

SECTION XII

LIFE: JANUARY – JUNE, 1895

At the start of 1895 William Sharp was desperate to escape the cold and confusion of London. Writing to a friend, he called the city “a vast reservoir of all the evils of civilised life.” To Elizabeth, “It was soon evident that the noise and confused magnetism of the great City weighed disastrously on William Sharp....The strain of the two kinds of work he was attempting to do, the immediate pressure of the imaginative work [by which she meant the work of Fiona Macleod] became unbearable, ‘the call of the sea,’ imperative” (*Memoir* 242). To allay this crisis, the Sharps went to Ventnor on the Isle of Wight on 3 January and stayed two weeks.

The Sharps had met Anna and Patrick Geddes in the fall of 1894, and that couple figured prominently in their lives as 1895 unfolded. The Geddes had a home in Dundee where he was Professor of Botany at University College, but they were also active in the intellectual and social life of Edinburgh. From Ventnor on 10 January, Sharp wrote a letter to Geddes and a note to Anna in which he asked if she was surprised when her husband told her “W.S. and Fiona Macleod are one in the same person.” Since he hoped to oversee the publication of Fiona Macleod books in the publishing firm Geddes was organizing in Edinburgh, Sharp had confided in him and said he could share the secret with his wife. His main purpose in writing to Anna was to emphasize the need for “absolute preservation of the secret.” He had sent Anna a letter from Fiona in the Fiona handwriting before she knew the truth. Now he wrote in his own handwriting and signed the letter, curiously, “Fiona Macleod and William Sharp.” This is a unique instance of the double signature in a letter and of the Fiona Macleod signature in a letter written in Sharp’s hand. Signing both names and asserting that W. S. and F. M. are the same person implies the presence of two people in one body – the dominant and visible William Sharp and the suppressed and hidden Fiona Macleod. Sharp was trying to find a means of defining and describing the psychological phenomena he was experiencing. It is no

wonder Elizabeth believed her husband's frequent ailments were caused by the strain of being two people, of appearing to the world as William Sharp while experiencing insights and feelings that had found at last an adequate means of expression through a female persona.

The letters Sharp wrote after his return to London demonstrate the burden of being not only two people, but two writers. Producing work under two names while claiming they were two different people required him to negotiate doubly with publishers and editors. On 20 January, he wrote Geddes a long letter about the publishing firm. An experienced editor and well-connected in the London publishing scene, he wanted to help Geddes. He also saw the Edinburgh firm as an opportunity for part-time employment and as a venue for publishing books by Fiona Macleod. Geddes was an entrepreneurial and energetic man of many interests and talents. He saw the growing interest in Celticism as a perfect means of furthering his plans to restore Scotland – and especially Edinburgh – to its former prominence as a place of learning. Through his ties with Geddes, Sharp hoped to establish himself as a leader of the Scottish equivalent of the Celtic Revival that William Butler Yeats and his friends were promoting in Ireland. There arose between Sharp and Geddes, according to Mrs. Sharp, “a friendship with far reaching results for ‘Fiona Macleod’ Both were idealists, keen students of life and nature; cosmopolitan in outlook and interest, they were also ardent Celts who believed in the necessity of preserving the finer subtle qualities and the spiritual heritage of their race against the encroaching predominance of materialistic ideas and aims of the day” (*Memoir* 248-9). In the last week of January, Geddes visited the Sharps in London to discuss plans for the firm and Sharp's role therein.

During the first half of February despite increasing mental anguish, Sharp continued writing articles, reviews and stories. Elizabeth recalled an incident that brought home the seriousness of his condition. A telegram had come. “I took it to his study. I could get no answer. I knocked, louder, then louder, -- at last he opened the door with a curiously dazed look in his face. I explained. He answered, ‘Ah, I could not hear you for the sound of the waves!’ It was the first indication to me, in words, of what

troubled him” (*Memoir*, 242-3). Just what she thought troubled him, apart from estrangement from the sea, is left unsaid, but there were no waves to be heard in London. So, on Wednesday February 13, he told Herbert Stone he was going to Edinburgh at the weekend where he would see Fiona Macleod who was busy writing stories.

He may have spent that weekend in Edinburgh, but on the following Wednesday, the 20th, he described for Elizabeth his arrival in Corrie on the western island of Arran:

It was a most glorious sail from Ardrrossan. The sea was a sheet of blue and purple washed with gold. Arran rose above all like a dream of beauty. I was the sole passenger in the steamer, for the whole island! What made the drive of six miles more beautiful than ever was the extraordinary fantastic beauty of the frozen waterfalls and burns caught as it were in the leap. Sometimes these immense icicles hung straight and long, like a Druid’s beard: sometimes in wrought sheets of gold, or magic columns and spaces of crystal. Sweet it was to smell the pine and the heather and bracken and the salt weed upon the shore. The touch of dream was upon everything, from the silent hills to the brooding herons by the shore.

He went on to say, “In that exquisite solitude I felt a deep exaltation grow. The flowing of the air of the hills laved the parched shores of my heart.” Arran brought a dramatic improvement in Sharp’s mental condition, and the sea and the quiet majesty of the cold landscape released his creative impulses. A side of William Sharp is apparent in this letter to Elizabeth that was deeply hidden from the world of London editing and publishing. In the letter to his wife, Sharp wrote vividly, compellingly, and directly, without invoking a submerged feminine persona.

Years later, Sharp retold the story of this 1895 visit to Arran in an essay called “Earth, Fire, and Water” which appeared in Fiona Macleod’s *The Divine Adventure: Iona; By Sundown Shores* (1900). After repeating several tales about men who were called to the sea, and sometimes to their deaths, by hearing while inland the sound of waves, the narrator continued:

I have myself in lesser degree, known this irresistible longing. I am not fond of towns, but some years ago I had to spend a winter in a great city. It was all-important to me not to leave during January; and in one way I was not ill-pleased, for it was a wild winter. But one night I woke, hearing a rushing sound in the street – the sound of water. I would have thought

no more of it, had I not recognized the troubled noise of the tide, and the sucking and lapsing of the flow in weedy hollows. I rose and looked out. It was moonlight, and there was no water. When, after sleepless hours, I rose in the grey morning I heard the splash of waves. All that day and the next I heard the continual noise of waves. I could not write or read; at last I could not rest. On the afternoon of the third day the waves dashed up against the house. I said what I could to my friends, and left by the night train. In the morning we (for a kinswoman was with me) stood on the Greenock Pier waiting for the Hebridean steamer, the Clansman, and before long were landed on an island, almost the nearest we could reach, and one that I loved well. We had to be landed some miles from the place I wanted to go, and it was a long and cold journey. The innumerable little waterfalls hung in icicles among the mosses, ferns, and white birches on the roadside. Before we reached our destination, we saw a wonderful sight. From three great mountains, their flanks flushed with faint rose, their peaks white and solemn, vast columns of white smoke ascended. It was as though volcanic fires had once again broken their long stillness. Then we saw what it was: the north wind (unheard, unfelt, where we stood) blew a hurricane against the other side of the peaks, and, striking up the leagues of hard snow, drove it upward like smoke, till the columns rose gigantic and hung between the silence of the white peaks and the silence of the stars.

That night, with the sea breaking less than a score yards from where I lay, I slept, though for three nights I had not been able to sleep. When I woke, my trouble was gone.

The word painting of this passage is precise and moving; it illustrates the beauty Sharp was capable of attaining when he dropped his defenses and wrote from his heart. Here he straightforwardly recalls the peace that came to him in February 1895 when he escaped from London to the Isle of Arran. The incident itself and his description of it in the letter to his wife had germinated and evolved, influenced perhaps by the boating incident in the first book of Wordsworth's "Prelude," into a striking and controlled passage of poetic prose. Where does Fiona Macleod, the supposed author of "Earth, Fire and Water," enter the picture? The short answer is not at all. While there are subtle efforts to feminize the narrative voice earlier and later in the essay, no such effort appears in this passage.

Trying to come to terms with the fact of William Sharp speaking in an essay by Fiona Macleod, Elizabeth said, "Although the essay is written over the signature of 'Fiona Macleod' and belongs to that particular phase of work, nevertheless it is obviously

‘William Sharp’ who *tells* the story, for the ‘we’ who stood on the pier at Greenock is himself in his dual capacity; his “kinswoman” is his other self.” Sharp sometimes believed -- and often encouraged his wife to believe -- he was two separate people, one male and one female. In the 20 February 1895 letter, after telling Elizabeth he was alone on the ferry to Arran, he wrote, “There is something of a strange excitement in the knowledge that two people are here: so intimate and yet so far-off. For it is with me as though Fiona were asleep in another room. I catch myself listening for her step sometimes, for the sudden opening of a door. It is unawaredly that she whispers to me. I am eager to see what she will do – particularly in *The Mountain Lovers*. It seems passing strange to be here with her alone at last.” Strangely, Sharp claimed to be listening for his second self in another room and waiting to see what that separate self would next write. It was one thing to be William Sharp and Fiona Macleod, two people in one body, and in full control of both. It was quite another to claim to have no control over a second self that flourished within him. That could well be a path to madness.

When Sharp objectified the Fiona persona as a separate person entirely free of control by the man the world knew as William Sharp, he was often describing not simply a creature of his imagination but a real person. The kinswoman who accompanied him to Arran in mid-winter 1895, stood on the pier with him, and was sleeping in the next room may have been not the imaginary woman, Fiona Macleod, but the woman he loved, Edith Wingate Rinder. Ever kind and generous, Elizabeth wrote of Mrs. Rinder, “Because of her beauty, her strong sense of life and of the joy of life; because of her keen intuitions and mental alertness, her personality stood for him as a symbol of the heroic women of Greek and Celtic days, a symbol that, as he expressed it, unlocked new doors in his mind and put him ‘in touch with ancestral memories’ of his race.” Sharp wrote to his wife of Edith Rinder in 1896: “to her I owe my development as ‘Fiona Macleod,’... without her there would have been no Fiona Macleod” (*Memoir* 222).

One can speculate endlessly about the psychological interaction between Sharp and Edith that enabled him to produce the writings of Fiona Macleod, but it is impossible to define it precisely. It shifted over time, and even the Sharps, who described it

variously, did not understand it. Near the end of 1895, in writing to his friend Sir George Douglas, for example, Sharp called Fiona Macleod a “puzzling literary entity.” Trying to come to terms with that puzzle, he wrote to Catherine Janvier, a friend who knew the Fiona writings were by Sharp, “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.” We know Sharp and Edith were deeply in love for many years. It was she who enabled Sharp to drop his defenses, release his deepest “self,” exercise most fully his creative imagination. He claimed he could become Fiona Macleod – and thus write most easily as Fiona Macleod – only when he and Edith were alone together. He could speak as Fiona by projecting himself into the body of Edith Rinder, by becoming her, by absorbing her consciousness into his own. And yet, it sometimes appears he was only using his need to be away from the city, his need for solitude, as an excuse to be alone with Edith. The build-up of frustration that preceded his escape to the West of Scotland in February 1895 and again in June of that year must have been, at least in part, a build up of sexual tension. The sense of relief in his 20 February letter to Elizabeth and his 4 June letter to Geddes is palpable.

By March third, Sharp was back in London writing again to Geddes, this time with a proposal for a quarterly as a vehicle for stories, articles, poems and visual art and as a means of advertising the firm’s book publications. Sharp had in mind as a model Stone and Kimball’s *Chap-Book*, but on a much grander scale. Geddes accepted the idea and set to work on what became, not *The Celtic World*, Sharp’s suggested title, but *The Evergreen: A Northern Seasonal*. The first of four numbers, *Spring*, appeared in early May. It contained a poem by Sharp and a story and two poems by Fiona Macleod.

Sharp continued a steady pace of writing and negotiating with publishers during March and well into April. He went to Paris for a few days in late April to review art exhibitions for the *Glasgow Herald*. Back in London on 27 April, he apologized to Geddes for not having time in Paris to look up Thomas Barclay, a Scottish barrister specializing in international law, and ask him for assistance in Geddes’s scheme to create a Franco-Scottish College somewhere in France. He promised to contact Barclay when

he was back in Paris on 5 May, this time with his wife, to review another salon. Prior to the second visit, he wrote another long letter to Geddes (29 April) that contained an elaborate plan for the firm's book publications.

