

SECTION XXI

LIFE: 1901

After celebrating the New Year in Palermo, the Sharps crossed Sicily to Taormina where they stayed from mid-January until the end of February. They stayed initially at the Hotel Naumachia which has marvelous views of the bay of Naxos and Mt Etna. When word of Queen Victoria's death on January 22 reached Taormina, "an impressive memorial service was arranged by Mr. Albert Stopford, an English resident there, and held in the English Chapel of Sta. Caterina" (*Memoir*, 330-1). At this service the Sharps met Alexander Nelson Hood who came to figure prominently in their lives. Hood had accompanied his father — the Viscount Bridport in England and the Duke of Bronte in Italy — to the memorial service from his huge estate high on the northwestern slopes of Mt. Etna. In 1799 King Ferdinand IV of Southern Italy and Sicily gave that estate to Lord Nelson in appreciation for his intercepting the French fleet and saving his kingdom from Napoleon. King Ferdinand also made Nelson the Duke of Bronte, the name of the area and its largest town. Nelson did not survive to visit his Sicilian Duchy, but it passed, through the marriage of his niece, along with the title, to the Hood family which was headed by a succession of Baron Bridports and, as of 1874, the Viscount Bridport. Having served for forty years as the personal Lord in Waiting to the Queen, Bridport late in life spent the winter months on his Sicilian estate.

His son, the Honorable Alexander Nelson Hood, was attached to the household of the Duchess of York who became Queen Mary, but he lived mainly on the Bronte estate where he renovated the Castle and introduced farming methods that improved the condition of the people who depended on the estate for their livelihood. Since he had given the Duchy new life and restored it to profitability, Hood, who was the fourth son of the Viscount Bridport, inherited both the estate and the Italian title when his father died in 1904. Over the years, he entertained many British writers and artists at his Castello Maniace and in the villa he purchased and restored in Taormina. Since he never married and had no direct heirs, his title and the estate reverted when he died in 1937 to the Viscount Bridport and his heirs.

At the Queen's memorial service, Hood took an immediate liking to the Sharps, and a day or two later they left Taormina for their first visit "to that strange beautiful Duchy on Etna, that was to mean so much to us" (*Memoir*, 331). This was the first of five winters the Sharps spent some time with Hood at Maniace. Sharp died there on December 12, 1905. His grave in the estate's English cemetery was marked with an imposing Celtic cross, commissioned by Hood, which still towers over its lesser

neighbors. In the 1980s, the Hood family sold the land and gave the Castle complex with its wealth of Nelson memorabilia to the city of Bronte which operates it as a museum, the Castello Nelson.

After returning to Taormina, the Sharp's went south along the coast to visit Syracuse. There on February 7 he wrote a letter to Catharine Janvier which vividly conveys his joy in the beauty of the spring day and a performance at the hillside Greek theater:

Imagine our delight! And what a day it has been — the ancient Aeschylean theater crammed once more on all tiers with thousands of Syracusans so that not a spare seat was left — while three hundred young voices sang a version of one of the choral sections of "The Suppliants" of Aeschylus — with it il Principe [the Duke of Genoa and Admiral of the Fleet, brother of the late King] on a scarlet dais where once the tyrant Dionysius sat! Over head the deep blue sky, and beyond, the deep blue Ionian Sea. It was all too wonderful.

The warmth and beauty of Sicily restored the Sharps' physical and mental health, and they enjoyed socializing with the British elite who wintered in Taormina. With some misgivings, they left Sicily on the first of March for Florence where they stayed a month before returning to England.

Also on March first Sharp's sister, Mary Beatrice Sharp, who lived in Edinburgh with her mother and provided the Fiona Macleod hand writing, gave birth to a baby boy in London. Mary's oldest sister, Agnes Henderson Sharp, who lived in London, was with her in a nursing home at 76 Shepherd's Bush, Hammersmith. She named her baby Douglas and gave him up for adoption. He was raised by a family in the midlands, and it was only when as a young man he decided to immigrate to Canada and needed his birth certificate that he learned the identity of his birth mother whereupon he took the surname Sharpe, the final "e" perhaps having come from a mistake on the certificate. In 2004 Douglas Sharpe's son, Derek Michael Sharpe, shared this information and the documents to support it. He was living in Canada and interested in learning more about his grandmother and the Sharp family. Given the importance of his sister Mary in Sharp's life and especially in the continuation of the Fiona Macleod correspondence which was in turn, essential for maintaining the fiction of her separate identity, William and Elizabeth must have been very concerned about the progress of Mary's pregnancy and relieved when they learned she had delivered a healthy baby and that she herself had survived the birth in good health. Sharp's early poem "Motherhood" was only the first of many Sharp and, subsequently, Fiona Macleod writings about the agonies and dangers imposed upon women by pregnancies and childbirths. Some have suggested this concern may have had its origins in the eight children (six girls) born to his mother in

the twelve years following William's birth in 1855. It was certainly an early and continuing manifestation of the female personality, persona, or alternate self that became Fiona Macleod.

