

SECTION XI

LIFE: 1894

During the first months of 1894, the Sharps were living in Phenice Croft and in poor health. Their spirits revived temporarily with the publication of *Vistas* on February 14, but neither could do much writing. In March, when their physical conditions had not improved, they decided to give up the house in Surrey at mid-summer and find lodgings once again in London where they had to spend much of their time. At the end of March Sharp had a brief holiday in Normandy, visiting Rouen and Dieppe, and in April he proposed to Herbert Stone, of the Chicago publishing firm Stone and Kimball, both an American edition of *Vistas* and a projected volume of short stories. He also suggested Stone & Kimball buy the plates of *Flower o' the Vine* from Charles Webster and Company and issue a second American edition of that collection of his poetry. Stone accepted the first two proposals. His firm published *Vistas* later in 1894 and a volume of stories, *The Gypsy Christ and Other Tales*, in 1895. These two volumes appeared as the work of William Sharp. A second edition of *Flower o' the Vine* did not materialize.

The Fiona Macleod phase of Sharp's literary career began in June when Frank Murray published *Pharais, a Romance of the Isles* from his Moray Press in Derby. Using the favorable comments by several critics as ballast, Sharp began to negotiate with John Lane, a London publisher, for a second Fiona Macleod romance that Lane published in 1895 as *The Mountain Lovers*. Sharp's side of the negotiation proceeded through a series of letters he wrote to Lane signed "Fiona Macleod." Since the Fiona Macleod handwriting had to differ from his own, Sharp enlisted his unmarried sister Mary, who lived with their mother in Edinburgh, to copy the letters in what became the distinctive Fiona Macleod hand and to mail them from Edinburgh.

Sharp's mother had inherited sufficient money upon the death of her husband in 1876 to maintain a comfortable life style. Yet the small amounts William was able to provide Mary for

serving as the intermediary between Fiona Macleod and the outer world gave her a degree of independence. It was principally through the letters Sharp wrote and Mary copied that he conveyed a sense of Fiona's distinctive personality among fellow writers and publishers and established as fact the fiction of Fiona Macleod's separate identity. Discreet, efficient, and available, Mary was an essential link in the two-way transmissions that fostered the development and contributed to the remarkable success of Sharp's second, subterranean literary career.

The deception was bolstered by Sharp privately sharing with some of his influential friends details about Fiona's life and a sense of her personality. She was his cousin, and she was married to a peripatetic, secretive, rich, and much older Scottish laird. Sharp regarded her highly, provided advice and assistance as needed, and respected her desire for privacy. He had trouble keeping track of her whereabouts. In fact, he seldom knew precisely where she was. She spent a good deal of time sailing among the Hebrides with her husband and his extended family.

On June 21, while Elizabeth was vacationing in southern France, Sharp left Phenice Croft and moved to a flat in South Hampstead -- Rutland House, Greencroft Gardens. The July *Portfolio* contained an article by Sharp entitled "Fair Women in Painting and Poetry," and that article was issued as a book later in the year by J. Seeley and Company (London). At the beginning of August, he went to the west of Scotland to stay with his mother and sisters who were on holiday in Kilcreggan on the Firth of Clyde. While there, he made friends with several locals, listened to their tales, and began to use what he heard in a series of stories that appeared in 1895 as *The Sin-Eater and other Tales* (Patrick Geddes and Colleagues, Edinburgh).

On August 15, Sharp returned to Edinburgh where Elizabeth joined him from London. A few days later, they left for the western isles where for the next six weeks they spent many hours exploring and collecting materials. They went first to Oban, sailed to the isle of Mull, and crossed to the very west of Mull where for the first time Elizabeth encountered Iona. That small island's beauty, its ruins, and the restorations then in progress made a deep impression on her. Sharp turned frequently in the Fiona writings to the story of St. Columba who brought

Christianity from Ireland to England when he established a religious colony and built a church on Iona. The impressions Sharp gained during this and subsequent visits provided the material for the Fiona Macleod essay "Iona" that formed part of *The Divine Adventure* in 1900. After several more weeks exploring the islands south of Oban and hearing more stories, the Sharps returned at the end of September to their new residence in Hampstead.

The September 15th issue of Stone & Kimball's small trade magazine called *The Chap-Book* was a William Sharp issue. Designed partly to advertise the Chicago firm's publication of Sharp's Vistas, the issue contained a dramatic interlude from that collection, a poem by Sharp, an appreciation of Sharp's poetry by his friend, the Canadian poet Bliss Carman, and a portrait of Sharp.

During the fall, Sharp worked on the stories and sketches that were published by Stone and Kimball in 1895 as William Sharp's *The Gypsy Christ and Other Tales*. In order to establish the separate identity of Fiona Macleod and to maintain an essential stream of income, he had to continue to publish under both names. The strain of dual authorship led to frequent illnesses, both physical and mental. Yet he persisted with articles for publication under his own name, while also working on the Fiona romance called *The Mountain Lovers*, the Fiona short stories he had begun in August, and poems that would appear in Fiona Macleod's *From the Hills of Dream* in 1896. In December, he went to Scotland – St. Andrews and Edinburgh -- for the three weeks preceding Christmas. After Christmas, his doctor having advised a rest near the sea, he and Elizabeth went to the Isle of Wight for a New Year's holiday.

LETTERS: 1894

To Grant Richards, January 30, 1894

7, Kensington Court Gardens, | W.

My dear Grant Richards,

Can you drop in and have supper with us next Sunday evening at 7 o'clock? It will give my wife as well as myself much pleasure if you can. (Informally, of course).

We expect one or two literary friends later to coffee and cigarettes.

Next day, thank God, I return at last to the country¹: tho' my wife will remain here two or three weeks. You are to come *there* too, you know — some time soon.

Hope you are not overworking yourself. You looked fagged when I saw you the other week.

Yours cordially | William Sharp

ALS University of Texas at Austin

To John Lane, February 2, 1894

7 Kensington Court Gardens | W | 2/2/94

Dear Mr. Lane

If you are at home and disengaged, and could look in upon us on Sunday evening (informally) any time about or after 8 o'clock, it would give my wife and myself great pleasure. We expect a friend or two to take coffee, smoke a cigarette, & have a chat.

Yours sincerely, | William Sharp

ACS Princeton

To Richard Le Gallienne, February 9, 1894

Phenice Croft | Rudgwick | Sussex

My dear Le Gallienne

¹The Sharp's main residence was in the country (Phenice Croft, Rudgwick, Sussex) until mid-

Herewith I send to you

(1) “Pensieri Vani”: by Fuller¹ | (2) “The Island” by Richard Whiteing² | (3) The Promised photo of Holman Hunt’s drawing of Rossetti at 27³ | (4) Advance copy of *Vistas*

Please let me have “Pensiori Vani” and “The Island” when you have read them.

I hope you will like *Vistas*. I will not at present tell you what I like best myself. The book is to be issued, I understand, on the 14th — i.e. nominally the 15th.

I hope that your wife is much better of her stay in the south — & that she, you, and the pretling are all flourishing.

Affectly your friend | William Sharp

9th Feby/94

ALS University of Texas at Austin

To J. Stanley Little, February 10, 1894

7 K. Ct. Gdns.⁴ | 10.2.94

My dear Boy

Thanks for your kind & friendly letter.

I have just come here, & find Elizabeth distinctly better on the whole.

I wish we could have met before your long departure. Will you still be in London on Saty forenoon next? I return to Rudgwick tomorrow but *expect* to be at the Club early on Saty.

summer 1894.

¹Henry Blake Fuller’s *The Chevalier of Pensieri-Vani* (1890).

²(London: Longman’s and Company, 1888).

³William Holman Hunt (1827-1910) was a Pre-Raphaelite painter who contributed designs to *The Germ* in 1850. He published his memoirs, *Pre-Raphaelitism and the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood*, in 1903. A drawing of Rossetti at twenty-five, executed by Hunt in 1853, is reproduced in Volume I of Hunt’s memoirs.

⁴Kensington Court Gardens.

In wild haste! | Ever yours affectly, | Will

ALS Princeton

To J. Stanley Little, [February 26, 1894]

Monday Night | Rudgwick

My dear Stanley

I have recd. the gratifying notices from the West Sussex, the Belfast paper, & the Colonies & India. What a good fellow you are, to take so much heed for the welfare of a friend's book.¹ You are a generous chap, and I thank you most cordially. The P/O² notice came in most usefully for an early quotation. The other reviews I have seen are all respectful, & one or two very gratifying: though most critics, public and private, seem a bit mystified by some things. Truly, as you recognise, it is a book of the heart: written *con amore*: & out of the inner life. I am glad that the most unlike critics, from Wedmore³ to Le Gallienne, use the same epithets for the book, 'remarkable', 'intensely original', 'intensely individual'.

It seems to be attracting a good deal of attention — & a good deal of comment, adverse & favourable. The L/P edn.⁴ is disposed of. 'Finis', I fancy, is the chief stumbling-block: then 'Lilith'.

There is to be a review of it in this coming Friday's *Academy* I understand.⁵

Did I tell you how unwell I have been? I have had to 'cave in' completely.

¹Sharp's *Vistas* (1894).

²Little's review of *Vistas* appeared in *Public Opinion* on February 16, 1894.

³Sir Frederick Wedmore (1844-1921) wrote essays on literature and art and contributed to *The Guardian* and *The Times Literary Supplement* edited by his wife, Millicent Wedmore. Among his works are *Etching in England*, 1895, *Fine Prints*, 1897, *Life of Honore de Balzac*, 1890, and *Studies in English Art*, 1876. [Check Date]

⁴The first edition of *Vistas*, printed on large paper, was limited to 400 copies.

⁵This review appeared on Saturday, March 3, 1894.

I am now nearly better — but for some time to come must write only for 2 or 3 hours daily at most: and, moreover, am not to be alone at all. Elizabeth (who is steadily gaining ground) returns to town in a couple of days: & then Mr. and Mrs. Rinder¹ come here on ‘a working visit’ to keep me company for a fortnight.

This is an unusual break-down for me. But, for one thing, I have been living the life of Imagination too fiercely of late. I think you will be surprised when you learn what I have done. I must not write more.

Your affectionate friend, | Will

ALS Princeton

To Edward Dowden. February 26, 1894

Phenice Croft | Rudgwick | Sussex | 26/2/94

My dear Dowden

Pray accept the accompanying copy of my new book – a book truly of la vie intime -- with my cordial greetings: & at the same time excuse so brief a note as I have been ill & am still debarred from much use of the pen. I hope you may find something to like in my “livre d’ame et de rive.”

Ever yours sincerely | William Sharp

ALS TCD

To J. Stanley Little, [March 1, 1984]

Thursday Night

My dear Stanley

I should have written to you before this, but I have not been well: & yesterday had to telegraph to a friend. I am now, however, pulling round all right. Please say nothing of this to Elizabeth. Tomorrow I shall go up to town, & come down with her on Saty, till Monday. On

¹ Edith Wingate Rinder and Frank Rinder. Edith was the woman Sharp fell in love with in Rome in 1890, and their close relationship continued with the concurrence of Sharp’s wife and Edith’s husband. Sharp attributed the emergence of the Fiona Macleod persona and his ability to write as Fiona Macleod to her influence (*Memoir*, 222).

that week-end some friends are coming for a fortnight, of which I am glad.¹

Many thanks, my dear boy, for all your friendly and generous help with *Vistas*. It is most good of you. I have not seen the L/W² or any save the P/O³ as yet.

My dear fellow, you mistook me about your P/O review — or, more likely, I wrote in such a way as to give you a wrong impression. I never dreamt of interfering with your admirable & critical article. However, I must add that I have not been at all well lately — greatly overwrought — and if I have seemingly given way to any ungenerous or foolish irritation pray overlook *it* and forgive *me*.

I understand that there is to be a review in the *Academy*⁴ this Friday, if possible.

I enclose the MS. with renewed thanks.

Ever affectly Yours, | Will

ALS Princeton

*To Robert Murray Gilchrist, [early March, 1894?]*⁵

Rudgwick | Wedny

My dear Gilchrist,

I am glad you & Garfitt can come. You will both be welcome.

I have to be away tomorrow, but I return on Friday.

Will you consult your own convenience as to the time of your coming – only please let me know if you decide upon the last train – tho', by the way, now that I think of it, I would rather, if

¹ These friends were the Rinders. See letter dated 2/26/94.

² This review appeared in *Literary World* on Saturday, May 5, 1894.

³ *Public Opinion*, see letter dated 2/26/94 to Little.

⁴ This review appeared on Saturday, March 3, 1894.

⁵ The date of this letter is uncertain, but early March 1894 is most likely. On December 2 1893, Sharp wrote to Gilchrist that he would not be able to go North to visit Gilchrist in December of January and asked if there was a chance of Gilchrist coming South. Later in December [around the 20th] he wrote to Gilchrist: “You are to come here in the early Spring, remember!”

suitable for you, that you come earlier than that.

I shall be coming from the south, & shall be going to Rudgwick by the 3:25 branch-line from Horsham. We could travel together, if you like. In this case you would require to leave Victoria at at 1:45 (or, if you prefer, London Bridge at 1:50): & change at Horsham, where you would arrive about 3 o'clock.

