pride, but in all conscience I must disclaim the credit you give me of being of help to him.⁴ One needs to be a very exceptional person to be of real use

to his fellow men. I've certainly talked, but had I never existed someone else would have found the same things to say, -- though perhaps not with the same loving care for his promise. That much I may admit without self-deception.

Recognition shall come. Strictly speaking, what people think does not matter, -- and yet everything is in that. I am afraid he can never look forward to other than limited appreciation.⁵ That he shall have it I feel certain, -- and even the other kind is possible too. I say this deliberately, having my reasons for such a hope both of the artistic and also {op"}human" order. But they are too many to be set down at length here.

With kindest regards to your husband⁶ and yourself, believe me,
dear

Mrs. Reynolds, your most obedient and faithful servant.

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{lh}To John Galsworthy

Text MS Forbes; Unpublished

{lra}[Pent Farm]

Sunday. [9 September 1900]¹

{lsa}Dearest Jack.

{lb}I did not notice that your first letter did say 2 o'clock. However if it does not shock you very much let it be one or soon after instead so that we can have a little longer time. I shall come with Garnett.

The Cosmopolitan is now in Hueffer's hands. My dear fellow the sketch is very fine -- in tone, in expression, in conception; and fine too in innumerable touches that are born of artistic insight. I am delighted with it; I am -- I am grateful to you for it.

Now go and do even better.

The Villa is in the hands of Garnett. He shall no doubt talk to you about it. H[ueffer] has not written to me yet. He seemed touched by your appreciation of his verse.²

I've pointedly asked Meldrum to find out B'w's intentions as to M of D.

Au revoir. Ever Yours

{ls}Conrad

{lh}To Helen Sanderson

Text MS Yale; Unpublished

{lra}The Pent.

Stanford N^r Hythe

9th Sept 1900.

{lsa}My dear Mrs Sanderson.

{lb}I've only just learned that you are returning to Elstree and that Ted is returning home.³ I won't offer any lame excuses for my long silence; even my quiet life I find almost too distracting so that I am not always quite responsible for my actions -- which are mostly misdeeds wearing often an ugly look but not so black as they seem. I would have written no doubt (for my memory is not paralysed if my hand often is) had I not been in receipt of indirect news of you and the babies. You were

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well -- and that was all that could be expected while Ted was away from his fireside.

And now we both allow ourselves to think with delight of your happiness in re-union; and may its first priceless flush last, enduring valiantly the assaults of comparatively petty but wearing -- oh! so wearing -- troubles. Anyway now they'll be easier to bear when you can meet them shoulder to shoulder -- all the four of you.¹ Quite a little

army. Let it be named the Ever-victorious in the face of life's cares which are a pertinacious legion -- alas! -- as we all well know.

I won't pretend to ignorance as to the state of affairs. I've been biting my thumbs at my uselessness to my friends. That's all I could bite. I haven't barked because my bark is no better than my bite, and I made no sound because I didn't think that my well-meant howling would have cheered you much.

When do you expect Ted? Perhaps soon? This week? I do not ask; I speculate with as much excitement as the return of any living man may awaken in my breast. I don't deserve that you should answer this letter. I do not ask and do not even hope. I've no more taste for coals on fire upon my head than the next man. I just speculate joyfully and when he has returned I shall know through my intelligence department. Then in time -- in time -- I may even hear from either of you. Meantime I shall be at rest and as much with you at heart as the best correspondent of them all.

When we heard of the boy I had a great mind to cable congratulations to Ted. Finally I decided upon a letter and I am glad now because I should have, as likely as not, cabled to East London.² Why? I don't know -- unless that I've been during the writing of my lame book mad for all practical purposes. The letter has gone there I fear -- it dawns upon me -- or perhaps to Durban. There is just a chance that I did sanely put Port Eli[izabe]th on the envelope. But I don't know. Nobody knows. Jessie had not looked over the letters that morning; the old lady who runs our post office can't remember by this time; rather thinks there was no letter for S. Africa at all.

