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{lh}To J. B. Pinker

Text MS Berg; Unpublished

{lra}[letterhead: Pent Farm]

8th Oct 1900.

{lsa}Dear M^r Pinker.

{lb}This word is to inform You that you shall have two stories from me to place serially, of which one shall probably be ready by the 15th inst. It is not the story I spoke* you about; it is nothing so horrible and deals with a lot of Chinamen coolies and a few seamen on board a steamer in a gale of wind in the China Seas.³ Its title is Typhoon and length as far as I can see 12000 words. Why however I mention it now is because it struck me casually that it is quite the thing that finds room in Xmas numbers. I may be too late with the stuff by this time, for that purpose, but here's the suggestion.

The other story shorter and much more horrible⁴ shall be finished early in Nov^{er}. I fancy I can do it in about 5000 words.⁵ I'll forward it to you in due course.

And now I go back to my MS.

{lc}Believe me faithfully yours

{ls}Jph. Conrad.

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{lh}To R. B. Cunninghame Graham

Text MS Dartmouth; Watts 137

{lra}[letterhead: Pent Farm]

10th Oct 1900.

{lsa}Tre{g}s cher ami.

{lb}I know I am a beast. I've read Cruz Alta four days ago. C'est tout simplement magnifique. I knew most of the sketches, in fact nearly all, except Cruz Alta itself.¹

I shall write you about them in a few days. I am oppressed by the sense of my scoundrelism. This is only to let you know that I am writing by this post to P[awling] telling him to send me 20 pounds which I shall forward to you at once as soon as I get the cheque.

I've been in bed ill and hopeless. Now I am tottering about and trying to write.

Don't cast me out utterly -- but anyhow ever yours

{ls}J Conrad

{lh}To S. S. Pawling

Text MS Heinemann; Unpublished

{lra}[letterhead: Pent Farm]

10th Oct^{er} 1900

{lsa}My dear Pawling.

{lb}I just got a letter from a man you know. I can't and mustn't say more. I am awfully sorry to strike you again but I am forced (really) to ask you for a cheque for £{bp}20 either on acc/t of Inheritors or a short story vol. whichever you like to make it. (NB. Inheritors we had £{bp}30 on acct. of £{bp}100.

{bp}15 each. This 20 would be out of my share of the balance of 70 when the time comes).

I wouldn't say anything if the matter was not distressing.²

I am a precious acquaintance am I not?

{lc}Always Yours

{ls}Jph Conrad.

{lh}To David Meldrum

Text MS Duke; Blackburn 111

{lra}[letterhead: Pent Farm]

Thursday. [11 October 1900]¹

{lsa}My dear M^r Meldrum.

{lb}I've been beastly seedy again. The fact is I ought to have a winter out of England. So the doc. says.

Still I've been working. Would you send me back the specimen of the story I've left with you. I want to look at it and perhaps expunge a par. or two.

Upon the whole I hardly think it would be worthy of Maga. But the end is not yet (though it is not far) and it's impossible to say till the thing is done.

Our kindest regards

{lc}Ever Yours

{ls}Jph. Conrad.

{lh}To David Meldrum

Text MS Duke; Blackburn 112

{lra}[letterhead: Pent Farm]

17 Oct 1900

{lsa}My dear M^r Meldrum.

{lb}Pardon the delay in answering. I've been in bed.

I would like to come, if able, which I hope.

Would you let me know the day?

May I ask for 4 more copies of Jim which I wish to send abroad. One is for my German translator² and the others for relations.

When coming must I bring sable garments?³ I know Mrs Meldrum would let me off the conventional disguise but it is better to be sure.

My wife's kind regards.

{lc}Always Yours

{ls}Jph Conrad

{lps}PS. The MS Typhoon to hand. Thanks.

{lh}To David Meldrum

Text MS Duke; Blackburn 110

{lra}[letterhead: Pent Farm]

31 Oct. 1900¹

{lsa}My dear M^r Meldrum.

{lb}Very many thanks for the cuttings. I had a letter from E'gh with details as to the start of the book in the way of subscription. It isn't exactly like Marie Corelli's² but let us hope it will improve.

