

## SECTION VIII

### LIFE: JANUARY – JUNE, 1892

Sharp left for America on January 6 aboard the *Teutonic* and arrived in New York a week later where he stayed initially with the E. C. Stedmans at 173 West 78th Street. Through his friendship with the Stedmans and with others he knew from his first visit to New York in 1889, he had immediate access to the literary and publishing elite of the city. Chief among them was Richard Henry Stoddard, a poet and man of letters who with Stedman presided over the literary life of the city. Having arrived on Wednesday, January 13, Sharp went to Philadelphia on Friday January 15 where he met several people, among them J. M. Stoddard, editor of *Lippincott's Monthly Magazine*, and Horace Traubel, Walt Whitman's neighbor and confidant. Although Arthur Stedman had written a letter of introduction for Sharp to take to Whitman, he was unable to collect it before he was informed by Traubel on Saturday morning, January 16, that he must cross the river to Camden before noon if wanted to meet Whitman. Traubel probably accompanied him on the visit, which Sharp described glowingly in a letter to his wife, and then returned with him to Philadelphia that afternoon. In a letter to Arthur Stedman the following Monday, he apologized for not obtaining Arthur's letter before the visit and said he was accompanied back to Philadelphia by "my fair companion." Traubel was a handsome young man of thirty-four who, after engaging in several forms of manual labor, had obtained a clerkship in a bank in the city. His principal concern at this time was keeping Whitman as well as possible and in good spirits. Two months after Sharp's visit, Whitman died.

After returning to New York, Sharp continued his meetings with publishers and friends through the week. On Friday, he accompanied Henry Mills Alden, the editor of *Harper's Magazine*, across the Hudson to spend the weekend with his family in Metuchen, New Jersey. Sharp had received an invitation to give a lecture at Harvard on modern literature. He turned that down since his doctor had advised him to avoid undue stress, but he did accept an invitation from Horace Scudder, editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*, to visit him and his family in Cambridge. Sharp accompanied Alden into the city on Monday morning, January 25, and took a morning train to Boston. He was considering extending his stay into February to talk with more editors and

publisher, but shortly after arriving in Boston he received word of his younger brother Edward's unexpected death. He then decided to proceed with his original plan to sail for home the following Wednesday, February 3rd. He managed to visit Louise Chandler Mouton on Tuesday or Wednesday before returning to New York on Thursday, too late for a dinner at the Author's Club. He spent that night with Arthur Stedman. On Friday he moved back to E.C. Stedman's house and stayed there until Tuesday, February 2. That Saturday he dined with Mrs. Thomas Harland, the mother of Henry Harland, an American writer friend who was living in London. And sometime that weekend, he saw Aldens again, brought greetings from the Scudders, and, in a letter thanking Scudder for his hospitality, reported that Mrs. Alden's health was deteriorating.

On Tuesday he moved to a mid-town hotel so he could board the *Majestic* early the next morning. While in New York he received an offer, which he did not accept, from a leading American theatrical manager to buy the rights to the play he was writing, but never finished, based on "A Fellowe and His Wife," the novel he wrote jointly with Blanch Willis Howard. Successful negotiations were carried on between Sharp and Charles Webster and Company, through Arthur Stedman, for the American publication of *Romantic Ballads* and *Sospiri di Roma* in a single volume that appeared in the latter part of 1892 under the title *Flower o' the Vine*. Despite Sharp's preference that Bliss Carman, a fellow poet, write the introduction to this volume, Stedman asked him to prevail upon his good friend Thomas Janvier, a short story writer, to perform that service, and Janvier did so.

After a rough mid-winter ocean voyage on which he became ill, Sharp arrived in England on February 10 where he recuperated for a few days before going to comfort his mother in Edinburgh on the 14th. From Edinburgh, he wrote a strange letter to Arthur Stedman in which he explained why he was less than enthusiastic about giving his next book, which he now called "Dramatic Vistas," to Charles Webster as a follow-up publication to *Flower o' the Vine*. Arthur, acting as an agent for Webster and Company had written to say he found Sharp's reluctance in this regard "shabby." Here Sharp explained he did not wish to issue these "new things in a new dramatic form" in the ordinary way, but in a small privately printed edition and *under a pseudonym*. He went on to say that C. L. Webster could publish the trade edition of the book as by William Sharp, but only after Sharp had issued a small private edition for friends and reviewers under the pseudonym H. P. Siwaarmill, an anagram for William Sharp. He wanted "to see how the 'Dramatic Vistas' would be received without

any of the bias for or against involved in the attachment of my name to them.” This was Sharp’s principal motive in publishing his first Celtic romance two years later under the pseudonym Fiona Macleod. He worried that the mediocre reception his poetry and fiction had received was due to his reputation as an editor and reviewer and to the enemies he had made in those roles. *Sospiri Di Roma*, the poems he printed privately under his own name in Italy, had encountered a good deal of skepticism and unbelief, as Sharp lamented in a letter to Catherine Janvier on May 1, 1891. As it turned out, Webster did not publish “Dramatic Vistas,” and Sharp did not issue the book privately. Rather he published it under his own name as *Vistas* in 1894 at the same time and from the same press, Frank Murray in Derby, as the first Fiona Macleod book, *Pharais, A Romance of the Isles*. Sharp’s purpose in publishing the two works as though by two authors was to deflect any possible suspicion that he was the author of *Pharais*. He portrayed Fiona as a cousin for whom he had found a publisher. Sharp thought critics were more likely to take him seriously as the author of some experimental dramatic pieces than as the author of the dreamy romance of the isles.

Back in London on February 20, Sharp completed “Dramatic Vistas” and began to solicit more commissions from publishers and editors. He and Elizabeth rented rooms at 11 Bedford Gardens, near Campden Hill in Kensington. Elizabeth had many artist friends nearby, one with a studio where she began to do some painting. They took these rooms for only a brief period because they had begun to think about renting a house outside London somewhere in the country. Their furniture and books had been in storage since the previous summer when they left Wescam. With a country house, less expensive than a London house, they could reclaim their possessions. It would have to be near London, however, so both Sharps could continue earning money from their writing and reviewing for the periodicals and papers. Most importantly, it would provide a retreat to which Sharp could remove himself for the more serious and lasting work he was determined to produce.

In late February or early March Sharp’s *Life and Letters of Joseph Severn* finally appeared, and in March *A Fellowe and His Wife* was published by Osgood, McIlvaine & Company in London and Houghton and Mifflin & Company in Boston. It was also issued in Germany in the Tauchnitz Collection of British Authors. During March Sharp visited Thomas Hardy in Dorset, a visit that resulted in an article on Hardy in the July *Forum*. Early in March Sharp asked his friend, the art critic J. Stanley Little who lived in Buck’s Green, Rudgwick, Surry, just south of the city, if he knew of any cottages or small houses (two

sitting rooms, four bedrooms) near a station and available for a modest rental. He offered to come down and see anything that might be available.

By mid-April, the Sharps seem to have given up their rented rooms in Kensington. In any event, the return address on his April 13 letter to E. C. Stedman – 16 Winchester Road | Swiss Cottage – is that of Edith and Frank Rinder. In this letter, he told Stedman he was about to go to France for some weeks and continued: “The ‘Old Adam’ calls me, and alas I am weak.” Elizabeth, he said, had gone with friends to the Isle of Wight for a week or so and would join him in Paris “three weeks hence.” Then, curiously, he included this passage: “My love to Mrs. Stedman – but do not let her know that I am a backslider, as she already has but an indifferent opinion of my much tried virtue. I really am going to reform – but ‘owing to unavoidable circumstances’ must not begin all at once or too hurriedly!” It is hard to read such a passage without speculating that Elizabeth and William, in all their moving about and absences from each other, were attempting to adjust to the presence of Edith Rinder in their lives, trying to make room and find spaces for Edith and William to be alone together. Some of his letters from France imply that Edith, whose home was his return address, was with him during his first two weeks in France. The plans for a leased house in Surrey must also have been an outgrowth of Sharp’s need, which his wife recognized and accepted, to be alone for periods of time with Edith.

In mid-April, Sharp returned the proofs for *Flower o’ the Vine* and wrote to Stanley Little from the Grand Hotel in Paris. On April 23, he wrote a glowing letter to Thomas Janvier to thank him for his introduction to *Flower o the Vine*, which he had read in proof. He informed Janvier that he was trying to keep down his “too cosmopolitan acquaintanceship” in Paris and assured him that “after the second of May” he was “going to reform and remain reformed.” In the meantime, “after a week or so of the somewhat feverish Bohemianism of literary and artistic Paris, we shall be happy at our ‘gipsy’ encampment in the Forest of Fontainebleu.” It seems probable that Edith was with him both in Paris and at the encampment and that she left for home on the second of May, about the time Elizabeth arrived to review the Salons for the *Glasgow Herald*, having succeeded her husband as that paper’s art critic. Sharp went on to describe for Janvier the beauty of Paris in the spring, mentioned a chance meeting with Paul Verlaine, and listed some of the writers and artists with whom he was socializing. He concluded by giving Janvier an outline of his plans for the rest of the year.

He and Elizabeth would be in London from mid-May until mid-July whereupon EAS would go with friends to Bayreuth “for Wagnerian joys” and he would “go afoot and aboard among the lochs and isles and hills of the western Scottish Highlands.” He and Elizabeth would meet early in August and purchase a horse for Elizabeth to ride while he walked for three weeks of vagabondage in the Highlands. They would continue in Scotland through September, spend part of October in London, go to Sicily and Rome for six months, and then, “finally, a Poor-House in London.” Not all of these plans materialized because the Sharps found a house they liked on a visit to Stanley Little in late May. In early June, while they were staying with the Cairds at Northbrook, Micheldever, Elizabeth had a serious recurrence of malaria. Sharp continued negotiations for the house and went alone to Rudgwick on June 7 to sign a three-year lease. He then began corresponding with Little, who acted as his agent in Rudgwick, about the details of making the house suitable, and he worried about the state of EAS’s health. On June 22, he told Little he expected to “enter the house with the furniture about the 13th or 14th of July – just when E. goes away for a fortnight to Germany.” And so, at the close of June, 1892, the Sharps were set to enter a new phase of their lives in a house in rural Sussex they christened first “The Laurels,” then “Kingscroft,” and finally “Phenice Croft.” The stage was set for the period of concentrated writing in which Sharp produced first *The Pagan Review* and then the early writings of Fiona Macleod.