These are humiliating confessions. Sometimes I fancy I am breaking up mentally. I've been much worried this year. First illness; afterwards the death of poor Stephen Crane upset me horribly delaying my work, and all the time Maga's next number hanging over my head. Yet I've written 120000 words in ten months; (such as the words are). I finished in July and felt limp done up, dazed, like a man waking up from a .p293

nightmare. We went abroad and then Borys fell ill. We've nearly lost him. Since our return Jess has been on the rack with neuralgia; the after result of anxiety I suppose. She rejoices with all her heart at the lifting up of your anxiety. My heart is lighter than it has been for many a month now.

My love to husband, wife and children. I know that you and Ted never doubt that I am always yours affectionately.

{ls}Jph. Conrad.

{lps}PS My affec^{te} regards to Mrs Sanderson¹ and to such members of the family as have not cast me out and you can get at.

{lh}To Ford Madox Ford

Text MS Yale; Unpublished

{lra}[letterhead: Pent Farm]

[mid-September? 1900]²

{lsa}Dear Ford.

{lb}Here's the chap. I am at work and beastly seedy with cold, cough, piles and a derangement of the bowels. No doubt paralysis isn't far off.

Arranged with Pawling to pub^{sh} Inheritors early spring. Very early. I reckon Febr. They want to give B'wood's publications a sort of start.

Bless you all

{ls}J.C.

{lh}To John Galsworthy

Text MS POSK; Danilewicz 10

{lra}[letterhead: Pent Farm]

Thursday. [13 September 1900]³

{lsa}Dearest Jack.

{lb}We talked of you with Garnett and he was struck with the M of D. much more than it is in his nature to show to the author himself.

In Zachary there is just the lack of some one illustrative detail. Plenty of telling ones, but there is somewhere one -- perhaps not so telling, but as .p294

it were, bringing him within reach of the hand that is missing and is, as a matter of fact, missed.

This I took to be the essence of G's criticism developed in his talk with me. I am glad you like G.

Won't you come down on Sat: or Sund: Jess thinks you will. I don't want to worry you but it seems ages since You've been. I want to see what You've done. I've been seedy and low. I've worked too; trying for a new manner. I would say more but no space.

{lc}Ever Yours

{ls}J Conrad.

{lh}To J. B. Pinker

Text MS Berg; Unpublished

{lra}[letterhead: Pent Farm]¹

19 Sept 1900

{lsa}Dear M^r Pinker

{lb}Your letter found here my collaborator M^r Ford M. Hueffer and this circumstance allows me to answer your proposal with the suggestion that you should take in hand a joint work of ours which is nearing completion.² Whether this is what Constables want I don't know but our meaning is that you should handle that stuff with a free hand: that is serialize it and arrange for book form.

We could let you have 14 chap^{rs} out of twenty the work contains, for a specimen. The rest shall be out of hand in Dec^{er} for certain.³ It is a story of adventure relating to the first 20 years of 19th century.

As to my own singlehanded work I can't say anything nor hold out any hopes. I wish that in Am: you would give McClure the first chance. The title of the book is Seraphina; action in West Indies, Havana and England. It concerns itself with the last of the pirates in those parts. The hero is English.

Would you let me know how it strikes you. Yours faithfully

{ls}Jph. Conrad.

{lps}PS The serialising is the important part.

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{lh}To John Galsworthy

Text MS Forbes; Unpublished

{lra} {letterhead: Pent Farm]

19th Sept 1900

{lsa}Dearest Jack.

{lb}This is well. Hoch! for Morrah.¹

Why I am so late is because Jess forgot to post my original letter. This is written in its place. On consideration: Yes. Try B.'wood if you mean to try him for book form publishing. As to M of D. it occurs to me it would do for the Bampton Mag. (formerly Chapman's) O. Crawford is the editor² -- or was. Hueffer however thinks it no good.

I am drooping still. Working at Seraphina. Bosh! Horrors!
{lc}Ever Yours
{ls}Conrad.