Could you tell me whether my advance from Canada ({bp}30) is to come through M^r Blackwood? I want it pretty badly since I've not yet finished the Typhoon which is to prolong my wretched existence. That infernal story does not seem to come off somehow. Meantime the Canadian dollars would be welcome. I can't let the pony starve. I can't explain to him that it is because of my high principles in story writing. And could you perhaps give me an idea how long one has to wait.

The M[anchester] G[uardian]'s notice is good.³ The D[aily] Chr[onicle] notice is good too⁴ -- should say best for selling. I do want to write something that would be really good.

I ought to have written to you before but on my return⁵ I was distracted with Hueffer. When he went away I was half dead and crawled into bed for two days.

{lc}Always Yours

{ls}Js Conrad.

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{lh}To Edward Garnett

Text MS Colgate; G. 170

{lra}[letterhead: Pent Farm]

Friday. [2 November 1900]¹

{lsa}Dearest E.

{lb}What Meldrum says is this:

He is most anxious to see (what he calls) your essay in criticism but lately he was greatly annoyed by having one or two things he sent to E'gh refused. He thinks it deplorable to ask a man for stuff, then have it fired back after 3 weeks, or more.

Consequently were You to send anything he would be delighted and do all he can with alacrity but says he -- I am unwilling to ask E. G. in so many words and then hear that his work has been refused.

As to George B'wood² from few words I've exchanged with him I fancy the idea has a fearful fascination for him. They step delicately round you as though you were a box of dynamite, they would like to pick up but daren't. It's most impressive. If I talk much more about you with that lot I'll get frightened myself. It seems to me you do not realise this extraordinary prestige you possess -- the prestige of a quiescent bomb about whose deadly quality there is no doubt whatever. All these priests of imbecile idols seem to think that you may go off -- if given a chance -- and shatter their commodious temple to pieces.

May you do so! To me you are not a bomb -- you are a righteous club which I imagine forever suspended over my head. And I don't think you realise either how much this conception of E. G. influences the course of my existence.

If you've written to me about L.J keep back your letter for a week. I am in a state bordering on distraction. Most unhappy about it and yet idiotically exalted. I want to settle down before I hear what you have to say -- for to me it is your voice that really matters.

{lc}Ever Yours

{ls}Jph. Conrad.

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{lh}To John Galsworthy

Text MS Forbes; Unpublished

{lra}[letterhead: Pent Farm]

Friday. [2 November 1900]¹

{lsa}Dearest Jack

{lb}Thanks for your letter. We expect You on Sunday.

Hueffer has been here and we talked of you. H said some intelligent things about Villa Rubein.²

I am informed that A Knight is gone to Edinburgh on the initiative of young George B'wood who came to London the other day and read the story, himself. Meldrum was very much upset when M of D was sent back to You. M considers M of D as superior to the Knight -- as it were in theme -- an opinion in which I share.

Bring MS when You come.

{lc}Ever Yours

{ls}Jph. Conrad

{lh}To William Blackwood

Text MS NLS; Blackburn 113

{lra}[letterhead: Pent Farm]

7th Nov. 1900.

{lsa}My dear M^r Blackwood.

{lb}Many thanks for the Cinque Ports³ which came to-day as a most agreeable surprise.

In the matter of outward characteristics the book has substance, appearance an air of sober finish which to me is very pleasing. As to the inside -- Hyde's art is undeniable⁴ and is done justice to, in a remarkably successful manner. Of the letter-press I had always a good opinion. Hueffer's talent has been from the first sympathetic to me. Throughout, his feeling is true and its expression genuine with ease and moderation. He does not stand on his head for the purpose of getting a new and striking view of his subject. Such a method of procedure may be in favour nowadays but I prefer the old way, with the feet on the ground.

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Neither does he tear his hair with enthusiasm and paint his Ports red; but there is -- it seems to me -- a good deal of force in his quiet phrasing. His facts I believe to be right and his theories have some authority to back them and at any rate are no worse -- I believe -- than many theories of all sorts that born yesterday jostle us to-day, and shall fall to pieces to-morrow.

Upon the whole the criticism in the excellent last N^o of Maga¹ is fair and in the main judicious.