If you would rather come later, there is a quicker train with a through division (ask in Guildford for the Cranleigh section of the train) which leaves Victoria at 3:55. If you get into the right carriage you need not get out at Horsham, & would reach Rudgwick about 5:36. (This is the only train that has a through carriage.)

There is another, the last, train which leaves at 4:55, & gets to Rudgwick (via Horsham) about 7 o'clock.

I look forward to seeing you again, amico mio.

Cordially yours | William Sharp

Remember me kindly to Garfitt, please.

ALS Sheffield City Archives

To [Richard Garnett], [mid-March, 1894]

Phenice Croft | Rudgwick

My dear Poet,

I understand that at last my short review of your *Poems* is to appear in this week's "Academy".¹ If perforce shorter than I would so much more willingly have made it, I have tried to say in it something adequate to your book's high & rare merit, & that may, moreover, send some new readers to it. You know how one is tied down in these matters.

The book gains upon me more and more. It is full of fine work, though, if you will permit me to say so, there seems to me some small portion of it that might have been omitted, not because that portion is not good of its kind but because it is not at your high level reach. Quite likely I am wrong: I give you simply my impression.

¹Sharp's review of Garnett's *Poems* appeared in the *Academy* no.1141 (March 17, 1894).

I have given my Review Copy of it to Mrs. Wingate Rinder, who, like myself, finds it full of a distinctive and individual charm. She is staying here just now, & in sending you her kind regards adds that she hopes to quote (if you have no objection) your noble “Age” sonnet in her Introduction in the Poetic Interpretation of Nature.

I hope you have found something in *Vistas* to like.

Yours cordially | William Sharp

I find that that confounded Murray¹ has sent out some of (& possibly all) the few copies I directed him to despatch — as if from himself. Of course, the copy you recd. is meant as from myself. I was too unwell at the time to undertake any extra work.

ALS University of Texas at Austin

To Robert Murray Gilchrist, March 16, 1894

Rudgwick | 16 March

Your letter just reached me owing to a mischance.

It is impossible for me to write today: but I hope to be able to do so tomorrow.

W.S.

ACS Sheffield City Archives

To Robert Murray Gilchrist, March 27, 1894

Phenice Croft, | 27th March, 1894.

My dear Gilchrist,

You would have heard from me before this — but I have been too unwell. Besides, I have had extreme pressure of matters requiring every possible moment I could give. My wife's

¹Francis Edwin Murray was a bookseller in Derby who began to publish works of literature from the Moray Press. Sharp's *Vistas* (1894) was the second volume in his Regent's Library series. In a 7 October 1893 letter to Murray Gilchrist, Sharp wrote, “I found Murray a decent sort of chap. He dropped his “h's” occasionally, and in certain small matters was oblivious of what some of us consider to be good breeding. I did not know he was a cousin of Austin Dobson – did you? I think he has a genuine love of literature.” Frank Murray edited *The Notts and Derbyshire Notes and Queries*, October 1892 -- December 1898, and he wrote and published in 1900 *A Bibliography of Austin Dobson*.

health, too, has long been troubling me: and we have just decided that (greatly to my disappointment) we must return to Hampstead to live. Personally, I regret the return to town (or half town) more than I can say: but the matter is one of paramount importance, so there is nothing else to be done. We leave at midsummer. As for me, one of my wander-fits has come upon me: the Spring-madness has got into the blood: the sight of green hedgerows and budding leaves and the blue smoke rising here and there in the woodlands has wrought some chemic *furor* in my brain. Before the week is out I hope to be in Normandy — and after a day or two by the sea at Dieppe, and then at beautiful and romantic Rouen, to get to the green lanes and open places, and tramp ‘towards the sun.’ I’ll send you a line from somewhere if you care to hear.

And now, enough about myself. I have often meant to write to you in detail about your *Stone-Dragon*¹. . . .

I believe in you, camerado mio, but you must take a firm grip of the reins; in a word, be the driver, not the driven. I think you ought to be able to write a really romantic romance. I hope *The Labyrinth*² may be this book: if not, then it will pave the way. But I think you should see more of actual life: and not dwell so continually in an atmosphere charged with your own imaginings — the glamour through which you see life in the main at present.

Probably you are wise to spend the greater part of each year as you do: but part of the year should be spent otherwise — say in a town like London, or Paris, or in tramping through alien lands, France or Belgium, Scandinavia, or Germany or Italy, or Spain: if not, in Scotland, or Ireland, or upon our Isles, or remote counties.

It is because I believe in you that I urge you to beware of your own conventions. Take your pen and paper, a satchel, and go forth with a light heart. The gods will guide *you* to strange things, and strange things to you. You ought to *see* more, to *feel* more, to *know* more, at first hand. Be not afraid of excess. “The road of excess leads to the palace of wisdom,” says Blake, and truly . . . Meanwhile let me send you a word of sunshine. To be alive and young and in

¹*The Stone Dragon and Other Tragic Romances* (1894)

²*The Labyrinth: A Romance* (1902).

health, is a boon so inestimable that you ought to fall on your knees among your moorland heather and thank the gods. Dejection is a demon to be ruled. We cannot always resist his tyranny, but we can always refuse to become bondagers to his usurpation. Look upon him as an Afreet¹ to be exorcised with a cross of red-hot iron. He is a coward weakling, after all: take him by the tail and swing him across the moor or down the valley. Swing up into your best.

Be brave, strong, self-reliant. Then you live.

Your friend, | William Sharp

Memoir 234-5

To Edmund Clarence Stedman, March 31, 1894²

Rudgwick: Sussex

Have been ill, or should have written long ere this. Since Xmas I have done next to nothing alas — & even now am restricted to very little pen work. But in a week or so Richard³ will be himself again. Then the first long letter will be to *you*.

Meanwhile this, a copy of *Vistas*, which I hope you may like, & my love and homage.

W.S.

ACS Columbia

To Herbert Stuart Stone,⁴ April 3, 1894

¹ An evil demon.

² Date from postmark.

³ A mistake or private reference.

⁴ Herbert Stuart Stone (1871-1915) was the son of Melville Elijah Stone, a distinguished journalist, book collector, and patron of authors, who founded the *Chicago Daily News* and was its editor until 1888. With his first publishing partner and fellow undergraduate, (Hannibal) Ingalls Kimball (1874-1933), Herbert Stone brought out a student paper at Harvard College. In 1893, while still at Harvard, Stone and Kimball announced their intention to organize a publishing company. A bibliography of American first editions was their first jointly-issued book. Their policy was to accept only manuscripts of literary merit and to publish them in an artistic form. In August 1894, they located in Chicago. *The Chap-Book*, their literary-artistic

My dear Sir

I hear from my friend, Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton, that you were struck with my recent book "*Vistas*." I am glad that you like it, as I have heard of you not only from Mrs. Moulton but from my friend Geo. H. Ellwanger,¹ and others.

As there is at present no American edition of *Vistas*², will you accept the accompanying copy which I have pleasure in sending to you.

With it, I send a review of the book, from one of our leading literary periodicals (*The Academy*) — which may interest you.

When Mr. Ellwanger was in England some time ago, he read something of mine ("The Rape of the Sabines") which interested him extremely: & I remember his urging me to send the series to which it belonged to you, if I wanted to publish in America. The name and address escaped my memory, however: and besides, I have been too busy.

But it occurred to me that you might care to publish a volume of mine in America: I mean as a *first* publication. If you took it up you could either arrange yourselves as to an English edition, or act in concert with some English firm — though possibly you would find the other better for your own interests.

The book in question is a volume of short stories, all of them "*études barbares*" and, I

magazine begun in May of the same year at Harvard, went with them. Aubrey Beardsley, Max Beerbohm, and Georges Pisarro contributed to the magazine. Toulouse-Lautrec designed posters for their publications. Among the authors on the Stone and Kimball list were Hamlin Garland, George Santayana, Gilbert Parker, and Robert Louis Stevenson. Ingalls Kimball bought out Stone in 1896. Stone entered publishing again in Chicago as Herbert Stone and Company with the assistance of his younger brother Melville E. Stone, Jr. George Bernard Shaw's authorized editions were published by the Herbert Stone firm. Herbert Stone and Company continued until 1905.

¹George Herman Ellwanger (1848-1906) was an American writer who produce, among others, *The Garden Story*, 1890, *In Gold and Silver*, 1892, *Love's Demesne*, *A Garland of Contemporary Love Poems*, 1896, *Idyllists of the Country Side*, 1896, and *Pleasures of the Table*, *An Account of Gastronomy*, 1902.

²Stone and Kimball did publish an American edition of *Vistas* late in 1894 in their Greentree

think, unlike anything of the kind now before the literary public.

I thought of calling it, from the first story in the short series,

“*A King in Exile*”

but of course it is all the same to me if called after one of the others, say preferably “*The Rape of the Sabines*” or “*A Village Leander*” or “*The Paranymp*”: but preferably “*The Rape of the Sabines*.”

Here are the names of the stories: —

- | | | |
|------|-------------------------|-----------|
| I. | The Rape of the Sabines | (Italy) |
| II. | A King in Exile | (London) |
| III. | A Village Leander | (Italy) |
| IV. | The Paranymp | (Greece) |
| V. | The Judas Tree | (Greece) |
| VI. | The Ambitions of Zora* | (Algeria) |
| VII. | Pantherâ.* | (Syria). |

(*Instead of one of these, possibly a story to be called “The Gypsy Christ”.) Herewith (with “*Vistas*”) I send the only one of the series which has been printed.¹ It came out under a pseudonym in the now-defunct and much discussed “*Pagan Review*”: and was, even among the innumerable papers that “went” for that “organ of the new movement,” awarded singularly high praise.

Among those who know of its authorship there are several well-known critics & authors who urge me to bring it out along with the others.

Naturally, I prefer to have the book out first as an English publication — but after all it does not much matter, so long as it gets on both markets ultimately.

I take the utmost trouble with these stories, and write and rewrite till I am nearly satisfied as I am ever likely to be. Indeed, four at least of those I have named must be scrupulously rewritten before I let them leave my hands.

Library Series.

¹“The Rape of the Sabines” was included in *The Pagan Review* in 1892. Sharp wrote under

From these data, therefore, do you feel inclined to undertake the book? If so, it will save time if I tell you my stipulations, which are

(1) that (unless a sum were offered which I should care to accept as a final settlement) I reserve copyright in both Countries, and publish on a royalty to be agreed upon.

(2) that on receipt of “copy” complete the sum of £50 (Fifty Pounds) to be sent to me as an advance on Royalties.

(3) that some satisfactory arrangement to come to as regards publication in England (preferably through an English firm as nominal publishers of the book here).

(4) that I receive proofs in page-form (in duplicate)— i.e. final revises for me to examine and pass.

(5) that, on publication, 12 copies be sent to me *gratis*.

If you care to entertain the idea of “*The Rape of the Sabines*” (the best name on the whole both on account of the mark the story made, and because the other conflicts with Alphonse Daudet’s “Kings in Exile”)¹ will you kindly communicate with me at your earliest convenience — as I want to arrange definitely about this book within the next few weeks.

Yours faithfully | William Sharp

— Stone Esq

Messrs Stone & Kimball

ALS NYPL, Berg Collection

To Frank Murray, [early April, 1894]

Grosvenor Club, | Bond St. W. | London | Monday

Dear Mr. Murray

Herewith a dft note concerning “*Pharais*” & “*Fiona Macleod*”, which you can use either *in extenso* or adapt as you see fit.

I should like if practicable to see it in proof. If I received it on *Wedny morning at Rudwick* (post early from Derby on Tuesday) I would telegraph if quite right — or anything

various pseudonyms all the material in the single issue of that periodical.

¹*Les Rois En Exile* (1879).

requiring to be omitted or inserted. This wd give you time to issue with outgoing copies on Thursday, would it not?

Of course if it means further delay there is no actual need of my seeing the proof. (The printer must be careful with the Gaelic words)

I go back to Rudgwick tonight — & tomorrow shall post to you the other promised matter¹ from there, which is again my letter-address & now uninterrupted probably.

In haste, | Sincerely Yours, | William Sharp

ALS Huntington

To Arthur Stedman, April 8, 1894

Phenice Croft: *Rudgwick*: Sussex | 8/4/94

My dear Arthur

You will have recd. with my recent P/C a copy of *Vistas* which I sent you.

This is a P.S. to what I forgot to say then: to ask if you wd. kindly get from Brentano's, & send to me, W. T. Price's "*Technique of the Drama*".² It is priced at \$1.50 I think. I don't know if you have any small reserve of mine lying over: in any case let me know my indebtedness.

Ever yours, | W.S.

I am better, though not right yet.

ACS Columbia

To Robert Murray Gilchrist, April 22, 1894

H. St. Romain | 5 Rue St. Roch | Paris | 22/4/94¹

Just received your letter. Hope to be able to send you a line soon. Here Summer is come.

¹ Probably some other material to be included in *Pharais*.

² W. T. Price's *Technique of the Drama* (1892).

You would love it, if you were here – even in turbulent & crowded Paris!

Some strange things happen in this world! Well – no more just now.

Yours in friendship | W.S.