The last letter I have seen in Mary's Fiona handwriting in 1900 is dated October 20 and its return address is not hers in Edinburgh, but that of Lillian Rea, an American woman who worked as a literary agent in London. Sharp had employed Miss Rea off and on since 1896 to receive letters addressed to Fiona and type replies on sheets signed "Fiona Macleod" by Mary in order to lessen the delay of channeling all letters to and from Fiona through Edinburgh. The next letter in Mary's Fiona script, dated March 15, 1901, fifteen day after she gave birth, was addressed to David Munro, an editor of the *North American Review*, and mailed to him in the United States from London. Fiona explained she was delayed there by her health on her way to Scotland from Italy. A Fiona letter dated March 16 to Gertrude Page has surfaced only as a draft in Sharp's hand for Mary to copy. The sixteenth date in Sharp's hand is crossed out and "18th Mar" substituted by Mary in the Fiona hand. Since Fiona says in the letter she is writing from Florence, Sharp must have sent the draft to London for Mary to copy and return for him to mail in Florence. Managing the Fiona Macleod correspondence was complicated by Sharp's frequent movements from place to place and by the care necessary to avoid slip-ups that placed Fiona where someone would try to find her. In this case, Mary sent a Fiona letter in her handwriting to the United States from London, in which she said she was returning to Scotland via London from Florence, and another Fiona saying she was in Florence back to Florence for Sharp to mail there. This sequence placed Fiona in London and in Florence at the same time. The complications in explaining this strange sequence of locations and dates pale in the face of what must have been the complexities of managing it.

The main point illustrated by these two letters, however, is that Mary was sufficiently recovered in mid-March to copy at least two letters into the Fiona handwriting. Sharp, however, was making plans to conduct the Fiona correspondence from London after Mary returned to Edinburgh and he returned to London. Sometime between October and March Lillian Rea had closed shop and left England. In the March 18 letter to Gertrude Page, Fiona said her "most convenient letter address" was "c/o Mrs. Rinder | 11 Woronzo Road | St. John's Wood N.W." That is also the return address of Fiona's March 15th letter. As she had done before Edith Rinder had agreed to step into the breach temporarily and act as Sharp's Fiona Macleod's transfer agent in London.

The next Fiona manuscript letter I have seen is dated June first. It is entirely typed, and its font differs from those typed by Mary in Edinburgh. Unlike those letters, it contains no Fiona Macleod handwriting; even its signature is typed. It must have been typed by Edith Rinder, whose return address it contains. Having arranged for her baby's adoption and regained sufficient strength, Mary had returned to Edinburgh. By at least June 19, when she copied into the Fiona script and mailed from

Edinburgh a card to the American publisher Thomas Mosher, she had also returned to transcribing Fiona Macleod letters. A second lengthy Fiona letter to Mosher dated July 8 was typed by Mary since it contains not only Mary's Fiona Macleod signature but also a concluding note in her Fiona Macleod handwriting. Sharp was in London but about to leave for a month in the North of England. That typed letter carries the London return address of Edith Rinder, who Fiona identified as her "friend and literary-correspondent agent," and states that Mrs. Rinder would be "abroad" during August. Since Fiona would be in Derbyshire, Mosher should direct all correspondence to her in care of Murray Gilchrist, Sharp's good friend, at Cartledge Hall, his home near Sheffield in Derbyshire. Another long typed Fiona letter to Mosher dated the next day, July 9, has Gilchrist's home as its return address. The Sharps left London on or about July 9 and spent the rest of the month, as he told Edward Dowden in a letter of July 30, on a "Moor-Farm in Derbyshire." A Fiona letter to W. B. Yeats dated July 26 states specifically that he should cancel the "Miss Rea" address and write to her through "Mr. S." [Sharp] whose current address is the Spa House in Cowley, near Chesterfield. Chesterfield is near Sheffield which is not far from Cartledge Hall. Gilchrist knew Sharp was Fiona, and Sharp was nearby during most of July and early August to handle any Fiona correspondence that came his way. Fiona letters later in August have return addresses first in the West of Scotland where Mary vacationed with her mother and then their Edinburgh home.

Edith Rinder did not go abroad in August as she was otherwise occupied, having given birth on July 26 to a baby girl. Edith's pregnancy and the birth of her daughter were, like that of Mary's, a special concern for the Sharps. It has long been recognized that Edith Rinder played an essential role in the creation, emergence and sustainability of Fiona Macleod. Sharp's letters and writings – published and unpublished – during the 1890s read in the context of Elizabeth Sharp's *Memoir* make it abundantly clear that he and Edith Rinder were deeply in love with and dependent upon each other during most of that decade. Sharp frequently professed his need to be alone with Edith in a quiet country setting in order to write as Fiona. In 1896 he wrote to his wife that he owed to Edith his "development as 'Fiona Macleod' ... without her there would have been no 'Fiona Macleod'" (*Memoir* 222). Both William and Edith continued to love and respect their spouses and neither had any intention of leaving them. Their spouses accepted, perhaps condoned, their relationship as long as it did not result in divorce and as long as it enabled Sharp to continue writing as Fiona Macleod, writings essential to the Sharp's financial well-being. It is further apparent that their relationship, after a brief period of estrangement in 1901, evolved into a friendship that continued until Sharp died in 1905. By that time, as correspondence in 1904 and 1905 indicates, Sharp had found another young woman to love in a warm and exotic environment without losing his affection for and reliance upon his wife.

Given the closeness and interdependence of the relationship between the Sharps and the Rinders and given the fact that neither marriage had produced children, it is understandable that the Rinder's baby girl meant a great deal to both couples. William, during the four remaining years of his life, and Elizabeth thereafter demonstrated as they could their love and concern for the child. Sharp

left a beautiful lasting message for her in the dedication “To Esther Mona” of his retelling for her of the story of *Deidre and the Sons of Usna* which he wrote, fittingly, as Fiona Macleod and Thomas Mosher published as a book in 1903. The dedicatory message reads in part:

I shall have bent above the fading warmth and risen at last, cold, and gone away, when that little wandering heart of yours shall have become a woman’s heart; and so I do not know whether, if I were to look in it, I should see beyond the shaken reeds of the mind the depth-held star of the old passion of beauty, the old longing, the old enchantment. But I hope so. Are you not the child of her, that friend to whom I inscribed my first book; of whom, in its prefatory words, I wrote “we have loved the same things and in the same way . . . take, then, out of my heart, this book of vision and dream.” . . . So, little one, come in time to love these things of beauty [the old Gaelic myths such as the one he will tell in this book]. Lay your child’s heart, that is made of morning joy and evening longing, to that Mother-heart; and when you gather years, as now you gather the little white clan of the grass, it shall be well with you. And you, too, when your time is come, and you in turn pass on the mystery of life to another who will look up from your breast with eyes of still wonder and slowly shaping thought, forget not to tell that other to lay its child’s heart of morning joy and evening longing against a more ancient and dream-filled heart than that of any woman, that mother-heart of which I speak to you, the Heart of beauty.