I had the pleasure of dining with M^r George Blackwood a few days ago, and was very happy to hear that your health was good. I trust we shall have a merciful winter. Even now, after dire experience, it seems to me impossible that a little cold or a little more or less wet should affect one's sufficiency and even happiness. I can't forget the days when {op'}climate' did not exist for me as long as there was enough air to breathe and not too much wind to keep my feet.

Believe me, dear M^r Blackwood,

{lc}very faithfully yours

{ls}Jph. Conrad.

{lh}To John Galsworthy

Text MS Forbes; J-A, 1, 297

{lra}[letterhead: Pent Farm]

7 Nov 1900.

{lsa}Dearest Jack.

{lb}I was so touched by your letter! Believe me I was, though I did not answer it at once. Indeed it is very difficult to answer such a message from the very force of the emotions it awakens. I thought I was very fortunate to get such a response for my work. You've done so much for me and in so many ways that I have felt myself silenced a long time ago -- but never have you done so much for me as when you wrote that letter.

I wanted to write to you about Your book;² that is really one of the reasons why [I] had not acknowledged your letter -- which I could do if I couldn't answer it with adequate expression. But my dear Jack I've been in such a state of wretchedness and worry that I could not find three words that would hang together. You know how paralyzed one is sometimes -- and then we had talked -- I had tried to talk -- of the book so

many times that it seemed to have become part of me -- that part of belief
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and thought so intimate that it cannot be put into speech as if it could
not live apart from one's conscious self.

The preliminary note in the Academy¹ was at least decent. {op'}Sense of style and eye for character'. That's something -- and not a little thing to have come home to a casual reviewer. Now what we want is to get the A to get out a review which would have at least that amount of intelligence and discrimination. Lucas wrote to me that he no longer reviews for the A unless books of verse. I am afraid they are awfully crowded there is such a rush of fiction which had been held back by the Kru{um}ger-Chamberlain combination.²

How are You? When are you coming? My flesh is weary and my spirit sinks. But I shan't treat you to any of that. {lc}Ever Yours.
{ls}Conrad.

{lh}To Edward Garnett

Text MS Free; J-A, 1, 298; G. 172

{lra}[letterhead: Pent Farm]

12 Nov 1900

{lsa}Dearest E.

{lb}You are great and good.

Yes! you've put your finger on the plague spot. The division of the book into two parts which is the basis of your criticism demonstrates to me once more your amazing insight; and your analysis of the effect of the book puts into words precisely and suggestively the dumb thoughts of every reader -- and my own.

Such is indeed the effect of the book; the effect which you can name and others can only feel. I admit I strove for a great triumph and I have only succeeded in giving myself utterly away. Nobody'll see it, but you have detected me falling back with my lump of clay I had been lugging up from the very bottom of the pit, with the idea of breathing big life into it. And all I have done was to let it fall with a silly crash.

For what is fundamentally wrong with the book -- the cause of the effect -- is want of power. I do not mean the {op'}power' of reviewer's jargon.

I mean the want of illuminating imagination. I wanted to obtain a sort of lurid light out* the very events. You know what I have done -- alas! I haven't been strong enough to breathe the right sort of life into my clay -- the revealing life.

I've been satanically ambitious, but there's nothing of a devil in me.
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worse luck. The Outcast is a heap of sand, the Nigger a splash of water, Jim a lump of clay. A stone, I suppose will be my next gift to the impatient mankind -- before I get drowned in mud to which even my supreme struggles won't give a simulacrum of life. Poor mankind! Drop a tear for it -- but look how infinitely more pathetic I am! This Pathos is a kind of triumph no criticism can touch. Like the philosopher who crowed at the Universe¹ I shall know when I am utterly squashed. This time I am only very bruised, very sore, very humiliated.

This is the effect of the book upon me; the intimate and personal effect. Humiliation. Not extinction. Not yet. All of you stand by me so nobly that I must still exist. There is You, always and never dismayed. I had an amazing note from Lucas. Amazing! This morning a letter came from Henry James.² Ah! You rub in the balm till every sore smarts -- therefore I exist. The time will come when you shall get tired of tending this true and most well-intentioned sham -- and then the end'll come too.