ACS Sheffield City Archives

*To J. Stanley Little, [May 4, 1894]*²

Phenice Croft

My dear Stanley

I have asked Murray to send to you the book of a friend of mine, Miss Fiona Macleod, which he has just published or is just about to publish, as successor to my “*Vistas*”. It is called “*Pharais*”³, & I am specially interested not only in its author but in the book as a Celtic romance — particularly as it deals with the almost unknown life of the remoter isles of the Atlantic seaboard. If you can do anything for *Pharais* either in the *Academy* or elsewhere you will not only gratify me as well as Miss Macleod *but place me under a particular obligation*. I am sure you will do what you can. Meanwhile I mustn’t prejudice you in favour of the book — so will reserve what I think of it for another time. I arranged the publication with Murray. Today he sent me the accompanying notice — which must have been from an advance unbound copy. It is from “*The Newsagent*”— a trade-periodical I believe. So far as I know no copies have been issued yet — except a couple to Miss Macleod and one to me. I particularly hope you will like the book.

By the way, the book will probably be sent to you from Derby, at your Rudgwick

¹Sharp must have left for Normandy shortly after writing his April 8 card to Arthur Stedman, (in accord with the plans he sent Gilchrist on March 27). He had reached Paris by April 22. Several references suggest that Edith Rinder accompanied Sharp on this holiday in France.

² In 1894 Easter was March 25. Whitsunday was seven weeks later, or 13 May. Whitsuntide, a traditional Scottish holiday, was Whitsunday and the two days following. Since Little cannot come to Rudgwick then, Sharp asks if he can come down *this* Sunday and Monday, or May 6 and 7. Sharp asks Little to wire him tomorrow which is Saturday. That dates this letter as Friday, May 4, by which date Sharp had returned from Paris .

³Sharp’s *Pharais: A Romance of the Isles* was published under the pseudonym Fiona Macleod

address.

When do you think of coming here? Cotterell comes here for a few days, from Wednesday next — probably from Wedny till Monday. I have to be in town on Tuesday night next. Probably we shall meet at the *Grafton* on Wednesday next. I shall be there during the forenoon. I have a big commission in relation thereto.

The country is so lovely just now: blossoms, lark songs, the cuckoo, nightingales — everything suggestive of summer. Only, the summer warmth has not yet come: & there has been a little too much rain.

Kindly let me have “*The Newsagent*” notice back. I send this note at once so that, if you are inclined, you may write to the L/W¹ or elsewhere for *Pharais*. Again, let me say how greatly I will be obliged if you can help the book at all.

What a long time it is since we had a walk & chat together. I wish you were coming down this Whitsuntide. Could you perhaps *this* Sunday & Monday. If you like to wire me tomorrow (Saty) to that effect: & come down same evg.

Yours Ever, | Will

ALS University of British Columbia

To Grant Allen, [mid-May, 1894]²

C/o Mrs. B. etc.

Dear Sir,

I have only now ascertained that you are in England. I was informed you were in the

by Frank Murray in Derby in May, 1894.

¹*Literary World*.

²This letter is not in the Fiona Macleod handwriting, which was that of Mary Sharp, the writer’s sister, but in Sharp’s own. It is, therefore, the original Sharp forwarded to Mary for her to copy into the Fiona Macleod hand. The return address — “C/o Mrs. B. etc” — is incompl, and there is a note in the Fiona Macleod hand above the address to the effect that the letter was copied and sent to Allen along with a copy of *Pharais*. Preserved by Mary, EAS used it in the *Memoir* and returned it to the Allen family along with other letters from her husband to Grant Allen she borrowed while writing the *Memoir*.

South of France. Some short time ago I asked Mr. Frank Murray of Derby to forward to you a copy of my just published romance *Pharais*. I now write to ask if you will accept it as a slight token of homage from the youngest and latest of Celtic writers to the most brilliant champion of the Celtic genius now living. I do not, however, send it by way of inveigling you to write about it, much as any word of yours would mean to me both in service and honour: but primarily because of your deep and vivid sympathy not only with nature but with the Celtic vision of nature — and, also, let me add, because of the many delightful hours I have enjoyed with your writings.

Believe me, | Faithfully yours, | Fiona Macleod

ALS Pierpont Morgan

To Arthur Stedman, May 22, 1894

Rudgwick: 22nd May

Many thanks, my dear A., for the book just to hand¹: but you do not say if I am in your debt or not. I hope you have recd. the “Vistas” I sent to you all right.

Thanks for the suggestion abt Stone & K²: taking the plates & stock from W. & Co.³ I shall write by this mail.

I am still “off the straight (of health)” but am steadily getting better. Love to you & yours. Please note that after midsummer (25th June) my address will be as in margin.

W.S.

Rutland House, Greencroft Gardens | So. Hampstead, London.

ACS Columbia

¹Price’s *Technique of the Drama*. See note to Stedman dated 8 April 1894..

²Stone & Kimball Publishing Company.

³The reference here is to *Flower o’ the Vine*, a volume of Sharp’s poetry C. L. Webster and Company published in 1892. Since that firm was in liquidation, Stedman had suggested Stone and Kimball might be willing to purchase the plates at a good price and issue a second edition.

To Herbert Stuart Stone, May 22, 1894

Phenice Croft: | Rudgwick: | Sussex | 22nd May: '94

My dear Sir:

I thank you for your letter of the 4th inst, which I have just received on my return here from Paris.

I daresay you are right about "The Gipsy Christ" being a better title for the proposed volume than that of the story I sent you: though, on appearance in the defunct & much discussed *Pagan Review*, the "Rape of the Sabines" was noted in almost every criticism in very laudatory terms.

However, as I say, I daresay you are right about "The Gipsy Christ" – particularly as the story is, if I may say so, one of the most striking in the series. I think I explained to you that in each of the stories I wished to strike the barbaric note.

Later, I hope to act on your suggestion: & send the vol. to you complete. But it will be impossible for me to do so just now: as not only are two of the stories unfinished (or rather not reworked as yet), & others have to be transcribed or copied – but I have urgent commissioned literary work on hand which, combined with my imminent removal from this remote Sussex house to London, will more than occupy every moment I can spare.

But before the end of July – and of course earlier, if I find it practicable, as I may -- I hope to forward the book to you.

Meanwhile may I suggest that you negotiate with the liquidation of Messr. Chas. Webster & Co. who publish[ed] my "Flower o' the Vine" volume, which was so well received in America. I understand the plates & stock could be got for a very moderate sum. They published on a royalty. I would much like if you could take over the book. It consists of my "Sospiri di Roma" & my "Romantic Ballads & Poems of Phantasy" with a memoir by Thos. A. Janvier and a portrait.

Believe me | Yours very truly | William Sharp

Herbert Stuart Stone Esq

ALS Newberry Library

To Herbert Stuart Stone, May 23, 1894

Wednesday morning | 23rd May/ 94

Dear Sir,

In writing to you last night I forgot to say that from midsummer (24th June) my permanent letter-address will be | Rutland House | Greencroft Gardens | So. Hampstead | London

As you are going to issue "Vistas" in America, you may care to consult the long article upon it by Mr. George Cotterell in the *Academy* for March 3rd (No. 1139). I have just received a review of it today from the *Yorkshire Herald*, an important daily published in York, from which I extract the following closing sentence lest it should be of any use to you for quotation, though no doubt it would be better to draw upon the *Public Opinion*, *Pall Mall Gazette*, & other better known papers, and the literary weeklies. "On this Vista ("The Passing of Lilith") Mr. Sharp has lavished a wealth of colouring and a profusion of imagery that make it singularly rich, but every one of the ten compositions in this volume has received as bold an imaginative treatment. There is in each of them the unmistakable mark of genius."

If you are *reissuing* Vistas will you kindly let me have a copy of the American edn.

Yours very truly | William Sharp

P.S. Please send me a catalogue of your publications & forthcoming books.

ALS NYPL, Berg Collection

To John Lane, [early June, 1894]

c/o Mrs. Balfour | 3. East Savile Road. | Newington | Edinburgh.

Dear Sir.

Herewith I send for your perusal (with stamped and addressed envelope for its return in due course) a Proof copy of a Celtic romance which has just been published through Mr. Frank Murray of Derby.¹

You can judge so far from *Pharais* and the Preface whether you would care to publish a book by me. You will note that two works in preparation are announced on the page fronting the

¹*Pharais: A Romance of the Isles* was published in May, 1894.

title. *Darthûla* is a romance of the time of Ossian, but I cannot rewrite it at present, and probably not for a year to come. It has been a dream with me for many years to write this book: but now I do not see my way to its accomplishment, unless I can obtain a commission that would justify me in devoting myself to it.

But possibly you may care to make me an offer in advance for “The Mountain Lovers.”¹ It will be a book of about the same length as “Pharais,” probably a little longer. The note that is dominant is the Return to Joy. The story deals with the love of two young mountaineers, Alan Gilchrist and Soreha Cameron: but there is an interweaving of dramatic and tragic episodes in the lives of those directly connected with the Mountain Lovers. For the rest, there is, in a more marked degree than in “Pharais,” a constant recurrence to the intimate relationship we have, or may have, with Nature.

It is here, I know, that I have “something to say”: but I will not trouble you with details which, after all, in embryo, can be of no interest to anyone until duly and finally set forth.

I send you the prologue or opening chapter. The strange figure I introduce is really that shadowy half-human creature, of Scandinavian origin and Celtic adoption, Niokr (Nicker, Neckor, Nicor) the Soulless. He is, in “The Mountain Lovers,” what the faun is in “Transformation”,² a humanised link between our world and that of the brutes. The child Oona is also in the romance for a special and significant cause.

She and Niall come into it constantly, chiefly as background figures: save at the end, where once again Niall and she and the forest and the wind are alone.

It is a book into which I have put much of what I have held most dear and intimate in life.

Possibly, you may not care to commission a book without seeing it. If this be so, and you cannot depart from your rule, I will ask you courteously to return the opening pages of “The Mountain Lovers” along with “Pharais”) — so that I may endeavor to find a publisher on my own terms elsewhere. I may add that I was persuaded by a friend to publish “Pharais” through

¹*The Mountain Lovers* was published by John Lane (London) in the fall of 1895.

²*Transformation* was the title of the original 1860 British edition of Nathaniel Hawthorne’s

Mr. Murray, but that it does not suit me, or the end I have in view, to offer him “The Mountain Lovers.”

If I have been misinformed as to your being the literary representative or chief partner in your firm, I beg you to excuse the informality of my addressing myself to you direct.

As I may be going abroad before long for two or three months, may I ask you to let me hear from you at your very earliest convenience. If favourably [disposed] to my proposal, please state what terms you can offer. (I should add that I could place the book in your hands, complete, by the end of August, or, possibly, a little earlier.

Yours very truly | Fiona Macleod

John Lane. Esq.

P.S. Pharais has been out only for two or three weeks — therefore few notices have appeared as yet. Those I have seen are in *The Literary World*, the *Glasgow Herald*, the *Scotsman*, *Public Opinion*, and *The Newsagent*: all most favourable, and each hails the book as something quite new and distinctive.

The Glasgow Herald: “It unfolds a beautiful and pathetic prose-poem of the Outer Isles of the West Highlands In the sense of Celtic character and the power and truth of the local colouring lies one great merit of the book. But the central figures of the story have a charm and a pathos rarely met with in modern fiction. . . . Miss Macleod has touched an extremely difficult subject with a delicate and artistic hand, and given us a powerful idyll that will linger in the memory of every sympathetic reader. The book is *absolutely* unconventional in treatment, and draws a fine capability in its author.”

The Scotsman: “The book makes a strong appeal to all who profess a special admiration of the Celtic genius in literature.”

Public Opinion. “It is suffused with tragedy: no Greek dramatist conceived a more fateful narrative. . . . The book stirs one to the very depths of one’s nature.”

The Newsagent: “The work breaks new and almost untrodden ground, and is an acquisition to our latterday literature.”

ALS University of Toronto Library

The Marble Faun.

To Grant Allen, [early June, 1894]

Kilcreggan, Argyll | *Letter Address* / 9. Upper Coltbridge Terrace | Murrayfield, Midlothian

Dear Mr. Grant Allen

You are very kind indeed — both to write to me, you who are so busy, and to promise to do anything you can for my book.¹ It is very good of you. Truly, it is the busiest people who find time to do what is impossible to idle folk.

But, really, you must disengage from your mind that idea of yours as to my being my cousin, Will Sharp. It makes me smile to think how surprised you will be someday. Except that we are both tall, he as a man and I as a woman, there is not even any likeness between us. I am very dark, in hair and eyes: and, what is more important, we are very different otherwise, despite our remarkable affinity in literary sentiment and expression. If you will allow me, I will send you my photograph some day.

I have just had a letter of deeply gratifying praise and recognition from Mr. George Meredith, who says he finds my work absolutely ‘rare and distinctive.’ He writes one phrase, memorable as coming from him: “Be sure that I am among those readers of yours whom you kindle.”

Permit me, dear Mr. Allen, to make a small request of you. If you are really going to be so kind as to say anything about my book I trust you will not hint playfully at any other authorship having suggested itself to you — or, indeed, at my name being a pseudonym. And, sure, it will be for pleasure to me if you will be as scrupulous with Mr. Meredith or anyone else, in private, as in public, if chance should ever bring my insignificant self into any chit-chat.