After returning from Paris on 11 May, Sharp told Geddes he would go to York on 18 May, spend two nights there, and proceed on 20 May to Dundee to stay with the Geddes. He spent three or four nights as their guest and then traveled west to a remote place on Loch Fyne in Argyll. There, as he wrote to Geddes upon his return to London, the warm sun, beautiful landscapes, and isolation revived his spirits and restored his physical and mental well-being. He felt "ever so much better" and was "full of energy and ardour." Sunning himself on a remote island, naked after a swim in the bracing waters, he had "dreamed pagan dreams." In the evening, he lay in the branches of a brother tree while watching the sun disappear over the horizon. Geddes would "hear something from Fiona in due time" about a vision he had of "a beautiful Child God." This visit to Loch Fyne produced the same renewal of energy he experienced in his February escape to Arran.

While Sharp was in Dundee, Geddes became worried about his health. After Sharp went on to Loch Fyne, Geddes expressed his concern in a letter to Elizabeth and told her he would pay Sharp a stipend from the publishing firm if that would enable him to do less reviewing and editing and focus on his poetry and creative prose. In a letter to Geddes after he returned to London, Sharp thanked him for his concern, but said he should not have worried Elizabeth about his back problem which had now disappeared. The exuberant spirit projected in this letter surely reflected his improved health, but it was also an effort to assure Geddes he was well enough – physically and mentally -- to function effectively as an employee of Patrick Geddes and Colleagues. Though he exaggerated for Geddes the extent of his recovery, he remained well enough through June to accomplish a good deal of work.

LETTERS: JANUARY-- JUNE 1895

To a friend [January 1, 1895]¹

. . . London I do not like, though I feel its magnetic charm, or sorcery. I suffer here. The gloom, the streets, the obtrusion and intrusion of people, all conspire against thought, dream, true living. It is a vast reservoir of all the evils of civilised life with a climate which makes me inclined to believe that Dante came here instead of to Hades. . . .

Memoir 242

To Horace Scudder, January 2, 1895

Rutland House, | Greencroft Gardens, | So. Hampstead. | 2nd January 1895

My dear Horace Scudder,

Frederick Shields and I have just come back from the funeral of Christina Rossetti — who, I have no doubt you will agree with us, may well be regarded as our foremost woman poet since Mrs. Browning. We have been talking, too, of our friend of oversea: and about his delightful book on “Childhood in Lit: and Art”²: and both wishing that you could see the wonderful work that is now being done by Shields in the building near Tyburn Gate that is to be called, and is to be, a House of Rest. The opportunity is one that has never really come to an English painter before: and Shields is unquestionably, now in his noble maturity, just the man.

I do not know if you would care to have another article by me at present: but I would much like to write for you a paper of the “Walter Pater” kind (about which I have had several gratifying letters from America and elsewhere) on Christina Rossetti.³ I knew her intimately, and of late years was one of the few who saw anything of her. She

¹In the *Memoir* Elizabeth Sharp said preceding this letter: “At the New Year, 1895, he wrote to a friend.” Following the excerpt, she said, “The strain of the two kinds of work he was attempting to do. The immediate pressure of the imaginative work [by which she meant the work of Fiona Macleod] became unbearable.”

²Horace Scudder’s *Childhood in Literature and Art* (Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin and Company, 1894).

³Sharp’s “Some Reminiscences of Christina Rossetti,” *The Atlantic Monthly*, 75 (June, 1895), 736-48.

had a strange personality — & I think the story of her life, of her relationships with Dante Gabriel Rossetti, and literary record — with a critical estimate and some illuminative quotations — would be of wide interest both in this country and in America: in America particularly, if it be true what I have heard, that there she is the most widely read of all modern English poets. An old friend who knew her when she was a girl (in the *Germ*¹ days) has given me some interesting details, & of course I know William Michael Rossetti. I may add that during the last week or two of Rossetti's life, I stayed with him at Birchington, with Miss Christina Rossetti as fellow-guest: & that I could give some interesting reminiscences.

Kindly let me hear from you by return.

My other proposal is in connection with a lecture which I have been invited to give at University Hall in Edinburgh next Special Summer Session (August) — on “*The Celtic Renaissance*”, a subject which is becoming recognised as one of profound interest and indeed of paramount significance. I need hardly say I should not be asked to do this were I not a specialist in old and contemporary Scots-Irish Celtic literature. But of course I restrict myself to the Celtic *spirit*: not to what is written in Scottish Gaelic or Irish Gaelic. The new Celtic movement in Ireland & Scotland, & in a less degree in Wales, is, in a word, of vital importance.

My other lectures (these chosen by myself) are to be on “The Relations of Nature and Poetry”, “The Ideals of Art”, and “The Literary Ideal”. The last named will also be the first essay in, or Introduction to, a volume of critical studies which I hope to publish this year under that title, “*The Literary Ideal*”.²

But I mention “The Celtic Renaissance” as most likely to suit you.

My kind remembrances & best wishes for 1895 to Mrs. and Miss Scudder, and as for yourself you know that you have the friendliest regard of

Yours Cordially, | William Sharp

ALS Harvard Houghton

¹*The Germ*, a Pre-Raphaelite periodical devoted to literature and art, was edited by William M. Rossetti. Four numbers appeared in 1850 during January, February, March, and April. The second two of the four issues were renamed *Art and Poetry*.

²This book did not appear.

To Patrick Geddes, [January 10, 1895]

[Croft House | House | Hambrough Road | Ventnor]¹

In a few days now I expect to have the long delayed copies of the new American edition of my *Vistas*, & to send one to you.

But now enough about myself. You, I hope are well: with your busy brain as alert and hopeful & observant as usual. I often think of you, cher ami.

On some other occasion I must write to you about the papers & pamphlets of your own which you gave me. In all, a remarkable power of distinctive thought is evident: in those that deal with art there is not only forcible and admirable writing but unusual *flair*.

¹ The beginning portion of this letter is missing. Patrick Geddes (1854-1932) was a Scottish philosopher, sociologist, biologist, and city-planner. He was Senior Demonstrator of Practical Physiology at University College, London (1877-78) and Demonstrator of Botany and Lecturer on Zoology at the University of Edinburgh (1880-89). Geddes organized the first student hostel in Scotland at University Hall, Edinburgh in 1887. During the same year he organized a summer school of arts, letters, and science in Edinburgh where scholars from all over Europe exchanged thought. The summer schools continued until 1899. He was Professor of Botany at University College, Dundee from 1889-1919, during which time that institution became associated with St. Andrews University. In 1894 he transformed a town mansion known as "Laird of Cockpen," located near the Castle on the Edinburgh High Street, into the Outlook Tower, the first sociological laboratory in the world. The building remains open to the public and is best known for the camera obscura in its tower in which one can view a panorama of the city of Edinburgh. In the 1890s, the building became the locus of the Scottish version of the Celtic Revival. Geddes fostered this movement as one means of furthering his ambition to restore Edinburgh as a major center of learning in Europe. He served as Professor of Sociology and Civics at the University of Bombay from 1919-1924 and Director of Scots College at Montpellier University from 1924-1932. He contributed in lectures and writings to the theory of sociology and the practice of civics, and devoted nearly twenty years of his life (1894-1914) to planning towns for India. He was also instrumental in designing the Mt. Scopus campus of the Hebrew University in Jerusalem. In 1911, with his life-long friend, Victor Branford, Geddes outlined a series of books called "The Making of the Future" wherein he would explain to English-speaking people the causes and the nature of the disastrous war he thought would break out by 1915. Among Geddes works are *Evolution of Sex* with J. Arthur Thomson (1889), *Cities in Evolution* (1915), and *Ideas at War* (1917). The Sharps met the Geddes in the fall of 1894, and they became close friends. Geddes employed Sharp variously in his publishing firm which Sharp used as a vehicle for the publication of his books and those of his friends. .

My wife begs to be most cordially remembered to you — & to thank you — for all your kindness in the matter of the Nit. of Amyl Capsules etc. etc.¹

We shall be here for about a week yet: but must be in London again by the afternoon of Friday the 18th.

Do let me hear from you.

Your comrade in many things & Your friend in all | William Sharp
Please if practicable write to me (& give me as long a letter as you can spare) by return: if impracticable, send me at least a P/C of acknowledgment. Letter writing is a great strain for me just now — & I don't want to have to write this note a third time! So I'd like to know you've received it!!

ALS NLS, Geddes Collection

To Anna Geddes, January 10, 1895

Croft House | Hambrough Road | *Ventnor* / 10/1/95

Dear Mrs. Geddes,

I have just written a long letter to that unduly silent spouse of yours: and now enclose a brief line to you.

I have not been very well of late, though now greatly better: mainly from overwork. So, a week or so ago my wife & I came here, at the doctor's suggestion, for a short spell of comparative rest, & for the sea-air, quiet, & long 'sleeps'. We'll remain in the Isle of Wight (at above address) for about a week yet, but must be home again in South Hampstead by the afternoon of Friday next, 18th.

I often think of you and Geddes: and always with a glow of pleasure, and, if you will allow me to say so, of affection. My wife, who liked you both so much, now says she is quite in love with both of you!

Well, were you very surprised when Geddes told you that W.S. and Fiona Macleod are one and the same person? I could not resist the temptation to write to you,

¹ Amyl Nitrate dilates blood vessels and was used as to relieve the pain of angina by expanding the vessels in the heart. Since suffering rheumatic fever as a young man, Sharp's heart was weak and subject to periodic angina attacks. Geddes must have given Sharp some amyl nitrate capsules to use when he felt an angina attack coming on.

as F.M., in response to your kind letter: indeed, courtesy prompted this, then, and in the circumstances. Still, I did not mean to leave you long in the misunderstanding, of course.

I need hardly say I have every confidence in you as well as in him, as to the absolute preservation of my secret: even if the subject, by any hazard, come up in conversation any time.

I wished to pay you a little act of homage & esteem: & so got a little album (with Celtic designs) from Iona, and filled it with MS. excerpts from *Pharais* & other unpubd. writings, specially for you. I sent it to you just before Xmas: but I fear my little Celtic offering is gone to No-Man's-Land. If so, you must take the will for the deed, and believe that you are held in friendship & esteem by two of your sincerest well wishers

Fiona Macleod | and William Sharp

P.S. My wife is going to write to you some day soon. She looks forward with keen pleasure to next August.

ALS NLS, Geddes Collection

To Patrick Geddes, [January 15, 1895]

Croft House, Hambrough Road, Ventnor. | Tuesday afternoon

My dear Geddes,

I hope that by this time you are under less strain of work and that "Bhean Gath-greine" and the little gathain-greine* are well. Bhean Gath-Greine is right to be in bed, and resting: but I trust that the actual need is now over. Please thank her for the welcome little supplementary note I had this morning: and in telling her that I am glad she likes that volume of stories I so strongly recommended to you both, add that the author *is* a Scot, from Perthshire, and I think from near Perth, though his name is not Ian Maclaren. He is a man of middle age, and is a clergyman of a Scot's church in Liverpool.

*Anglice: "Lady Sunbeam and the little Beam-lets!"

Later

Well I took up the pen to answer your letter in detail" but I find it difficult to be succinct and adequately explanatory in so completed a matter.

The long and short of it is that I think, just before I settle down again, I had better take a run up to Edinburgh to talk this and other questions over with you. We could do more thus (in the matter of publishing, Celtic matters, etc.) in a day than we could

manage in a month by correspondence: and at present any writing about details tires me very much: or writing of any kind, except in the morning: though I am ever so much better. Certainly I can ill afford to do this, as things are: but there are two economic considerations to consider, and I think I choose the wiser in deciding to go to Edinburgh to see you. (I can also take notes for the Celtic school of ornament article etc.)

Friday and Saturday & Sunday of this week are fully preoccupied. But I might be able to get away on Monday morning. Could you put me up that night? I daresay I'll stay in Edinburgh over Tuesday & Wednesday, but I could go to my mother's on these days. (In fact, it must be on these days or not at all just now.)