But keep up! keep up! Let me exhort you earnestly to keep up! as long as you can.

I send you the H.J. letter. A draught from the Fountain of Eternal Youth. Wouldn't you think a boy had written it? Such enthusiasm! Wonderful old man, with his record of wonderful work! It is, I believe seriously intended (the letter) as confidential. And to you alone I show it -- keep his secret for us both. No more now. I've read Petersburg tales³ Phew! That is something! That is many things -- and the only thing -- it is written! It is. That work is genuine, undeniable, constructed and inhabited. It hath foundation and life. I hope the writer will deign to recognise my most fraternal welcome!

{lc}Yours ever

{ls}J.C.

{lps}PS Pray send the James autograph back -- registered. Our great love to You three. We must meet soon.

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{lh}To J. B. Pinker

Text MS Berg; Unpublished

{lra}[Pent Farm]

Monday. [November? 1900]¹

{lsa}My dear Sir.

{lb}Seraphina is finished and shall be ready for you in a fortnight.

I send you 33 pp of my Typhoon, all but two thirds of the whole. (7.000 words or 7500)

I sent it unfinished because you may judge it necessary to have it re-typed, though my corrections if numerous are perfectly clear.

I had rather not but if you think it should be done they may type the meantime so as to avoid delay at the end.

This is my first attempt at treating a subject jocularly so to speak. You shall have the end shortly.

{lc}Yours

{ls}Jph. Conrad.

{lh}To H.-D. Davray

Text MS Yale; L.fr 41

{lra}[letterhead: Pent Farm]

20. Nov. 1900

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Translation

{lsa}My dear Davray,

{lb}Your kind and friendly letter saddened me. Have you indeed been seriously ill? I, too (so they tell me), need to spend a winter in a milder climate. But there it is! The public, the great and considerable public, does not wish it. Thus I shall not be able to join you in Naples [or] on Capri. It's a shame! We could have chatted under a less grey sky. It weighs me down; it weighs on my thought, my pen as well.

I have sent off the book that you are good and generous enough to request from me. American edition. I prefer it to the English. It is less heavy, and the paper is white rather than dirty yellow. Blackwood has produced something that looks like a green bible. One could knock a man down with it. These people are idiots!

As a work of art, this contrivance does not exist. Perhaps you will see some intention there. For my part, I look on this monster with astonishment at having made it. It is heavy, heavy as a stone. But perhaps stones themselves have a soul, a very little soul hidden in the

sandstone.

There's our meeting -- I was really looking forward to it -- well and truly postponed. So! The devil arranges matters to his liking -- not everyone who wants to be a magician can be!

I shake your hand very cordially. I wish you a gentle convalescence, very sheltered, very sunny. Patience and courage as well -- because for him who knows how to wait, everything changes in the end.

Give me your news, just a word from time to time, and believe me

{lc}Always yours,

{ls}Joseph Conrad.

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{lh}To J. B. Pinker

Text MS Berg; Unpublished

{lra}Pent Farm. Stanford. N^r Hythe.

Kent.

25 Nov 1900

{lsa}Dear Sir.

{lb}I send you pages 34 to 53 (inclve) of Typhoon. The end shall follow shortly.

A bad wrist and other worries prevented me from writing.

{lc}Faithfully Yours

{ls}Jph. Conrad.

{lps}PS Kindly acknowledge safe receipt, by a post-card.

{lh}To David Meldrum

Text MS Duke; Blackburn 115

{lra}[letterhead: Pent Farm]

Tuesday morning. [27 November 1900]

{lsa}My dear Mr Meldrum.

{lb}Many thanks for the Spectator, I received yesterday morning. Be assured that all the little and all the great proofs of your friendly feeling are appreciated by your recipient -- if he does often neglect to acknowledge them as promptly and as adequately as is proper and seemly and as, indeed, is his desire to do.

The review is good is it not. The Speaker too reviewed me the same week -- Whig and Tory.² That was also a good review. Upon the whole the {op'}Press' is good. The provincial papers seem to catch on to Jim. They sent me some cuttings from Ed'gh. The Bradford Obs^{er} was most appreciative.