My name is really Fiona (i.e. Fionnaghal — of which it is the diminutive: as Maggie, Nellie, or Dair are diminutives of Margaret, Helen, or Alasdair.)

Again thanking you most cordially and hoping to have the great pleasure to seeing Mrs. Allen and yourself when (as is probable) I come south in the late Autumn or sometime in November.

Sincerely and gratefully yours | Fiona Macleod

¹*Pharais: A Romance of the Isles.*

To James Mavor, [early June?, 1894]¹

The Marine Hill | *St. Andrews* / Sunday

Dear Mr. Mavor

I gather from your kind note that you took the trouble to call at the Central to enquire for my lost “Lareg”. Many thanks for your courtesy. I wrote to the Manager, and he forwarded it on to me. (Better luck than I deserved, you will doubtless think.) I return to Edinburgh on Tuesday night. On Wednesday afternoon, unfortunately, I am engaged to “sit” to Mrs. D. O. Hill² from 3 till 4:30 — and at 4:30 some friends are to drop in to meet me. So, I am sorry to say, I shall be unable to look up Mr. Geddes³ when you are with him. (Before 3 I am engaged.)

How long are you to be in Edinburgh? I wish you could give me the pleasure of dining with me. Could you and your friend Mr. T. C. Martin⁴ dine with me at 7. (I understand that the Waterloo Hotel is one of the best places to dine at, but as I know nothing of it, it would be best to

¹ Date uncertain. This date assumes Sharp visited Edinburgh and St. Andrews sometime in early June 1894, but there is no corroboration of such a visit.

²Mrs. Hill’s maiden name was Amelia Robertson Paton. The sister of the well-known painter and poet Sir Noel Paton, she was an accomplished sculptor and deeply involved in the artistic and intellectual life of Edinburgh. Writing to Frederick Shields on September 7, 1886, Sharp said of her, “No nobler-natural woman was ever born.” She was the second wife of David Octavius Hill (1802-1870), an Edinburgh landscape painter.

³ Sir Patrick Geddes (1854-1932) was a man of many talents and interests. He established the Outlook Tower at the head of Edinburgh’s High Street with its *camera obscura* and oversaw the building of Ramsay Gardens, a group of flats, a student residence hall, and artist studios near the Outlook Tower and the Castle. He was the central figure in the Scottish contingent of the Celtic Revival that began in the 1890s. Although Sharp was unable to meet him during this visit to Edinburgh, they met soon after and in 1895, Geddes made William Sharp the literary editor of his Celtic oriented publishing firm, Patrick Geddes & Colleagues. Geddes went on to become an expert city planner and to gain a great deal of fame for his work in that field.

⁴ Unknown

arrange to *meet* at the portico of the General Post Office a couple of minutes or so before 7.) Failing your being able to do this could you look in at Mrs. D. O. Hill's about 5 o'clock. You would probably meet Sir Noel Paton, Mrs. Traquair,¹ Joseph Thomson (the explorer),² J. M. Gray,³ & one or two others there — and Mrs. Hill would give you a hearty welcome. Her address is Newington Lodge, Mayfield Terrace. Take the Powburn car from The Post-Office, and ask to be put down at the opening for Mayfield Terrace. Mrs. Hill's house is the last *on the right*, at the gates opening upon Dalkeith Road.

Does Mr. Martin reside in Glasgow or Edinburgh, & what is the Leader address. If in Edinburgh, I might call on him. I am indebted to you for your suggestion and friendly offices, and like the idea.

Please drop me a line by return to | 2 [*mistake for 9*] Coltbridge Terrace | Murrayfield | Edinburgh

Yours sincerely | William Sharp

I cannot attempt anything of the kind for several weeks at earliest — but how would Théophile Gautier do to start the “Villon series”? His personality and such books as his “Mlle de Maupin” and “Emaux at Canées” would give satisfactory scope.

ALS University of Toronto Library

To John Lane, [mid-June, 1894]

c/o Mrs. Balfour | 3 East Savile Road | Newington

Dear Sir,

On my return here from a flying visit to St. Andrews I found your letter awaiting me —

¹Phoebe Anna Traquair was married to Ramsey Heatly Traquair (1840-1912), a naturalist who published over 130 papers on zoology and paleontology.

²Joseph Thomson (1858-1894) explored much of Africa and was a rival of Sir Henry Morgan Stanley. His most famous book was *Through Masai Land* (1885). His explorations ruined his health, forcing him to return to England and eventually causing his death.

³John M. Gray, Edinburgh friend of Sharp's who died later in 1894. See Sharp letter to Watts-Dunton of 11 October 1894.

along with four most gratifying reviews of “Pharais” (among them that of Mr. Grant Allen, which I read with keen pleasure), and three most kind and generous letters of interest and encouragement from authors and critics of high repute.

I thank you for yours. I am glad that you entertain my proposal favourably. I believe there is always a risk in books of this kind, of a relatively limited appeal: so I am willing to put myself in your hands as to the amount of royalty etc.; feeling confident that I am secure in so doing, if you will agree to the following stipulations on my part — i.e. I will leave the matter of ultimate remuneration with you, if

- (1) You will pay me the sum of £25 on my delivery to you of the M.S. complete of “*The Mountain Lovers.*”
- (2) That my copyright be acknowledged by the payment of a royalty, to be fixed by you, upon all copies sold, either in this or in any other edition, after the advance of £25 has been worked off: the Royalty to be on an ascending scale, according to sales. (American edition under a royalty also: or else to be left to me to arrange for myself.)
- (3) *That my copyright becomes absolute after, say, your disposal of a second limited edition.*
- (4) That the book be published before Christmastide.

I hope this will be agreeable to you, as I would rather publish “The Mountain Lovers” through you than through any other firm.

I can promise you the MS. by the end of August at latest.

My movements are very uncertain at present. It is just possible I may be in London before the end of July, but it is much more likely I shall be in my remote island in the far north-west. Meanwhile, I am visiting friends in Edinburgh and the neighbourhood: but at all times I prefer my correspondence to go to the house of my relative, Mrs. Balfour, where I am staying for a few days longer.

Thanking you for your prompt courtesy

Believe me | Yours very truly | Fiona Macleod

ALS Princeton

To J. Stanley Little, [mid-June, 1894]

Rudgwick | Wednesday

My dear boy,

It distresses me to learn that you are in deep trouble of some kind. I wish I could help you. Meanwhile I can give you only my deep sympathy. You know well that below all faults of manner I am genuine: and that you may trust me in all respects, as one gentleman another. Discount a lot of my “aggravatin’ ways” — they mean nothing but momentary devilry.

I have to be in town on Friday. I shall be at the Grosvenor Club in the forenoon (between 11 & 12) and again probably from 4 to 6. Look in if you can.

It is a great pleasure to me that *Pharais* appeals to you so much. I felt sure it would have a certain appeal to an imaginative & sensitive nature like yours. It will be a gratification to my friend to know how much you like it — & to read what you have generously written about it. It is a book written right out of the inner life of the author — & so ought to reach some people at least. I have just had a letter from Murray Gilchrist who had seen an early copy at Derby, where he was staying *en route* for his home on the moorlands. He writes of *Pharais* with rare enthusiasm: says “it is not a pregnant but a *living* book”: & wants to know all about its author & what else she has done and is doing.

Perhaps you will kindly send me the WR when it appears, as I don’t know where to get it.¹ Let me again thank you most heartily for what you have done.

We have found a tenant for Phenice Croft, from midsummer, on advantageous terms — you will be glad to hear.

Mrs. Barker died two nights ago, in great agony, dear soul. She is to be buried today, at Rudgwick.

Do not let certain things take too overwhelming a hold upon you.

Ever Yrs Affectly, |Will

¹ Little has sent Sharp a copy of his review of *Pharais* which is to appear in the *Westminster Review*.

Very glad to hear about S/O¹ cheque. It was unexpected was it not — at least, so soon?

ALS Princeton

To Robert Murray Gilchrist, June 14, 1894

Rudgwick | 14/6/94

My dear Gilchrist

There is just a chance – only, as yet, a chance – that I may be able to spend 3 days or so at Eyam with you, if you can conveniently have me – from (or about) Saturday of next week, the 23rd.

Meanwhile please send me a line by return, to say if you can *absolutely conveniently* put me up, if I do manage to get away.

In great haste | Your friend | William Sharp

ALS Sheffield City Archives

To Robert Murray Gilchrist, [June 19?, 1894]

Rudgwick

My dear Gilchrist

Thanks. It must be *Saturday*, I find: also, it will, after all be most convenient for me to go [indecipherable] line. So I did have a Bradshaw, but some brute has gone off with it!

Shall send you exact word on Thursday night if I get to town Thurs: [portion of MS missing here] to see you -- and the moorlands – again.

Cordial regards to Garfitt.

Ever yours | William Sharp

ALS Sheffield City Archives

To Horace Scudder, June 20, [1894]

Rutland House | Greencroft Gardens | So. Hampstead | London | Wedny/20:June

Dear Mr. Scudder

¹ Probably the *Scot's Observer*.

I sent by Tuesday's mail via Southampton the Revised Proofs with note etc.¹

I forgot to enclose a photo which I thought you might care to have. I got it at Biskra in the Sahara. It is of one of the White Fathers in the Desert Costume — a militant priest, certainly.

In 10 days or so I'll send you a copy of a monograph on "*Fair Women*"² (delightful subject!) I was asked some time ago to write. The publishers seem to be delighted with it — so I hope it will 'go' well. It is in great part what might be called *A Fantasy of Fair Women*.

As I am writing, let me suggest a novel idea for a magazine article. First, I must tell you, privately, that I am writing a novel in collaboration with Lady Colin Campbell³: — broadly speaking, something in the nature of "A Fellowe and His Wife."

The widespread interest on the part of the public in the methods of literary work, and in collaboration in particular, suggests to me that an article on "Copartnery," by *Lady Campbell and myself*,⁴ would be sure to attract attention. We have already discussed it, and intend to do it. We wd. treat of famous instances in Copartnery — e.g. *Le Croix & Berny*⁵ etc. etc. etc., and of

¹ Sharp's "Cardinal Lavigerie's Work in North Africa," *Atlantic Monthly*, 74 (August, 1894), 214.

² Sharp's *Fair Women in Painting and Poetry* (London: Seeley and Company, 1894). The book was published in July.

³Lady Colin Campbell [Gertrude Elizabeth Blood] (-1911) was the youngest daughter of Edmund Maghlin Blood of Brickhill, County Clare, Ireland. She married Lord Colin Campbell who was the youngest son of the eighth Duke of Argyll. Her publications include *Darell Blake* (1889); *Etiquette of Good Society* (1893); *Ninety-second Thousand* (1911); *A Woman Walks in the World* (1903). Sharps' plan to write a novel with her came to nothing.

⁴ Sharp's idea of collaborating on an article on copartnery came to nothing.

⁵Paul Lacroix (1806-1884) was a French novelist, historian, and miscellaneous writer. Among his numerous works are *Contes du Bibliophile Jacob* (1831); *La Dance macabre* (1832); *Convalescence du vieux conteur* (1832-38); *Romans relatifs a l'histoire de France aux XV et XVI siecles* (1838); and *Curiosites de l'histoire des arts* (1858); Berny was the pseudonym used by Louis Bergeron (-) who was the author *Entre femmes, causerie intime* ().

literary partnership, e.g. those of the Goncourts,¹ Erckmann-Chatrion,² Besant & Rice,³ etc. etc.

I do not think any *article* has been ‘a collaboration affair’ before. And an article *on* Copartnery by two collaborators would ‘take’, I am sure.

If you like the idea will you communicate with me at your early convenience: & also, if you commission it, what maximum length, and what rate of remuneration. I shd. add, it cd. not be despatched till near the end of October, or early in October at best: i.e. if not done before end of July.

This is my last day at Phenice Croft. Tomorrow we move.⁴ In many ways, I am very sorry to leave: but it does not at all suit my wife. Hampstead, fortunately, suits us both.

Cordial regards to you & yours, | William Sharp

P.S. I forgot to say that Stone & Kimball of Boston are, I understand, bringing out an American edn. of a recent book of mine, *Vistas*, of which I’ll ask them to send you a copy: tho’ at the moment I don’t know when they are going to publish it.

ALS Harvard Houghton

To Elizabeth A. Sharp, [late June, 1894]

THE WHITE PEACE

¹Edmund Louis Antoine Huot de Goncourt (1822-1896) and Jules Alfred Huot de Goncourt (1830-1870) were novelists, historians, art critics. Among their joint works are *La Lorette* (1853); *Histoire de La Societe Francaise pendant la Revolution* (1854); *Portraits Intimes du XVIII Siecle* (1857-58); *Les Hommes de Lettres* (1860); *Germinie Lacerteux* (1869).

²Erckmann-Chatrion is the joint pseudonym of Emile Erckmann (1822-1899) and Alexandre Chatrion (1826-1890), French novelists whose works include *L’Ami Fritz* (1873); *Le Brigadier Frederic* (1874); *Les Vieux de la Vieille* (1881).

³Walter Besant (1836-1901) and James Rice (1843-1882) were British novelists whose joint publications include *The Golden Butterfly* (1871); *Ready-Money Moritboy* (1872); *’Twas in Trafalgar’s Bay* (1897); *The Chaplain of the Fleet* (1881).