The first Fiona Macleod book, *Pharais: A Romance of the Isles*, was dedicated to E.W.R. — Edith Wingate Rinder. Had Sharp lived long enough, he would have been immensely proud of her daughter Esther Mona — of her many accomplishments as a linguist, an artist, a wife, and a mother — and of the family she left behind when she died in 1993 at the age of ninety-one.

Another source of concern for Sharp during the summer and fall of 1901 was his involvement with W. B. Yeats in planning a Celtic Mystical Order, a project Yeats began in 1895. In 1897 Yeats became convinced that Sharp and the woman he knew as Fiona Macleod, were accomplished visionaries, and he invited them to join him and a few close friends (Maud Gonne, George Russell (AE), the Macgregor Mathers, and his uncle George Pollexfen) in an effort to produce the Order’s rituals. Behind this endeavor lay Yeats early attraction to Madame Blavatsky’s Theosophical Society and his subsequent membership in the Order of the Golden Dawn. Like many of his contemporaries, including William Sharp, he was seeking in a post-Darwinian age evidence for and contact with a spiritual realm. Those Yeats recruited to assist him were ardent spiritualists; Sharp had begun to experiment with spiritualism at least as early as 1892. Although he had joined The Order of the Golden Dawn, which meant so much for a time to Yeats, he was not an active member; he was less heavily disposed than Yeats to ritualistic spiritual orders. After joining forces with Yeats in 1897, however, he increased his efforts, sometimes assisted by drugs, to establish and maintain contact with spiritual forces. In May

1901 Yeats sent Sharp a letter with an enclosed draft, which he had “done in a very perfunctory way,” of the first rite, or initiation ritual, of the Celtic Mystical Order. He asked Sharp “to try to get a vision of the coming of the seven races,” the races which invaded Ireland in ancient times, and send the rite back with notes “as soon as possible.” He also wanted “Miss Macleod to try her hand at any point that may seem weak.” His goal was to “start” the Order with this first rite when he returned to London from Ireland in the fall, “and then go on Rite by Rite till the whole fabric is finished.” Not having heard from Sharp by late May, Yeats wrote to Fiona from Rosses Point near Sligo where he was staying with George Pollexfen. He reminded her about his draft for the first rite, which Sharp had shown her, and went on to describe his proposed sequence of the remaining rites or initiations. He had worked out the symbolism and proposed content and purpose of the seven rites, but “the great problem is structure, just as the great problem in a play is structure.” He wanted Fiona’s comments on what he had done because he thought her clairvoyant powers were greater than his own.

Sharp replied in a Fiona letter dated July 26 in which “she” wondered if Yeats would object to a complete reconstruction of the Rite since it seems as drafted to present “insuperable difficulty.” She warned Yeats to be very careful in November: “It is always a month of suffering and mischance for some of us and especially about the 21st (the seven days before or after).” Her friend – Sharp – was feeling especially vulnerable. He had recently had “five very singular visions, each unsought and abrupt.” One of these, she thought, was a warning from the realm of spirits: “Put the four cups of light about you in the seven and seven dark days of the month of the curlew (. . . i.e. November).” Whether or not that had any truth about it, which is doubtful, Sharp’s feelings of vulnerability would be entirely understandable. He had other matters on his mind and was trying to cover his inattention to Yeats’ Celtic project with invented mumbo jumbo. Yeats, on the other hand, was deadly serious. He responded quickly in a brief note to Sharp: he would not abandon the first rite, and he could not delay much longer its implementation. Once it is finalized and accepted, Sharp will find he is “much less attacked.” The ceremonies will be his “protection; that is indeed part of their purpose. A Rite woven into other Rites is a ceaseless invocation of strong protectors. Make a circle of light about the room before you begin & if you think well — this I got once studying Maud Gonne — set the 4 hosts of the Feann to guard the cardinal points.” For the time being Sharp should simply do whatever he could about the rite and protect himself from evil forces.

With this note to Sharp, Yeats enclosed a much longer letter to Fiona dated August 4 in which he dismissed her proposal to recast the first rite and suggested she start working on the second rite, which would be “The Mystery of the Cauldron.” He had been “instructed to work on the six initiations in order,” but a plan for the second rite, the “initiates of the cauldron,” had floated before him. The officers, or those conducting the initiation, would speak “as the prow, stern, rudder etc. of a symbolic ship, which is taking the candidate on his way.” The initiation would then change to “a purifying ceremony (the candidate standing symbolically in the stone vessel one sees in New Grange). I got the