Last Sat: I had a cheque from my Canadian pub^{ts} through M^r Blackwood. It has come none too soon, for I must tell you that taking advantage of feeling pretty fit just now I've made an endeavour to get my life insured. I trust the matter will go through. I've undergone

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yesterday the Med^l exam^{on}. Nothing's radically wrong; but there is my wretched gout in the way.

I work more or less ineffectually. The Typhoon is still blowing. I find it extremely difficult to express the simplest idea clearly. It is a sort of temporary fog on the brain; and it has kept me back.

Henry James wrote me an absolutely enthusiastic letter about the book. That was a great pleasure.

My wife sends her kindest regards. We trust you are all well. Post waits

{lc}Ever Yours

{ls}Jph Conrad.

{lps}PS Do the B'woods think of the Tauchnitz business for L. J.? and is there any chance?

{lh}To David Meldrum

Text MS Duke; Blackburn 117

{lra}Pent Farm.

Stanford N^r Hythe.

Kent.

6 Dec. 1900.

{lsa}My dear Mr Meldrum.

{lb}Pardon these scraps of paper. I can't find anything else, and the matter is pressing. I wish to consult you.

Briefly the affair is this: I've been accepted by the Standard Life Ins^{ce}

C^o for the sum of £{bp}1000. I've got my bankers (Wm. Watson & C^o 7. Waterloo Place) to pay the premium for the first quarter so that so far the matter has been carried through; but in order to get my affairs into some short* of shape I must raise £{bp}150 which would enable me to discharge my liabilities (to you¹ amongst others). I can get this from the Ins. C^o at 5%.² And in fact this transaction must be carried out to make my Ins^{ce} arrangement permanent.

To carry it out (as suggested by my bankers) I must find two good sureties which would guarantee the premium and interest on loan. I thought Heinemann would undertake to be one and I wish to ask you whether Mr Blackwood would be the other? Of course I would write direct to Mr B'wood if you thought such a step possible and effective.
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Were Heinemann unwilling Jack Galsworthy (he has plenty of money and a great affection for me) would join the Firm of B'wood as second surety, or he would join the two firms as third surety thus making the individual responsibility of each, less.

I am not likely to go utterly wrong on the payments and very soon each of these firms shall have two books from me. I am in a tight corner and this would give me a chance to breathe for a while. The liability would not be very imminent for with a guarantee at the back my bankers would always make up any deficiency on the premium should this be temporarily required. They are in fact doing it now without any such security. I shall go on working as long as I live and my debt would end their liability leaving always £{bp}850 clear to my creditors. The repayment of the sum borrowed would remove also their liability and such repayment (by instalments) shall be one of my endeavours. And I could not pledge my policy any further without the knowledge and consent of my guarantors. This is the matter. Pardon me for this endless bothering you with my affairs. I await your opinion.

{lc}Ever yours

{ls}Jph Conrad.

{lps}The premium for £{bp}1000 is £{bp}35-1-8 yearly. (First quarter paid) The interest on loan would be £{bp}7-10-: Together £{bp}42-11-8 which would be the sum guaranteed.

The Typhoon is all but finished and pleases me now so that I am sorry it isn't for Maga.

{lps}P.P.S. As there is now some estate¹ (at least for the next 3 months) I send you an IOU in case I should kick the bucket before the matter treated in this letter comes to pass.

{lh}To John Galsworthy

Text MS Forbes; Unpublished

{lra}[letterhead: Pent Farm]
Saturday [8 December 1900?]²

{lsa}Dearest Jack.

{lb}Unless you hear again from me before Tuesday You may take this for an eager acceptance.
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I shall drop you a line as to train. Could I meet you at the club¹ in the evening? Or perhaps go straight to Kettner?²

You're right. I have to see Watson, Pawling, Meldrum, Pinker, McClure and desire greatly to see Garnett.

Your invitation converts a frightful grind into a pleasure. You are a man of lovely inspirations.

Foot painful to day but I hope it is only a threat and no more.

{lc}Love from us all

{ls}J. Conrad.

{lps}If you could put me up it would be lovely.