I am taking for granted that you will not be at Dundee — and that you will be able to spare the time to talk things over. (I have neither time nor health to spare just now for meeting other people.)

If this reaches you tomorrow (Wednesday) evening, will you kindly write by return. If not till Thursday, then address to me at the Grosvenor Club, New Bond St, London: marked "Not to be forwarded." We leave here early on Friday morning: but my art-work will prevent my getting home till about 9 or 10 p.m.¹

Perhaps the little "rune" overleaf will suit you for "The Evergreen."

Ever yours, | William Sharp

ALS NLS

,
To Patrick Geddes, [January 20, 1895]

Monday²

My dear Geddes,

We are very sorry indeed to hear of the illness of your very little boy, but hope it will now run its course swiftly and mildly. Our sympathies are with you both. It is probably hard upon Mrs. Geddes, after the children having been so long from home, & now the girlie having to be sent away.

¹ The Sharps went to Ventnor on Thursday 3 January and returned to London on Friday 18 January. This letter was written on Tuesday, 15 January.

² "21/1/5-" appears in Geddes' hand at the top of the first page, indicating the date of receipt. January 20, 1895 was a Monday. Geddes made many notes on the letter as he read it.

I am too pressed to write letters today, and yet I cannot do anything else, feeling as 'down' as though I had that infernal influenza again — tho' I think it is more the low swing of the pendulum. However, proofs and revision of typed MSS etc. are ready to hand, and must be gone on with.

Well, as things are, it would suit better if you came to us next Tuesday. You will not mind having to sleep away from here will you: i.e. as our guest, but in a room in another house, somewhere near? I'll get one for you as near as possible, and you can look upon my study as your own: & of course you'll have all your meals with us, consistently with your wishes or arrangements. For alas, in our small flat there is no spare room.

Let me hear from you soon [and also] because I wish to keep myself as free as possible for you. At present, I am free (or have freed myself) on Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday: i.e. as regards afternoon and evening freedom — for I am too much in arrears just now not to have to utilise the morning hours (say till 12). Perhaps one day you would care to come for a ramble in the country near: — Milton's and Matthew Arnold's country. (Chalfont St. Giles & Chemis).

I am sure you are right about Edinburgh versus London. I have a profound & chronic distaste for London & London life: and a nostalgia for the north. The chief drawback to any change is the problem as to some surety in income (here chiefly derived from art-work, which would be lost to me & to my wife, worth about £250, as a regular thing, but increased by occasional art-work in the magazine etc.) — Thus a considerable part of my reviewing would be lost, owing to the growing habit with editors not to send review-books beyond the London postal area (partly on account of late transmission & early return of proofs). Again, London is a great meeting-place, a "bazaar of fortunate & smiling chances": then, we have a great number of acquaintances and some dear friends: and, finally, there is my interest in the Stage, & my ambitions in that direction — &, I may add, Music, which is one of my wife's chief joys. However, partial residence in London, or frequency of visitation, could be placed to the other side.

As you will understand, the point is mainly one of means of subsistence. In other words, is there publishing, secretarial, tutorial, or other work in Edinburgh that, without

more expenditure of time and energy than I now give to my art work and reviewing, would ensure me say £300 & leave me time for my own particular work. I doubt it.

On the other hand, I would in some ways be glad to stop all this miscellaneous pen-work. I feel I am wasting time, and opportunities, myself. If I were free from it, I could devote more of my time to making a name for myself in fiction and the drama: & once I could depend on that kind of pen-work, I should be independent of London.

On the whole then, I don't see how I could throw up Fogtown — at present. What I would like to do would be to have rooms in Edinburgh (or the flat in Ramsey Gardens we want to take if possible — and about which we'll speak to you when you come) and come & go a good deal: in fact, if the publishing idea develops,¹ & you entrust me with a responsible part in it, I would need to be in Edinburgh one week & perhaps two weeks in each month.

Àpropos of publishing — the effort should be to produce at first certain books of as pronounced a character as possible — books of significance so to say: so that the Firm be known at once for a certain distinction. Again, it will be financially important that the publications should be as varied as practicable: i.e. fiction and belles lettres as well as science, philosophy, etc. Among ourselves (Arthur Thomson, you, Fiona Macleod, W.S. etc.) we could start well: and by loyally seeking the common good as well as looking to our own interests (i.e. not letting our own interests be the primary determining factors in our procedure). I am convinced we should maintain & speedily develop that good start — among the highly advisable things to do would be the production of a little Fortnightly

¹ The publishing firm of P. G. Geddes and Colleagues was established in 1895. As this letter makes clear, it was designed as a medium for the expression and dissemination of Celtic-oriented poems and stories and of scientific works that would help to restore Edinburgh's reputation as a center of learning. William Sharp served briefly as Manager of the firm and then became its Literary Adviser. He saw the firm as a vehicle for the writings of Fiona Macleod, and under his guidance, it published in beautifully designed books Fiona's *The Sin-Eater* (1895), *The Washer of the Ford* (1896), and *From the Hills of Dream* (1896). They were followed by Fiona's *Songs and Tales of St. Columba and His Age* (1897), and *The Shorter Stories of Fiona Macleod* (1897), a rearrangement and reissue in three inexpensive paper-covered volumes of the stories published in *The Sin-Eater* and *The Washer of the Ford*. The firm's most successful publication, a book that went through several editions, was an anthology of Celtic poetry called *Lyra Celtica* (1896) which Elizabeth Sharp compiled and edited and for which William Sharp wrote a lengthy introduction and copious notes.

like that *Chap Book* I gave you (the one with [an] article on myself, and photo — you remember?) — which would be at once attractive and a splendid advt. It might be brought out in the same way, and at the same price 2^d [here Geddes has written: “Why not 3^d?]. The C.B.¹ was originally started by Stone & Kimball as an artistic & worthy advt. of their wares — but speedily attained a circulation of 10,000 copies each fortnightly issue — & now sells out 12,500 each issue. It would require careful editing & handling: — & I should be glad to undertake it. [Here Geddes has written: “Agreed”] It would be paying in itself — & would attract wide notice to the publications.

There might be, to start with, a biological book by A. Thomson²: a sociological or other work by yourself: “A New Synthesis of Art” or other work by myself, or perhaps “Ernest Hello: A Study” or my wife’s “The Spirit of Man” (being a translation of L’Homme of Hello): a Celtic romance by Fiona Macleod: some other Celtic book, in prose or verse (for it is on Celtic lines, I think, the most development will take place first): a vol. of striking short stories: if possible, a really striking and original novel. These could be printed, bound, & advertised, & distributed on an outlay (carefully administered) varying from £500 to £750: or including the Edinburgh Chap-Book, & extra & unforeseen expense, & extra advertising, etc. at say £1,000. As to payments to authors: that wd. need to be on a royalty system. There would need to be no haphazard publishing at first: & especially in the choice of what to begin with fiction, great judgment would need to be exercised. If you intend me to be the literary ‘boss’ in the firm (tho’ perhaps I mistake your intent!) I would give my best thought, care, & experience to making the venture a success in every way, & ultimately a potent factor in

¹ *The Chap-Book*.

² J. Arthur Thomson (1858-1935) was Professor of Human Anatomy at Oxford (1893), Lecturer on Anatomy in Relation to Art at the Royal College of Art in South Kensington, and Professor of Anatomy at the Royal Academy (1900- 1934). He also served as Representative of the University of Oxford on the General Medical Council (1904-29). Besides co-authoring *The Evolution of Sex* (1889) with P. G. Geddes, Thomson wrote *Biology for Everyman* (1935), *The Biology of the Seasons* (1911), *Darwinism and Human Life* (1909), and *Heredity* (1911).

the development of Scotland & of Edr.¹ in particular. Of course my editorial experiences, & far-reaching literary connections, would stand me in good stead: & in a year or so we could have a varied and potent 'staff'. If I were lity. 'boss', as I say, one effort would be to centralise in Edinburgh all the Celtic work now being done by Scottish, Irish, and Welsh writers.

It is a question of capital, of 'greasing the wheels pro tem' and of patience & wise discretion [Here Geddes wrote: "Agreed"].

There is, as has been wisely said, always room — at the top of the tree!

We are too enthusiastic, too determined, not to get to that top if it be possible, as I firmly believe it is, and as I know you do [Here Geddes wrote: "Quite so. Full speed ahead!"]..

However, these & all other relevant matters I must leave over now till we meet. Let me have a line from you to say if you will come to us on Tuesday. You know how welcome you will be.

My wife sends her affectionate sympathy to Mrs. Geddes — to whom also mine, with all cordial greetings.

Forgive so scrappy & unsatisfactory a note: the writing of which, however, has moved me out of my depression & 'doleful dumps'.

À Vous, Cher ami et Confrère, | W.S.

ALS NLS, Geddes Collection

To Professor William Knight,² January 30, 1895

15, Greencroft Gardens | South Hampstead | 30/1/95

My dear Sir

¹ Edinburgh.

² William Angus Knight (1836-1916) was a Scotsman and professor of moral philosophy at the University of St. Andrews from 1867-1902. His many publications include *Poems from the Dawn of English Literature to the Year 1699* (1863), *Studies in Philosophy and Literature* (1879), *Wordsworth's Prose* (1893), and *Some Nineteenth Century Scotsmen* (1902).

I have been ill — and have just returned from Ventnor. I am under very great pressure, now — &, moreover, must do as little extra work as possible.

But at the earliest moment I can spare I will see if I have any material that can serve your aim.

Yours very truly, | William Sharp

Professor Wm. Knight LL.D.

ACS Pierpont Morgan

To Herbert S. Stone, January 31, [1895]

9. Upper Coltbridge Terrace | Murrayfield. | Midlothian | Jan. 31st

My dear Sir

I thank you for your courteous and friendly note, and am glad to inform you that I am now quite recovered.

I am glad you are so much interested in my stories. By the way, just as I was writing to you the acceptance of your terms, I was urgently ‘approached’ by a publisher: so I am glad you were able to make a definite proposal, as otherwise I should have accepted the rather tempting offer made me here. I hope, and venture to believe, you will be pleased with ‘The Sin-Eater’ volume.¹ The three or four I have read or shown to qualified judges have been praised so very highly that I am confirmed in my own opinion that some of the best I can do is here. The book, I am hopeful, will attract attention in both countries. (If I could get out of my engagement with “The Mountain Lovers” I would do so — for I should much like the three romances, *Pharais*, *The Mountain Lovers*, and *The Herdsman*,² to be published by one firm: but I fear this is not practicable. However, it may yet be arranged that you issue it in America.)

By the way, you have not written as to what I am to do about *Pharais*. Kindly let me know by return if possible, as another and rather important proposal has been made

¹ Published by Stone & Kimball in Chicago and Patrick Geddes and Colleagues in Edinburgh, both November 1895. (Advertised in November 1, 1895 *Chap -Book*.)

² Disatisfied with *Greenfire* which he published under Fiona Macleod’s name in 1896, Sharp rewrote a portion (the “Highland” part) of the book, “named it “The Herdsman,” and included it in *The Dominion of Dreams* (1899)” (*Memoir* 276).

me. Since recovery from my nondescript illness (overwrought nerves from insomnia, and influenza, and from being — *pro: tem:* — in a town, and away from the sea of the west) I had first, because of priority of the commission and of my promise, to finish the section of the volume (to be called, probably, *Celtic Sorrows*) which was commissioned by the editor of *Harper's Magazine*, on the head of "Pharais." This section of seven to ten short pieces will probably be called "From the Hebrid Isles": and is, if possible, to appear in 1895: so I understand at least. The MSS. went off yesterday.¹

You may be sure I will not needlessly delay a day in transmission of "*The Sin-Eater* etc" For my own part as well, I am most anxious that, if practicable, this book should be brought out this Spring, or, at latest, early summer. Kindly oblige me by letting me know by return if this is your intention: if you are too busy to write at once upon other matters please send me the briefest line about this and *Pharais*, as I have consequent arrangements to make.

