Cromford. Effet.  
Dec. 11, '88

Dear Mr. Hall Caine,

One feels a little averse to draw your leisure to crowed as yours —
I perceive from the papers that life
must have been going pretty fast
with you lately, and it is good of you
to write to me at length.

I am bold enough to wonder if the
play-writing is good for you, although
I hesitate to say this fearing that perhaps
I wrote you before on this point.

But what I want from you is a
book such as there was the noble promise
of in a "Shadow of a Crime," and the
fulfilment of which is not yet
come. Forgive me! I write small
Things of our English stage, and I
would have your ambition higher
than to be called before the curtain to
receive the verdict of an enthusiastic
house. I know that it is higher, and
I know too how interesting and all
worth your next experiences have been.
It is my wish that you not to preach an
ecumenical view of matters.

I hear your new novel appears in the
papers in March, and by so doing has
gained some of my shares. 13th July.

I shall find pleasure with a willing mind.

My new story, Stephen Elcock's Daughter
will appear at the same time. I am deeply
interested in its success, though indeed all
my work is a sort of sacrificial offering —
the best brain & heart can give.

Only this I have bestowed great labour —
the verdict of some of my literary friends
is very favourable — but they have not seen
it as a whole —

Yes, the provincial press has been very
kind to me, but I want the London
papers to speak out. Confidentially —
the Whitehall — a periodical which has
always judged my work accurately — prays
my own views of this story.

The Athenaeum described it in a
paragraph to which I playfully respond —
that it has raised an outcry of indignation
amongst my friends —

I think you could help me here
by getting your play done to it in the
Academy, and to neutralize
the mischief. The Academy votes
for above the Athenaeum, indeed
(fairly apart from personal feeling) I
have yet read an adequate notice of
a book in the latter.
Never mind the sonnets. The question I asked was about your own book of sonnets—

Remember I look for that photograph—take care of your health—sound words come from a sound body—and is done in retirement—but you will be growing wiser and will think that I have taken out a diploma for matriculates—

I trust the typewrite did not take from you any one you loved—

Yours faithfully,

Mary Anna Vanderbilt
Hall Cane En
Belmont Villa
Victoria Road.
New Brighton