{lh}To William Blackwood

Text MS NLS; Blackburn 119

{lra}[letterhead: Pent Farm]

14 Dec 1900.

{lsa}Dear M^r Blackwood.

{lb}I trust you will read what follows in a forgiving spirit -- and as the matter is pressing I proceed to state it without further preamble.

I have, lately, insured my life for £{bp}1000 with the Standard Life Ins^{ce} C^o. and now I desire to raise two hundred pounds on the same. This loan is, I scarcely need to tell you, not for the purpose of indulging any sort of whim, and not even for the purpose of spending the winter abroad (which my doctor has recommended) -- but to clear up generally my financial situation and to discharge a certain obligation which weighs on me the more, because it cannot be legally enforced.³ I may mention incidentally that my bankers Messrs: Wm. Watson & C^o of 7 Waterloo Place SW. think this step advisable since I can get the money from the Ins^{ce} C^o at 5% for a term of five years.

For this the Company requires two sureties to join me in a bond guaranteeing the principal, interest and premium. It is not easy for me to find two sureties which would be considered good by the C^oy. Discussing this matter with M^r Wm. Watson yesterday he said that if M^r Blackwood would consent to become one of the sureties he, himself, would be the other.

I venture therefore to put this request before you. You would be
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rendering me a very great service. No doubt the thing could have been managed in some other way but really my dear M^r Blackwood I am so worried with the thoughts of my work and the pain of my gouty foot that I have not the courage or the energy to go {op'}flying around' as a Yank would say. And there is also the fact that I find it easier to put myself under obligation to you than to any other man -- a fact not particularly fortunate for you perhaps -- but illustrative of my feelings.

The only thing I am anxious about is that you should not take it ill.

I took my gouty foot to London yesterday to see Watson; and I also called on Meldrum whom I acquainted with my intention of writing to you on that matter.

Believe me, dear M^r Blackwood,

{lc}always very faithfully yours

{ls}Jph. Conrad.

{lps}PS. The annual premium is £{bp}35-8- and the interest on £{bp}200 would be £{bp}10

yearly. The loan is for five years to be paid off by instalments. The policy is made out to my estate.

{lps}PPS Before I could send off this letter I received a distressing communi-cation which in my at present helpless state (I am in bed) forces me to ask you whether you would not -- whatever your decision on the main matter -- lend me now £{bp}50 to be repaid as soon as my loan from the Insurance C^o is negotiated. Negotiated* in one way or another it must be and it would be anticipating one of the purposes for which it is intended. It is not a fresh liability. Only time in this case is of the greatest importance. You may imagine how pressing the case must be to prod me into such an appeal.
{ls}JC.

{lh}{lh}To John Galsworthy

Text MS Forbes; Unpublished

{lra}[letterhead: Pent Farm]

Friday. [14 December 1900]¹

{lsa}Dearest Jack

{lb}I got back without damage. You will never know how much your friendship and your warm affection are to me -- what a help in life your personality is to my shadow.

We talked of You with M. after you left. He told me that M^r B'wood is .p311

anxious to have from You something that would fit into Maga. It is purely a question of size and space.

Then he asked me to mention to you that B'woods would be glad of the book. These are the ipsissima verba. They would like to publish you. They never go to a man who has a publisher but in some indirect way and no doubt (certain in fact) Meld: has been instructed. He began by asking me whether You were in any way bound to Duckworth.¹ I said no.

I havent a word against Duckworth only I think it would be to your advantage to be published by B. Afterwards when Your position is assured you may give D a book. He has not ruined himself for you after all and would have no right to complain.

Besides the B'woods would pay you something. Then You would get better advertised.

I cant help thinking you ought to give yourself a chance with a publisher having a certain prestige and a name for not publishing rubbish.

Think it over and write to M or write to me if you like better and I

shall write M who then would write to you. See? A beginning publisher and a beginning author are not a good combination.² Then You get at the scotch public directly.

I am still a bit seedy and in more pain than I like. When I came home I gasped like a fish. With our love

{lc}Ever Yours

{ls}Conrad.

{lps}Pray you to {op"}presenter mes devoirs" to your father and mother and thanks for their most kind hospitality.