The names of the *longest* stories are "The Sin-Eater" — "The Judgment o' God" — "The Ninth Wave" — "The Anointed Man" — "The Dark Mile of Achnacarry" — "The Bandruidh" — "The Ransom" — and "The Seven Hunters". They are now being typed, (more than half are done) and will then have a final revision. I dare not *promise* to let you have the book before the end of February: but if I can I will. These stories wear me very much in writing: sometimes even in the rewriting of revision.

I was actually ill for weeks after *Pharais*!! This, no doubt, is a foolish weakness of

Yours very sincerely | Fiona Macleod

P.S. My cousin, Mr. William Sharp, has sent me some "Chap-Books" to look at. What delightful little periodicals they are: so charmingly got up: and extremely interesting. In particular, I have read Mr. Bliss Carman's Critical Articles with vivid interest, the more so as I admire greatly what I have seen of his poetry.

In his letter, Mr. W.S. in allusion to the number for Oct. 15. (Mr. W. Kennedy's story), incidentally says something about "how pleasant it would be if I printed" in a Chap-Book number, either the opening section of *The Mountain Lovers* (which would

¹ Fiona Macleod's "From the Hebrid Isles" appeared in *Harper's New Monthly Magazine* in December, 1895 (XCII, 45-60).

stand by itself, as it is of the nature of a prologue and is mainly an intimate revelation of the evolution of night from dusk to dawn on a remote mountain solitude) or else the three Iona tales in *The Sin-Eater*,— “The Judgment o’ God”, The Ninth Wave”, and the strange tale of St. Columba days “Deirthrê Anguifera” (which, by the way, I now think of calling “The Idolaters”.) This, he says, “would — with a portrait — doubtless be welcome.”

But I gather from his words that this is a mere remark of his, and not suggested by you?

If by any chance, a special number were made, I take it for granted a financial arrangement would be come to first.

Perhaps a better plan would be the expression of “the Idolaters” (“Deirthrê Anguifera”) into a longer story (i.e. for appearance in the Chap-Book only) with more of St. Columba and Oran and the early life (700 years before Chaucer!). But all this may be ‘the blue smoke of the village out of sight.’

My mention of the matter at all may be presumptuous. If so, pray put the matter aside, and think no more of it.

F.M.

ALS Stanford

To Herbert Stuart Stone, February 1, 1895

Rutland House | Greencroft Gardens | So. Hampstead, London | 1st Feby /95

Dear Mr. Stone

I have been asked to write an article for the *Fortnightly Review* on the “Younger Transatlantic Poets”¹: & would be much obliged if you would (i.e. if you care to) send me a copy severally of Geo. Santayana’s “Sonnets”, Gilbert Parker’s book of verse, and Hamlin Garland’s “Prairie Songs”² — and indeed anything new you have published

¹ There is no evidence that Sharp completed this article.

² George Santayana’s *Sonnets*, (Chicago and Cambridge: Stone and Kimball, 1894); probably Gilbert Parker’s *A Lover’s Diary: Songs in Sequence* (Chicago and Cambridge: Stone and Kimball; 1894); probably Hamlin Garland’s *Prairie Folks*, (Chicago: F. J. Schulte and Company, 1893).

lately that you think well of. Of course I will allude to you as publisher — & indeed will have something to say about “Stone & Kimball” and the new movement.

Why don't you reprint the first 2 vols. of *The Chap-Book*. Surely it wd. pay you to do so, and wd. gratify many here as well as in the U.S.A. You will be glad to hear that the *Green Tree Vistas* is much admired. By the way, your delightful posters have created quite a flutter. I have just had an eager request for one from J. Pennell¹: who had seen one somewhere.

I suppose I shall be hearing from you shortly about the “Gypsy Christ” etc.

Do you ever see *The Realm*? If so, you will find an article by me on Pater's *Greek Studies* in last week's issue,² which may interest you: as you like my “Atlantic Monthly” article on W.P.³ Do you know Addington Symonds's work well? I have a long review of him in the *Academy* this week.⁴

With cordial regards,

Sincerely yours, | William Sharp

P.S. I suppose you won't be here till after March at earliest. Please let me know when next you write.

ALS Huntington

To Horace Scudder, February 2, 1895

Rutland House | Greencroft Gardens | So. Hampstead | N.W. | 2/2/95

My dear Horace Scudder,

¹ Joseph Pennell (1857-1926) was an American artist and writer who lived in England. Among his publications are *A Canterbury Pilgrimage* (1885), *Modern Illustration* (1895), *The Life of James McNeill Whistler* (1907), and *The Graphic Arts* (1922).

² [specifics needed]

³ “Some Personal Reminiscences of Walter Pater,” *The Atlantic Monthly*, Vol.74, (December, 1894), 801-14.

⁴ Sharp's “John Addington Symonds,” *The Academy*, Vol. 47 (February, 1895), 95-6.

Many thanks for your letter — and for your friendly suggestions. As to the latter, I'll write to you later. I hope to send "Christina Rossetti"¹ by next mail (Wednesday 6th). I want to interpolate a few extra particulars as to early days (from William Rossetti). She was not only a poet of rare distinction, but a woman, representative of the fine flower of Christianity, one of the white-souled of the world.

Despite the pressure of books, I have at last got the Ed. of the *Academy* to agree to have an article upon your "Childhood".² I hope to write it end of next week. Herewith I send you a 'leader' of mine from this week's *Academy* on J. Addington Symonds — whom I knew and liked well, though I have had to say some plain things in my causeriè.³

At home, I had done up a copy of last week's *Realm* (with an article by myself on Pater's *Greek Studies*, which I thought you might care to see) — and also a copy of the new edition of my *Vistas*, which please accept from me with my cordial regard: but I have come away without them (I write this at the Grosvenor Club) & so they must wait over till next mall.

Shields⁴ sends you "his brotherly love": & says you will be welcomed with open arms. It will be a great pleasure to him, and myself, and many others, to see you here. (But don't come in August or Septr!)

Cordially Yours, | William Sharp

ALS Harvard Houghton

To Stone & Kimball, [early February, 1895]

Rutland House | Greenscroft Gardens | So. Hampstead | *London*

¹ "Some Reminiscences of Christina Rossetti," *The Atlantic Monthly*, 75 (June, 1895), 736-48.

² Sharp is saying here that the editor of the *Academy* has agreed to accept an article by Sharp on Scudder's *Childhood in Literature and Art* (Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin and Company, 1894). This article did not materialize.

³ "John Addington Symonds," *The Academy*, Vol. 47 (February, 1895), 95-6

⁴ Frederick Shields.

Dear Sirs,

Herewith my Postal order for Renewal of my Subscription to “The Chap Book.”

Please note in your address-book that the penultimate address is not *Homestead* but *So. Hampstead*.

Yours faithfully | William Sharp

P.S. I think I subscribed for the 3rd. vol. (*Verlaine*) in the *Green Tree Library*¹: but if so I have never recd. it.

ALS Huntington

To Herbert Stuart Stone, February 13, 1895

Rutland House | Greencroft Gardens | South Hampstead, London | 13/2/95

Dear Mr. Stone,

Thanks for your letter of acceptance of my terms, in the matter of “The Gypsy Christ” — proofs (& ‘copy’ of the G. C.) of which I await in due course.

I am not so wedded to “The Rape of the Sabines” as to insist on its inclusion against your will. It will do just as well in another volume, *The Daughters of Vengeance*,² which I may have ready for publication next winter. So do as you wish. I will loyally accept your decision. If you would rather exclude that story, do so. I send you two others, instead. In any case I would like “The Lady in Hosea” to go in. I have not had time to reread and consider “The Graven Image”: you can do so, and include or exclude as you think best. So that the volume could now stand (with or without “The Second Shadow”):

I. The Gypsy Christ | II. Madge o’ the Pool | III. The Coward | IV. A Venetian Idyl | V.? [The Second Shadow” — or “The Graven Image “] | VI. Fröken Bergliot | VII. The Lady in Hosea.³

¹ *The Poems of Paul Verlaine*, trans. By Gertrude Hall (Chicago: Stone & Kimball), 1895. This was actually the fourth title issued in the “Green Tree Library.”

² This volume did not appear.

³ See letter dated 31 Dec. 1894 for contents and final ordering of *The Gypsy Christ*.

What bitter weather! I trust it is better with you. (I go to Edinburgh for a few days this week-end, & hope to see Miss Fiona Macleod, who is staying near: and very busy with the revision of the volume she is doing for you. It is the strongest thing she has done, I think.)¹

My cordial regards, | Sincerely yours, | William Sharp

By this mail I am also sending a commissioned article (for the Atlantic Monthly) of Reminiscences of Christina Rossetti, which I wd. like you to read on appearance.

P.S. You will already have got my letter about *Vistas*, with which all my friends (as well I) are charmed.

ALS Huntington

To Elizabeth A. Sharp, February 20, 1895

Corrie, Isle of Arran, | 20:2:1895.

. . . You will have had my telegram of my safe arrival here. There was no snow to speak of along the road from Brodick (for no steamer comes here) — so I had neither to ride nor sail as threatened: indeed, owing to the keen frost (which has made the snow like powder) there is none on the mountains except in the hollows, though the summits and flanks are crystal white with a thin veil of frozen snow.

It was a most glorious sail from Ardrossan. The sea was a sheet of blue and purple washed with gold. Arran rose above all like a dream of beauty. I was the sole passenger in the steamer, for the whole island! What made the drive of six miles more beautiful than ever was the extraordinary fantastic beauty of the frozen waterfalls and burns caught as it were in the leap. Sometimes these immense icicles hung straight and long, like a Druid's beard: sometimes in wrought sheets of gold, or magic columns and spaces of crystal. Sweet it was to smell the pine and the heather and bracken and the salt weed upon the shore. The touch of dream was upon everything, from the silent hills to the brooding herons by the shore.

After a cup of tea, I wandered up the heights behind. In these vast solitudes peace and joy came hand in hand to meet me. The extreme loneliness, especially when I was

¹ Sharp was working on the Fiona Macleod stories that appeared later in 1895 both in the United States from Stone and Kimball and in Edinburgh from Patrick Geddes and Colleagues as *The Sin-Eater and Other Tales*.

out of sight of the sea at last, and could hear no more the calling of the tide, and only the sough of the wind, was like balm. Ah, those eloquent silences: the deep pain-joy of utter isolation: the shadowy glooms and darkness and mystery of night-fall among the mountains.

In that exquisite solitude I felt a deep exaltation grow. The flowing of the air of the hills laved the parched shores of my heart. . . .

There is something of a strange excitement in the knowledge that two people are here: so intimate and yet so far-off. For it is with me as though Fiona were asleep in another room. I catch myself listening for her step sometimes, for the sudden opening of a door. It is unawaredly that she whispers to me. I am eager to see what she will do — particularly in *The Mountain Lovers*. It seems passing strange to be here with her alone at last. . . .