## LETTERS: JANUARY – JUNE, 1892

*To Richard Le Gallienne, January 6, 1892*

R.M.S. “Teutonic” | At Sea | 6th January/92

Dear Mr. Le Gallienne,<sup>1</sup>

Many thanks for your cordial greetings and friendly remembrance. I value both. (By the way, if you know — and should shortly see — Mr. Caine<sup>2</sup> of the *Mercury*, please thank him for the kindly farewell-telegram I have just received).

I am delighted to have “Narcissus”<sup>3</sup> with me, and value it none the less for your sister’s generous sacrifice: and I am also much pleased to learn that you are to bring out a new volume next March<sup>4</sup> — for which I not only wish all success but hope to be able to give a further welcome to in the *Academy* or elsewhere (I shall be back before its appearance I hope: my present plan is to return before the end of February). In this connection I shd. add that my London letter-address is | 72 Inverness Terrace | Bayswater | W. It will give me sincere pleasure to receive your “Poems” — but certainly not as a ‘makeweight.’ I’ll be able to offer you a counter-courtesy by that time perhaps.

As for *Severn*<sup>5</sup> — which cannot but interest you, from the nature of its contents — I believe it is to [be] published somewhere about the 20th next. It is an expensive book, and I am not sure whether S. Low and Co. will be liberal with review copies: but of course if you see your way to a special review, they would doubtless pay immediate attention to the accompanying request.

With my cordial regards to you both — and all good wishes for 1892 —

Sincerely yours, |William Sharp

ALS University of Texas at Austin

*To Louise Chandler Moulton, January 12, 1892*

R.M.S. Teutonic | C/o Thos. A. Janvier | 20 Seventh Avenue | New York City | Tuesday 12th

Chère Amie,

I daresay you have heard that I am to be out here for a few weeks (probably 3 weeks

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<sup>1</sup> For information about Le Gallienne, see Sharp’s letter to him in late February, 1887.

<sup>2</sup> Hall Caine, a disciple and biographer of Dante Gabriel Rossetti, was a close friend of Sharp’s in the early 1880s. Shortly after Rossetti died in 1882, Caine, a native of the Isle of Man, moved to Liverpool to work as a reporter for the *Liverpool Mercury*. For more about Caine, see note to Sharp’s letter to Rossetti of March 1880.

<sup>3</sup> *The Book-Bills of Narcissus* (Derby: Frank Murray, 1892).

<sup>4</sup> Le Gallienne’s *English Poems* (London: Elkin Mathews and John Lane, 1892).

<sup>5</sup> Sharp’s *The Life and Letters of Joseph Severn* (London: Sampson Lowe, Marston & Co: March, 1892).

in and around New York and a few days at least in Boston).<sup>6</sup> I am looking forward very much to seeing you, and hope you are to be in Boston during the coming weeks.

I am glad to get away oversea for a bit, as I have been working pretty close recently. My long delayed Severn Memoirs are at last off my hands, and are to be issued in Gt. Britain and America somewhere about the end of this month I understand. The book contains a great deal of matter of interest to all students of literature, & will I think (and the publishers believe) go well all round. It is a very handsome book — though I speak without certain knowledge of its exterior — with several highly interesting illustrations and facsimiles etc.

Another book that will be published simultaneously in U.S.A. and England in the Spring is the novel in which Blanche Willis Howard and I have collaborated.<sup>7</sup> (I spent last Autumn in Stuttgart, to this end)

Of course I have other things on hand: including a play which I hope will be out ere long.

I reviewed Philip's posthumous volume in the *Academy* a week or so ago.<sup>8</sup> I hope it is at once honest and generous: I meant it to be both. It has given pleasure, I hear, to some of Philip's truest admirers — and almost the last thing I heard before leaving London was the particular approbation of two such very different judges as Roden Noel and Robert Buchanan. The book touched me deeply in many ways: and I liked your graceful and tender preface.

I think I shall go straight to the Stedmans on my arrival in New York tomorrow — but it is possible I may have to alter the dates of my promised visits. But in any case I am having all my correspondence (as I fancy I told you in my Xmas card) addressed to me | C/o Thos. A Janvier Esq | 20, Seventh Avenue | New York City

Always affectionately yours | William Sharp.

P.S. I forgot to say that Lillie is not with me. She has left Germany & is now in London, where I hope to join her sometime in latter half of Feby

ALS Louise Chandler Moulton Collection, Library of Congress

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<sup>6</sup> Sharp visited Louise Chandler Moulton on January 26 or 27 while staying with the Scudders in Boston.

<sup>7</sup> *A Fellowe and His Wife* (London: James R. Osgood, MacIlvain & Co., 1892, and Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin and Co., 1892).

<sup>8</sup> Phillip Marston's *A Last Harvest: Lyrics and Sonnets from the Book of Love*, ed., Louise Chandler Moulton. (London: Mathews & Lane, 1892).

To Arthur Stedman, [January 18?, 1892]9

Charles L. Webster & Co., Publishers | 67 Fifth Avenue, New York

My dear Arthur<sup>10</sup>

Just been at your rooms, and missed you by a brief time. (I left an invitation-note for you from somebody, which your mother asked me to give you.)

The most friendly & generously worded letter which you addressed to Walt Whitman on my account is safely in my hands. By the way, it seems that its non-receipt by me is, so far as your father is concerned, entirely my own fault. He says he explicitly told me that it was waiting

me at Mr. Henderson's.<sup>11</sup> Unfortunately, I had to go to Mr. Traubel's<sup>12</sup> first, so as to catch

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<sup>9</sup> Sharp was at the publisher's office and wrote to Stedman on the firm's letterhead.

<sup>10</sup> Arthur Stedman, E. C. Stedman's son, served as Sharp's agent in dealing with C. L. Webster & Co. which published Sharp's *Flower o' the Vine* later in 1892.

The following itinerary of Sharp's second visit to America can be constructed from the internal evidence of his letters. Only two of the letters he wrote in America were dated by Sharp.

Wed. 1/13: Arrived in New York and stayed with the Stedmans at 137 West 78<sup>th</sup>.  
Fri. 1/15 Went to Philadelphia and met with Horace Traubel and J. M. Stoddart, editor of *Lippincott's Magazine*  
Sat. 1/16: Visited Walt Whitman in Camden, New Jersey.  
Sun. 1/18: Returned to New York.  
Mon. 1/18: Wrote to Arthur Stedman about his experience in Philadelphia  
Mon. 1/18 Wrote to E. A. S. regarding his visit to Whitman. .  
Thurs. 1/21: Wrote to Horace Scudder accepting invitation to stay at his home in Boston.  
Fri. 1/22: Wrote postcard to Louis Chandler Moulton saying he would see her the following Tuesday or Wednesday in Boston.  
Fri. 1/22: Wrote to A. Stedman accepting terms for publication of *Flower o' the Vine*.  
Friday 1/22: Accompanied H. M. Alden home to Metuchen, N. J, and spent the weekend with him..  
Mon. 1/25: Traveled to Boston and stayed with the Scudders in Cambridge.  
Tues. 1/26: Wrote to A. Stedman discussing plans to return to New York and then to England.  
Wed. 1/27: Wrote to Mrs. E. C. Stedman discussing departure plans.  
Thurs. 1/28: Left Boston for New York and spent the night at A. Stedman's  
Fri. 1/29 Letter to Horace Scudder regarding Sharp's proposed "French and Belgian writers" book.  
Fri. 1/29: Returned to the E. C. Stedmans's and stayed until Tuesday.  
Sat. 1/30: Dined with Mrs. Thomas Harland, Henry Harland's mother.  
Sun 2/1: Spent the day with E. C. Stedman who had been in Philadelphia  
Tues. 2/2/92: Said farewells to the Stedmans and spent the night in a midtown hotel.  
Wed. 2/3/92: Departed New York on the *Majestic* and wrote a thank you letter to Mrs. Stedman to be mailed from the pilot boat.

<sup>11</sup> Possibly Daniel McIntyre Henderson (1851-1906), a Scottish poet and bookseller who emigrated to the U.S. in 1873 and became a bookkeeper with Messrs R Renwick & Sons, furniture makers. He had written poetry before his emigration, and he published two volumes of poetry in the United States: *Poems: Scottish and American* (1888) and *A Bit Bookie of Verse* (1906). He was best known for his ode to celebrate the hundred and fiftieth anniversary of Baltimore in 1880 and for a poem that honored his fellow Scottish emigrant: "Epistle to Andrew Carnegie." He would have known both Stoddart of *Lippincott's Magazine* and the Stedmans. If he had an office in Philadelphia, Arthur Stedman may have sent him, for transmission to Sharp, his letter introducing Sharp to Whitman.

<sup>12</sup> Horace Traubel (1858-1919), editor, biographer, and poet, is best known for his friendship with Walt Whitman who lived with his brother in Camden, New Jersey, across the river from Philadelphia. A native of Camden, Traubel visited the poet almost daily from the mid-1880s until Whitman died in March 1892. At the

him ere his bank closed: then I was detained sometime by Mr. Stoddart<sup>13</sup> at Mr. Child's:<sup>14</sup> and by that time Mr. Henderson's office was closed. Saturday morning I was engaged with Mr. Stoddart, & while on my way to Mr. Henderson's learned from Mr. Traubel that if I were to see Walt Whitman at all I must go down before the afternoon. By the time that, accompanied by my fair companion (tautological, but never mind) I had returned to Philadelphia, I found that as it was Saturday, business places had all closed early. Hence my not seeing Mr. Henderson at all.

Your father seems to me sadly nervous and overwrought. I fear the strain of lecturing & going about so much is telling upon him. He ought to have a complete rest.

I want to talk to you about the Brown-Paper copy of Whitman. This morning your father told me he particularly wished me to have this duplicate copy, as a present from him and as a remembrance of W.W. Now it occurred to me that in the first place this copy, or the other, may possibly have been meant by W.W. for you — and, in the next, that in any case you will wish to retain it, as it is a privately bound one. If so, I shd. most certainly wish you to remain its possessor. But you know your father, & you see my difficulty. I want your frank advice on the matter, by which I will abide.