ship from a ship in 'The Book of the Dead' & from a certain Irish peasant ceremony, said to have been obscene by the priests who put it down." [For a full and fascinating discussion of the rites and initiations described in this letter see *The Collected Letters of W. B. Yeats*, IV, 274 ff.] Since Fiona was "beyond comparison a greater clairvoyant," Yeats said he would gladly have her complete reworking of the first rite, "The Mystery of the Obligation." But that would take time, and it was necessary to move quickly, "to initiate certain people who I have in my mind into the Mystery of the Obligation this autumn." Given the time constraint, it would be better for Fiona and Sharp to focus on getting the details and the language for the second Rite, "The Mystery of the Cauldron." Yeats concluded by saying what he was really about in creating the Celtic Mystical Order: "I believe that there is a great contest going to come on here in a few years between the Church and the mystics. There have been some premonitory mutterings already. It is absolutely necessary to begin our organization at once." He was, he thought, engaged in creating a spiritualist movement that would rival and eventually replace Christianity and very specifically replace the Catholic Church which exercised great power over the minds and bodies of the Irish. Though Sharp was certainly interested in contacting the spirit world, replacement of the Christian religion, be it Roman, Irish, or British, was not his goal.

In the face of Yeats' sense of urgency, Sharp continued to procrastinate. In fact, he was losing interest in Yeats' Celtic Mystical Order and shifting his spiritualist interests toward those of his new friend, Doctor John Goodchild, whose geographical locus for spiritualist renewal was not in Ireland, but in the West of England in the area of Glastonbury. On October 31 Sharp, as Fiona, told Yeats she wished she could write on magical matters, but regretted it was not possible yet. "I have never known such continuity of hostile will, of which I am persuaded: and though, owing to the visionary power of our common friend [Sharp], much has been seen and overcome, and much seen and avoided, there is still something to avoid, something to overcome, and something to see." But soon, "possibly in this very month of November where the dark powers prevail (and if so, a double victory indeed!), that which has been impossible may become possible." All she could do now was send Yeats a copy of *From the Hills of Dream*, the new edition of her poetry recently published by Thomas Mosher in Maine. She described in some detail how this edition differed from that published by Patrick Geddes in 1896. It contained at the start of one section a lengthy dedication to Yeats, and that dedication would appear at the front of a projected new English edition of her poems, a project that did not see the light of day until 1907, after Sharp's death. She wanted Yeats' advice among three possible titles she was considering for the English edition. Having brushed quickly past the Celtic order, Sharp wanted Yeats' approval of the new poems in the new edition. It must have been clear to Yeats that Sharp's interest in his Order had waned.

On November 23 Sharp sent Yeats a Fiona note accompanying the Mosher reprint of her essay entitled "Celtic" which had been attacked by AE during the summer. She hoped Yeats would read the new prologue, and she hoped he had found "something to care for in the book I sent you and in what was addressed to you" (the dedication to Yeats in *From the Hills of Dream*). That reminder caused Yeats

to respond quickly with apologies for having taken so long to thank her for the book of poetry. Taking time to writing frankly and perceptively, Yeats said he had never liked her poetry as well as her prose, but “here and always you are wonderful maker of myths. They seem your natural mode of expression. They are to you what mere words are to others.” He encouraged her to strive for simplicity of language so “the myths stand out clearly, as something objective, as something well born & independent.” When she used elaborate words, she invented “with less conviction, with less precision, with less delicacy.”

To some extent I have an advantage over you in having a very fierce nation to write for. I have to make everything very hard & clear, as it were. ... You have in the proper sense far more imagination than I have & that makes your work correspondingly more difficult. It is fairly easy for me who do so much of my work by the critical, rather than the imaginative faculty to be precise & simple, but it is hard for you in whose mind images form themselves without ceasing & are gone as quickly perhaps.

When Fiona spoke in an obviously personal voice, Yeats wrote, she was “not that Fiona who has invented a new thing, a new literary method. You are that Fiona when the great myths speak through you.”

Yeats made no mention of the volume’s dedicatory note to him or to the controversial “Celtic” essay with a new preface he received from Fiona. Rather, he concluded by returning to his principal interest. He asked Fiona to send him any notes she had on the Celtic Rite because “there are places where I need the qualities of a different mind from mine.” Yeats’ carefully-crafted letter blends perceptive criticism with generous praise. He shared AE’s displeasure with the heightened rhetoric and frequent imprecision of some of the writings Sharp published as the work of Fiona Macleod. Unlike AE, he believed other writings, especially in prose, were valuable, indeed that Sharp as Fiona had “invented a new thing, a new literary method.” In some of her prose, “myth” was her “language” and the myths spoke directly through her. Although AE had warned Yeats directly and then through Lady Gregory in August 1900 that Sharp/Fiona should not be trusted with the secrets of the Celtic Mystical Order (*CLWBY*, II, 552 and IV, 978), Yeats ignored the warning. Despite the fact that Sharp was using some of the symbols and constructs of the incipient Order in his Fiona poetry and plays, Yeats continued to seek his assistance because he thought Fiona, whatever her relationship to Sharp, had an imagination and clairvoyant powers more insightful than his own.

Early in 1901 Sharp’s proposal to write an article on the poetry and prose of Theodore Watts-Dunton was accepted by the weekly magazine *Literature* whose editor wanted “an account and sympathetic appreciation.” Sharp submitted the article in June and said of it to Watts-Dunton in early

July: "I hope that what I have written will be just such a pronouncement as you would like. Fortunately, *Literature* now carries great weight with its large circulation." In fact, *Literature* was in dire straits, having descended into confusion following the unexpected death of its powerful editor, H. D. Traill, in February 1900. It soon combined with the *Academy* and survived for a time as the *Academy and Literature*. Sharp's article on Watts-Dunton never appeared, and Sharp told him on 10 February 1902 that he had heard nothing from the journal: "neither returned MS, nor payment, nor even acknowledgment of my letter." During the summer, Sharp's friend George L. Halkett, editor of the *Pall Mall Magazine*, accepted his proposal for an article on Watts-Dunton and his housemate at the Pines, Algernon Swinburne. He finished that article in Derbyshire in July, sent it for Watts-Dunton to review, and put it in final form for Halkett. Entitled "A Literary friendship: Mr. Swinburne and Mr. Watts-Dunton at the Pines," it appeared in the December number of the *Pall Mall*. In the Spring Sharp had gained, through Watts-Dunton, permission from Swinburne to prepare an edition of his poems for the Tauchnitz Collection of British Authors published by Baron Tauchnitz in Leipzig. That volume was published in October. Swinburne had given Sharp complete freedom to select and arrange his poems, but when he received a copy he wrote a letter to Sharp (*Memoir*, 336-7) with several complaints about both selection and arrangement.