Memoir 243-4

To Patrick Geddes, March 3, 1895

Rutland House | Greencroft Gardens | South Hampstead | London | *Sunday* 3rd March/95
My dear Geddes,

When I saw you last, and again when I wrote to you yesterday, I quite forgot to communicate to you my scheme for a thoroughly representative Anglo-Celtic ‘quarterly’¹

¹This quarterly materialized not as *The Celtic World*, as proposed here by Sharp, but as *The Evergreen: A Northern Seasonal*. As Sharp suggested, there is no editor given on the title page. It reads simply: “Published in the Lawnmarket of Edinburgh by Patrick Geddes and Colleagues | in London by T. Fisher Unwin, and | in America by J. B. Lippincott Co.” Four “parts” were produced in beautiful type on solid paper with embossed soft leather bindings. Part I (Spring) was published in the spring of 1895 with a “proem” about the importance of the seasons by W. Macdonald and J. Arthur Thomson. Part II (Autumn) appeared in the fall of 1895, and Part III (Summer) and Part IV (Winter) in 1896. Though Sharp was not named editor, he had a good deal to say, subject to Geddes’ approval, about the periodical’s content. Poems or stories by Fiona Macleod appear in all four issues, and writings by William Sharp, Elizabeth A. Sharp, and Edith Rinder appear in at least one issue. In a note called “Envoy” at the close of Part IV, Patrick Geddes and W. Macdonald announced the end of the first series and declared the need to take some seasons off before producing a second series. They make the point that the series has not had an editor and that all the contributors were free to contribute as they wished items having to do with the appropriate season. Thus periodical reflected Geddes effort to create in the Outlook Tower and surrounding buildings an artistic commune in which writers, visual artists, and scientists would live peacefully and happily

— broadly speaking, about the size & on the technical lines of “The (new) Evergreen”. It would, I think, be well supported in all the big towns of Scotland and Ireland, and (in England) in Newcastle and London, & doubtless elsewhere, & of course in Wales: also, most certainly, in America (particularly in the Teuto-Celtic New England States and the North). In addition to this, it wd. greatly help our Publishing firm, & aid in drawing Anglo-Celtic writers to look to Edinburgh. I think 2s/6 net would be best, as price. I send you [a] partially drawn out scheme: for your approval, examination, & comments. Tho’ I am willing to be Editor (with my wife’s help) — I think it best that the Editorial indication should be either | Published by Patrick Geddes and Colleagues |or simply Edited and Published in Edinburgh. I could, I know, soon get a very strong list — & the quarterly would become a valuable record. It is quite easy to see why foregoing Celtic mags. have spelt failure or relative failure. I have studied this point carefully: (& would take up only the best lines of “The Highland Monthly”, the defunct “Celtic Mag.,” etc.).

Please give the matter your careful consideration (Time-bills, eh?) & let me hear from you in due course.

Yours ever | William Sharp

You have a most thorough ally (in all you urged upon me) in my wife. We both foresee (in the fulness of time) — Edinburgh! in a broad sense, i.e. she takes greatly to the whole publishing idea, & I foresee how she may prove of great service, & well worth her time-bills!

N.B. “The Hill of God” by F. M. in the first no. wd. be an account (“from a relative”) of the sacrificial episode I told you about.

PROSPECTUS

Quarterly | 2/6 Net.

Vol. I No. I July to September 1895.

The Celtic World

Published By Patrick Geddes & Colleagues

together stimulating each other’s creativity. According to the “Envoy, the artists and scientists now recognized the need to go off on their own and do their work before coming together in a new synthesis. If that new coming together did take place, the Sharps were not a part of it, and it did not produce a new series of *The Evergreen*.

(or else)

EDITED AND PUBLISHED IN EDINBURGH

Edited and Published in Edinburgh

A
N
I
M
A

C
E
L
T
I
C
A

July	August	September
<i>Summer Number</i>		
<i>Frontispiece</i>	<i>By John Duncan</i>	
1.The Celtic Renaissance	<i>A Prologue.</i>	(Editorial)
2.The Word Anglo-Celtic	<i>A Note</i>	"
3.Anglo-Celtic Magazines		"
4.The late Professor Blackie	By Prof. Mackinnon	
5.The Hill of God.	by Fiona Macleod	
6.A Poem by	W. B. Yeats	
7.The Hill-Way by	Ernest Rhys	
8.The House of Rest. A Forecast by	Patrick Geddes	
9.A Poem by	<i>Moira O' Neill or Katherine Tynan</i>	
10.Three Hebridean Folk-Hymns	by A. Carmichael	
11.Celtic Ornament	By John Duncan & ?	
12.Standish O'Grady's Historical Romances by —		
13.Anima Celtica	By "A.E."	
Possibly a short poem or few lines by George Meredith		
Notes		

Names of Some of the Earliest Contributors

(If possible)George Meredith & the older writers like Geo. Macdonald and Robt Buchanan, Douglas Hyde & Prof. Rhys, Grant Allen etc., as well as the younger men.

In the Second Quarterly Number (Oct-Dec.) will appear the first installment of "The Celtic Wonderland" and Stories, Poems, Episodes, Articles, Critical-papers, Folk-Lore, etc.

By Douglas Hyde, George Russell, W. B. Yeats, Fiona Macleod, Moira O'Neill, Dr. Donald Macleod, Robert Buchanan, George Macdonald, Grant Allen, W. Macdonald, Ian Maclaren, and other Irish, Scottish, Welsh, Manx, Cornish, & Breton writers.¹

With a Frontispiece by P. MacGillivray

or by T. Hope Mclauchlan

or Photogravure of Evensong, by Macaulay Stevenson

ALS NLS, Geddes Collection

To J. Stanley Little, March 21, 1895²

21/Mch/95

My dear Boy

The beginning of a long & happy & prosperous time has, I am sure, dawned for you. All happiness & luck be yours. Be good to her, for she is worthy of it: and both of you enjoy to the full what nature has been good enough to supply you with.

In all ways, happiness and weal!

Your friend, | William Sharp

ALS Princeton

To Edmund Clarence Stedman, March 30, 1895

Rutland House, | Greencroft Gardens, | So. Hampstead. | 30/Mch/95

My dear Stedman

I know you will be glad to meet the bearer of this note, Mr. John Lane, whose name will be familiar to you as that of one of our most distinguished publishers. It seems hardly necessary to add that he is himself an able and discriminating student of literature, the friend of many of the *beaux esprits* of the day, and himself a good fellow. I know you will welcome him to your hospitable abode: & if you can give him any advice or introduce him to any one whom he wants particularly to meet, you will not only be obliging Mr. Lane but also

Yours affectionately, | William Sharp

Edmund Clarence Stedman Esq

¹ Sharp has written the word "suggested" next to this list.

² J. Stanley Little married the Viscomtess Fanny Maude Therese de la Blache. They had a daughter and a son.

To Mrs. Alden, [April, 1895]

. . . And now I write in Sussex¹ — in my ears the cries of the lambs, the cawing of rooks, the song of a labourer sowing seed, instead of the harsh summons of the muezzin, the call of the water-carrier in Tunis, the bark of the jackal on the Desert, the barbaric chant of the Hasebircheaters of Constantine. It seems almost incredible at times.

Yes it is all equally beautiful. Life is life everywhere. Here, in placid England, as in the austere South, as in the grey savage North, there is a diurnal banquet of joy. Everywhere this indescribable, alluring, haunting, lovely seduction of Beauty.

How I wish, dear Mrs. Alden, that you could be here just now — it is all so Spring-essential. But of course it will be as lovely in New Jersey. I wish, though, I could send you some of our yellow primrose glory, a breath of an old English cottage-garden, with its mignonette and wallflowers.

It is, just now, — though the malcontents say it is too warm, & that 6 weeks of unbroken weather & cloudless skies is serious — so unspeakably lovely. It is all a joy of green tress, green hedges, cowslip'd fields, daffodil pastures, — blossoms of apple, pear, quince, plum, and cherry all like blown surf suddenly suspended in the warm blue air — larks in rapture, the cuckoo and the wood-dove calling, calling, through the noontide, birds everywhere in the trees, the hedgerows, and by the brook — a song of Spring begun by the Black-cap at sunrise, sustained through the drowsy afternoon by the thrush, & now just lifted with an exquisite preliminary thrill when at the edge of o'dark the nightingale calls from the thickets of jasmine and elder.

Have you the delight in words that I know the author of “God in His World”² has so keenly? If so, you will rejoice in an almost unknown West-Country word for twilight which I have just learned — unknown save in remote parts of Devon & Cornwall. ‘Twilight’ is lovely: “The Gloaming” is lovelier and sweeter: but is there something

¹ Mrs. Alden was very ill, and this letter, the first part of which is missing, was an effort to lift her spirits and provide some comfort.

²Henry Mills Alden.

solemn, almost Biblically austere & noble about “The Dim-Sea” (the dimsee as pronounced).

How I hope this Spring will bring you healing and peace and joy. Will you let me send you my ‘love’? Alden already has it, and my deep admiration: and you know, you two are one. Let me slightly alter Bacon’s beautiful saying; “The soul of the twin-soul is the Beauty of the World”.

Cordially Yours, | William Sharp

ALS University of Delaware

To Herbert S. Stone, April 6, 1895

Rutland House | Greencroft Gardens | South Hampstead N.W. | London | 6th April 1895
Dear Mr. Stone,

I admit that I am much put about by the long silence on your part: and, I may add, I have had two or three letters of late from Miss Macleod to the same effect, so displeased, indeed, is she that she wrote to me the other day to say that she would prefer to make other arrangements, particularly as she is much pressed by publishers here. It really does seem too much of a good thing that urgent letters should be allowed to be unanswered, and this quite apart from the apparent discourtesy. I wrote to Miss Macleod to say that I was sure no actual discourtesy was intended — and that probably you had been or were ill; to which she naturally enough replied that someone could have sent a reply to the specific enquiry she wrote on the 2nd of February, with a request for an answer by return.

Well, about “The Gypsy Christ”? For some time past I have been looking to every mail to bring me the promised proofs, and also the MS. of the titular story for revision. In the first place, I had particularly specified my wish, & understood that you entirely shared it, for early spring issue of the book: but here is April, and no proofs come, and apparently no arrangements made! Had I foreseen this I should, of course, have made other arrangements. There is now no mail due till the 9th — & I can only hope that at last I shall hear from you. In your letter of January 28th, formally agreeing to my terms, you say that you will go ahead with the composition at once: & that you will dispatch the MS. of the G.C. itself by registered post. These proofs, you say, will be

sent “in the course of two or three weeks”. If they had been sent in two or three weeks I might have received them by the end of February. Now the first week in April is over, and no word of them — nor, for that matter, of “The Tower of Silence”, concerning which you say (28th January) — “I shall write regarding this within the week”.

Leaving aside other considerations, this delay is very inconvenient for me in the matter of proof-revision etc. In a life as busy [as] mine, with chronically more work on hand that I can well get through, it is impossible to manage things aright unless matters are conducted on both sides (in each instance) in a prompt and businesslike way. As soon as I received your letter of Jan 28th, I made corresponding arrangements: so that I should be comparatively free at the time I could reasonably expect Proofs. Financially & for every other reason I hoped to see the book out in early Spring: but for this reason, also, trusted for early proofs, namely that April & May are my two busiest months, and every hour has to be discounted. At the end of April or early in May I have to go to Paris for the Salons: & proofs and revision at that time will be a difficulty and inconvenience added to existing difficulties & inconveniences.

I trust that an early post now will bring communication from you: but if not I must beg of you to write to me without delay, & explicitly.

As for Miss Macleod — I am not quite sure what to advise her: but from what she writes to me I think her best plan would be to arrange with someone here. She says, & rightly, she will not send any MS. to you till she has an explicit reply and that in any case she now holds herself free to come to any arrangement that suits her. She was pleased by your first letter, but your extraordinary silence of late has both annoyed and offended her.

And now apart from business let me express my hope that you are not or have not been ill: and that matters go well with you. When do you intend to come over here?

By the way, I gave John Lane a line of introduction to you. Lane, I may add, is going to issue Miss Macleod’s new book, “*The Mountain Lovers*”. As it will be in the Keynotes series it is not likely he will offer it to you first — tho’ Miss M. wrote expressly asking him to do so if possible.

Forgive me for saying that if we are to have any business relations in the future, I make it an indispensable condition that this kind of treatment does not recur. I am glad,

however, to feel sure that it is due to pressure and inexperience: & certainly look forward with pleasure to a chat over business & other matters when you come to London.¹

Yours very truly | William Sharp

ALS NYPL, Berg Collection

To Patrick Geddes, April 27, 1895

Rutland House, | Greencroft Gardens. | So. Hampstead. | Saty 27th April/95

My dear Geddes,

Owing to the press of work and engagements it was impossible for me to see Mr. Barclay² à propos of the Franco-Scottish College scheme (a most alluring and I should think inevitably fruitful one) — but I hope to do so when I return to Paris, on the 5th May for the Old Salon etc. My wife will go with me to Paris this time, & we'll be there for 3 or 4 days at any rate. By the way, when I was at the Douane on my outward journey I met Mrs. Traquair³ on her way to a brief holiday in Rome.

¹ The frustration expressed by Sharp in this letter at the lack of communication from Stone is an early indication the Stone and Kimball firm was having difficulties. Stone's father, whose money helped start the firm, was not pleased that expenses continued to outweigh revenues, and Stone himself was beginning to tire of the endless details of running a business. Also, stresses had begun to develop between the two young partners.