Will you kindly tell Mr. Hall<sup>15</sup> (who is out) that Janvier will write a brief Introduction to my Poems,<sup>16</sup> but that of course he will expect some honorarium as he has so many important commissions on hand, and cannot afford his valuable time for nothing. I also wanted to ask Mr. Hall

- (1) When he will print and issue the book
- (2) When he will want Janvier's Introduction

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time of Sharp's visit in January 1892, Traubel worked as a clerk in a Philadelphia bank while also serving as Whitman's primary gatekeeper. He probably accompanied Sharp to Camden and was "the fair companion" who returned with Sharp to Philadelphia. After Whitman's death, Traubel began producing from his notes what would become a nine-volume biography of Whitman's final four years, *With Walt Whitman in Camden*. Three volumes of this massive work were published before Traubel died, and the others appeared posthumously. One of Whitman's three literary executors, Traubel also edited *The Complete Writings of Walt Whitman* (10 vol., 1902).

<sup>13</sup> Joseph Marshall Stoddart (1845-1921) was the editor of *Lippincott's Monthly Magazine* and a friend of Whitman's. Sharp was discussing with him various stories and articles he might write for that important periodical.

<sup>14</sup> Possibly Francis James Child (1825-1896), who became the first Professor of English Literature at Harvard's in 1876. He edited *Four Old Plays* (1848), *The Poetical Works of Edmund Spenser* (1855), *English and Scottish Ballads* (1857-1858), and *Poems of Sorrow and Comfort* (1865). His five volume collection of *English and Scottish Popular Ballads* (1883-1898) was a monumental achievement and remains the standard collection of English and Scottish folk music.

<sup>15</sup> F. J. Hall was an editor at C. L. Webster & Co. and responsible for the negotiations with Arthur Stedman and Sharp regarding the firm's publication of Sharp's *Flower o' the Vine*.

<sup>16</sup> *Flower o' the Vine: Romantic Ballads and Sospiri di Roma*, introduction by Thomas A. Janvier (New York: C. L. Webster & Co., 1892).

(3) What about the title

By the way I want North and South to appear somewhere: say “Of The North”, “Of The South”: I don’t mean in the title — but on title-page or on second leaf or Contents.

(4) What about the *Romantic Ballads* “Preface” (the vol. must be printed from the 2<sup>nd</sup> Edition).

(5) What about a brief Preface to “Sospiri”

(6) Shall fully set-up Proofs be sent to me — or do you not wish to send proofs oversea.

(7) Can I have some author’s copies sent to me in England? Also on what terms I can buy copies if I want more, for English friends, at any time.

If you can come in tomorrow evening perhaps you may be in a position to inform me concerning these points.

Yours ever, | William Sharp

P.S. In thanking you again for your Whitman letter I may assure you that no hint escaped me concerning the private projects confided to me.

ALS Columbia

*To Elizabeth A. Sharp, [January 18 or 19, 1892]*

. . . During a memorable talk on literature of the two countries past and to come, the conversation turned upon a vivid episode.<sup>17</sup> “That was when you were young?” I asked. The patriarchal old poet — who lay in his narrow bed, with his white beard, white locks, and ashy-grey face in vague relief, in the afternoon light, against the white pillows and coverlet — looked at me before he answered, with that half audacious, wholly winsome glance so characteristic of him, “Now, just you tell me when you think that was!”

Then, with sudden energy, and without waiting for a reply, he added, “Young? I’m as young now as I was then! What’s this grey tangle” (and as he spoke he gave his straggling beard an impatient toss), “and this decrepit old body got to do with that, eh? I never felt younger, and I’m glad of it — against what’s coming along. That’s the best way to shift camp, eh? That’s what I call Youth!” . . . He said to me with halting breath: “William Sharp when you go back to England, tell those friends of whom you have been speaking, and all others whom you may know and I do not that words fail me to express my deep gratitude to

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<sup>17</sup> Sharp is describing his meeting with Walt Whitman on January 16. EAS said this meeting took place on January 23 (*Memoir* 193-4), but the sequence of events described in these letters supports the earlier date.

them for sympathy and aid truly enough beyond acknowledgment. Good-bye to you and to them — the last greetings of a tired old poet.”

*Memoir 193-4*

*To Horace Scudder*18, [January 21, 1892]

137 West 78th Street | Thursday

Dear Mr. Scudder,

I am gratified by your friendly and courteous attention — and accept your invitation with sincere pleasure. As I have no wish to “galivant” in Boston, but simply to attend to some business, and to call on one or two friends, nothing could suit me better. I was just writing to a correspondent to say that I wd. probably put up at the Parker House Hotel, when your letter came. The baggage I shall take with me will be of a portable kind — so I shall have no bother.

I will endeavour to leave New York by the 10 A.M. train — so as not to cause Mrs. Scudder any inconvenience: failing this being practicable (as I have to come from Metuchen N.J.) I’ll come on by the 11 train. However, as I know that Mr. Alden<sup>19</sup> goes early into town I am almost certain I can catch the former. If I miss it, I shall telegraph to Mrs. Scudder.

I have to return to New York on Friday morning from Boston — possibly on Thursday morning.

In haste, Sincerely Yours, | William Sharp

P.S. Glad you are to use “Severn”. I think the matter will interest a wide circle. Mrs.

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<sup>18</sup> Horace Elisha Scudder (1838-1902) gained prominence and power on the American literary landscape when he became Editor of the *Atlantic Monthly* in 1890, a post he held until 1898. He was a prolific writer of children’s books and a strong advocate of introducing well-written children’s books into all levels of the schools. The list of his books includes *Dream Children* (1864), *The Dwellers in Five-Sisters Court* (1876), *Stories and Romances* (1880), *A History of the United States* (1884), and biographies of *Noah Webster* (1882), *Bayard Taylor* (1884), *George Washington* (1890), and *James Russell Lowell* (1901).

<sup>19</sup> Henry Mills Alden (1836-1919), a descendent of John and Priscilla Alden of Mayflower fame, was born in Vermont and graduated from Williams College, where his fellow students included James A. Garfield, John J. Ingalls, and his life-long friend Horace E. Scudder. After Williams, Alden spent three years at Andover Theological Seminary. Though he never entered the ministry, he often served as preacher at neighborhood parishes. Alden’s literary career began while he was in the seminary with the acceptance of two articles by the *Atlantic Monthly*. They were sent to the magazine, unbeknownst to him, by his friend Harriet Beecher Stowe. When Alden moved to New York in 1861 to teach at a young ladies’ school, he wrote some articles for *The Times* (New York) and the *New York Evening Post*. His connection with Harper and Brothers began in 1862 when the publishing house commissioned him to write a guidebook for the Central Railroad of New Jersey. Alden soon became an assistant editor of *Harper’s Weekly*, and in 1869, he was made editor of *Harper’s Magazine*, a position he held for fifty years until his death in 1919.

In addition to the monthly essays he wrote for *Harper’s Magazine*, Alden published three books: *God in His World* (1890), *A Study of Death* (1895), and *Magazine Writing and New Literature* (1908). He also edited several volumes of American literature and short stories with William Dean Howells. A member of the American Academy of Arts and Letters, Alden received the honorary degrees of Doctor of Literature and Doctor of Laws in 1890 and 1907, respectively, from his alma mater, Williams College.

Stedman reciprocates your kind greetings. E.C.S. has gone to Philadelphia.

ALS Harvard Houghton

*To Louise Chandler Moulton, January 21, [1892]<sup>20</sup>*

Just time for a hurried P/C. No, of course, chère amie, there is no misunderstanding. I shall be frantically hurried in Boston, but I'll make a point of seeing you — Probably on Wednesday forenoon or possibly Tuesday afternoon.

W.S.

Max O'Reilly's daughter still an invalid, but better, and able to sit up. Mrs. S. sends her love. E.C.S. has gone to Philadelphia.

ACS Louise Chandler Moulton Collection, Library of Congress

*To Arthur Stedman, [January 21?, 1892]*

137 West 78th Street.

My dear Arthur,

I am much indebted to you, not only for your trouble as to the prompt delivery of the letter, but for your potent friendly services in the negotiation with Messrs. Webster & Co. The terms seem to me to be very good, and fair to all concerned: and I gladly accept. I'll arrange later with you about title, for neither "Romantic Ballads" nor "Sospiri di Roma" will now serve. I think I shd. like some such title as

"Flower o' The Vine"

with the under-motto

"Earth is my Vineyard: these grew there."

Browning.

I think also that the Preface to "Romantic Ballads" shd. be omitted. The reprint should be from the 2nd edition: a copy of which it so happens I brought out for you — as I do not think you have it. The improvements upon the first are very marked, and there is another poem ("The Isle of Lost Dreams"). It, too, is now rare.

On reconsideration — if you are agreeable (and I told Mr. Hall<sup>21</sup> that either Mr. Janvier<sup>22</sup> or Mr. Bliss Carman would act as my "best man") — I think that I wd. much rather it were done by Carman. Janvier knows nothing of poetry, and cares less, though he is good

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<sup>20</sup> Letter dated by postmark.

<sup>21</sup> F. J. Hall.

<sup>22</sup> Thomas A. Janvier.

enough to express himself warmly about my verse. Carman is a poet, keenly sympathetic, critical, and judicious — and his name, moreover, is much better known than perhaps he himself is aware.

Moreover, he has agreed to revise any proofs for me: and this arduous task I am going to entrust to his friendly care.

Please let me know if you and Mr. Hall agree to the title of “Flowers o’ The Vine,” and to Bliss Carman as ‘introducer’.

I am afraid, cher ami, that I cannot possibly get back in time for the Author’s Club. I have so much to do with Houghton & Co. etc.

I leave Alden’s<sup>23</sup> early on Monday morning, so as to get to Boston by the early evening. There my address will be c/o Horace E. Scudder | 17 Buckingham St. | Cambridge | (Mass). I think it is very likely I shall go to an hotel for the evening of Tuesday the 2nd — so as to run less risk of missing my steamer on Wednesday morning. In this case, I shd. like to spend the evening with you better than with anyone else. I could say good-bye to Mrs. Stedman earlier in the day, and perhaps you would dine with me as my guest, at the Century?

Ever, my dear fellow, | Cordially yours, | William Sharp

ALS Columbia

*To Arthur Stedman, [January 26, 1892]*

C/o Horace E. Scudder, | 17 Buckingham St | Cambridge | Tuesday

My dear Arthur,

All right — I’ll write to Janvier and see if I can persuade him.

The “Green” edition of Whitman was to be published yesterday (Monday).<sup>24</sup> Mr. McKay<sup>25</sup> got me the first bound copy as a favour — as I wanted to get it for you. I could not get one for myself, though the other edn. served my purpose just as well. I understood from Mr. McKay that this is only a new edition to please a fancy of W.W.’s — and that as it does not contain any new matter it would not be sent out to the press. I also understood — though perhaps mistakenly — that this “Green” edition is a limited one.