Having spent most of July in Derbyshire near Murray Gilchrist, the Sharps, in early August, went to Kilcreggan in Argyll and remained there until mid-October. During the summer Sharp began corresponding frequently as Fiona Macleod with the publisher Thomas Mosher in Portland, Maine. A devotee of the arts and craft movement, Mosher carefully supervised over a long career the design and the physical qualities of hundreds of books, mostly reprints of works by British authors. Sharp's enthusiastic praise of Mosher's books in many Fiona letters was no doubt genuine; it was certainly well-deserved. Not surprisingly, there was also a financial motive. In Mosher Sharp finally found an outlet for the Fiona writings in the United States that had been lacking since the demise of Stone and Kimball in Chicago five years earlier. Over the next few years he took full advantage of his discovery. The December 1900 issue of Mosher's magazine, *The Bibelot, A Reprint of Poetry and Prose for Book Lovers*, had featured "Lyrics From the Hills of Dream," a selection from the book of Fiona poems published by Patrick Geddes and Colleagues in Edinburgh in 1896. During a visit to Edinburgh, Mosher had sought and received from Geddes permission to use the poems. In May 1901 Mosher proposed directly to Fiona an American edition of the entire collection, Fiona accepted, and Sharp proceeded to eliminate or rewrite some of the poems and add new ones. The book was published in September, 1901. Mosher devoted the November issue of his *Bibelot* to reprinting Fiona Macleod's "Celtic," the essay from *The Divine Adventure* AE had pilloried during the summer. Sharp wrote a new forward intended to ameliorate some of AE's concerns, and the essay carried a new title: "Celtic: A Study in Spiritual History." Mosher published eight more Fiona Macleod books during the four remaining years of Sharp's life – a total of ten – and seven more after he died. It was principally through the Mosher publications that Fiona Macleod gained a modest but devoted American readership in the early twentieth century.

After returning to London in mid-October, the Sharps made plans to spend December in Florence and then go south for another extended stay in Sicily. From January to mid-February they would be in Taormina and then they would spend a fortnight or so with Alexander Nelson Hood at his Castle Maniace near Bronte. Through Hood, Sharp had met the popular American novelist Marion Crawford who lived with his wife near Sorrento in Italy. Sharp wrote to say they would be happy to stop to see the Crawfords in Sorrento on their way south to Sicily. Then the December plans were canceled by illnesses, their own and, more seriously, that of Elizabeth's mother who required Elizabeth's constant presence at her bedside in her London home in Inverness Terrace.

While still in London in mid-December, Sharp drafted an interesting letter for Mary to copy and send to Thomas Mosher. In response to his request for a photograph of Fiona, Sharp had sent him a picture of Edith Rinder. In returning the picture to Fiona, as promised, Mosher asked her to allow him to publish it for Fiona's fans in America. Like others who had seen the picture, he was struck by the woman's beauty. Sharp's Fiona letter to Mosher of December 15 is an artful response to a reasonable request from someone whose favor he wanted to maintain. Asking him not to think her ungracious, she continued, "I am sure you know me well enough to be sure that neither a foolish 'fad,' nor still less any ungraciousness towards a request so natural and from one whose friendship I value, is responsible for my asking you not to press the point of my photograph." Were she to agree with his request, she would be under "continual subsequent nervous apprehension, in itself very bad for work and well-being." In fact, her recent illness was due to the "serious nervous drain" that affected her after she sent the picture to Mosher on loan. She hated to refuse him just as she had hated to refuse a similar request from George Meredith to whom Edith had been introduced as Fiona by Sharp and who thought she was one of the most beautiful women he had ever seen. Fiona promised Mosher he would surely have a photo when she died, or even earlier were she to decide later that the distance between Scotland and Portland was far enough to avoid "peril." Sharp did not tell Mosher the nature of the feared peril, that someone might recognize the woman in the photograph. Fiona Macleod, Sharp's greatest invention, remained to the end of his life a source of endless fabrication and constant anxiety.

While Elizabeth was confined to London with her mother, Sharp went to Hastings in mid-December to "convalesce." On the 19th he spent a delightful day in Rye with Henry James, enjoying, as he wrote to Mrs. Philpot, "the great pleasure of intercourse with that vivid brilliant and alive mind." On the 26th, he told Louise Chandler Moulton he would leave for Sicily in a week, going first to Bordighera, where his friend Doctor John Goodchild wintered, and then to Genoa where he hoped to meet Elizabeth and go on to Sicily for January and February. As it turned out, Elizabeth could not get away until the end of January when, her mother's health having improved, she joined her husband not in Genoa but in Taormina.

