MILSEY BANK,
HOLLY PARK,
CROUCH HILL, N.4.
March 16, 1921

My dear Canon. After close and absorbed
reading I have just finished The Master
of Man and I must at once congratulate
you on a very fine achievement. It is a
big, big thing. The first fact which im-
presses me is its high constructive
art. Through all the various wanderings
of the story the central motive is
constantly and vitally operative; in other
words the whole is a triumph of the
shaping imagination. The story has great
amplitude, yet every detail and character
is extraordinarily rich in detail,
contributes to the final cumulative effect.
In the emotional passages there is tremendous power; indeed I don’t think we have seen before displayed this power with more consummate mastery. Many of the scenes are heart-stirring. best in particular the death of the old demonster and the anguished expressions of Bessie’s mother.

Equally effective though totally different are the scenes between Bessie & Fenella (in prison) between Fenella & Victor between Victor & Bessie & a score of others. Once you are into your stride, the story proceeds with an ease sweet at least in my unconscious. In a way there can be no question at all of the sustained power and gripping popular interest of the story. The characters too are vital and alive. Fenella too much womanly harm & drawn with unfailing psychological

laughter. Bessie who begins by “asking” for her trouble is perhaps less engaging, but not less real. He reader is made to feel the dull reason, some searching denial of Victor Sowell. In his strength and his weakness he is accordingly human. Bessie’s stepfather states one as long at times unnecessarily inhumanly harsh, though this may be a purely

personal feeling; and the Governor while true to his appearance in certain crises to have rather an obtuse sense of honour. Once more Tuchman’s reading:

Venom loves a bee but though with venom. Such a character I call in real life. It is not a novelist’s business to make mean a dreary tale. I find Shakespeare drew Iago & W. K. & the

On two points, and two only, I found myself hesitating. One is the
Introduction: The hero, the heroine, In and by itself, the first is entirely admirable.
But among where it does don’t can think it might be taken by the Capriaccus as fig.
Getting a flaw in the arch of the book where no flaw exists? Good art, the high-brow
ought thus in self-explanatory. Despite certain insular peculiarities. The Master
man is perfectly self-sufficient. In reading it I found no need of an Introduction
explaining customs, manners or superstitions. J. T. indulges in long Introductions and
suffers in consequence. Hawthorne is declaratory. Peck is The Scarlet Letter
is classic; but it is not explanatory in the Salt Sense.

The end raises a more important question:
Your book as bread. It sets out to be tragic. In essence it is a tragedy. And it
ends with wedded woe. I say a
Concealed here. I know the ruse the
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is for keeping findings. In the latter,
I had to face the problem myself.
Fortunately (I think) I held out against many
protests. I did not find happiness. In my
Case at least it would have been false
art. A false manipulation of what one
must regard as the law of destiny to give
where the desire of his heart. That had
to go. Victor Hugo in "Les Miserables"
and Tolstoy in "Anna Karenina" took a similar course. Even there not
only gets the desire of his heart but has
it forced upon him at the last. Think
over this thought. It occurs to me that
instead of marrying Victor in "Donna Fratella"
his lot might be waiting for him at the Mondragon.
door as he was liberated. The book is so fine a piece of such thoughts that I have no less hesitation in making these remarks or suggestions. And as I began with warmest congratulations.

One of the very minor misprints, perhaps, goes to London. As a government daughter, would she not go more naturally to Exeter, the premier college of her set?

On page 186 she says, "The Deemsters' day is a sovereign to all." Being an educated girl, she is obviously a slip for me.

On page 187: "You wrote better. Loved. The Scot is 'Better Lied.'"

By the way is it the same day, who will forgive the Deemsters' Ordinance? I will the Lord Chancellor's words with the appointment of judges. But no doubt you have looked into all that.

Thank you most heartily for your kind note of yesterday. The Great King is shining as a title. Well try it on the publishers. Meanwhile should any other title occur to you, I shall be your debtor in a matter in which, I feel myself, you have much of a sufferer. As for the story itself, you can and I leave David on the point of talking with his king about my reason for the, being that I cannot to deal with his earlier and more romantic career only.

I hope you will find the romance with half the interest your novel has in me. On Friday morning.
I hope to call on you to present my congratulations at the Savoy. If you have any engagements elsewhere that will delay it, I will send it into safe hands.

My wife sends affectionate regards to Lady Hall and hope in which her husband is most warmly included.

Yours sincerely,

J. H. Thacker.

PS—Reading over what I have written, I find it but imperfectly expresses my feeling of real admiration for the Muses as a tuneful work of creation. Can you have no fear of its success. Y. H.
Sir Hall Caine. K.B.E.
Savoy Hotel.

639
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J.A. Stewart