I am going to leave here on Thursday morning; but have probably to break

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<sup>23</sup> Henry Mills Alden.

<sup>24</sup> *Leaves of Grass: Including Sands at Seventy, 1st Annex, Goodbye My Fancy, 2nd Annex: A Backward Glance o’er Travel’d Roads* (Philadelphia: The David McKay Company, 1891-92).

<sup>25</sup> David McKay (1860-19180, a Scotsman, established a publishing firm, The David McKay Company, in Philadelphia in 1882. The first book published by the firm was the ninth edition of Whitman’s *Leaves of Grass* (1882).

somewhere enroute. If I should be able to go to New York same evening I shall telegraph to you — as in that case I should like to avail myself of your kind suggestion, and put up for the night at your house, if such an arrangement can be made without inconveniencing you (and of course, cher ami, I go there on my own account).

In haste, | Sincerely yours, | William Sharp

P.S. On reconsideration of my plans it is highly likely that I shall get to New York on Thursday evening — but not till late, and certainly not in time for the Author's Club. I find that all idea of postponing my departure must be given up — in fact, if I could manage it I should go home on Saty — for I have just heard of the sudden and tragic death of my brother Edward. My mother is profoundly affected: and I want to see her as soon as I can.

W.S.

ALS Pierpont Morgan

To Mrs. Edmund Clarence Stedman, [January 27, 1892]

17 Buckingham St. | Cambridge | Mass. | Wednesday Night

Dear Mrs. Stedman

Just a hurried line to tell you that I leave here tomorrow instead of Friday — though I shall not inconvenience you by turning up before Friday night. I want to be in New York to conclude all my arrangements, as there is now no chance of my prolonging my stay, as I had nominally arranged with the shipping Co. to do if I found it advisable: indeed, were it practicable — which it is not — I should sail earlier. For I have just received news of the sudden and tragic death of my brother Edward: and I wish to get home as soon as possible.

I had a delightful time in Philadelphia, and have also enjoyed my stay here: but I am looking forward to returning to your hospitable care, where I feel so much at home, and where my affections are so strongly placed. Sunday I have of course kept free so that I should at least get some glimpses of Mr. Stedman. On Saturday night I have promised to dine with Mrs. Harland.<sup>26</sup> I shall have to say good-bye sometime on Tuesday.

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<sup>26</sup> Mrs. Thomas Harland was the widow of a very successful New York lawyer and the mother of Henry Harland (1861-1905) who was well known in New York as the author of a series of sensational novels published under the pseudonym Sidney Luska. In 1887 Henry and his wife, Aline Merriam Harland, left New York for Paris and soon settled in London where he began to refine his prose style in a series of stories. His first widely read and widely acclaimed novel, *The Cardinal's Snuff-box*, was published in 1890. Harland is best known today for his advocacy of *fin de siecle* aestheticism. With Aubrey Beardsley, he founded in 1894 the principal vehicle of that movement, *The Yellow Book*. He served as that periodical's literary editor and contributed many stories to it during its three-year life span. Harland was plagued by physical and nervous disorders, and he died very young, following a protracted illness, in 1905 in Saint Remo.

I shall probably be at Arthur's tomorrow (Thursday) night.

Ever affectionately yours, | William Sharp

ALS Columbia

*To Horace Scudder, January 29, 1892*

C/o Edmund Clarence Stedman | 137 West 78th Street | New York City | 29:1:92

Dear Mr. Scudder,<sup>27</sup>

Do you think that, later on, you would care for two articles — one on the new literary movement in Belgium and one on the most recent French achievement in belles-lettres? I can fairly claim to be a specialist here, and to be in a position to know what has been done both by *La Jeune Belgique* and *La Jeune France* — what is being done — and what tendencies are obvious or predictable.<sup>28</sup>

It has occurred to me that a work of this kind wd. be artful and suggestive as well as welcome to many — and I am writing also to Messrs. Houghton Mifflin & Co. to see if they care to entertain the idea for ultimate book-publication.

Of course, writing away from my notes and material, I can give you only a tentative list of the more or less notable authors, who, in some degrees manifest the “new modernity” of which so much is heard. But here is a tentative list, which for convenience I shall give alphabetically. The names with an asterisk are members of *La Jeune Belgique*: and those with an X are of men recently dead.

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<sup>27</sup> Sharp returned from a shortened (3 day) stay in Boston with the Scudders on January 28, 1892 (a Thursday). He wrote this letter to Scudder the following day to ask if he would like to consider two articles on contemporary Belgium and French writers. He also tells Scudder he has accepted his advice not to approach Houghton Mifflin directly about publishing a book consisting of these articles expanded and translations of some of the writers. He suggests that Scudder might broach that subject with the editors of the firm using this letter as a basis. A principal purpose of Sharp's trip was to gain more access for his writings among U. S. publishers and editors and thus to increase his visibility and income.

<sup>28</sup>An article by Sharp entitled “*La Jeune Belgique*” was published in *Nineteenth Century*, 34 (Sept. 1893), 416-436.

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|-----|-----------------------|-----|-------------------------|
| 1.  | Jean Aîcard           | 34. | S. Mallarmé             |
| 2.  | Jean Ajalbert         | 35. | Guy de Maupassant       |
| 3.  | J. Aubanel            | 36. | Catulle Mendès          |
| 4.  | Elemir Bourges        | 37. | Stuart Merrill          |
| 5.  | Paul Bourget          | 38. | Emile Michelet          |
| 6.  | J. Caraquel           | 39. | Ephraïm Mikhael         |
| 7.  | Cazalis               | 40. | Octave Mirbeau          |
| 8.  | Léon Cladel           | 41. | Jean Moréas             |
| 9.  | F. Coppée             | 42. | Chas. Morice            |
| 10. | Tristran Corbière     | 43. | Gabriel Mourey          |
| 11. | C. Cros               | 44. | Raymond Nyst*           |
| 12. | Jean Dolent           | 45. | Josephin Piladau        |
| 13. | Georges Ecckhoud*     | 46. | Edmond Picard*          |
| 14. | Anatole France        | 47. | Henri de Regnier        |
| 15. | René Ghil*            | 48. | Adrien Remacle          |
| 16. | Iwan Gilkin*          | 49. | Retif de la Bretonne    |
| 17. | Valère Gille*         | 50. | E. Richepin             |
| 18. | Albert Giraud*        | 51. | A. Rimbaud              |
| 19. | Edmond Haraucourt     | 52. | Ed Rod                  |
| 20. | Emile Hennequin       | 53. | Geo. Rodenbach*         |
| 21. | Jose Maria de Hérédia | 54. | J. H. Rosny             |
| 22. | Gustave Kahn*         | 55. | St. Pol-Roux            |
| 23. | Georges Knopff*       | 56. | C. de Ste. Croix        |
| 24. | Jules Laforgue X      | 57. | G. Sarrazin             |
| 25. | “Lautréamont”         | 58. | F. Sevenu*              |
| 26. | Leconte de Lisle X    | 59. | Sully Prudhomme         |
| 27. | C. Le Goffic          | 60. | Laurent Tailhade        |
| 28. | Camille Lemonnier*    | 61. | C. Van Lerberghe*       |
| 29. | Huques Leroux         | 62. | E. Verhaeren*           |
| 30. | Gregoire Le Roy       | 62. | Paul Verlaine           |
| 31. | Eliphas Lévy          | 63. | Chas. Vignier           |
| 32. | Jean Lombard          | 64. | Villiers de l’Isle Adam |
| 33. | Maurice Maeterlinck*  | 65. | Teodor de Wyfern        |

No doubt I have omitted one or two names — but I don't think my memory has played me a trick in any important instance. (Of course the late Theodore di Banville is scarcely within the group.)

I have taken my passage by the *Majestic*, and sail on the morning of Wednesday (or late evening of Tuesday).

Sincerely Yours | William Sharp

P.S. On reconsideration I shall wait till I hear from you, before I lay the book-idea before Messrs. Houghton Mifflin & Co. The book would consist of the articles much amplified and rearranged — with translations in rhythmic prose of representative poems by each author (sometimes several): with biographical and critical pastels etc.

Perhaps, indeed, you could broach the matter from this letter.

W.S.

ALS Harvard Houghton

*To Horace Scudder, [January 30?, 1892<sup>29</sup>]*

. . . prolonged strain of this twelfth one is alarming her as well as trying her physically. She keeps repeating over and over her wish to be at home once more. I gave them all manner of kind messages from you — tho' I doubt if Mrs. Alden quite understood. I'll try and call again before I go, and shall let you hear how she is. I expect to see Mr. Alden in any case. I fear that you, too, have suffered some loss — for I saw in the Boston Herald today that a Judge Scudder, "cousin of the novelist Horace E. Scudder" died yesterday.

I am so sorry to have had to cut short my stay at Cambridge<sup>30</sup> — but I carry away with me the pleasantest recollections, and shall always think of you and yours with sincere regard and that happy sense of intimacy which is the fragrance of friendship.

Again thanking you for all your considerate hospitality, & best remembrances to you all,

In haste, | William Sharp

ALS Washington University Libraries

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<sup>29</sup> Sharp wrote this second personal letter to Scudder after he had visited the Aldens again and brought Scudders greetings to them. Mrs. Alden, either the mother or wife of Henry Mills Alden, was very ill and seems to have been in a hospital or nursing home in New York City. Alden and Scudder were college classmates and firm friends.

<sup>30</sup> Sharp had planned to stay a week in Boston and prolong his stay in America, but while staying with the Scudders he received news that his brother Edward had died. He returned to New York on Thursday, January 28th and sailed for England on Wednesday, February 3rd on the *Majestic*.

*To Mrs. Edmund Clarence Stedman, February 3, 1892*

R.M.S “MAJESTIC” | Wednesday, February 3, 1892

Dear Mrs. Stedman,

A hurried last word, per the pilot, to thank you again for all your many kindnesses — one of the pleasantest of the many pleasant remembrances I carry away. Your house has indeed been my home in the happiest sense of the word.

Adieu, | W.S.

If I have left Mr. J. W. Young’s<sup>31</sup> letter (to E.C.S. about my lecturing) will you kindly send it to me. 72 Inverness Terrace | Bayswater | London W.