² Sir Thomas Barclay (1853-1941), a journalist who became a barrister, moved to Paris in 1888 to join a small group of British lawyers practicing there. An advocate of arbitration and conciliation, he became an expert in international law. He served as President of the British Chamber of Commerce in Paris in 1899-1900 and as an Honorary President of the Institute of International Law in 1919. For the 1911 edition of the *Encyclopedia Britannica*, he wrote the sections on International Law, Neutrality, Peace and several related subjects. One of Patrick Geddes's aims was to reestablish close ties between Scotland and France as a means of reasserting Edinburgh's prominence as a center of learning. Geddes asked Sharp to explore with Barclay in Paris the possibility of his assisting in the establishment of a Franco-Scottish College to jump start closer ties between France and Scotland. Not one to abandon a cause, Geddes persisted until, in 1924, he helped establish and then served for eight years as Director of Scots College, a residence hall for Scottish and other foreign students, at Montpellier University in France.

³ Phoebe Anna Traquair, wife of Ramsay Traquair.

W. Macdonald¹ does not seem to have come to a bed of roses. Work which he had looked upon as fairly assured has not ‘come off’ — & he writes to me to see what I can do or suggest. He seems to have become impatient over the *Evergreen*: for, àpropos, he writes: “I got tired waiting, & came to the conclusion that the book would never appear until one or two artists had been taken back to the nursery & locked up there.”

I’ll write to you a publishing and book-anticipatory communication on Monday. Too seedy today, having caught a bad facial chill in the passage and being unable to go out owing to an inflamed jaw (an abscess I fear)— and bad facial neuralgia: together keeping me in considerable pain and discomfort.

As to Campbell Irons² — yes, I wholly agree to all you say as politic & advisable every way.

I am afraid it will be quite impracticable for me to get to Paris at Whitsuntide. But I *hope* to see you before then: Of this more when I write on Monday.

Love to you and yours | William Sharp

ALS NLS, Geddes Collection

To Patrick Geddes, April 29, 1895

Rutland House, | Greencroft Gardens, | So. Hampstead. | Monday 29/4/95

My dear Geddes

¹William Macdonald was an aspiring poet Geddes asked to assemble and see through publication the first volume of *The Evergreen*, the journal Sharp had proposed to Geddes in his letter of 3 March 1895. Macdonald and J. Arthur Thomson, a biologist friend of Geddes, signed the seven-page “Proem,” or introduction, to that volume, but its style and content was surely influenced by Geddes. Its presumptuous and incoherent nature is exemplified by its conclusion. The music of the coming Renaissance is heard so far only in “broken snatches,” but “in these snatches four chords are sounded, which we would fain carry in our hearts – That faith may be had still in the friendliness of fellows; that the love of country is not a lost cause; that the love of women is the way of life; and that in the eternal newness of every Child is an undying promise for the Race.” Macdonald contributed two poems to the first volume of *The Evergreen* and one poem to each of the succeeding three volumes. All are equally maudlin. Sharp’s opinion of this first *Evergreen* is contained in his 15 May letter to Geddes.

²James Campbell Irons (-) was the author of *The Burgh Police Act* (1893), *The Autobiographical Sketch of James Croll* (1896), *Leigh and Its Antiquities* (1893), and *The Law and Practice in Scotland Relative to Judicial Factors* (1908).

I forget if I told you how seedy I was on Saturday when I wrote to you. At any rate, by the afternoon I was in high fever, with inflammation of the jaw, & severe frontal & optic-nerve neuralgia — an infernal form of influenza (complicated with an abscess somewhere, generally in the ear, but in my case at the top of the left jaw) which attacks many people here just now, & has just laid low my doctor (Dr. Moir of whom I spoke to you) & our other reserve ‘medico’. I had a pretty bad time of it on Saturday night, almost delirious: & all Sunday: but today am greatly better, and hope to be up and about tomorrow, though of course I won’t get out till next day and then only if fine and warm.

I think I told you that my wife and I go to Paris for our art-work at this coming week-end (on Sunday probably) & will be away for 5 or 6 days. I don’t know where we’ll stay, probably at the “Continental” — but in any case I’ll try to see Mr. Barclay.¹ Perhaps, if writing, you will kindly mention this to him, in case he knows nothing of me, and takes me for what Rabelais calls somewhere ‘a villain cut-throat Scot’, a man to be hurried off the premises!”

I’ll do my best to get north soon after my return from Paris etc. about the 12th — i.e. to get north on or about the 20th. I want to talk over ‘publishing business’ for one thing: and perhaps I could see Mr. Campbell Irons & Branford² and some others. Yes, by all means let us have Mr. C. Irons as ally and client.

Meanwhile, as I must be making certain arrangements, please let me know if you will be at Dundee on or about the 20th. of May — & when it is your intention to leave for Paris. (I am afraid there is now no chance of my getting over at Whitsuntide.) And are you sure it will still be quite convenient for Mrs. Geddes & yourself to put me up at Dundee, as you kindly suggested.

¹Sir Thomas Barclay. See note to 27 April letter to Geddes.

² For Irons, see note to 27 April letter to Geddes. Victor Branford (1864 -1931), a London banker, sociologist, and historian, was a life-long friend of Patrick Geddes and co-authored with him a series of books on the problems of war and peace under the general title “The Making of the Future.” The three main books of the series are *The Coming Polity* (1917), *Ideas at War* (1917), and *Our Social Inheritance* (1919). He also wrote *The Life of Frederic Le Play* (1931), *An Atlas of Chemistry* (1889), *The Coal Crisis and the Future* (1926). The latter was co-authored with P. Abercrombie, C. Desch, P. Geddes, C. W. Salerby, and E. Kilburn Scott.

(1) For the late *autumn* of 1895, I'll do what I can to place the vol. of stories by Fiona Macleod (*The Sin-Eater: and Other Stories*) with "Patrick Geddes & Colleagues."¹ So far, I am free of the arrangement with Stone and Kimball, I *think*: for as they were not up to time with their undertaking I wrote about 3 weeks ago to break off with them as regards the British edn. I have not definitely heard from them yet in response to my ultimatum — but the strong chances are that I shall now be able to make this one of our start-off books — of which I shall be glad from the publisher's standpoint, as short stories of the kind are in demand just now, and as "The Mountain Lovers" (to be out in June) will give a fillip to F.M.'s growing public. I am afraid that, as author, the arrangement may not be so much to my advantage — but, after all, the reverse is possible, & in the long run may even prove much the better: but in any case I am willing to make this arrangement if I can.² The book is practically ready, and will reach a wider audience than either *Pharais* or *The Mountain Lovers*, I fancy. Certainly some of the strongest work I have ever done is in it.

(2) *Lyra Celtica* will also be ready, & will be a valuable and suggestive vol. Two-thirds of it is in shape already: indeed it is more the long critical 'weighing' & rejecting & adding that has now to be done. It will have the additional value of being representative, for though mainly Scottish-Celtic and Irish Celtic, there are representative pieces by Breton (trs), Cornish, & Welsh, & Manx poets. Can you give me the name of a Welsh poet you spoke of to me at Arran? But please note that L/C will be edited *not* by F.M. or by W.S. but by my wife. This is advisable for several reasons (one among them, the inclusion of F.M.'s runes & Celtic lyrics), & also because she is well known by her critical anthologies, & was recently commissioned to do the important "Musa Catholica"

¹ Geddes has written on the letter: "Press for July —Agreed 23/5/5 for the Autumn." This indicates that Sharp and Geddes were together on 23 May and that Sharp agreed to place Fiona Macleod's *The Sin Eater* with Patrick Geddes and Colleagues.

²*The Sin-Eater and Other Tales* was published by Stone and Kimball in the United States and by Patrick Geddes and Colleagues in Great Britain, both in the fall of 1895.

for Elkin Mathews.¹ If, however, any critical introductory essay (as distinct from an ordinary preface) is considered advisable it will be written (& signed) by me.

(3) The R.L.S. volume will, I presume, be the first actual issue? (apart from *The Evergreen* & A Scottish College).²

(4) “Life of Croll” could come out. Also “Heredity” if ready.³ (“The Literary Ideal” by W.S. ought, I think, to stand over till beginning 1896 — but, if wished particularly, *might* be available for issue say in mid-October or November of this year)⁴

(5) We must have some ‘romance’ of a kind likely to be popular. If possible, some well-known man: but what is more important is a really *modern* romance, full of life & movement.⁵

(6) What about a series of short books of fiction — as that is so much the vogue at present: — books of about 30,000 words, or say from a minimum of 25,000 to a max. of 35,000. It might be called “*The Evergreen Series*”: or, say, the ‘Cosmopolitan’ Series.⁶

¹The first edition of *Lyra Celtica*, with a long introductory essay by WS and edited by EAS was published in the fall of 1895 by Patrick Geddes and Colleagues. I have found no record of *Musa Catholica*.

² Here Geddes wrote: “Not now.” Apparently there were plans to publish a book by Robert Louis Stevenson, but those plans did not materialize.

³ The references here are to James Campbell Irons’ *Autobiographical Sketch of James Croll* and J. Arthur Thomson’s *Heredity*. The former was published in 1896, but not by Geddes and Colleagues, and *Heredity* was finally published by J. Murray (London) in 1919.

⁴ Here Geddes wrote: “Discuss in August.” This book did not materialize. Sharp may have intended it be the series of lectures he was scheduled to present at Geddes’ summer school in August 1895. If so, Geddes wanted to hear them before agreeing to publish them as a book. Sharp collapsed during his first lecture with what EAS said was a heart attack and did not complete the others.

⁵ Here Geddes wrote: “Mrs. Mona Caird – Agreed 23/5/5.” Sharp suggested yet another close friend to produce a book for the publishing firm when he and Geddes met in May. Mona Caird was a popular spokesperson for the rights of women, especially for granting women the right to vote and equal legal rights within the marriage contract.

⁶Neither series materialized.

(7) À propos of the last named, I think a good bid for public favour would be occasional vols by foreign authors of marked power & distinction in the ‘new movement’ — a vague phrase that really means little save the onward wave of the human mind: men like the Scandinavians, Jonas Lie & Ola Hansson (Swede), Southerners like the Italians Gabriele d’Annunzio, Antonio Fogazzaro, Matilde Serao, or the Spaniard José Echegaray, Germans like Hermann Sudermann, Frenchmen like Anatole France, J. H. Rosny, etc., Belgians like Geo. Eeckhoud (Flemish), Lemonnier, and others, and the notable Americans among the younger generation, above all of [sic] Hamlin Garland.¹