{lh}To David Meldrum

Text MS Duke; Blackburn 120

{lra}[letterhead: Pent Farm]

18 Dec 1900

{lsa}My dear M^r Meldrum.

{lb}I have mentioned to Jack Galsworthy that Messrs: Blackwoods were disposed to publish the vol: containing The Man of Devon, Knight and Swithin.

He is immensely pleased at the idea. Says he: {op"}If Blackwoods take to me I
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want no better luck." I earnestly hope, now I started the matter, the thing will come to pass.

The Knight (or the Cosmopolitan) is to appear in Febr. Mch. Ap: numbers of the Argosy. The M of D is now held by Lippincotts Mag: but what their answer may be is not known yet. The third story I do not think he intends to try to serialise.

Jack is gone abroad but shall be back for the New Year and remain in London a few days. If he could hear anything by that time it would make him glad, and me too.

I've written to M^r B'wood about my affair. I haven't had an answer yet. However I don't worry for if this fails the Firm of H[einemann] will lend me the amount without any difficulty.

I shall let you know as soon as I hear. {lc}Believe me always yours
{ls}Conrad.

{lps}Have you seen the notice in Literature? I am glad somebody arose to slate me properly.¹ That means that I exist anyhow.

{lh}To John Galsworthy

Text MS Forbes; Unpublished

{lra}[letterhead: Pent Farm]

18 Dec 1900

{lsa}Dearest Jack

{lb}I am so glad you placed the Knight.

I wrote to M. at once -- saying you would be in London about NY's day and would like to hear something definite by then.

Are you anxious to come out in the spring? As matters are now it is possible; but what about Lipp[inco]tt's? Will they print at once if they accept? Or would you abandon Lt's? I want to know. May I hint at terms and accept the same provisionally of course?

We can't ask for much on acct because of previous sales. Could you give me a note of Your Duckworth Agreement? Just the bare terms.

Love from us all and affec^{te} best wishes.

{lc}Ever Yours

{ls}Conrad.

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{lh}To William Blackwood

Text MS NLS; Blackburn 122

{lra}[letterhead: Pent Farm]

19th Dec. 1900

{lsa}Dear Mr Blackwood.

{lb}Many thanks for your letter and the enclosure.¹ You should have heard before from me but last night the postman did not turn up and the weather was so infamous that I hadn't the heart to send the sort of errand boy we have, a mile across the fields to the post office.

I can't tell how sensible I am to all you say and are doing for me.

I am communicating your answer to Watson.

{op'}Literature' went for me heavily -- otherwise I am the spoiled child of the critics.

Jack Galsworthy came down to see me. He is very pleased with the kind letter you wrote him -- though the Knight is declined.² He would like

to be published by you in book form;³ and I have written to M^r Meldrum on the subject. I trust you will see your way to take up Galsworthy. He is genuine and has the making of a stylist in him, with a well-balanced temperament and a poetical vision. There's not a grain of humbug in the man.

Believe me, dear M^r Blackwood
{lc}your most obliged and faithful
{ls}Jph Conrad

{lh}To William Blackwood

Text MS NLS; Blackburn 123

{lra}[letterhead: Pent Farm]

30 Dec 1900.

{lsa}Dear Mr Blackwood.

{lb}My best wishes for the New Year and for the New Century

You have made the last year of the Old Century very memorable to me, by your kindness. I am alluding to the production of Lord Jim -- an Old Book by this time.

I can't think of that work without thinking of you. As it went on I appreciated more and more your helpful words your helpful silence and your helpful acts; and this feeling shall never grow old, or cold or faint.

{lc}Very faithfully yours

{ls}Jph. Conrad.

.p314

{lh}To H. G. Wells

Text MS Illinois; Unpublished

{lra}[Pent Farm]

Tuesday. [1900 or 1901?]¹

{lsa}Dearest H G

{lb}I didn't thank you for the books always thinking I would be able to call to express gratitude and admiration (mingled with proper quantity of abuse) in person. And such is my intention still only I must put off the invasion on account of wretched state of my own work -- if work it may be called. Seriously I much rather talk with you than write, as in the last case one tries to be brief and thus runs the risk of being misunderstood. Our love to you three.

{lc}Ever yours

{ls}Conrad.