ALS Columbia

*To Mrs. Edmund Clarence Stedman, [February 13, 1892]*

72 Inverness Terrace | Bayswater, London W.

Dear Mrs. Stedman,

I was unable to write to you on the voyage, as it was a frightful passage, and as, moreover, I was very unwell the whole time I was on board. But I am safe at home again, and find my wife well, I am thankful to say. Tomorrow morning I go off to Edinburgh to see my mother, but shall be north only a few days. As soon as I am back, if not before, I shall write you a letter with all news. Meanwhile my love to you and Mr. Stedman and to Arthur, and kind remembrances to Miss Coleman.

Ever sincerely yours, | William Sharp

I may add that the latest news of Harry Harland is distinctly more favourable.

ACS Columbia

*To Arthur Stedman, [February 16?, 1892]*

2 Coltbridge Terrace | Murrayfield | Edinburgh

My dear Arthur,

Many thanks for your letter just received, and for all your trouble in the matter of the poems.<sup>32</sup>

But let me explain at once, my dear fellow, that you are under some misapprehension when you say that my reticence about my dramatic volume was “shabby.” You did not

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<sup>31</sup> J.W. Young, a student or faculty member at Harvard, wrote a letter to Stedman asking if he would invite Sharp to lecture at Harvard on a subject of contemporary literature: “Quite a number of Harvard men are anxious to see and hear Mr. Sharp if he will consent to come to Cambridge.” Mrs. Stedman must have sent Young’s letter to Sharp since EAS quoted from it in the *Memoir* (194-5).

<sup>32</sup> *Flower o’ the Vine* (1892).

clearly gather what I said, or all I said. If you had, you would have understood that there is no question of conflicting interests. What I told you was that I had written some new things in a new dramatic form<sup>33</sup> — but that I was not to publish them in the ordinary way: but simply going to have a certain number of copies printed for distribution — and, moreover, under a pseudonym. Had I intended to publish a new book, either of verse or of any imaginative work, I should certainly have told you about it at once.

I have my own reasons for wishing to issue them in this way in the first instance. They are new in method and manner, and are, I believe, the best work of the kind I can do. Work of this kind is so dear to me that I am relatively indifferent to its financial success: and, in addition, I am particularly curious to see how these “Dramatic Vistas” will be received, without any of the bias for or against involved in the attachment of my name to them.

So now you understand, no doubt. I may add that when I was in Boston I dropped some hint about this matter, though not nearly as explicitly as I have done to you — but sufficiently to make Houghton Mifflin wishful to take up the little book either at once or later: but here I at once “drew off,” for by that time you had come forward about “Sospiri” etc., and I felt that I could conclude or suggest no agreement without giving C. Webster & Co. first option. I could not explain all this before Janvier etc. the last night at your rooms: and then, too, I thought you understood the semi-private nature of my projected venture.

To convince you that I am not playing with words, I may add that I, for my part, am quite willing that Messrs. Webster & Co. take up this little book if they wish to do so, and be its publishers both in America and Great Britain. If so I should print privately only 100 copies, for private distribution to individuals and to “critical organs,” and set forth as by “H. P. Siwäärmill” (my anagram — which I tell you in strict confidence). When issued from a publishing house either in the late Spring or in the Autumn it can go forth as by “William Sharp” and probably with a suggestive ‘forward’ from myself.

The little book will occupy about 100 pages. It will be called “Dramatic Vistas”: and, on Front-Page, Dramatic Vistas, with “The Passing of Lilith.” The Contents comprise the following pieces, all, with the exception of the imaginative visionary “Lilith”, studies in various phrases of what I may call spiritual terror.

#### I. The Passion of Père Hilarion

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<sup>33</sup>Although Sharp considered publishing the short dramatic works under a pseudonym, the volume finally appeared under his one name in 1894 as *Vistas*. Sharp’s interest at this time in pseudonyms was manifest, however, when he edited the *Pagan Review* under a pseudonym later in 1892 and wrote all its contents under various pseudonyms

2. The Birth of A Soul
3. A Northern Night
4. Finis
5. The Hazard of Melchior Van Holk
6. The Black Madonna
7. The Lute Player

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The Passing of Lilith

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I had time to read a portion of above to only two friends in America. Had you been alone the last night, I was going to have shown you a couple of pieces, and spoken to you about them. If you wish to know anything about them you can refer to Mrs. Janvier or to Bliss Carman. The pieces they heard are | The Birth of A Soul | Finis | The Passing of Lilith | (and Mrs Janvier also “A Northern Night”).

Bliss Carman seemed profoundly impressed by what he heard. If you do speak to either you can adduce my authority.

Once more, if you do take it up you could, if you prefer, postpone “Flower o’ The Vine” till the Autumn.

So now, my dear boy, you see I am both willing and ready to meet you half way: and after this explanation trust you will remove the charge of shabbiness — which has hurt me somewhat, and would have hurt me a good deal more if I did not understand how the misapprehension arose.

I return to London the day after tomorrow, and very shortly thereafter shall call on Austin Dobson<sup>34</sup> and give him your book. We have taken pleasant rooms in Kensington, at Bedford Gdns, in Campden Hill — but you had best not be confused with any other address then the permanent letter-address I gave you,

We had a horrible passage — and I was ill a good part of the way. Even now, nearly a week after arrival in England, I am not quite myself again.

By the way, I forget if I told you that I want to dedicate “Flowers o’ The Vine” to . .

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<sup>34</sup>(Henry) Austin Dobson (1840-1921), poet, essayist, and biographer, entered government service with the Board of Trade, where he remained until his retirement in 1901. His non-poetical works include biographies of *Hogarth* (1879), *Fielding* (1883), *Richard Steele* (1886), *Oliver Goldsmith* (1888), *Horace Walpole* (1890), *Samuel Richardson* (1902), and *Fanny Burney* (1903). His poetry was collected in the *Complete Poetical Works* (1923).

.<sup>35</sup> or do you think something a little more elaborate would be better?

Just going off to hunt in some of the old Edinburgh bookshops for errant “Whitmans”. I don’t expect success right off — but, patience!

Please give my love to your father and mother. Tell the latter that I gave her kind message of sympathy to my mother.<sup>36</sup> Also her messages to my wife about my being just a model husband, and having been a very ‘good boy’.

Yours Ever, my dear fellow, | William Sharp

ALS Columbia

To J. D. Marshall,<sup>37</sup> February 19, 1892

72 Inverness Terrace | Bayswater, London W. | 19:Feby:92

Dear Sir,

I meant to write to you recently while I was the guest of Mr. Edmund Clarence Stedman in New York, but my stay in America was abruptly cut short owing to private bereavement at home.

I was given your name and address by several friends, as that of a firm likely to want such literary work as I have to dispose of. I do not know if my name and repute as novelist and general writer be known to you — if not I could refer you to Mr. Stedman, or to Mr. Edgar Fawcett,<sup>38</sup> or many others — and I may add Mr. J. Clarence Harvey,<sup>39</sup> Editor of Lovells’ series, who reissued my romance *Children of Tomorrow*. I may further add that Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin and Co. in Boston, and Messrs. Osgood McIlvaine and Co. in Gt. Britain, will early in March publish a novel which I have written in collaboration with Blanche Willis Howard<sup>40</sup> — and that another leading American house has commissioned another novel.<sup>41</sup>

May I ask if you have room for short stories of say 5 to 6,000 words: and what rates of payment you can offer.

Just before leaving New York I had an offer from a New York syndicate — but the terms were not such as made me particularly anxious to agree. I have nothing quite new at

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<sup>35</sup>A portion of the manuscript is unreadable here.

<sup>36</sup>Regarding the death of Sharp’s brother.

<sup>37</sup>[Identify]

<sup>38</sup>Edgar Fawcett (1847-1904) was a prolific writer of poetry, novels, and plays. His works include *Purple and Fine Linen* (1873), *Fantasy and Passion* (1878), *A False Friend* (1880), *Sixes and Sevens* (1881), *The Buntling Ball* (1884), *Songs of Doubt and Dream* (1891), *An Ambitious Woman* (1894), and *New York* (1898).

<sup>39</sup>James Clarence Harvey (1859-1917) was a poet.

<sup>40</sup>*A Fellowe and His Wife* (1892).

<sup>41</sup>No evidence of such a commission.

the moment ready to send to you — and in any case prefer to wait till I hear from you: but by this post I forward to you, a duplicate set of proofs of an Italian story of some length which is to come out in an early number (probably April) of *Good Words*.<sup>42</sup> Possibly you may be able to do something with it in the meantime.

Yours faithfully, | William Sharp

J. D. Marshall, The American Press Association

ALS Pierpont Morgan

*To Thomas Janvier, [February 20?, 1892]*

Dear Old Man,

I have read your stories (as I wrote the other day) with particular pleasure, apart from personal associations.<sup>43</sup> You have a delicate and delightful touch that is quite your own, and all in all I for my part fully endorse what Mr. Howells<sup>44</sup> wrote about you recently in Harpers' and said as emphatically in private. So — amico caro — “go in and win!”

I am settling down in London for a time, and am more content to abide awhile now that the writing mood is at last upon me again — and strong at that!

I have not yet put my hand to any of the commissioned stories I must soon turn to — but tell la sposa that I have finished my “Dramatic Vistas” (two or three of which I read to her), and even venture to look with a certain half-content upon the last of the series — “The Lute-Player” — which has been haunting me steadily since last October, but which I could not express aright till the other day. . . .

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*To Mrs. Edmund Clarence Stedman, February 23, 1892*

11 Bedford Garden | Campden Hill, London W. | 23:Feby:92

My dear Mrs. Stedman

Now that I am settled down again to my London life, my American visit seems to me almost like a dream — though much more vivid than any dream is my remembrance of all the kindness and thoughtfulness of you and yours. My wife is almost as grateful as I am, for I have told her so much about you all. She is delighted, too, to have so good a report of my doings, and to know on your authority that I was “so good a boy” during my stay in America.

By this time you will have Mr. Stedman at home again — which will be pleasant for

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<sup>42</sup>“Primavera di Capri,” *Good Words*, 33 (1892), 396-411.

<sup>43</sup>Janvier's *The Uncle of an Angel, and Other Stories* (1891) [publisher?].

<sup>44</sup>“Editor's Study,” *Harper's*, 84 (Feb. 1892), 478-479.

both. It grieved me to see him so sorely overwrought: but I suppose it is part of the penalty he has to pay for his personal and public popularity. I trust he attended to his business in Philadelphia, and did not “go gallivantin” with fascinating young authoresses! I could tell you sad tales about his misdoings — but I spare his feelings, and yours!