¹ Jonas Lie (1833-1908) was a Norwegian novelist. Among his works are *Den Fremtsynte* (1870), *Tremasteren Fremtideneller* (1872), *Liv nordpaa* (1872), *Lodsen og hans Kustru* (1879), *Rutland* (1881). Ola Hansson (1860-1925) was a Swedish poet, narrative writer, and essayist. Among his works are a collection of poems, *Dikter* (1884), a novella collection, *Sensitiva amorosa* (1887), and the novels *Resan hen* (1894), *Vagen till livet* (1896), and *Rustgarden* (1910). Gabrielle d’Annunzio (1863-1938) was an Italian poet, playwright, novelist, propagandist, military leader, and eccentric. Among his works are the novels *The Triumph of Death* (1896), *The Maiden of the Rocks* (1898), *The Flame of Life* (1900), and the plays “The Dead City” (1902), “Gioconda” (1902), “The Honeysuckle” (1915). Antonio Fogazzaro (1842-1911) was an Italian novelist and poet. He wrote works that include *The Patriot* (1907), *The Saint* (1907), *The Woman* (1907), *The Politician* (1908), *Leila* (1901). Matilde Serao (1856-1927) was an Italian novelist whose works include *La conquista di Roma: Romanzo* (1885), *Addio, amore!* (1897), and *La Bellerina: Romanzo* (1901). José Eschegaray y Eizaguirre (1832-1916) was a Spanish dramatist. Among his works are “La Esposa del Vengador (1874), “El Estigma” (1876), and “El Loco Dios” (1908). Hermann Sudermann (1857-1928) was a well known German author whose works include *Heimat* (1893), *Morituri* (1897), *Frau Sorge* (1888), *Die Drei reiherfedern* (1898), *Drei reden gehalten von Hermann Sudermann* (1900), *Die ehre* (1900), *Das Hohe lied* (1908), *Die entgotterte welt* (1916). Anatole France (1844-1924) was a French novelist and critic. Among his works are *L’Etui de Nacre* (1892), *La Rotisserie de la Reine Pedauque* (1893), *Le Jardin d’Epicure* (1895), *Thais* (1909). Between 1886 and 1891 he was the literary critic for *Le Temps*, producing a mass of highly subjective criticism which appeared in book form as *La Vie Litteraire Sur La Vole Glorieuse* (1914). *The Human Tragedy* (1917), *The Mummer’s Tale* (1921), and *Latin Genius* (1924) are some of his better known works. J. H. Rosny (pseudonym of the brothers Joseph-Henri (1856-1940) and Seraphin Justin (1859-1948) Boex) authored the novels *Nell Horn, de l’armee du Salut* (1886), *Le Bilateral* (1887), *La Termite* (1890), *La Fauve* (1899). Georges Eekhoud (1854-1927) was a Belgian poet and novelist. His publications include *Kees Doorik; Les Dermesses* (1884); *La Nouvelle Carthage* (1888); and *la Faneuse d’Amour*. His novels treat social issues of the urban working class and peasants. In the 1880s he worked with the publication *La Jeune Belgique* to try to breathe life into Belgian literature. Camille Lemonnier (1845-1913) was a Belgian novelist and art critic. He wrote in French and was connected with the review *La Jeune*

This either in a “Cosmopolitan Series”, or to be worked into the other. I am strongly in favour of some translations from the contemporary fiction of countries near us, & that are in touch with this country--notably Belgium. The Flemish & Walloon side of B. (tho’ now familiar to thousands) is little touched in book-form or translation. Good translations of such (past) masters as Henri Conscience or (living) as G. Eeckhoud would take.

As soon as things are settled on a business footing, I’ll put affairs *en train*. I have already talked to some able writers & translators — but of course can commission or advise nothing as yet. Send me a word, too, about this idea of representative translations.

Meanwhile let me know what you think — & also about your being at Dundee at the date named and when you leave for Paris.

Love to you and yours.

W.S.

ALS NLS, Geddes Collection

To Robert Murray Gilchrist, April 30, 1895

Rutland House | Greencroft Gardens | So. Hampstead | 30th April/95

My dear Boy

How goes the world with you? I hope you are well, & that the pen has been busy, and happily. I have been much away this year — twice for a long time in Scotland (once in the Western Isles), and in France. I go to Paris again this week-end but expect to be in London again by the 12th. A few days later I’ll likely be in Scotland for 10 days or so. When are we to meet again? When I look back upon this last year, it seems to me as though life were a fever indeed. I am not tired of life — which is more wonderful & fascinating than ever: but sometimes now I am tired of living. In a vague way you know something of the tragic issues which underlie the surface-calms of my life stream. Well,

Belgique. Among his writings are *Contes flamands et wallons* (1873), *Hoppe-chair* (1886), *Un Male* (1892), *Au coeur A frais de la forêt* (1899), *Le Vent dans les moulins* (1900), *La Petit Homme de Dieu* (1903). Hamlin Garland (1860-1940) was an American novelist and essayist. Among his principal works are *Main Travelled Roads* (1890), *Crumbling Idols* (1894), *Life of Ulysses S. Grant* (1898), *A Son of the Middle Border* (1917), *Roadside Meetings* (1930), *Forty Years of Psychic Research* (1936).

tragedy or high comedy — for low farce to men like ourselves is impossible — or tragi-comedy or inscrutable irony, it is all a dream.

“*The Mountain Lovers*,” the successor to Fiona Macleod’s “*Pharais*,” is now in the printer’s hands, & ought to be out from a month to 5 weeks hence. It is to be published by John Lane.

Are you coming south this June? I hope so. My cordial regards to your mother & kind remembrances to your sisters — nor, or course, omit my greetings to Garfitt. As for yourself you [know] that I am

Your Affectionate friend | William Sharp

ALS Sheffield City Archives

*To J. Stanley Little, May 10, 1895*¹

Paris: Friday Night

Dear S.

We are to return tomorrow after a very pleasant but rather too extravagant time in Paris. (This is my second visit to Paris within the last 3 weeks.) I shall, however, be in town for 3 or 4 days only — as I wish to go to Scotland for a fortnight or so. I hope you and ‘Madame’ are both flourishing, and bear in mind my favourite adage “Be good, and you will be happy”.

Yours ever | W.S.

ACS Princeton

To Patrick Geddes, May 15, 1895

Rutland House, | Greencroft Gardens, | So. Hampstead. | 15th May 1895

My dear Geddes,

I am glad we are to meet so soon, and I am much looking forward to Monday evening, to see you & Deò-grein again.² As I explained to her in my note of yesterday, I shall arrive by the North British train due at Tay Bridge at 6:10. If it stop at Esplanade

¹Date from postmark.

²Deò-grein translates “ray of sunshine,” and refers to Anna Geddes.

Station, I'll get out there. I leave here on Saturday, as I have to be in York on Saturday evening, & shall remain there with my friend George Cotterell¹ till Monday morning (address, if needed, 3 Grosvenor Terrace, York) when I leave at 10.

I have thought out a good deal about publishing schemes — and so we'll have lots to discuss if you can spare me the time. For the moment, however, I need not go into so these, as we are to meet so soon. For the same reason, indeed, I'll reserve detailed mention of "The Evergreen". Much of it I like, but some of it seems to me to lack in distinctiveness as well as distinction. In the main, however, it is a most promising and interesting production. With careful piloting it ought "to come to stay". We must all do what we can to make it as scrupulously near to the highest attainable standard as is practicable. Your own writing therein I have read with particular interest & pleasure, not only with the affection of a friend but with the sangfroid of a critic. The poetry, including that of Miss Fiona Macleod does not seem to me to be so good in its kind as is the best of the prose in *its* kind. That also is a point where the editorial control must be more exigent.

But the real and I fear perilous weakness is in the illustrations. With the exception of Duncan's² "Apollo's School Days" & some of the head-pieces, there is not a drawing (Cadenhead's³ and Wall's⁴ 'cuts' are distinct from those I am referring to) which is not

¹George Cotterell was a poet and a critic. His works include *The Banquet: A Political Satire in Verse* (1885) and *Poems: Old and New* (1894).

²John Duncan (1866-1931) was a Scots artist who became a central figure in the revival of interest in Celtic art. He was a protégé of Geddes and with him founded the Edinburgh School of Art which flourished between 1892 and 1900. He and Geddes executed a number of panels and murals depicting Celtic figures of legend and history for the dining and common rooms of Ramsey Lodge and St. Giles House, student hostels near the Castle in Edinburgh. In the Spring number of *The Evergreen*, Duncan contributed in addition to Celtic designs several plates in black and white that were influenced by Aubrey Beardsley's drawings for *The Yellow Book*. As Sharp suggests here, they fall short of Beardsley's in quality.

³James Cadenhead (1858-1927, a Scottish artist, was engaged by Geddes to paint friezes in the Edinburgh Room of Ramsey Lodge. The friezes portray the main aspects of the city. Cadenhead contributed black and white head and tail pieces to *The Evergreen*.

⁴Unable to identify.

crude in draughtsmanship and in design — or in one or two instances frankly meaningless! (I mean from the standpoint of art, which, as you know, is as exigent in its demand for an adequate & convincing *raison-d'être*, as the Art of Poetry is for adequate rhythmic motive). In the latter category, I include a muddled, badly composed, & ill drawn “Natura Naturans” by Robert Burns¹ (his “Casket” is better, but shows little sense of rhythmic balance or movement in the composition) — but, in particular, a really deplorable plate, “Anima Celtica”, by Duncan. It is weakly imitative to start with, & in my judgment has not a redeeming quality. Aubrey Beardsley² may be a depraved & decadent artist — but at least he is an artist & original: but work of this kind is the mere dross and débris of the “fin-de Siècle” ebb. I am afraid that even the most casual critic will notice the bad drawing throughout — which has the same effect on one’s optic nerves as a scraping nail has on one’s auditory ditto. (On the other hand, though it lacks firmness in touch, i.e. surety, Duncan’s head-piece to “The Norland Wind” is at once appropriate & winsome). In a word, I anticipate much adverse artistic criticism on the ground that the *Yellow Book*³ drawings are at least clever if ultra fin-de-Siècle, while the majority of these of *The Evergreen* are fin-de-Siècle without being clever.

Probably, I am too severe a critic here — & in any case I’ll be glad if I’m a false prophet. But I feel so strongly that a really valuable & significant future awaits the ‘Evergreen’ if it preserve & develop its best, in literature & art, & disengage itself from what is amateurish, that it seems worth while to be severely exigent.

¹Robert Burns (1869-1941) was a Scottish landscape and figure painter, illustrator and designer. He was the Director of Painting at the Edinburgh College of Art.

²Aubrey Beardsley (1874-1898) is best known for the illustrations he contributed to various periodicals of the fin de siècle, among them the *Yellow Book* and the *Savoy*, and for the drawings he executed for *Le Morte d’Artur* (1813), *Salome* (1894), *The Rape of the Lock* (1896).

³*The Yellow Book* was a periodical published in book form. It offered a clear and comprehensive view of the literary movements of the Nineties and provided the best examples of fin de siècle art. It was named for its brilliant yellow cover. The first number was published in April 1894 with Henry Harland as literary editor and Aubrey Beardsley as art editor.

The binding & get-up are very novel & attractive, & the type & setting are in Constable's¹ best style. Altogether, it is a promising start for "Patrick Geddes & Colleagues". There is the real breath of earnest life in it — & that is a saving grace indeed. Well, *Skoal* to it, & to its projectors and contributors, & to all our fellowship!

I had a long talk in Paris with Mr. Barclay (whose name is *Thomas* not *William*, as you had in your notes & typed letters from him) about the Scots College. As you will know by this time, there is not now to be any Whitsuntide meeting in Paris: but, later, in London, and also, I understand, in Edinburgh.

Of this, again, more when we meet.

Till Monday evening then, auf wiedersehen — | Affectionately Your Friend | William

Sharp

"Porporsia Celtica" is better now than he was, though till yesterday he was very "down" indeed. No doubt the heat & London atmosphere had something to do with it. He made his will, poor thing, one day: which affected him so much that he got better!²

ALS NLS, Geddes Collection

To Robert Murray Gilchrist, [May 16?, 1895]³

till middle of next week | c/o Prof. Patrick Geddes | 17 Westfield Place | Dundee

After the 22nd | to | 9 Upper Coltbridge Terrace | Murrayfield | Midlothian |

(letter address only)

My dear Gilchrist

Herewith I send you a pipe — though I fear it may not suit you. 'Pipes' are as "Kittle Cattle" as hats or umbrellas, & each man has his own fancy. But if the accompanying article would never make for a smoker's paradise, send it back to me — & I'll get another. It pleased me, your asking for it. May it make you think of me sometimes.

¹ *The Evergreen* was printed by T. & A. Constable, Ltd.

² Sharp is referring to himself as "Porporsia Celtica."

³ Sharp wrote this letter from London shortly before he went to York on Saturday 18 May and on to Dundee on Monday 20 May to stay with the Geddes

Don't overwork into apathy: that is the dangerous hole to get into. Overwork to a certain strain on the nerves, if you will — even till Heaven one moment & Hell the next seem near — but stop short of a dull apathy in the act of composition, a dull apathy in the sense of atmosphere. Then, body, and nerves, and brain, crave for a path of silence: for sleep.

I doubt if it will be possible for me to see you on my way back (somewhere about Whitsuntide, probably a day or two later rather than earlier) — but I'll let you know.

Why did you not let me know you were in London, when on your way to or from Paris? I am sorry at that.