⁴As the previous two letters indicate, Sharp, after leaving Phenice Croft for good on Thursday, June 21, went north on Saturday, June 23 to spend a few days with Murray Gilchrist at Eyam in

It lies not on the sunlit hill
Nor in the sunlit gleam
Nor ever in any falling wave
Nor ever in running stream—

But sometimes in the soul of man
Slow moving through his pain
The moonlight of a perfect peace
Floods heart and brain.¹

. . . Before I left I took up a handful of grassy turf, and kissed it three times, and then threw it to the four quarters — so that the Beauty of the Earth might be seen by me wherever I went and that no beauty I had seen or known there should be forgotten. Then I kissed the chestnut tree on the side lawn where I have seen and heard so much: from the springing of the dream flowers, to the surge of the sea in Pharais.

Memoir, 236

To W. A. Dalt,² [late June, 1894]

C/o Mrs. B. Etc.

Dear Sir

Mr. Frank Murray has forwarded your letter to me. It gratifies me to learn that you care for *Pharais* as you do. It is so much a book of vision and dream that I doubt if its appeal can be a wide one.

The other two books are only “in preparation.” There is certainly no chance of

Derbyshire.

¹Mrs. Sharp states (*Memoir, 235-6*) that her husband wrote this poem the night before he left Phenice Croft permanently on June 21, 1894 and sent it to her, in a letter, written shortly thereafter, from which the paragraph that follows was reproduced by Mrs. Sharp in her *Memoir*. The poem was later included in Sharp’s volume of poetry entitled *From the Hills of Dream* which was published as the work of Fiona Macleod.

²Unable to identify. This letter is in William Sharp’s hand intended for copying in the Fiona Macleod hand.

“Darthula”¹ being ready this year: and “The Mountain Lovers” will not be out till the late autumn at earliest.

Thanking you for your kind interest,

Yours faithfully | Fiona Macleod

ALS NLS

To [John Lane], [late June, 1894]

C/o Mrs. Balfour | 3. East Savile Road | Newington | Edinburgh

My dear Sir

I wrote to you at the address you gave me, but have had no reply. I hope my letter has not miscarried.

I am probably going to Derbyshire tomorrow: but my letter address as above holds good.

You asked me in your note who told me to apply to you with “*The Mountain Lovers*”. It was my cousin, Mr. William Sharp. I hear that some paper says *he* wrote “*Pharais*”: and I sent a disclaimer at once to the “Westminster Gazette” (where Mr. Grant Allen wrote about my book so favourably), tho’ I do not know if it has appeared.

Please let me hear from you soon, as I want to make a definite arrangement.

Yours faithfully, | Fiona Macleod

ALS University of Toronto Library

To Robert Murray Gilchrist, [early July, 1894]²

Rutland House | Greencroft Gardens | So. Hampstead

My dear Gilchrist

¹ “Darthool and the Sons of Usna” appeared in Fiona Macleod’s *The Laughter of Peterkin* (London: Archibald, Constable and Company, 1897). No separate book on the Dartula story was published.

² Sharp wrote this letter shortly after he returned from his visit to Gilchrist in Derbyshire. It precedes his July 7 letter to John Lane since for that letter he used new stationery imprinted with his new address.

Thank your stars you are not in town this hot weather. I long for the country – for the Eyam moors – for the northern seas.

I look back with singular pleasure to my stay with you -- & thank you again for all tyopur hospitality and friendly heed.

The moors of your neighborhood have the large and abiding charm of the sea.

I eny you & Garfitt enjoying them this glorious weather.

I am not feeling quite up to the mark. For one thing I am still in deep anxiety – and shall be glad when the next week or two are over.

Then there is still such an infinite amount to do in the house before we are ‘to rights,’ & I can’t settle to any work – and that alone is a most nervously perturbing thing: particularly as both long overdue commissioned work & imaginative work lying ready for birth are ever with me. Once more, this is the full season: many scores of acquaintances, (not only Londoners but others, & Americans, & Foreigners) make maddening claims upon one’s time. Finally, there is this most trying heat.

I hope you will soon be able to revise – “The Labyrinth” -- & having done so get on with a “today” romance at your highest tidal rise – the spring-tide of both brain and soul in one irresistible flood.

I hope you will keep me in affectionate remembrance -- & you may be sure that now & always I am

Your friend | William Sharp

I will not forget the book for Hancock¹-- but cannot attend to it for some days to come. My cordial greetings to Garfitt.

ALS Sheffield City Archives

To James Mavor, July 2, 1894

Rutland House | Greencroft Gardens | So. Hampstead | 2/7/94

My dear Mavor

¹ Sharp’s letter to Gilchrist of 12 November 1894 indicates that Hancock was a “gamekeeper friend” of Gilchrist’s for whom Sharp promised to obtain a book in London.

Your undated card has just been forwarded to me at our new home (a flat in So. Hampshire) which please register as my permanent address

I would be very glad to see you again but you give no address! So, perforce I can only throw myself upon your mother's courtesy. Please remember me to her kindly.

If this reach you in time, I hope to be at the Grosvenor Club (Bond St.) at 4:15 on *Friday* of this week.

William Sharp

We have just moved in: still in great confusion.

ACS University of Toronto Library

To John Lane, [July] 7, [1894]

Rutland House | Greencroft Gardens | So. Hampstead | Saturday 7th

My dear Lane

I take the opportunity of sending you my new house-address to say that I wish you would answer my cousin, Miss M. F. [sic] Macleod, about the book she has proposed to you.

I am too pressed with my own work & direfully accumulated correspondence — on the head of all this 'moving' to attend properly to other people's affairs. I had quite enough trouble over *Pharais* (which I arranged for with Murray, & of which I revised the proofs for Miss Macleod, who when not on one of her visits to Edinburgh or Glasgow lives in a very remote spot).

By my advice she wrote to you about her new book. I heard a good deal of it, in its first draft, last autumn, & like it in some respects better than *Pharais*. She had either one or two letters from you — and thereafter has had no reply to the letter she wrote to you about terms.

Meanwhile I had written to her that if her negotiations with you fell through I know of two firms who would take up her book on advantageous terms — so if you do not wish to publish it I wish you would kindly say so at once.

She sends me today a delightful letter from George Meredith, full of high praise. I had a note from him myself about her book, in which after sending my cousin his greetings he says "*Pharais* is most admirable: pure Celtic salt. The book is one to fly sure to the mark."

When such good judges as George Meredith, Grant Allen, and Theodore Watts, are enthusiastic I think a young writer like Miss Macleod may well be elated.

I have promised to see “The Mountain Lovers” through the press — but I really can’t undertake all the preliminary ‘skirmishing’ as well. What with an exasperatingly vagrant — if dear and lovely — cousin on the one hand, and an exasperatingly dilatory publisher on the other, the fate of a kindly intermediary who happens to be frantically busy is not a pleasant one!

Miss Macleod tells me she hopes to have the new MS. completed & revised by the end of August. She wanted to send you for your next “Yellow Book” a remarkable short story called “The Sin-Eater”: but I have advised her to hold this over in the meantime.

In the winter she wants to issue a small volume of fantasies, short stories, and poems, called “A Celtic Wreath”: and I have advised her to keep “The Sin-Eater” for that book — or whatever it is to be called.

I think I will arrange for her with Macmillan here, & with a Boston firm in America for “A Celtic Wreath”— but have been too busy as yet to do anything.

Meanwhile please say ‘Yea’ or ‘nay’ about *The Mountain Lovers*.

You can write about it either to me, or Miss Macleod. Her letter address in general is | C/o Mrs. Balfour | 3 East Savile Road | Newington | Edinburgh | but for this coming week she will be with my sister | C/o Miss Mary B. Sharp | 9 Up. Coltbridge Terrace | Murrayfield | Edinburgh

In haste

Yours sincerely | William Sharp

Please if possible send me a line for my receipt today, as I want to write to Edinburgh tomorrow. I called yesterday on receipt of Miss Macleod’s letter — but you were out: so I have had to write this long note after all — damn!

ALS University of Toronto

To Horace Scudder, July 7, 1894

Rutland House | Greencroft Gardens | So. Hampstead | 7:July:94

Dear Mr. Scudder

Your note of the 29th *ulto*¹ about proofs to hand today. I am sorry that the proofs I revised could not reach you in time — for every reason. The article² was written — and, later, revised, amidst severe pain and illness: and so I am afraid was not so satisfactory as it ought to be. However, I hope there is nothing seriously faulty as it now stands. I regret much the trouble it must have involved you in.

I am now much better — in fact almost quite well again: though the moving from Sussex to London was a fatiguing & embarrassing [sic] business, particularly in this great heat.

You will receive either with this post or a few days later a copy of a monograph on the subject of “Fair Women” in painting and poetry which Mr. Philip Gilbert Hamerton³ asked me to write for him and his firm. Please accept it with my friendliest regard and remembrances to you & yours.

I am now living close to our friend Frederick Shields, who, you will be glad to hear, is now more fortunate in his worldly affairs.

Hoping you and yours are well,

Yours cordially | William Sharp

Horace Scudder Esq

ALS Harvard Houghton

To Mrs. Henry Mills Alden, July 9, 1894

Rutland House | Greencroft Gardens | So. Hampstead | London | 9/7/94

¹For *ultimo*, of the preceding month.

²“Cardinal Lavigerie’s Work in North Africa,” which appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly* in August, 1894.

³Philip Gilbert Hamerton (1834-1894) was an editor, writer on art, landscape painter, and etcher. His books include *Thoughts About Art* (1862); *Etching and Etchers* (1866); *Contemporary French Painters* (1867); *The Intellectual Life* (1873). He also wrote several romances, and reprinted (1888) articles he had written for *The Portfolio: Artistic Monographs*, a periodical he began editing in 1869. Sharp’s *Fair Women in Painting and Poetry* constituted the July 1894 number of *The Portfolio*. Later in the year it was published in book form by Seeley

Dear Mrs. Alden,

I send you a hurried line from our new home (into which we have just entered) to say that I hope you are well, & enjoying the Summertime — & to tell you that I have directed the publishers to send to you a copy of a monograph of mine on the delightful subject of “Fair Women” which Mr. Hamerton commissioned me to write. It is to be published today, I believe. I hope it may at once interest & amuse you. My cordial & affectionate greetings to you and your husband, & kind remembrances to your daughters. I have been seriously unwell, but am now better. I hope H.M. is not overworking. Tell him I have a book of mine (misaid for the moment) to send him soon.¹

Ever sincerely yours, | dear Mrs. Alden, | William Sharp

ACS University of Delaware Library

To Mrs. Allhusen,² July 9, 1894

Rutland House | Greencroft Gardens | So. Hampstead | Monday

Dear Mrs. Allhusen

I am so sorry at the cause of your having to postpone my visit. I wired to you at once, stating that Friday will suit me quite as well: but pray do not hesitate to say if you would rather I did not come then. If you do not feel “up to the mark” on Thursday, or Friday morning, telegraph to me.

As I cannot come myself will you let a part of me come & chat with you – in other words will you accept the copy of “Fair Women,” a monograph by me which is to be published today I believe, & which I have asked Messrs. Seeley & Co. to send to you.

It may interest & amuse you. When restricted to your sofa, & unable to occupy yourself more satisfactorily than with the “thoughts on women” of

Yours most sincerely | William Sharp

ALS Bodleian Library

and Co. in London and Macmillan & Co. in New York.

¹ Probably *Vistas*.

² Unable to identify

*To Stone & Kimball, July 30, 1894*¹

Rutland House, | Greencroft Gardens, | So. Hampstead. | London | 30/7/94

Dear Sirs

Herewith I enclose P/O for \$1 (4 ^{1/2}?) — for which please send me “*The Chap-Book*” from the beginning, & for a year thereafter.

Yours truly | William Sharp

Just off to Western Highlands for 2 months — but above address *is* my permanent address.

ALS NYPL, Berg Collection

*To Henry Mills Alden, [early August, 1894]*²

[Kilcreggan, Argyll]

. . deal on hand to finish or revise within the next month — chiefly a vol. of the “Fellow & His Wife” kind, a commissioned vol. of short stories, and a long article for *The Nineteenth Century*.

Thursday

Today’s post has brought me a letter from a friend who encloses a cutting about *Pharais* which he saw a few days ago in some paper, though he does not give its name. As you may like to see it, I send it on to you. *If you chance to remember*, you might return it to me when you write next: but it doesn’t matter if you forget.

The Steamer, which is very irregular, may come up the Sound at any moment now: so I must be ready with my letters. I enclose, separately, two letters [sic] for your editorial consideration. For every reason, financial and otherwise, I hope the Editorial Autocrat may be agreeable! What with illness & consequent 3 or 4 months’ idleness or next to idleness, my wife’s long illness, & serious financial distress, we have gone thro’, & are still suffering from, a rather bad time lately. But we are hopeful, & look to the best.

¹This letter is marked with a large initial (“G”) extending over its major contents.

²The first portion of this letter is missing.

My love to you and Mrs. Alden. I do hope her trouble is not now affecting her. Some months ago I *felt* as though she were very ill, but I hope I was mistaken. And how goes the successor to “The Following Love” (as I always think of your book)?