We have taken rooms in Kensington, in a part known distinctively as the artists’ quarter: and as my wife has many friends close by, and is herself painting in a friend’s studio, I think she likes it better than Hampstead — at any rate until the Spring [it] is really *un fait accompli*.

We are also going to rent a cottage or small house somewhere in the country — probably at a place a few miles north of Cookham Dene and the Woods of Waldegrave. Here we shall put all our stored furniture, and either live in it for weeks at a time, or for a day or two as the humour takes us, or either of us. If you and Mr. Stedman come we’ll have a picnic there in a neighbourhood hallowed to poets by memories of Shelley and others on to Matthew Arnold.

Alas for the vanities of Christian Science! Tell Miss Coleman that if she is going to cross the Atlantic I would recommend her to supply herself with some material remedy against seasickness as well.

We dined last Sunday with the Harlands and his mother,<sup>45</sup> who arrived a few days after I did. Harry strikes me as worse. He is very weak, and most despondent: and I fear his term of life cannot be a long one. And yet a good deal of his trouble is due to a form of nervous hysteria: and it is just possible that a change of climate and cessation from excitement of any kind may benefit him. He and Aline and his mother leave London in a week for the South of France or the Riviera. I have seen almost no one since my return, having been busy: but either today or tomorrow I hope to call on Austin Dobson and give all your remembrances and Arthur’s copy of his “Biographies.”<sup>46</sup>

My wife sends you both her warmest regards (and special thanks to Mr. Stedman for his portrait, which now ornaments our drawing room mantelpiece, in company with George Meredith). And you know that I am always affectionately yours,

William Sharp

ALS Columbia

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<sup>45</sup>Henry and Aline Merriam Harland; Mrs. Thomas Harland. See note to Sharp’s letter to Mrs. E. C. Stedman of January 27, 1892.

<sup>46</sup>Austin Dobson, *Eighteenth Century Vignettes*, 3 vols. (1892-1896).

*To Arthur Stedman, [March 7, 1892]*

11 Bedford Gardens, Campden Hill | Kensington, W.

Cher Ami

Will you kindly obtain for me, and send, a little book called “How To Judge of a Picture” by John Van Dyke,<sup>47</sup> pubd. by The Chautauqua Press (New York: Phillips & Hunt). I forget if you have any small fund of mine in hand: if not let me know amount to remit. If the same author’s “Principles of Art”<sup>48</sup> is not more than a \$1 or \$1.50 please send it also. They are for my wife, and she will be greatly obliged to you.

In haste, Yours ever, [W.S.]

ACS Columbia

*To J. Stanley Little, [March 9, 1892]*

11 Bedford Gardens | Campden Hill | Kensington W.

My dear Little,

On my return from America I find among my letters and magazines etc. a copy of the first number of “The Library.”<sup>49</sup> I have read your sensible and right article with much appreciation: and I hope many readers will take it to heart.

Are you ever in town on Friday or Saturday afternoons? One of these days is likeliest for the finding me at my club (the Grosvenor, New Bond St.): or if ever this way you might chance finding us at home, though but a bare chance. We’ll be in these rooms till the end of April.

Do you know of any cottages or small houses to be let unfurnished at your place or in your neighbourhood? We are looking out for something, say with 2 sitting rooms, 4 bedrooms etc.: at a moderate rental, and not too far from a station. We would put our stored furniture in: and we could go to it for a few weeks at a time, or two or three months, or a Friday till Monday, as the spirit moved us.

I might run down some afternoon to see anything, and to have a long chat with you and your brother Léon<sup>50</sup> if this would not inconvenience you? What is he doing just now? I admire his work greatly, and hope much from him. And yourself? Busy no doubt. *Pour moi*, I am as hard at work as usual.

From what my wife tells me, I fancy that either a letter from you concerning, or a

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<sup>47</sup>John Charles Van Dyke (1856-1932) was a prolific writer on art and art history.

<sup>48</sup>*Principles of Art: Part I: Art in History; Part II: Art in Theory* (1887).

<sup>49</sup>Possibly *The Library Review*, published from 1892-1893.

<sup>50</sup>George Léon Little was a painter.

book by Miss Vartz Smith,<sup>51</sup> came for me & was sent to New York. I returned sooner than I intended, and my 'postages' are slowly finding me by different routes and directions and after long delays. By the way, I suppose your brother & you are still together at Buck's Green?

Cordially yours | William Sharp

ALS Princeton

*To Edmund Clarence Stedman, April 13, 1892*

16 Winchester Road | Swiss Cottage, London N.W. | 13th April 92

Master and Friend, All hail!

Just a hurried line ere my departure for some weeks to France. The "old Adam" calls me, and alas I am weak!

A thousand thanks for your welcome letter, I am glad you like "A Fellowe and His Wife." Here it is going famously. In tonight's paper I have been reading your beautiful memorial lines on Whitman which accompanied the wreath you sent.<sup>52</sup> Every one here is heartily disgusted at the ungracious and ungentlemanly signed article in *The Athenaeum* a week or so ago, by Theodore Watts.<sup>53</sup> How he could so far forget himself I don't understand. Certainly the article will do him a lot of harm, and even those who broadly agree with his estimate of Whitman resent his arrogant and ill-bred tirade. It is a great pity everyway, and as one of T. W.'s friends I am doubly sorry.

The last news of Harland<sup>54</sup> are [sic] perhaps somewhat better. But I won't see him just now, as he is at Biarritz, and I am not going beyond Fontainebleau. My wife has gone with friends to the Isle of Wight for a week or so, but will join me in Paris some three weeks hence.

I hope to read the two Poetry papers before long, and am looking forward to them greatly.

My love to Mrs Stedman — but do not let her know that I am a backslider, as she already has but an indifferent opinion of my much tried virtue. I really am going to reform — but "owing to unavoidable circumstances" must not begin all at once or too hurriedly!

We'll be here in the summer. In the early autumn Lill and I are going through the West Highlands on horseback and on foot — a gipsy life for a few weeks, full of charm.

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<sup>51</sup>[Identify]

<sup>52</sup>Walt Whitman died on March 26, 1892.

<sup>53</sup>"Walt Whitman," *The Athenaeum*, 96 (April 2, 1892), 436-37.

<sup>54</sup>Henry Harland.

Then, in October, we hope to sail to Sicily (the Greek side) and stay there till about Xmas — and then to Rome again.

Love to you dear friend — to you and yours —

Ever gratefully and affectionately, | William Sharp

ALS Columbia

*To Charles Webster & Co., [mid April, 1892]*

Address till middle of July | 16 Winchester Road | Swiss Cottage | London N.W. 2

Dear Sirs

Here with the proofs of second part of *Flower o' the Vine*. Also, the MS. of the Epilogue to *Sospiri di Roma*. I do not, of course, expect to see Proofs of this Epilogue, and Mr. Arthur Stedman (to whom I am also writing) will no doubt read them carefully with the original for me. Only, I may add, that I must request (to which I am sure you will agree, even if on no other ground than as a favour) that this Epilogue on no account be omitted.

I hope to write to you early next week about sale of copies here. Meanwhile I may say that there are difficulties of all kinds in the way if *Flower o' the Vine* consist merely of reprints. But with the textual revisions, the inclusion of “The Last Voyage of Keir” in the first Section, and of the Epilogue to *Sospiri* in the second, these difficulties will be greatly overcome. In any case, of course, I did not mean to let *Sospiri* appear again without the Epilogue — which, to my mind, is one of the most essential things in the book.

I think it would be as well, from every point of view, (as, certainly, to my personal advantage) to indicate somewhere that this Reprint of Romantic Ballads = the Third Edition, and of *Sospiri di Roma* = the Second.

By the way, if you have not already done so, it does not matter about the inclusion in Part I of the small pieces “The Coves of Crail” and “Valleys of Dream”: in any case, they are essential, as is the Epilogue to *Sospiri*.

Contents-Page will have now to be rectified of course.

I think I have already noted that I want the original Alfred Austin<sup>55</sup> dedication to *Sospiri* omitted — and simply a blank page with

“*N’être que toi, mon Rêve*”

I sent you some useful “Press Opinions” the other day — both British & American, &

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<sup>55</sup>Alfred Austin (1835-1913), a political journalist who succeeded Tennyson as poet laureate in 1895, founded and edited, with William J. Courthope, *The National Review*. His works include *Randolph* (1854), *The Human Tragedy* (1862), *The Tower of Babel* (1874), *Prince Lucifer* (1887), *Lyrical Poems* (1891), *Narrative Poems* (1891), and *The Garden That I Love* (1894).

relating to both *Romantic Ballads* and *Sospiri*. The best about the former you will find at end of the Edition you have printed from. I have just found another American one (there were only 2 or 3 altogether) — viz: from the *Boston Literary World* (concerning *Romantic Ballads*).<sup>56</sup>

ALS Columbia

*To J. Stanley Little, [mid-April, 1892]*

Grand Hotel | Paris

My dear Little,

Thanks for your letter. There is no man to whom I would more freely depute any work of mine than to yourself — but at present my wife is doing my art-work for me, and for the brief time when she will be with me in Paris, a definite arrangement which cannot now be broken has already been made.

It is very likely, however, that I may have important art-work to depute for a long period, beginning next autumn. More of this again.

No, I have not yet seen the L.W.<sup>57</sup> notice. No doubt it will come to me — and I thank you cordially in advance. A charming review has reached me from an important daily — & several flatteringly good ones from America and the Continent.

I doubt if any of the Reviews wd. take a Summer Shows article<sup>58</sup> — but it is always worth while trying. I have been so busy since I came here that I have seen or read nothing.

Ever yours, | (in haste) | W.S.

ALS Princeton

*To Thomas Janvier, April 23, 1892*

Paris, 23rd April, 1892.

. . . Many thanks for your letter, my dear fellow, and for the “Introduction”, which I have just read.<sup>59</sup> I thank you most heartily for what you say there, which seems to me, moreover, if I may say so, at once generous, fittingly reserved, and likely to win attention. You yourself occupy such a high place in Letters oversea that such a recommendation of my verse cannot but result to my weal. I have been so deep in work and engagements, that I have been unable to attend to any correspondence of late — and have, I fear, behaved somewhat

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<sup>56</sup> The rest of the manuscript is missing.

<sup>57</sup> Probably *The Literary World* of April 9, 1892 in which Sharp’s and Blanche Willis Howard’s *A Fellowe and His Wife* was reviewed.