LETTERS: 1901

To Catherine Ann Janvier, January 25, 1901

Monte Venere, Taormina, | 25th Jan., 1901

Today it was too warm to work contentedly indoors even upon our little terrace with its superb views over Etna and the Ionian Sea — so at 9 a.m. Elizabeth and I, with a young painter-friend, came up here to a divine spot on the slopes of the steep and grand-shouldered Hill of Venus, bringing with us our writing and sketching materials and also fruit and wine and light luncheon. It is now about 3 p.m. and we have lain here for hours in the glorious warmth and cloudless sunglow — undisturbed by any sounds save the soft sighing of the sea far below, the fluting of a young goatherd with his black flock on a steep across a near ravine, and the occasional passing of a muleteer or of a mountaineer with his wine-panier'd donkeys. A vast sweep of sea is before us and beneath. To the left, under the almond boughs, are the broad straits which divide Sicily from Calabria — in front, the limitless reach of the Greek sea — to the right, below, the craggy heights and Monte Acropoli of Taormina — and, beyond, the vast slope of snow-clad Etna. . . .

I have just been reading (for the hundredth time) in Theocritus. How doubly lovely he is, read on the spot. That young shepherd fluting away to his goats at this moment might be Daphnis himself. Three books are never far from here: Theocritus, the Greek Anthology, and the Homeric Hymns. I loved them before: now they are in my blood.

Legend has it that near this very spot Pythagoras used to come and dream. How strange to think that one can thus come in touch with two of the greatest men of antiquity — for within reach from here (a pilgrimage to be made from Syracuse) is the grave of Aeschylus. Perhaps it was here that Pythagoras learned the secret of that music (for here both the sea-wind and the hill-wind can be heard in magic meeting) by which one day — as told in Iamblicus — he cured a young man of Taormina (Tauromenion) who had become mad as a wild beast, with love. Pythagoras, it is said, played an antique air upon his flute, and the madness went from the youth. . . .

I shall never forget the journey across Sicily. I forget if I told you in my letter that it had been one of my dreams since youth to read the Homeric Hymns and Theocritus in Sicily — and it has been fulfilled; even to the unlikeliest, which was to read the great Hymn to Demeter at Enna itself. And that I

did — in that wild and remote mountain-land. Enna is now called Castrogiovanni¹ — but all else is unchanged — though the great temples to Demeter and Persephone are laid low. It was a wonderful mental experience to read that Hymn on the very spot where Demeter went seeking — torch in hand, and wind-blown blue peplos about her — her ravished daughter, the beautiful Pherephata or Persephone. However, I have already told you all about that — and the strange coincidence of the two white doves, (which Elizabeth witnessed at the moment I exclaimed) and about our wonderful sunset-arrival in Greek Tauromenion. . . .

William Sharp

Memoir 328-9

To Theodore Watts-Dunton, [early] February, 1901

Hotel Naumachia | *Taormina* | Sicily | Feb/01²

My dear Aylwin

On the head of a letter from Baron Tauchnitz I am writing to you today from here, just before my return to Taormina, to ask you (if you are willing) to add any needed persuasion to my letter by same post to Mr. Swinburne with reference to the proposal to include in the Tauchnitz Series a “Swinburne” vol. akin to Hueffer’s “Morris” and the two Rossetti vols. I hope very much Mr. Swinburne will consent — for I know that apart from a large number of English-speaking people living abroad who would like to have a companion vol. to the much appreciated ‘Morris’ & ‘Rossetti’ vols, there are many French,

¹ In 1927 the town’s name reverted to Enna, its former name derived from the Seculian Henna. Enna is the legendary scene of the rape of Persephone and the center of the cult of her mother, Ceres or Demeter. It is the chief town of Enna Province and the most interesting inland town in Sicily for its historical significance, beautiful location, impressive churches, and other historical buildings, most of which survived the bombing during World War II.

² This letter was written on the Duke of Bronte’s stationery: a crown and Bronte | Sicily are printed at the top center of the first sheet. Sharp wrote the letter at the Duke’s Castello Maniace shortly before returning to Taormina.

Russian, Scandinavian, German and other students of our literature for whom a Tauchnitz volume is practically the sole opportunity.¹

I hope you are well & hard at work — above all in that work in which your self most reflects itself. What a dreary winter it has been in England, apart from the great sorrow of the Queen's death.²

We had a delightful late autumn in Provence, & there & since I worked at & finished my long article on Modern Provençal literature, for the 'Quarterly'. It has now been typed, but not yet revised & despatched. (By the way, did you get our little Christmas greeting?)

We have had a wonderful time in Sicily since Christmas — at Palermo, Syracuse, and Taormina. Prof. Butcher³ is the nearest Literary neighbor we have here — but we have many other friends, including our present host Lord Bridport (here the Duke of Bronte).⁴

¹ Baron Tauchnitz published in Leipzig, Germany editions of selected writings of British and American authors. They included introductory essays and were intended primarily for English speaking readers living in Germany and other non-English-speaking countries and for others whose native language was not English but who wanted to read the works in English rather than in translation. Swinburne did consent to the volume, which was published in early October 1901 as *Selections of Poems by A. C. Swinburne*, selected and arranged and with an introduction by William Sharp (Leipzig: Tauchnitz, 1901).

² Queen Victoria died on 22 January 1901.

³ Born in Dublin, Samuel Henry Butcher (1850–1910) was a classical scholar whose many publications included, in collaboration with Dr Andrew Lang, a prose translation of *Homer's Odyssey* (1879). He was one of the two Members of Parliament for Cambridge University between 1906 and his death.

⁴ This was the first of several visits by the Sharps to the Castle Maniace, the Viscount Bridport's residence on his large estate on the western slopes of Mount Etna. Sharp died there on December 12, 1905, and he is buried on the grounds under a Celtic cross. See the introduction to this section of letters for additional information about the Duke and Duchy of Bronte.