Ever affectionately Your Friend | William Sharp

P.S. If you receive, and answer, the enclosed any time before the 15th Sept please direct to me at | 9 Upper Coltbridge Terrace | Murrayfield | Edinburgh | Otherwise to my London address.

ALS University of Delaware Library

To Elizabeth A. Sharp, [early August, 1894]

Kilcreggan, Argyll

. . . I told you about Whistlefield? how it, and all the moorland parts about here just now, is simply a boggy sop, to say nothing of the railway works. I hope we'll have fine weather in Iona: it will be lovely there if we go. . .

I have made friends here with a Celtic Islesman from Iona who is settled here: and have learned some more legends and customs etc. from him — also got a copy of an ancient MS. map of Iona with all its fields, divisions, bays, capes, isles, etc. He says my pronunciation of Gaelic is not only surprisingly good, but is distinctively that of the Isles.

I have learned the rune also of the reading of the spirit. The ‘influence’ itself seems to me purely hypnotic. I was out with this man McC_____ on Saty. night last in a gale, in a small two-sailed wherry. We flew before the squalls like a wild horse, and it was glorious with the shriek of the wind, the heave and plunge of the boat, and the washing of the water over the gunwales. Twice ‘the black wind’ came down upon us out of the hills, and we were nearly driven under water. He kept chanting and calling a wild sea-rune, about a water-demon of the isles, till I thought I saw it leaping from wave to wave after us. Strangely, he is a different man the moment others are present. He won't speak a word of Gaelic, nor be ‘Celtic’ in any way, nor even give the word as to what will be doing in the isles at this time or any other. This, however, I have noticed often: and all I have ever learned has been in intimacy and privily and more or less casually. On Sunday and Monday he avoided me, and would scarce speak: having given himself away and shown his Celtic side -- a thing now more than ever foreign to the Celtic nature, which

has become passionately reticent. But a few words in Gaelic, and a private talk, put all right again. Last night I got the rune of the 'Knitting of the Knots' and some information about the *Dalt* and the *Cho-Alt* about which I was not clear. He has seen the Light of the Dead, and his mother saw (before her marriage, and before she even saw the man himself) her husband crossing a dark stream followed by his four unborn children, and two in his arms who afterwards she bore still-born.

Memoir 236-7

To Herbert Stuart Stone, August 15, 1894

Rutland House, 5 Greencroft Gardens, So. Hampstead | *London* / 15:August:94

Dear Mr. Stone

Tho' I write as from my home address I send this note to you from Edinburgh, where I chanced to come yesterday from the West Highlands — whither I return in a few days. Fortunately, your kind letter, forwarded from London, arrived almost simultaneously. Had it been a few days later, I fear that I could not have met your wishes on any point — as I will have nothing with me in the Isles save what is needful.

(1) First, then, here is my portrait¹ — a recent photograph taken this Spring. By a lucky chance, my sister here had duplicates, and has let me have the enclosed. It is considered a good likeness, and characteristic. Certainly, for reproduction, I prefer it to any other (that in *The Idler* two or three months ago was after the etching made of me in Rome in 1891, but not very good). You are cordially welcome to retain it, after you have reproduced it for *The Chap-Book*. It is taken of me sitting forward. Some people prefer its companion: but I have not one at hand, or at all now indeed.

(2) I have no unpublished poem of mine with me, and my memory for my own verses is worse than poor, being almost non-existent. To be more exact, I have one set of quatrains, but they were intended for an American periodical. However, I daresay something else will do as

¹Sharp's portrait appears in *The Chap-Book*, 1 (September 15, 1895), 218. The photograph was taken by Frederick Hollyer.

well, and so I send these “Lines to E. C. Stedman.”¹ If I can recall them, I will also add the unpublished dedicatory poem (in Italian) to my *Sospiri di Roma*.² (I have written to a friend who has them, & will send them on by following mail)

(3) Though I send it, I am a little less easy in my mind about handing over the new ‘Vista’ which I enclose for the American Edn. of *Vistas*; for it was to go this Autumn to a leading English monthly. True, it, “The Whisperer,” was not settled upon, but only a ‘Vista’ to be chosen from the two or three unpublished pieces of this kind, written since *Vistas* was completed: but as it happens, I have no other at hand, and (apart from having my hands full with commissioned work) do not feel in the mood to write anything of the kind just now. By sending you ‘The Whisperer,’ I may lose my other commission: for I do not return to London till the end of September. However, I’ll chance it. Please let it be the *last* of the ‘Vistas’ in the new edition: unless you think this inadvisable, in which case let it immediately precede “The Lute Player”: though I prefer that it should come last.

(4) This, and the (Dedicatory) Introduction to Alden³ of Harper’s Mag: which I send herewith at your request, will enable you to have a copyright edition.

(5) I will think over your suggestion as to “*Flower o’ the Vine*.”

So far so good. What about the reprinting of *Vistas*? Can I see page-proofs before the book is struck off? I do not insist on this, but I hope it is feasible. There are a few minor alterations I would like to make — a word here and there, particularly in “The Père Hilarion” & “The Northern Night”: and, naturally, I would like to see proofs of the hitherto unpublished “The Whisperer” and the introduction. I suppose my friend Bliss Carman (whose words about me in *The Chap-Book* I shall read with full appreciation) or some equally capable reader will overlook my text scrupulously if proofs cannot be sent to me.

¹ “Lines to E. C. Stedman,” *The Chap-Book*, 1 (September 15, 1894), 212.

² Probably Sharp’s “Dedica,” *The Chap-Book*, 2 (January 15, 1895), 216.

³ Henry Mills Alden, a friend of Sharp, was Editor of *Harper’s Magazine*.

In the circumstances, *seeing that I benefit in no monetary way at all* by the American edn., that I have given up a valuable evening (under great pressure of other work) to the Introduction you want, and that I give you “The Whisperer” instead of sending it where it would be well paid for, I do not think you will consider me unduly exigent when I stipulate that, on publication, you send me gratuitously Fifty (50) copies of *Vistas*. Please let me have a line from you as to this.

Somewhere among my papers here I *think* is a copy of *The Chap-Book* containing “A Northern Night.”¹ If so, it has my corrigenda, for there were some misprints in it. I’ll send it, if I have it. (No: I find I have not got it with me. *Do not print from The Chap-Book copy*. If I can get a copy of *Vistas* soon I’ll send one or two textual alterations.)

Finally, as to “The Gipsy Christ” I must ask you to wait a little longer. Frankly, I cannot afford to do uncommissioned work at present: and I have important things to finish and revise. If you think you will be able to issue “The Gipsy Christ” (and other stories, as indicated to you) *before* Christmas,² I will make a point of letting you have MS. complete by the end of October, or beginning of November at latest: as early as practicable. *But please let me know about this by return.*

It will save time if I give you my *letter-address* till the close (about 27th or so) of September: — | 9 Upper Coltbridge Terrace | Murrayfield | Edinburgh | After that date my home address as usual.

Pray give my most cordial greetings to Bliss Carman (who, I hope, received the article I wrote upon his book in *The Academy*)³ and believe me, my dear Sir,

Most Sincerely Yours, | William Sharp

P.S. I forgot to say that of course the present dedicatory page to ‘Elsbeth H. Barzia’⁴ must now

¹ “A Northern Night,” *The Chap-Book*, 1 (June 15, 1894), 60.

² *The Gipsy Christ and Other Tales* (Chicago: Stone & Kimball, 1895).

³ “Low Tide on Grand Pre: A Book of Lyrics,” *The Academy*, 45 (January 6, 1894), 7-8.

⁴ An anagram of Elizabeth Sharp.

come out, as replaced by the Introduction herewith.

ALS Huntington

To John Lane, August 16, 1894

9 Up. Coltbridge Terrace | Murrayfield | Edinburgh | 16:8:94

My dear Lane,

On reaching the above address yesterday from the West Highlands (whither I return — to Iona first — at the end of next week) I found your letter, forwarded from London — after some delay there on account of your having addressed it to ‘Crescent Gardens’ instead of to Greencroft Gardens.

If it had reached me a few days earlier I could have given you a direct answer from Miss Macleod — as she was with my people on Loch Goil. However, I am able to answer your question for her. She has not been well, and all writing was stopped for some weeks: but she is now better again. From what she told me, and from what I saw of “The Mountain Lovers” (nearly done, but unrevised), I know it will now be impossible for her to let you have the book before the middle of September — at earliest. I will write at once (I will see her end of next week) & urge that she should undertake to let you have it by *mid*-September, if possible.

I think you will like it even better than *Pharais*. (Mr. Traill, by the way, followed up his notice of *Pharais* in the *Graphic*¹ by a letter of high praise & encouragement to Miss Macleod)

As for my own work — it is, alack, impossible that I can hand over the book until the end or near the end of October.² All my MS & material is in my London abode (now shut up) & I will not be there again till the end of September — & there is still a good deal of final work to do to the book.

Hoping you are not overworking, & that affairs continue to go well with you,

Cordially Yours | William Sharp

¹[Check date of H. D. Traill’s *Graphic* notice.]

² The identity of this projected book by William Sharp is uncertain. The only book of Sharp’s published by John Lane was Fiona Macleod’s *The Mountain Lovers*.

To Herbert Stuart Stone, August 19, 1894

9 Up. Coltbridge Terrace | Murrayfield, Midlothian | Scotland | 19/8/94

Dear Mr. Stone,

Herewith the promised unpublished short autograph Italian poem,¹ if you care for it for reproduction, tho' not to replace that to E. C. Stedman.

I have been advising my cousin, Miss Fiona Macleod (Author of the much talked of Celtic romance *Pharais*) — whose town-address near Edinburgh I am now staying at, with her and her people — to write to you about something she has on hand. At present, she does not appear inclined to do so — but I think she will do so later.

In haste, | Sincerely yours, | William Sharp

ALS Huntington

To [John Lane], [late August, 1894]

Isle of Iona | Inner Hebrides.

My dear Sir

Mr. William Sharp wrote to me from Edinburgh with your message. I am to meet him and his wife shortly in Oban, and go to Perthshire with them: but meanwhile I must answer your message.

I have not been well, and all writing or headwork of any kind has been out of the question for more than a month past. I am now better; but, wandering (or rather sailing about) from island to island, as where I am at present, is not conducive to regular work: and besides, I am busy collecting from the Gaelic-speaking islesmen many notes, legends, and so forth, for a volume which I think of calling "*A Celtic Wreath.*"

In the circumstances, I cannot promise you "The Mountain Lovers" till, say, the 15th of October. I trust this will not inconvenience you. Kindly note my change of address. I want all

¹ Sharp's poem entitled "Dedica." See letter to Herbert Stone dated August 15, 1894.

my correspondence addressed to me at my cousin's (Miss Mary Sharp Macleod) — but simply [Miss Fiona Macleod | 9. Upper Coltbridge | Murrayfield. | Midlothian. | I may have to go abroad in the late autumn, but if so Mr. William Sharp will see to my proofs etc. for me.

Yours very truly | F.M.

ALS University of Toronto

To Stone & Kimball, September 18, 1894

The Postal order is made to “Stone& Kimball” from William Sharp at my London address as below.

Rutland House: Greencroft Gardens: So. Hampstead | London | 18/9/94

Dear Sirs

Kindly send me by return 3 dozen (36) copies of “*The Chap-Book*” for September 15th (N^o. 9) for which I enclose Postal Remittance for 7^s/6 (36 copies @5^e)

Yours faithfully | William Sharp

P.S. (I have not received the two preceding numbers, due on my subscription.)

Location of MS uncertain

To Katharine Tynan Hinkson,¹ September, 1894

Isle of Iona | September, 1894

Dear Mrs. Hinkson,

¹Katharine Tynan-Hinkson (1861-1931) was an Irish poet and novelist. Among her numerous works are *New Poems* (1911); *The Cure of Castle Eagle* (1915); *The Middle Years* (1916); *The Golden Rose* (1924); *A Fine Gentleman* (1929); *Twenty-five Years: Reminiscences* (1913). The manuscript of the letter used here, in William Sharp's hand, is in the National Library of Scotland. Katharine Tynan-Hinkson printed in her memoir, volume II, *The Middle Years* (127), the version she received, which is Mary's copy in the Fiona Macleod hand. A comparison of the two versions indicates that Mary made some minor changes when she copied Sharp's letter into the Fiona Macleod hand. EAS printed this letter in the *Memoir* (238).

I am, in summer and autumn, so much of a wanderer through the Isles and Western Highlands that letters sometimes are long in reaching me. But your kind note (and enclosure) has duly followed me from Edinburgh to Loch Goil in eastern Argyll and thence deviously here. It will be a great pleasure to me to read what you have to say in the *Illus. London News* or elsewhere, and I thank you.

I wish you could be here. Familiar with your poetry as I am, I know how you would rejoice not only in the Iona that is the holy Icolmkill but also in the Iona that is Ithona, the ancient Celtic isle of the Waves, and the Iona that is I-na-Dhruidhheachna, the Isle of the Druids. There is a beauty here that no other place has, so unique is it. Of course it does not appeal to all. The Sound of Iona divides the island from the wild Ross of Mull, by no more than a mile of water; and it is on this eastern side that the village and the ancient Cathedral and ruined Nunnery, etc., stand. Here it is as peaceful as on the West side it is wild and grand. I read your letter last night, at sunset, while I was lying on the Cruac-an-Angeal, the hillock on the west where the angel appeared to St Columba. To the north lay the dim features of the Outer Hebrides: to the west an unbroken wilderness of waves till they fell against Labrador: to the south, though invisible, the coastline of Ireland. There was no sound save the deep hollow voice of the sea, and a strange reverberation in a hollow cave underground. It was a very beautiful sight to see the day wane across the ocean, and then to move slowly homeward through the gloaming, and linger awhile by the Street of the Dead near the ruined abbey of Columba. But these Isles are so dear to me that I think everyone must feel alike!