I do hope your work is to your satisfaction, i.e. as much as it ever is to anyone who really cares for his work. Work, my dear Boy, with sunshine in your heart, and the sunrise air in your brain and a moonlight imagination. You will do big things some day.

I am glad you are going over to Cartledge.¹ It will be better for you every way I shd. think.

Ever yrs affectly | William Sharp

ALS Sheffield City Archives

To Patrick Geddes, [late May, 1895]

74. Upper Grosvenor Terrace | Tunbridge Wells | Sunday.

Dear Professor Geddes²

¹Cartledge Hall was the Gilchrist's family home in Holmesfield where his mother and sisters lived. Gilchrist and his companion George Garfitt moved from their house — Highcliffe in Eyam -- to Cartledge, where they lived with Gilchrist's sisters until Gilchrist died in 1917. Sharp's approval of his "going over to Cartledge," must refer to that move since a reference in his next letter to Gilchrist suggests that Cartledge is now or will shortly be his home. For more information about Gilchrist, see notes to Sharp's letters to him dated October 1892, 18 August 1893, and 7 October 1893.

² This letter from EAS is included to demonstrate the intense concern she felt about the physical and mental state of her husband and as an indication of the generosity Patrick Geddes and his wife demonstrated to the Sharps. EAS and the Geddes shared a hope that providing Sharp a salaried position with the fledgling publishing company would provide sufficient income to enable him to stop writing articles and reviews. After Sharp left the Geddes' in Dundee on 22 May for the west of Scotland, Geddes wrote to EAS to express his concern about Sharp's health and to offer to alleviate his need to write for money by

First let me say that I read your letter — which reached me yesterday — with feelings of unmixed relief and thankfulness. I cannot express to you how grateful I feel for your loving friendship for my husband and for all the care and thought you and Mrs. Geddes have given him. I am *thankful* that there is someone else than myself who sees how he is expending health and strength — and encroaching on his reserve — in work of a kind he ought not to do. Like you, I have a great belief in the future of W.S. and Fiona M. and I am equally persuaded that he *must* give up the fretting hack-work in order to give his real work its chance. But it is so difficult to make him do so; he grows nervous, and, I regret to say, chiefly on my account. But I feel sure, that now, your kind interest in him, and thought for him will do more [than] any thing else to make him, not only feel, but act on our advice — which coincides. You are indeed a most valuable ally.

And, indeed, I do not know what to say concerning the kind proposals in the latter half of your letter. I feel deeply touched by and grateful for the genuine friendship which prompted them. I think the very knowledge of such an offer will suffice to give Will peace of mind to work in greater belief in himself and in the future of his work. I think it will give him the confidence he lacks when he seizes nervously the first piece of work that offers. I see that little by little he begins to believe what I say about him; & feel sure your letter to me — so full of generous solicitude and help — will do the rest. I, too, promise to remind him to let you know if at any time an advance from the publishing account would save him from pot-boiling temptations; I will be only too glad to do it — glad, too, to feel that the responsibility concerning him — which I feel to be heavy sometimes — is thus lessened. That statement sounds very selfish, now I reread it; but I do not mean to be selfish. I mean it is a relief to me to see that there is a friend who understands Will, and sees his persistent overwork and delicacy. With regard to the other offer in your letter, Friend, I feel overwhelmed, and can say nothing. But I will show your letter to Will when we meet. I think he, like myself, will feel so encouraged by the

offering stipend from the publishing firm. He mentioned that Sharp was suffering from back pain, and here Elizabeth says she will put him in a doctor's hands to treat the back problem when he returns. When he did return, Sharp said to Geddes in a letter of 4 June: "I am sorry you wrote exigently about my health — & particularly about my back."

kindly thought that prompted the suggestion, that the desired *sense* of rest and freedom from worry will thus be attained.

I intend to have him put into his doctor's hands as soon as he returns, in the hope that the weakness in Will's back may [be] bettered. It is the result of overwork; but a symptom not to be disregarded.

I feel this note is very inadequate in its attempt to say how I appreciate your friendship shown in your letter. But words do not come readily to me, alas! Believe that I feel it deeply; also that I look forward with delight to August,¹ when I shall have a chance of knowing you and Mrs. Geddes still better than I do now.

Will has, I know, told you how much I am interested in all the schemes; and how I hope I may be allowed to share in a little of the work.

With cordial greetings to Mrs. Geddes and yourself,

Gratefully and sincerely yours, | Elizabeth A. Sharp

ALS NLS, Geddes Collection

To Robert Murray Gilchrist, [May 28, 1895]

Murrayfield | Midlothain | (Tuesday)²

I return to London Tomorrow (Wednesday)

¹ Geddes invited Sharp to give a series of twelve lectures in August at his Summer School in Edinburgh. According to EAS, Sharp "was seized with a severe heart attack" during his first lecture ("Life & Art: Art & Nature: Nature"). He finished that lecture with great difficulty, canceled the remaining lectures, and repaired to an Inn across the Firth of Forth to recover while Mrs. Sharp stayed on at the flat they had taken for the month of August in Ramsay Gardens in Edinburgh "to keep open house for the entertainment of the students." See letter dated [early August, 1895] to J. Stanley Little and its footnote.

²Rutland House | Greencroft Gardens | So. Hampstead is printed on the stationery. Sharp told Gilchrist in the previous letter that he would be going back to London "somewhere about Whitsuntide," or a few days after May 26. The return addresses of that letter indicated he would be staying with the Geddes at Dundee on the nights of May 20 – 22 and leaving on May 23. This letter indicates Sharp has just come to Edinburgh overnight after spending a few days in the west of Scotland near Loch Fyne. Sharp returned to London on Wednesday May 29th, and he told Geddes on June 4th that he had spent four glorious days (May 17-20) at a remote place on Loch Fyne. His description of his experience in the west -- "the dream is over, etc." -- suggests he may have been with Edith Rinder during this brief interlude. This suggestion is supported by the ecstatic paganism and promise "to be good" in the letter to Geddes.

My dear Gilchrist,

Alas, the visit is impracticable this time — but may be made about the end of July possibly, if you are to be at Cartledge then. I (& my wife) have to be in Edinburgh all August — where, at University Hall, I have to give a course of ten lectures on “*Life & Art.*” Then in all September we’ll be at a remote & beautiful place in the West Highland, Tigh-na-Bruaich in the Kyles of Bute.

I have just come here (Murrayfield) from a most beautiful place, near Lock Fyne in Argyle. There, the Lord be praised, for a few days I have been swung across the frontiers of ordinary life into an existence of rainbows & moonlight & endless, impossible, hauntingly beautiful horizons. Now the dream is over — but the rainbow gold of it is for life! Don’t you think you could manage a week or so at Tigh-na-Bruich in September? There is a pleasant inn, where you could doubtless have comfortable & moderate accommodation (or a cheap lodging somewhere) & we could see something of each other.

My best remembrances to your mother & sisters, & know me ever your affectionate friend.

William Sharp

ALS Sheffield City Archives

To Patrick Geddes, June 4, 1895

4 June 95

I am grateful to you for all your solicitude about my health and welfare, cher ami. You are truly a good & loyal comrade as well as a dear friend.

As to ‘working the constituency’: yes, I’ll do what I can. If possible I’ll come to Edinburgh a little before the beginning of August. Thanks for the summarized conversation with MacCormick.¹ Be assured that all your arguments & advice have been, are being, & will be loyally pondered by me. My wife is touched & pleased by a letter you have written to her. I have not seen it, & can do no more than infer: but while I gladly accept the friendly intent as further proof of your affectionate friendship I am sorry you wrote exigently about my health — & particularly about my back. I was eager

¹Unable to identify.

that she should know nothing of a passing trouble — partly due to over strain & partly no doubt rheumatic.

I am now not only ever so much better, but full of energy & ardour. I had the most *glorious* weather in the West, and had a true sun-bath every day. Friday, Saty, Sunday, & Monday last I spent at one of my favourite remote places on Loch Fyne in Western Argyll. There I lived mentally, spiritually, & physically (excuse the unscientific specifications!) in rainbow-gold. All day from sunrise to midnight I was on the higher mountain slopes, or in the pine-woods (full of continuous solemn music with the north wind), or on the sea. On Sunday forenoon I rowed across (2 miles or so) to the uninhabitable rocky solitudes opposite (South of Ceann More) — went for a long glorious swim of about an hour! — lay naked in the sunlight below a pine on a mossy crag, & dreamed pagan dreams, & fell asleep, & had a wonderful vision of woodland lives unknown of men, and of a beautiful Child God, of which you will hear something from Fiona in due time — & wakened two hours later, still sun-bathed, tanned & burnt & midge-bitten — then another swim — then rowed across the loch again &, after tea etc., away up to the summit of a hill set against a marvellous vision of mountains & peaks & lofty ranges, which I have baptised with a Gaelic name meaning the Hill of the Beauty of the World — then watched the sunglow till 10 p.m. & came down thro' the dewy heather to the pinewoods, where I climbed into the branches of a great red brother & lay awhile listening to the wind, with its old-world wonder-song of the pines, & watching the moon sail upward.

I have come away with a sense of the sunflood through & through me: of magic rhythms and hints: of secret voices and cadences haunting-sweet: & with the almost passionate health & eagerness of that young Norse god who in sheer extravagance of joy wove the rainbows into a garland for the moment's mountain he made out of falling worlds.

All which dithyrambic exultation means I am well. I thank the Gods for life — for a swift pulse & red blood — and fever in the heart and brain —

and

But I'm going to be good, & to lecture, & to publish, & behave, & always love Mrs. Geddes & yourself —

To Frederick Shields, June 24, 1895

Rutland House | Greencroft Gardens | So. Hampstead | 24:6:95

My dear Shields

I want to introduce to you my friend, Mr. MacKenzie Bell (an intimate friend, also, of two whom you hold dear — our Dear Christina Rossetti, & Theodore Watts).

I want to do this, partly because Mr. MacKenzie Bell is anxious to make the acquaintance of one whose work he admires so much: partly that you, too, may meet a poet & man of letters and what is best of all a good fellow: & partly that he may chat to you about Christina Rossetti whose life (or rather a monograph on whose life-work — with some biographical detail) he has been commissioned to write.

With Greetings, | Ever yours affectionately, | William Sharp

ALS Yale

To Herbert Stuart Stone, [late June, 1895]

9. Upper Coltbridge Terrace | Murrayfield

Dear Mr. Stone

I thank you for your letter — the suggestions in which I endorse and will abide by. Yes: “*The Washer of the Ford*”¹ may stand over till February: a decision I should probably have come to even if you and Mr. Sharp (from whom I heard by the same post) had not urged it.

It will be all the better for keeping, and for the opportunities of close and repeated revision. There are in particular two things in this book (“Muime Chriosd” and “The Washer of the Ford”) which I think will attract more attention than anything I have done.

As to *Pharais*. Yes, I will abide loyally by my undertaking to give you first option in America of all my books. Please send me a line to say when you wish my revised and slightly altered (for copyright) copy to be delivered to you. Will it do if you

¹Fiona Macleod’s *The Washer of the Ford: Legendary Moralities and Barbaric Tales* (Chicago: Stone and Kimball, 1896).

receive it in Chicago before the end of August? If, however, you wish it earlier you can have it.

In writing about this, please add if the letter of terms as to "The Sin-Eater" volume still holds. I have not the letter at hand, but the undertaking was a 15% royalty on the published price of each copy sold. Kindly add if you confirm this: i.e., for America. I will send you duplicate typed copy (ready for press) by or before the end of July. As I told you, the book will be issued here by Patrick Geddes and Colleagues early in October: of course, the exact date will be fixed by mutual agreement later. The present stipulation on the part of P.G. & Colleagues is that I send in "The Sin-Eater" complete by or before end of July, when it will at once be sent to the printers, to be ready for issue in (say) first week of October.

I hope you will please me by accepting from me a copy of *The Mountain Lovers* on its shortly forthcoming publication by Mr. Lane, (who now awaits only a cable from Messrs. Roberts Bros. of Boston, who are printing the book in America.

Believe me, | Yours very truly, | Fiona Macleod

ALS Pierpont Morgan