We remain here (Taormina) till the end of February, & on 1st March leave for Florence, arriving there about the 5th or 6th, probably to take rooms there for about six weeks.

With all affectionate remembrances (in which my wife asks to join)

Ever Sincerely Yours | William Sharp

ALS British Library

To Catherine Ann Janvier, February 7, 1901¹

Casa Politi, | Strada Dionysio, | 7th Feb, 01

I must send you at least a brief line from Syracuse — that marvellous ‘Glory of Hellas’ where ancient Athens fell in ruin, alas, when Nicias lost here the whole army and navy and Demosthenes surrendered by the banks of the Anapus — the Syracuse of Theocritus you love so well — the Syracuse where Pindar heard some of his noblest odes sung, where Plato discoursed with his disciples of New Hellas, where (long before) the Argonauts had passed after hearing the Sirens singing by this fatal shore, and near where Ulysses derided Polyphemus — and where Aeschylus lived so long and died.

It seems almost incredible when one is in the beautiful little Greek Theatre up on the rising ground behind modern Syracuse to believe that so many of the greatest plays of the greatest Greek tragedians (many unknown to us even by name) were given here under the directions of Aeschylus himself. And now I must tell you of a piece of extraordinary good fortune. Yesterday turned out the superbest of this year — a real late Spring day, with the fields full of purple irises and asphodels and innumerable flowers, and the swallows swooping beneath the multitudes of flowering almonds. We spent an unforgettable day — first going to the Castle of ancient Euryalos — perhaps the most wonderful I have ever known. Then, in the evening, I heard that today a special choral performance was to be given in the beautiful hillside Greek Theatre in honour of the visit of Prince Tommaso (Duke of Genoa, the late King’s brother, and Admiral of the Fleet). Imagine our delight! And *what* a day it has been — the ancient Aeschylean theatre crammed once more on all its tiers with thousands of Syracusans, so that not a spare seat was left — while three hundred young voices sang a version of one

¹ In his early February letter to Watts-Dunton, Sharp implied they visited Syracuse on Sicily’s southeast coast on their way from Palermo to Taormina. If EAS’s dating of this letter is correct, the Sharp’s traveled from Taormina to Syracuse and back to Taormina in early February.

of the choral sections of “The Suppliants” of Aeschylus — with it il Principe on a scarlet dais where once the tyrant Dionysius sat! Over head the deep blue sky, and beyond, the deep blue Ionian sea. It was all too wonderful. . . .

William Sharp

Memoir 329-30

To David Munro, March 15, 1901¹

C/o. Mrs. Rinder | 11 Woronzow Road | St. John’s Wood | London | 15th March.1901

Dear Mr. Munro.

Ill health has prevented my sending you before this my promised article on “*The Irish Muse*” (à propos of the recent publication of Mr. Stopford Brooke’s and Mr. Rolleston’s important Irish Anthology) — which I have tried to make at once as significant and widely interesting as I could.² It has caused me much time and thought, and will I hope please you and Mr. Harvey.

If you should find it overlong, even by putting the verse and other quotations in small and close type, you may delete whatever you choose between pp. 26-34 inclusive, or elsewhere if desired. As I am still delayed by my health from returning to Scotland, and so, too, from work — and have given all

¹ David Alexander Munro (1844-1910) was born in Scotland, graduated from Edinburgh University in 1872, and settled in New York where he worked for many years as a literary editor at Harpers Brothers and pursued the study of Greek literature. He became Manager of the *North American Review* in 1889, Editor in 1896, and Assistant Editor in 1899 when the *Review* was purchased and edited by Colonel George Harvey. Munro contributed articles frequently to the *New York Times* and was highly respected for his writing and for the warmth of his personality in New York literary circles of the Gilded Age.

² “The Irish Muse” was an article occasioned by the publication of *A Treasury of Irish Poetry in the English Tongue* edited by Stopford Brooke and T. W. Rolleston with a lengthy introduction by Brooke (Macmillan: London and New York, 1900). Fiona Macleod’s article did not appear in the *North American Review* until the issues of November and December, 1904. In the meantime, that periodical published in October 1902 Fiona Macleod’s “The Later Work of W. B. Yeats.”

my energy of late to this article — it will greatly oblige me if you could kindly remit to me for it, after you have read it, at your earliest convenience.

With cordial regards | Believe me, yours very truly | Fiona Macleod

ALS NYU, Fales Library

To: Mrs. Gertrude Page,¹ March 18, 1901

Florence | 18th March, 1901

My dear unknown friend

You must forgive a tardy reply to your welcome letter, but I have been ill, and am not yet strong. Your writing to me has made me happy. One gets many letters: some leave one indifferent; some interest; a few are like clear and familiar voices speaking in a new way, or as from an obscure shore.

¹This letter is transcribed from the draft written by Sharp and dated March 16th in Florence. The 16th is crossed through and “18th March” is substituted in the Fiona Macleod handwriting of Mary Sharp. EAS printed portions of the letter in her *Memoir*, 331-2. Gertrude Eliza Page (1872-1922) became a very popular writer of light dramatic novels. She married in 1902, and two years later the couple moved to Rhodesia where they eventually acquired land and developed a prosperous ranch. After writing five novels that found no publisher, her sixth, *Love in the Wilderness*, was published in 1907. Seventeen more novels, some written before 1907 others set in Rhodesia, appeared in the next fifteen years. Her most successful novel was written shortly after her marriage and set in her husband’s native Armagh, Northern Ireland. Titled *Paddy the next Best Thing*, it was published in 1908 and sold over 300,000 copies. It was transformed first into a long running play at London’s Savoy Theater and then into a successful movie starring Janet Gaynor as Paddy. In her teens, Gertrude Page filled her stories with long words and longer sentences, but later she developed an easy narrative style. Sharp’s overblown response to her fan letter suggests her style and sensibility had not been pared by that date. Although the letter is addressed to an “unknown friend,” Gertrude Page included in her letter to Fiona her name and return address, which Sharp reproduced as mailing instructions to Mary Sharp at the top of his draft. He had no idea who Gertrude Page was in 1900, but Elizabeth knew well who she was when she wrote the *Memoir* and probably retained the “unknown friend” salutation to avoid invasion of privacy.