<sup>58</sup> Sharp mentions later (see letter #151) a “Summer Shows” article written by Little for the *West Sussex Gazette* and reprinted as *The Wealden Painters at the Summer Exhibitions, 1892* (Arundel: West Sussex Gazette Office, 1892).

<sup>59</sup> *To Flower o’ the Vine* (1892).

churlishly to friends across the water, and particularly to my dear friends in 7th Avenue. But now the pressure of work is over for the moment: my London engagements or their ghosts are vainly calling to me d'Outre-Manche: I am keeping down my too cosmopolitan acquaintanceship in Paris to the narrowest limit: and on and after the second of May am going to reform and remain reformed. If you don't object to a little "roughing", you would enjoy being with me and mes camarades this coming week. We like extremes, so after a week or so of the somewhat feverish Bohemianism of literary and artistic Paris, we shall be happy at our "gipsy" encampment in the Forest of Fontainebleau (at a remote and rarely visited but lovely and romantic spot between the Gorge de Frenchard and the Gorge d'Apremont). Spring is now here in her beauty: and there is a divine shimmer of green everywhere. Paris itself is *en fete* with her vividly emerald limes and sycamores, and the white and red spires of the chestnuts must make the soul of the west wind that is now blowing rejoice with gladness. The Seine itself is of a paler green than usual and is suggestive of those apple-hued canals and conduits of Flanders and by the "dead cities" of north-east Holland. I forget if you know Paris — but there is one of its many fountains that has an endless charm for me: that across the Seine, between the Quai des Grands Augustins and the Bld. St. Germain — the Fontaine St. Michel — I stood watching the foaming surge and splash of it for some time yesterday, and the pearl-grey and purple-based doves that flew this way and that through the sunlit spray. It brought, as it always does, many memories of beloved Rome and Italy back to me. I turned — and saw Paul Verlaine beside me: and I was in Paris again, the Paris of Paris, the Aspasia of the cities of the World, the only city whom one loves and worships (and is betrayed by) as a woman. Then I went round to Leon Vanier's, where there were many of *les Jeunes* — Jean Moréas, Maurice Barrés, Cazalis, Renard, Eugène Holland, and others (including your namesake, Janvier).<sup>60</sup> To-night I *ought* to go to the weekly gathering of a large number of *les Jeunes* at the Café du Soleil d'Or, that favourite meeting place now of *les decadents*, *les symbolistes*, and les everything else. But I can't withstand this flooding sunshine, and sweet wind, and spraying of waters, and toss-toss and shimmer-shimmer of blossoms and leaves; so I'll probably be off. This won't be off if I

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<sup>60</sup> Jean Moréas (1856-1910) was the name taken by Iannis Pappadiamantopoulos, a Greek poet who adopted French culture and tastes. He began as a Symbolist and gradually moved toward poetry that was classical in theme, form, and style. Maurice Barrès (1862-1923) was a novelist, essayist and politician who studied law at Nancy. He was most active politically after 1889. Henri Cazalis (1840-1909) was a minor poet, doctor, and friend of Mallarmé who took the name Jean Lahor. He was very interested in the occult. Jules Renard (1864-1910), a novelist, joined the original staff of *Mercure de France*, chief among the symbolist reviews. Unable to identify Eugène Holland or the French Janvier.

don't shut up in a double sense.

My love to "Kathia"<sup>61</sup> and to you, dear fellow Pagans.

Ever yours rejoicingly, | William Sharp

P.S. — Tell K. that when I have "reformed" I'll write to her. Don't let her be impertinent, and say that this promise will be fulfilled *ad Graecas Kalendas!*

Here are my proposed "coming-movements":

(1) Lill joins me in Paris about 10 days hence, and remains to see the two Salons, etc.

(2) From the middle of May till the middle (14th) of July we shall be in London.

(3) Then Lill goes with friends to Germany, to Bayreuth (for Wagnerian joys) and I go afoot and aboard among the lochs and isles and hills of the western Scottish Highlands.

(4) We meet again in Stirling or Edinburgh, early in August — and then, having purchased or hired a serviceable if not a prancing steed, we go off for three weeks vagabondage. The steed is for Lill and our small baggage and a little tent. We'll sometimes sleep out: sometimes at inns, or in the fern in Highlander's cottages. Thereafter I shall again go off by myself to the extreme west "where joy and melancholy are one, and where youth and age are twins" as the Gaelic poet says.

(5) The rest of September visiting in Scotland.

(6) Part of October in London then (O Glad Tidings)

(7) Off for 6 months to the South: first to the Greek side of Sicily: then to Rome (about Xmas) for the Spring. Finally: a Poor-House in London.

*Memoir 195-8*

*To Edmund Clarence Stedman, April 23 [1892]*

Paris 23rd April

Letters from England have reached me just in time for a hurried acknowledgment by P/C — if I am to catch the outgoing mail of this week-end. Many thanks for your note and enclosure (Your kind letter I have already acknowledged) The W.W.<sup>62</sup> farewell lines are just what the old poet would have wished: & that is the best praise. I am so glad to have them, & insert in my copy of W. from you. Anytime Arthur is writing — or if you could simply put another slip in an envelope — my wife wd. be proud to have one also. A thousand loving greetings to you and yours.

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<sup>61</sup>Catherine Janvier.

<sup>62</sup> Stedman wrote a poem about Walt Whitman following his death that was published in the United States and England. He has sent Sharp a manuscript copy of the poem which Sharp says he will place in the edition of Whitman's poems Stedman gave him during his recent trip to America.

W.S.

ACS Columbia

*To J. Stanley Little, [April 23?, 1892?]*

Paris: Tuesday

My dear Stanley, I did not call for the letters that have come for me, until today: hence my delay in writing to thank you for the L/W, & for the Personal Note in it. With remerciements [?!] I am enjoying burning the candle at both ends, extremely! Reformation definitely begins in May; a lasting one. Ergo: there is still a lot of hay to be made, & only a week's sunshine! Well, 't is a good world in the main. Today I go to the 'Vermissage' at the New Salon — a swell affair, but enjoyable from the number of French and other friends sure to be met there. After this I am going to spend every morning from 9 till 12:30 at the Hotel. St. Romain in the room I took there *d'avance*, in writing.

Hoping you are well,

yrs ever | W.S.

ACS Princeton

*To J. Stanley Little, May 19, 1892*

16 Winchester Rd | Swiss Cottage | W. | Thursday Night | 19 May 1892

My dear Little,

Thanks for your letter. We both look forward to visiting you on Saturday of next week.

I have read your Hardy Counterblast<sup>63</sup> with extreme interest. There is one passage in it in particular which says ably and succinctly what many men and women are thinking — I mean the close of the penultimate paragraph on Slip 2: the passage beginning “Broadly considered, physical beauty denotes etc.”

I have copied this for future use. It is admirably put.

I have sent the slips on to a man to whom I have already spoken warmly of you and your work. I think some work, of an ordinarily remunerative kind will come to you through him. He or I will communicate with you probably next week. It is not much — but “many littles make a muckle”.

Ever yours, | In haste, | William Sharp

ALS Princeton

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<sup>63</sup>Unable to locate.

To \_\_\_\_\_ Champion,<sup>64</sup> May 19, 1892

May 19, 1892 | Monday Evening

My dear Champion

I send you Proof-Slips of a reply-article by my friend Stanley Little, the critic etc, of whom I spoke to you in connection with the *Novel Review*. They will give you a good idea of his style — and as he is a fearless and able writer & excellent critic I think he is just the man to prove a serviceable ally.

À vous toujours | William Sharp

ALS Private

*To Arthur Stedman, May 21, 1892*<sup>65</sup>

21/

Just time (for today's mail) to send a hurried P/C of acknowledgment of your long & friendly letter, of the unbound copy of my poems & of receipt of the copies of "Flower o' The Vine" — got today at 72 Inverness Terrace. They are charmingly got-up, and in every way I am pleased.

Hope to write by next mail: must post this at once, or I'll miss the mail.

W.S.

ACS Columbia

*To J. Stanley Little, May 25, 1892*<sup>66</sup>

My dear Little

Just time for a hurried line — Yes — the palates of both of us cry "All Hail!" — at the idea of Guinea Fowl. Be assured we will be well content with everything.

It will be impracticable for us to get away on Saty before the 3:55 train from Victoria — arriving at Rudgwick at 5:30.

I had a pleasant glimpse of your brother<sup>67</sup> and his wife last Saty.

À vous toujours | W.S.

ACS Princeton

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<sup>64</sup> Champion was an editor, perhaps of the *Novel Review*, to whom Sharp is sending an example of Stanley Little's writing in the hope that Champion may employ him in some capacity or commission some of his writing. A month later, on June 21, Sharp had to tell Little he had not been able to see Champion presumably to ask Champion if he had anything for Little.

<sup>65</sup> Date from postmark.

<sup>66</sup> Date from postmark.

<sup>67</sup> George Léon Little.

*To J. M. Stoddart<sup>68</sup>, May 25, 1892*

25/May/92 | London

Dear Mr. Stoddart

On returning from Paris I find your letter among others awaiting me. Sorry “The Second Shadow” did not suit you.

I thought I had already written to you about Mrs. Blanche W. Howard. I gave her your message. At the moment, we are not in a position to collaborate, but it is quite possible she may have something of her own ready for you. If so, no doubt she has by this time communicated with you.

Do you think you would care for a romance by myself for the magazine? It would be called “Monsieur Yank,” and is a story of love and exciting episodes in and around Paris during the Franco-German war and the Commune. The hero is a young American, who becomes known as Monsieur Yank. I am working occasionally at it – but will now wait till I hear from you.

Please tell Miss Lillian North my long silence about the MS with which she entrusted me does not imply forgetfulness on my part. I shall write to her ere long.

Best regards to you and yours

Yours cordially | William Sharp

ALCS Private

*To J. Stanley Little, June 4, 1892*

Saty. June 4. 92

My dear Little,

You will have received the telegram I so regretfully despatched this morning. It is a great disappointment to us both.

But last night Elizabeth had a relapse, and I had to go out at an early hour to fetch the doctor. He found her rallying again (it seems to be a kind of malarial fever — a recrudescence of what she had abroad once) — but now absolutely forbids her moving: as the risk would be too great. Besides, she is too weak.

