# TO NANCY

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To Nancy by Frederick Wedmore

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### FREDERICK WEDMORE

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BY

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### BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTE.

"To Nancy" was first issued in *The Savey*. Then, in a book I shall not, as a whole, reprint. Now, in the form it definitely takes, it stands alone—like the "Dream of Provence" ("Orgeas and Miradou"), from the same volume.

F. W.

London: February, 1905.

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#### TO NANCY.1

WEYMOUTH,

29th September.

It happens that I have seen much of you, Nancy, at an eventful moment—eventful for yourself I mean, in your life and your career—and here, because I like you, and like to think of and reflect on you, there is written down, straight and full, the record of my impression: concealing nothing, though written to yourself: a letter absolutely frank, looking all facts in the face; for, young though you are, you are intelligent enough to bear them. My letter you may find tedious, perhaps, but at all events unusual; for letters, even

<sup>1</sup> A letter from Mr. Clement Ashton, the distinguished Painter, to Miss Nancy Nanson, of the Variety Theatres. when detailed, generally omit much, hide some part of a thought—put the thing in a way that pleases the writer, or is intended to please the receiver. Here am I at the end of my first page, Nancy, and all preface! Well, I shall recall, to begin with, how it was that I met you.

Acquit me, please, of any general love of your over-praised Music Hall. Neither it nor the Theatre counts for much in my life. I like you personally: I imagine a Future for you; but I am not anxious for "the status of the Profession." Life, it is just possible, has other goals than that of being received in smart drawing-rooms—whatever Art you practise, its practice is your reward. Society, my dear, has bestowed of late upon the stage "lover" an attention that is mis-

placed. We are getting near the end of it: and, at afternoon teas, the cabotin, in a frock coat, no longer dominates the situ-Youths from the play-house have, in the Past, over the luncheontable, imparted to me, with patronage, their views about Painting: to me, Nancy, to your old friend, who has painted for thirty years-a full Academician one year since, with but few honours (as men call them) left to gain: few years, alas! in which to live to gain them. Child as you are, your common sense-that neatly balanced little mind of yours, so unusually clear-that neatly-balanced mind assures you that it is not the profession you follow, but what you have been able to do in it, and what you really are, that gives you-I mean of course, gives any one-legitimate claim to be in privileged a-(2080)