I add my permanent letter-address, and remain

Sincerely yours | Fiona Macleod

P.S. I enclose a gilliflower from close to St. Columba's tomb.

ALS NLS

To Catherine Janvier, late September, 1894

. . Yes, *Pharais is mine*. It is a book out of my heart, out of the core of my heart. I wrote it with the pen dipped in the ichor of my life. It has reached people more than I dreamt of as likely. In Scotland especially it has stirred and created a new movement. Here, men like George

Meredith, Grant Allen, H. D. Traill, and Theodore Watts hailed it as a ‘work of genius.’ Ignored in some quarters, abused in others, and unheeded by ‘the general reader’, it has yet had a reception that has made me deeply glad. It is the beginning of my true work. Only one or two know I am ‘Fiona Macleod.’ Let you and my dear T.A.J.¹ preserve my secret. I trust you.

You will find more of me in *Pharais* than in anything I have written. Let me add that you will find *The Mountain Lovers*, at which I am now writing when I can, more elemental still, while simpler. . . . By blood I am part Celt, and partly so by upbringing, by Spirit wholly so. . . . One day I will tell you of some of the strange old mysteries of earlier days I have part learned, part divined, and other things of the spirit. You can understand how I cannot do my true work, in this accursed London . . .

LATER

. . . I resent too close identification with the so-called Celtic renaissance. If my work is to depend solely on its Gaelic connection, then let it go, as go it must. My work must be beautiful in itself — Beauty is a Queen and must be served as a Queen. . . . You have asked me once or twice about F.M., why I took her name: and how and when she came to write *Pharais*. It is too complex to tell you just now. The name was born naturally: (of course I had associations with the name Macleod.) It, Fiona, is very rare now. Most Highlanders would tell you it was extinct — even as the diminutive of Fionnaghal (Flora). But it is not. It is an old Celtic name (meaning “a fair maid”) still occasionally to be found. I know a little girl, the daughter of a Highland clergyman, who is called Fiona. All my work is so intimately wrought with my own experiences that I cannot tell you about *Pharais*, etc., without telling you my whole life.

LATER

. . . I can write out my heart in a way I could not do as William Sharp, and indeed I could not do so if I were the woman Fiona Macleod is supposed to be, unless veiled in scrupulous anonymity . . .

This rapt sense of oneness with nature, this *cosmic ecstasy* and elation this wayfaring along the extreme verges of the common world, all this is so wrought up with the romance of life

¹Thomas A. Janvier, Catherine’s husband.

that I could not bring myself to expression by my outer self, insistent and tyrannical as that need is. . . . My truest self, the self who is below all other selves, and my most intimate life and joys and sufferings, thoughts, emotions and dreams, *must* find expression, yet I cannot save in this hidden way.

Memoir 226-7

To Edmund Clarence Stedman, September 28, 1894

Rutland House. | Greencroft Gardens. | So. Hampstead.

Dear Poet and Friend

It is my hope that this will reach you on your birthday, but whether before or after you will know that on the 8th my thoughts are with you. I will send some white-winged messengers to carry loving greetings and all manner of good wishes for your happiness, health, and general weal: so if you hear a flutter of wings about no. 137 on the 8th at dawn you will know the cause! I know no truer poet and no younger man: — in other words, you are one of the true heirs-male to Apollo. But one of my wishes, a humble one in a sense, is as important as any other: may you have leisure — happy leisure, serene leisure. We want more of you at your best, both as poet and prosaist. And, then, too may the bright Spirit of Youth, whom, being the poet you are, you love, send many radiant smiles upon you yet.

We are just back from Scotland. Among my recent acquisitions are some *Chap-Books*. One, you have doubtless seen, for it contains my Birthday Lines to your dear self. By a happy coincidence I found the original pencil draft when I was in Scotland — & so was able to send them to Stone & Kimball. I was desirous of their appearance nearer your Birthday — but of course could not stipulate. My friend, George Cotterell (Editor of the *Yorkshire Herald*) with whom I stopped a night in York on my way South said a pleasing thing to me when he remarked that his appreciation of the verses was enhanced by his admiration of the dedicatee. He was one of the influential people to whom I gave your beautiful “*The Nature of Poetry*”. By the way, he is a poet you should represent. His *Poems: Old and New* is to be published by D. Nutt at end of October. I suggested to him to send you a copy, but he informed me that he had already noted that a copy was to be sent to you. Your “Bohemia” is one of his most treasured favourites.

Talking of Poems, I would like the “Coves of Crail” lyric quoted by Carman in aforesaid *Chap-Book* to be in your anthology. You will have received ere this my letter in reply to your editorial communication.

I hope the Stone & Kimball edⁿ. of *Vistas* will attract some favourable attention. I have added a ‘Vista’ (“The Whisperer”) and a dedicatory introduction to H. M. Alden in which you will find an allusion to your self which I hope will please you. I have seen no proofs — & I believe the book is to be pub^d. immediately!

I am busy with work of many kinds — but all imaginative work of mine now undergoes a far more exigent control than hitherto, both in process and in revision. When I write again I will tell you something of my doings.

If you will send me an *advance* copy (i.e. say a week or so, for me to prepare article) of your anthology, in due course, I’ll do my best for it here.

My love to Mrs. Stedman: also to Arthur: & kind remembrances to your fair & diligent Secretary. My wife has just come in, & sends her love too. She longs to see you both. And now Addio! — no, *à rivedèr!*

Ever Your Friend | William Sharp

ALS Pennsylvania State University

[To Catherine Ann Janvier, late 1894]

. . . Sometimes I am tempted to believe I am half a woman, and so far saved as I am by the hazard of chance from what a woman can be made to suffer if one let the light of the common day illuminate the avenues and vistas of her heart. . . .

Memoir 227-8

To Horace Scudder, October 3, 1894

Rutland House | Greencroft Gardens | So. Hampstead | 3/Oct/94

My dear Horace Scudder

I find that the mail goes in half an hour — so I must write only a brief note, & to the point. Herewith I send the promised article, which I have entitled “*Some Personal Reminiscences*”

of *Walter Pater*".¹ In accordance with your wish, I have made it more 'reminiscent' than 'critical'. I hope it will please you, and all the many American & English admirers of Pater who will read it.

I found that most of Pater's letters to me were of too personal an interest (generally about my own writings, or doings, or mere private details about his own life and occupations) — but I have quoted one or two that have also interest of another kind.

It is, perhaps, longer than you wanted. If so, you can cut out the printed cols on page 22a. This printed matter is my own, of course: but appeared in a Scottish daily newspaper so far back as 1889 — a paper now defunct ("The Scottish Leader") — and so to all intents is "fresh matter."

I suppose you saw a copy of the *Chap-Book* (Stone and Kimball) of Sept. 15th. I am assured that the separate photo there given of myself is a good one.

Excuse, meanwhile, this hurried note, and believe me always (with best regards to you and yours)

Yours most cordially | William Sharp

ALS Harvard Houghton

To Theodore Watts [-Dunton], October 11, 1894

Rutland House, | Greencroft Gardens, | So. Hampstead. | 11/Oct./94

My dear Watts

If my memory is not at fault in reminding me that tomorrow is your birthday — will you let me send you my friendliest greeting & good wishes: in both of which my wife joins cordially. May your new year be a very happy one — with health, and general weal, and blithe content.

In the old days, before your feelings towards me changed somewhat, you were not ill-pleased that (*more Scoticè*, looking upon the remembrance of a friend's birthday as a scrupulous, almost a religious observance) I used to drop you a line on each 12th Oct. Nor, I hope, will you be ill-pleased now: for the remembrance & the good wish arise from an affectionate regard, and, I need hardly say, high esteem.

¹*The Atlantic Monthly*, 74 (December 1894), 801-14.

No doubt I have given you cause of irritation: as, in turn, I was resentful because of things repeated to me, said of me by you. Right or wrong, I don't think anything is to be gained now by going over the ground of complaint either may have, or may imagine against the other. For myself, I bear you nothing but good will: and hope you entertain something of the same feeling towards myself. It is a pity that between friends of material difference in age, differences and divergences are so apt to occur: but I like to believe that in most instances these are not fundamental, but only, as it were, the surface currents.

It is with singular pleasure I see, from an advt., that you are about to issue a volume of poetry. That it will be welcomed goes without saying: that it will be a success, I hope, and believe. It is, I suppose, to be issued soon?

This has been a sad year, in the loss of friends: J. Addington Symonds, John M. Gray, Mrs. Augusta Webster, Roden Noel, Walter Pater. The death of the last named is a deep loss to every one who loves what is beautiful and dignified and nobly helpful, in literature.

My wife and I have been in Scotland for two months — but are now back. I am much preoccupied with literary work of all kinds — my commissioned work alone much exceeding my present ability to cope with it in anything like the due time.

Caine seems to be winning golden opinions and golden sovereigns and golden dollars by *The Manxman*.¹

After October I shall be more settled in London — & thus, perhaps, we may meet sometimes, here or there. Next week, I hope, or soon after, I intend to run down to see Geo. Meredith. He is very busy.

¹ A novel by Hall Caine. "Heinemann published the *Manxman* on 3 August, 1894. It was an immediate and huge success, already reprinting on the 17th. By mid-September it had sold 34,000 copies. Caine wrote in awe to Heinemann, stunned by the way the money was rolling in, far more than his previous books had earned. By 1913 the book had sold half a million copies and been translated into 12 languages. It was published simultaneously in New York by Appleton's and had an enormous success in the States, making Caine a household name there." (Vivien Allen, *Hall Caine: Portrait of a Victorian Romancer*, Sheffield Academic Press, 1997.)

Again with all friendly greeting and good wishes, ever, my dear Watts,

Cordially yours, | William Sharp

P.S. I enclose a copy of some verses I wrote recently: — as a birthday card!

It may interest you to know that a new American edn. of my *Vistas*, with a Preface and some added matter, is to come out immediately (or, by this time *is* out) through that enterprising young firm, Stone & Kimball, the Matthews & Lane of the U.S.A.

Typescript from ALS at Brotherton Library, University of Leeds

To Herbert Stuart Stone, [October] 20, [1894]

Saty 20th.

Dear Mr. Stone

The promised volume of short stories “*The Gypsy Christ*” is now complete — and will be sent to you, with a letter, by next mail: i.e. on Wedny. the 24th., if none earlier.

I suppose *Vistas* is out before this?

In great haste, Sincerely Yrs,

William Sharp

ACS Huntington

To Robert Murray Gilchrist, November 12, 1894

15, Greencroft Gardens, South Hampstead | 12/11.94

My dear Gichrist

I thank you sincerely for your friendly remembrance: and for the pleasure you have given me by your delicately wrought and in every sense charming book.¹ “Hercules” is a delightful

¹ A collection of Gilchrist’s stories entitled *The Stone Dragon and Other Tragic Romances* (London: Methuen, 1894). “Hercules” is one of the stories in the volume. “Among the great works of this period is a collection of the fantastic by one contributor to *The Yellow Book*, Robert Murray Gilchrist (1868-1917). Gilchrist is an author little-known today, but his collection is revered by aficionados of the genre as one of the most desirable, both for its literary merits and its near-legendary rarity. ... Such is the rarity of the volume [*The Stone Dragon*] that even facsimile reprints vanished in short order following their publication, and a first edition of the book heads

story, for old or young. It is a vein you might work further with advantage: particularly by a combination of actuality and phantasy.

Since I last wrote to you I have been 'down' a good deal – but am now steadily gaining ground. The prolonged mental strain I was under being gone, the chief cause is removed. I have had trouble with my eyes, though: and must use glasses now when I write or read.

I have been and am very busy: more busy than I can tell. My immediate work – besides articles for Harpers, the Atlantic Monthly, the Nineteenth Century, and three or four other monthlies, and weekly art-articles etc. etc. – has been the completion of a volume called "*The Merchant of Dreams*" (fantasies and other imaginative pieces),¹ and of the volume of short tales of a striking & dramatic nature, collectively entitled (from the first & largest story) "*The Gypsy Christ*."²

The *locale* of this story is the moorland country where my dear friend & comrade, Murray Gichrist, lives. I wonder what you will think of the tragic atmosphere I seem to have gained from your remote moorlands. There are descriptions and episodes which *you* will be able to read between the lines.

Is there any chance of your coming south this winter? I am going to Scotland for 2 or 3 weeks from the 1st of December: so don't come between 1st and Xmas! Before I go, I must fulfill my promise about your gamekeeper friend – but I am ever so overwrought by things to remember & exigent daily matters to attend to.