He hopes she may be able to get away by Wednesday: possibly by Tuesday. I want her to go to the sea: but she clings to the idea of Rudgwick. Then she “doesn’t want to be

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<sup>68</sup> This single folded letter card is addressed to J. M. Stoddart Esq | Editor | Lippincott’s Magazine | Messrs. Lippincott & Co. | Philadelphia. A received post mark in Philadelphia is dated June 2.

bothered with strangers, and looks upon you as a friend: indeed, I can assure you, she has conceived a very warm feeling for you in every way, as friend and comrade and writer — a feeling, my dear fellow, you will allow me to say, I share to the full. Will you be at home during the coming week? (By the way, I must put off Champion, having written to him to propose next Thursday.) If not: are the rooms comfortable at the Martlett (?): and, in particular, is there any garden where E. could sit in the sun?

If she can't get away till Wedny, it is possible I may run down on Monday to see [?] about the wall-papers: but I cannot be sure till I see how E. gets on.<sup>69</sup>

We are treating you at your word, you see: but I won't apologise, for I know how wholehearted your kindness is.

In gt. Haste | Affectionately Yours | William Sharp

Thanks for the "Wealden School" paper. I'll do what I can.

ALS University of British Columbia

*To Mrs. Edmund Clarence Stedman, [June 7?, 1892]*

Buck's Green | Rudgwick / Sussex

Dear Mrs. Stedman,

I shd. have written before this to ask about Mr. Stedman since his Jamaica trip (tell him his Poetry Articles<sup>70</sup> are being much appreciated here) but all correspondence has been impossible lately, owing to my wife's sudden and severe illness — a recrudescence, in part, of malarial fever caught at Genoa. She is now, I am glad to say, out of danger.

At the end of June we "settle" at the above place — lovely country and healthy if somewhat remote. It will be our *pied-à-terre* at any rate.

Ever yours, | William Sharp

ACS Columbia

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<sup>69</sup> The Sharps were about to lease a house in Rudgwick, Sussex which they found during their visit to Little in late May. EAS said: "During a visit to the art critic, J. Stanley Little, at Rudgwick, Sussex, my husband saw a little cottage which attracted him and we decided to take it as a *pied-a-terre*." The Sharps were staying with the Cairds at Northbrook, Micheldever during the first week of June while negotiations were taking place for the house in Sussex. On June 7 Sharp wrote in his diary: "Went down to Rudgwick, Sussex by appointment, and agreed to take the cottage on a 3-years' lease" (*Memoir* 199-200).

<sup>70</sup> E. C. Stedman's "The Nature and Elements of Poetry" appeared first in eight installments in *The Century Magazine*, 43-44 (March-Oct., 1892), 752-761, 821-829, 143-152, 180-189, 365-374, 613-622, 661-669, and 859-869. The essays were then published as a book in the fall of 1892.

*To Bliss Carman, June 11, 1892*  
Letter-address after this | The Laurels<sup>71</sup> | Buck's Green | Rudgwick / Sussex

My dear old Man,

I hope the change from the *Independent* is in every way to your advantage.

I wish you could get some good post over here!

And now do publish a selection of your best work in verse: it is a mistake to postpone too long.

I wish very much you would do me a favour and send me by return a copy of the new magazine "*The Knight Errant*".

*Entre nous*: It is possible I may shortly myself bring out a magazine of a strikingly "modern" kind — one such as we do not have in England in any form.<sup>72</sup> If so, no contributor's name will be more welcome than that of my dear friend and true poet, Bliss Carman.

Ever yours | William Sharp

ALS Smith College Library

*To Arthur Stedman, [?June 11], 1892*

*New address / The Laurels | Buck's Green | Rudgwick — Sussex*

All correspondence has been impossible lately owing to my wife's sudden and severe illness — a kind of recrudescence of a malarial fever. She is now out of danger I hope. We hope to "move into" the above address at the end of June — a pleasant and healthy if somewhat remote country.

Hope you and yours are well

W.S.

ACS Columbia

*To J. Stanley Little, June 20, 1892*

16 Winchester Road | Swiss Cottage | N.W. | 20 June 1892

My dear Little

On arrival here we found 2 copies of "Heine," which seems to have been pubd. on Saty.<sup>73</sup>

E. sends on one at once to you. She will write her name etc. in it the first time she is

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<sup>71</sup> Later called Phenice Croft.

<sup>72</sup> *The Pagan Review*

<sup>73</sup> Heinrich Heine, *Italian Travel Sketches. etc.* [Part I], trans. E. A. Sharp (1892).

at Rudgwick.

By the way, I find that F. J. Palgrave's<sup>74</sup> address is 15 Chester Terrace, Regents' Park, N.W. An early caller is at the door — I must be off —

Yours ever, | W.S.

ALS Princeton

*To J. Stanley Little, June 21, 1892*

21 June 1892

My dear Little

I did not see Champion<sup>75</sup> after all. He seems to have left town — but where or for how long I do not know.

So I think it will be better to postpone your visit to us on Friday night, till the following week (or whenever a meeting can be arranged) — all the more for the reason that I must set-to on Friday and write perhaps all day and night and the greater part of Saturday at an important article which must be finished by the week-end. I apologise for thus putting you off, so far as my share in the act is concerned, for I know you will make all allowances.

When are you to be in town in any case, on Friday or Saty?

Affectionately Yours, camarado mio, | W.S.

ALS Princeton

*To J. Stanley Little, June 21, 1892*

Tuesday Night | 21/VI.92

My dear Fellow,

I snatch a moment before the midnight post to answer yours to hand a little ago.

Yes: Mary<sup>76</sup> has, I think, charged too little for the copying. It is my fault mainly. I told her in this instance to charge at the same rate as she does for me or any particular friend — forgetting that the last thing she did for me was a long affair, done at leisurely intervals and at a nominal rate. So she conscientiously abided by “the letter of the law”. I think if you send her 7/6 — or even in this instance the 10/- you suggest, as she had to get a new type-ribbon on purpose — she will be well satisfied. You might say you had consulted me, and

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<sup>74</sup> Francis Turner Palgrave (1824-1897), the eldest son of Sir Francis Palgrave, the antiquarian, was the art critic for the *Saturday Review*, a regular contributor to the *Quarterly Review*, and Professor of Poetry at Oxford from 1885-1895. His works include: *Idyls and Songs* (1854), *Hymns* (1867), *Lyrical Poems* (1871), *The Visions of England* (1881), and the anthologies, *Golden Treasury of English Verse* (1861), *The Children's Treasury of English Song* (1875), and *The Treasury of Sacred Song* (1889).

<sup>75</sup> The editor to whom Sharp sent a sample of Stanley Little's writing on May 19.

<sup>76</sup> Sharp's sister.

that in future (i.e. if you are willing to send more copying to her to do) you wish to pay for it at the same rate: i.e. about half the price charged by professional typists. She will be very glad to copy for you at that rate (as this is the only way she can get any irresponsible pocket-money, owing to my mother's limited means now)— and she is generally both expeditious and expert. But of course, don't in any way feel bound to send to her unless entirely convenient in every way. If you do feel so inclined, you can always send without enquiring as to whether she can do it or not: unless you want it in a great hurry, in which case it might be advisable to ask if she is free. (Any time except from July 25th to August 20th — 3 weeks in which she will be at the West Coast.)

Thanks, old chap, for "The Wealden Painters".<sup>77</sup> I'll try a para. about it in one or two quarters.

Do take care of yourself — and not overwork. (By the way, have you the 'rights' of "Barracks and Bohemia"<sup>78</sup>: if so, why not try a shilling paper-copy edn. of it — say with Scott or some other firm, at a royalty?)

Elizabeth has gone to bed, very tired, but not unwell, though she wishes she was back at Littlehampton or under your hospitable and friendly care — both, alas, out of the question meanwhile: or else she would join in love to you.

Hurriedly Yours, | W.S.

ALS Princeton

*To J. Stanley Little, June 22, 1892*

Wednesday, 22 June 92

My dear Little

Many thanks for your long letter about the house — which we now think of calling "Kingscroft", as that name has a *raison d'être* from what you say about old Farmer King.

I have written to my sister Mary, about the other matter, and told her that you wd. not agree to such a nominal honorarium.

I enclose Postal Notes for 18s/-, which please hand over to Napper (being the stipulated amount, 2/6 per day with 6d for beer, for five days): and it wd. much oblige me if at the same time you would inform him that we want nothing more done to the garden at present. I shall see to the further doing-up of it when I come to Rudgwick. When handing

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<sup>77</sup> J. Stanley Little, *The Wealden Painters at the Summer Exhibitions, 1892*, reprinted from *The West Sussex Gazette* (1892).

<sup>78</sup> Unable to identify.

him the money, please say that Mr. Sharp says he has nothing to do with any extra labour unauthorised by him, and that this engaging extra assistance without consulting him first, is a thing he will not tolerate again. But if the scything has really been done, and Napper done his work well, I am willing to let the 3s/- I already advanced on a/c go as drink-money for his assistants.

This is perhaps a worry for you, old chap? If so, don't do it, and I'll write direct: I am sure you have enough on your hands as it is. Your P.S. about the letters and book-packets you did up makes me shudder. Honestly, my dear fellow, you must 'draw in', or you will waste all your energies. At least, wait till you have a *sposa amorosa* to help you!

Elizabeth says she would like (if nothing has yet been done) if the paint of the stairway, landing, and doors belonging thereto be done in a dark red (Pompeian red) — of one colour only, instead of the two shades already approved to match the paper. The doors in the Hotel at Littlehampton are responsible for this change of view.

Again, if the drawing room has not been gone on with, we would now like if the painting of the skirting, doors, and mantel piece be uniformly of the pale tint of yellow, instead of the pale and yellow, as first arranged — but the inside of the doorless cupboard to be entirely of the deeper shade of yellow.

The sanitary surveyor is to be at the house on Thursday afternoon I understand.

We don't want earth-closets, owing to the worry and expense of the frequent cleaning. We'll use only one water-closet: but I'll wait till I hear from Mr. Brooks and Mr. Jay before deciding further.

I think now I'll enter with furniture about the 13th or 14th of July — just when E. goes away for a fortnight to Germany.

I have read your "Wealden Painters"<sup>79</sup> again with great interest. It seems to me a pamphlet like that ought to bring you work, if some copies were properly placed. I'll give you some special introductions for America, to try and get an "art-letter" to do.

In gt. haste — | Affectly Yours | William Sharp

ALS Princeton

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<sup>79</sup>*The Wealdon Painters at the Summer Exhibitions, 1892* (1892)