My most cordial regards to your Mother & sisters – and to Garfitt -- & my true affection

the wants-list of many world class collectors." (R. Murray Gilchrist, *The Basilisk and Other Tales of Dread*, Edited with an introduction by John Pelan and Christopher Roden, Ash-Tree Press: Ashcroft, British Columbia, 2003)

¹ The stories intended for that volume, which was not published, may have appeared in *Ecce Puella: And Other Prose Imaginings* (Elkin Mathews: London, 1896.)

² *The Gypsy Christ and Other Tales* (Stone and Kimball: Chicago, 1895). It appeared in Britain as *Madge o' the Pool: The Gypsy Christ and Other Tales* (Archibald Constable: Westminster, 1897). Whereas the American publication contained seven tales, the British publication contained only four.

to yourself.

Write to me about your work and yourself. Your letters are as scanty as a maid's baths. How goes the *Labyrinth*? Are you happy, & have you the *furor* for work?

Your Friend | William Sharp

ALS Sheffield City Archives

To Horace Scudder, November 17, 1894

Rutland House | Greencroft Gardens | So. Hampstead | 17/11/94

My dear Horace Scudder

This is just a hurried line to catch the mail — to tell you (1) with what interest I read your admirable article on “Marius the Epicurean”, scholarly, thoughtful, and justly appreciative: and (2) what pleasure I have had in your very welcome “Childhood in Literature and Art”. The book is one that will afford keen pleasure to many, and open many avenues of memory and perspectives of speculation.

It is not unlikely, in two or three months hence, that I shall be asked to write a monograph on *The Children of Art*, as a companion to my *Fair Women*: à propos of an important exhibition of “The Child in Painting” which is to be opened here next Spring. If so, I'll have occasion both to draw upon and to draw special attention to your delightful book.

No time for more just now.

Cordially yours | William Sharp

ALS Harvard Houghton

To J. Stanley Little, [December 1, 1894]¹

En route for Scotland | (address — Mary's)

My dear Stanley

My sincerest good wishes for you & your happiness. I am sure you are right. May good luck be with you in all respects, dear old Chap.

¹ “Dec 4 94” is written at the top of the letter in a hand that is not Sharp's. That was probably written by Little as the day he received the letter. Sharp told Gilchrist (letter of 12 Nov 94) that he was going to Scotland “for 2 or 3 weeks from the 1st of December.”

I am afraid there is little chance at the *Realm*. Still, there may be. I think you might do well to write at once to C. N. Williamson, late (or present) ed. of *Black and White* who is going to bring out a new illustrated paper called *The Hour*. There is also their new magazine *The Windsor* (Ward Lock[?]). Perhaps *The Hour* would put you on its staff. I have no influence there though — & can do nothing, in fact I only know of the project indirectly. Apropos of the African articles — I wd if I were you write to C. P. Scott, (or the present ed.) of the *Manchester Guardian*, to the *Liverpool Mercury*, the *Leeds Mercury*, & the *Sheffield Times*, & *Newcastle Chronicle* (both daily & weekly). Business matters etc. take me to Edinburgh for 2 or 3 weeks.

If possible, I think you wd. be wise to be married soon. But you know your own your affairs. I am sorry about your father.

Again, with affectionate good wishers & hopes for you dear Stanley — & my respectful greetings to Miss Labluce.

Yours ever | Will

ALS Princeton

To Herbert S. Stone, December 22, [1894]

Rutland House | 15 Greencroft Gardens | South Hampstead: London | *Saturday 22nd Decr.*

Dear Mr. Stone,

Your letter of the 10th and the two copies of *Vistas* came to hand this morning.

Let me congratulate you (and myself!) on the format of the initial issue of your *Green Tree Library*. The originality, distinctiveness, and charm of this format should win wide appreciation. The type is excellent, the paper good, and the titular sections of the cover at once explicit and simple. The only thing I don't care for is the asterisk on the back & front cover. The volume, externally, is like an April lime-leaf. Altogether, the book seems to me to reflect great credit upon your firm.

I hope the series will be a great success, and that *Vistas* will 'lead off' in a way to satisfy you. There is certainly an eager public for books on the lines of the Green Tree Library, if that public can be reached.

I am afraid the other copies cannot reach me before Christmas, but perhaps they will come in good time for New Year's Day. As all save 3 or 4 private-circle copies will go to men of note, friends & confrères, *Vistas* should help to win further recognition here for your firm.

Herewith I enclose my cheque for fifteen shillings (the G. T. vols. are published at 5/- nett, are they not?) for which please send me the Maeterlinck volume and the Verlaine volume as soon as published, and also (*by return if practicable*) Hamlin Garland's vol. of essays "*Crumbling Idols.*"

I have received the Chap-Book for Dec. 1st — but none of the others for which I subscribed in advance last summer (as detailed in a previous letter). Can I not have these missing parts, as I was a subscriber, namely, all *after* August 1st, except Sept. 15th till Nov. 15th inclusive.

I am sorry not to hear from you about "*The Gypsy Christ.*" Some time ago I had an offer from an American firm anxious to publish some stories by me — but had to answer that I would let them know before Christmas, though I doubted being able to send anything this year. So now, as time is up, I must write & decline definitely.

I forget if I wrote to you that, when I sent the G.C. MS. I was uncertain as to the length of book you wanted. Let me add now that I do not say "take it or leave it as it stands": for if you find it overlong for your purposes, I would suggest that the volume consist of, say, *seven* instead of *ten* stories: in which case the three to be set aside might be "The Burden of a Song," "Primavera di Capri," and any other you choose except the first three (*The G. Christ, Madge o' the Pool, and The Rape of the Sabines*).

If, however, you think of the book for the G. T. series — which, I take it, you do not purpose — I suppose that 3, or at most 4, stories would suffice: in which case I would suggest simply *The Gypsy Christ, Madge o' the Pool and The Rape of the Sabines* under the collective title "The G.C." ("The King" could be included or not as you prefer.) For sake of dramatic contrast, a vol. consisting only of three such diverse pieces as "The G.C.," "Madge", and "The Rape of the Sabines" *might* be most effective. What do you think?

Having glanced again at *Vistas*, it has occurred to me that you might care to have for it a strange 'Drama of Destiny', called "*The Tower of Silence*". The same acute critic who wrote the long *étude* on *Vistas* from which you quote, said of it (in MS) that "it is the most remarkable and

significant production the co-called D caden t or Fin-de-Si cle school”: and added, that it involves such a tremendous dramatic situation, “that some may at first fail to see the vital spiritual possibilities suggested in the last act.”

This may or may not be. I can send you no more than the first act: all that is typed, & that not finally revised. It will show you the method: an extended use of that in *Vistas*, more actual, and with a poetic background of nature. (A strange problem of reversion in heredity, and a stranger psychological development, are the motive factors.)

I had intended to publish this myself, semi-privately. I did this before, with my *Sospiri di Roma*, which I had printed for me in Italy, and ‘published’ through two paras. in the *Athenaeum & Academy*, and with some privately issued order-slips. Without other advt. the whole edn. (a limited one of course) was taken up. Recently, six copies were sent to me from a relative to whom I had entrusted them: of which I was glad, for the book is now very rare, and almost impossible to get. It has an added interest (besides being the first volume in English of nothing but unrhymed irregular verse) in the fact that it was set up by Italian printers in a small printing-place in the ancient Temple of Hercules at Tivoli in the Sabine Hills, & was printed under my supervision. I recollect, some months ago, intending to send you one of these copies: but don’t think I did so. I now send it, for your acceptance, the last I shall ever have to give away: and please take with it my cordial greetings for Christmastide and 1895.

Please let me hear in due course what you think of this proposal: and kindly do not fail to return the type-copy herewith. I shall expect to hear from you at an early date about *The Gypsy Christ*, either as a 3-story volume or otherwise.

In haste, | Cordially Yours, | William Sharp

ALS Huntington

To Herbert Stuart Stone, December 31, 1894

Rutland House | Greencroft Gardens | South Hampstead | 31:Dec:’94

Dear Mr. Stone,

Thanks for your letter of the 17th, to hand this morning.

I am glad you like the “Gypsy Christ” volume so well, and that you are willing to take it

for publication.

A letter from me, à propos, will have crossed yours. I am still inclined to the belief that the volume would be more artistic in point of unity if it were shortened by one or two stories. For my own liking, I should say, let it comprise (1) The Gypsy Christ (2) Madge o' the Pool (3) The Rape of the Sabines

If this is too small a volume, then, say, "Fröken Bergliot" and either "The Coward" or "The Burden of Song."

There is an Italian story of mine, which I think is forceful, which Mr. Bliss Carman will remember — as it appeared in *The New York Independent* while he was editorially occupied there. I regret that I have no copy of "The Second Shadow" as it is called: & cannot remember when it appeared.¹ I wrote it in Rome in either January or February of 1891 — and I *think* it appeared either in the Spring or Summer of the same year. I take it to be a much stronger story than "A Venetian Idyl" or "Primavera di Capri" — though too somber perhaps. If Mr. Carman happens to remember it, and should think sufficiently well of it to advise its inclusion, it could doubtless be obtained from the *Independent* office. If it be included, I should prefer the volume to be composed as follows: —

1. The Gypsy Christ | 2. Madge o' the Pool | 3. Fröken Bergliot | 4. The Second Shadow | 5. A Venetian Idyl | 6. The Coward | 7. The Rape of the Sabines

If it is not included, the best arrangement, I think, would be

1. The Gypsy Christ | 2. Madge o' the Pool | 3. The Coward | 4. A Venetian Idyl | 5. Fröken Bergliot | 6. The Rape of the Sabines

I think now, that there is rather too pronounced affinity between "A Venetian Idyl" and "Primavera di Capri" — and of the two I fancy the first-named more. In any case, perhaps both "The Burden of Song" and "The King" might be omitted. I am quite willing, however, to be guided by your wishers in these matters. Finally, if you prefer it, I would not object to this

¹ "The Second Shadow," *The New York Independent*, 44 (August 25, 1892), 1205 ff.

arrangement: —¹

I. Madge o' the Pool | II. The Rape of the Sabines | III. The Coward | IV. A Venetian Idyl | V. Fröken Bergliot | VI. The Gypsy Christ

I am glad you think so highly of "Madge o' the Pool." Your opinion as to its force and artistic unity concur with that of one of our ablest critics, who did me the honour (when he read it in M.S.) of calling it a masterpiece.

As to what you say about "The Gypsy Christ," I daresay you are right: indeed, I am sure of it, and realized this some time ago. The plot is novel and remarkable, as you are good enough to imply in a generous incidental remark: and the story should be more concentrated and thus actualized. I thank you for your friendly criticism and suggestions. I will, therefore, give the story that kind of "revision for strength" which is practically a re-writing. Unfortunately, the only copy in existence is that in your possession. Both to avoid loss in transmission and to save time (a few months ago an important article was lost thus) are you willing to go to the expense of having the G.C. story set up in type, in "galley" say, and let me revise it in that form?

If not, I suggest that (if you are ready to go on with the book at once) you send me all or part of the remainder of the vol. in print for my revision — and at the same time let me have my copy of "The G.C.": which I could rework, and send back with the proofs of the rest of the vol. (The G.C. could be type-written, and revised by me — so that no proofs of it need be sent). This arrangement would save time, and be advisable in every way. Of course, I prefer, if practicable, that the G. C. come to me in print. Otherwise, kindly see that it be registered.

As to terms, I am uncertain as to what you propose to do in the matter of English publication. Naturally, I would like the book to be issued here as well as in America. I am quite willing to leave the whole control in your hands. I will accept whatever royalty you suggest, as I am confident in your good intent and good faith: and know that you will make the best arrangement compatible with our joint interests. The last two or three books of mine published on

¹The stories in *The Gypsy Christ* (Chicago: Stone & Kimball, 1895) appeared in the following order: "The Gypsy Christ," "Madge o' the Pool," "The Coward," "A Venetian Idyl," "The Graven Image," "The Lady in Hosea," "Fröken Bergliot."

the royalty system have been on a 15% royalty: though Osgood McIlvain and Co. allowed a 20% royalty on "A Fellow and His Wife".

Against this frank acceptance of whatever royalty you can honestly allow, however, I set my request that, on publication, the sum of £50 (Fifty Pounds) be advanced to me on account of royalties.

Finally, may I stipulate that, on publication, 25 copies be sent to me gratis.

In the circumstances, I do not think you will find these suggestions unduly exigent?

The looked-for copies of *Vistas* are not yet to hand. I hope to have them in time for New Year's Day. The two early copies you so kindly sent to me have been much admired by those who have seen them. The title page, too, is very taking. I thank you again for all your heed and courtesy in this republication of *Vistas*.

Cordially yours, with sincerest good wishes for 1895.

William Sharp

When the time comes near, do not forget to let me know beforehand about your visit to London.

P.S. I am pleased that you like my article on Walter Pater in the *Atlantic Monthly*.¹

I may add that I am today revising the proof of a long & rather important article for (I believe) either the March or April issue of *Harper's Monthly*.²

And that reminds me: if you have not already done so, will you kindly send a copy of *Vistas* to the dedicatee, Mr. H. M. Alden, Editorial Offices, Harper's Magazine?

W.S.

ALS NYPL, Berg Collection

¹"Some Personal Reminiscences of Walter Pater," *The Atlantic Monthly*, 74 (December 1894), 801-14.

²"Rome in Africa," *Harper's*, 91 (June, 1895), 95-116.