Yours is of the last. I am glad to know that something in what I have written has coloured anew your own thought, or deepened the subtle music that you yourself hear — for no one finds the colour of life and the music of the spirit unless he or she already perceive the one and love the other. Somewhere in one of my books — I think in the latest, “The Divine Adventure,” but at the moment cannot remember — I say that I no longer ask of a book, is it clever, or striking, or is it well done, or even is it beautiful, but — out of how deep a life does it come? That is the most searching test. And that is why I am grateful when one like yourself writes to tell me that intimate thought and emotion deeply felt have reached some other and kindred spirit.

Have you read “*The Divine Adventure*” — though by that I mean rather the section in it called “Iona” (or as it appeared serially, in the *Fortnightly*)? If so, you may care to know that all that is ‘reminiscent’ there is truly of myself, & with but slight and non essential variations in name & locality.

I am writing to you from Florence. You know it, perhaps? The pale green Arno, the cream-white, irregular, green-blinded, time-stained houses opposite, the tall cypresses of the Palatine garden beyond, the dove-grey sky, all seem to breathe one sigh..... *La Pace! L’Oblío!*

But then — life has made those words ‘Peace,’ ‘Forgetfulness,’ very sweet for me. Perhaps for you this vague breath of another Florence than that which Baedeker describes might have some more joyous interpretation. I hope so. Perhaps you are older, perhaps younger than I — but one may feel old when the world looks on one as young, as, with happy lives, one may feel young when one is old.

If you care to write to me again at any time — & I would like to know that you get this letter, as several letters of mine recently have gone astray, probably because I could not see to them myself — my most convenient letter address is c/o Mrs. Wingate Rinder | 11 Woronzow Road | London N W.

If you *do* write again, tell me if you are married or unmarried, and anything else you care — for I would like to number you among my friends and to put some colour and contour into the likeness of the friendly voice that has generously spoken.

You are right in what you say, about the gulf between kindred natures being less wide than it seems. But do not speak of the spiritual life as “another life”: there is no ‘other’ life: what we mean by that is with us now. The great misconception of Death is that it is the only door to another world.

Believe me, | Your friend, | Fiona Macleod

Draft ALS in NLS

To Theodore Watts-Dunton, [late April? 1901]

Sunday | Wharnclyff | Chorleywood | Herts

I have not heard from you yet (as to Chatto), but suppose it is all right, & that I can now write to Tauchnitz.¹

Have written to Editor of "Literature" (but I must say that I don't like the style, in any sense, of the 'Henley' — besides, as I think, its exaggerated estimate of Henley).²

Yours Ever Affectionately | William Sharp

ALS Brotherton Library, University of Leeds

To Theodore Watts-Dunton, May 19, 1901

Wharnclyff | Chorleywood | (Herts) | Sunday | 19/5/01

My Dear Watts-Dunton,

I have had a satisfactory reply from the Ed. of *Literature*: "I sh^d. be much obliged if you would, as you suggest, write on Watts-Dunton. What we want may perhaps be described as 'an account, & sympathetic appreciation,' of an author's literary work. But we are anxious in no case to do more than that, or to sacrifice an attitude of independent criticism."³

¹ Chatto & Windus Ltd. was Swinburne's publisher in England. See note to early February letter to Watts-Dunton regarding Sharp's editing of the Tauchnitz edition of Swinburne's poems.

² Sharp is referring to an article on Watts-Dunton's poetry and prose he proposed to the editor of *Literature*. See his 19 May 1901 letter to Watts-Dunton

³ Sharp completed the article and submitted this article, but it never appeared. Henry Duff Traill (1842-1900) edited *Literature*, a publication of the London *Times*, from its beginning in 1897 until his early and unexpected death in February 1900, following which the weekly was beset by confusion until in 1902 it combined with the *Academy* to become the *Academy and Literature*, which itself proved an unstable marriage. In a letter to Watts Dunton dated 10 February 1902, Sharp said he had heard nothing from *Literature*, "as it was," or the *Academy* about the article — "neither returned MS, nor payment, nor even acknowledgment of my letter."

Can you send me. Or direct me to, any adequate & exact chronological record of your work etc.? Please do, with the loan of anything else that would serve.

I'm unfortunately not very well at present, & under special treatment, or instead of writing would have run out to see you: as it is, the inevitable going into town once or twice in the week is more than enough for me. I have also (this morning) heard from Baron Tauchnitz. I am very glad indeed, every way, to say that he accedes to my suggested terms. (By the way, it was £30 that was finally paid to Mr. Hueffer for each of the vols. he edited — & Baron T. adds "this price has proved to be in accordance with the results of the sale of the said vols. in our edition." However, he adds, "though it would otherwise be natural to offer the same terms for 'Rossetti' and 'Morris,' I will accept your proposal.")

He concludes: — "As soon as I hear from you that everything is now right, I will send you the usual contract forms" — adding "Pray give my best regards to Mr. Watts-Dunton as well as to Mr. Swinburne, and tell them that I am proud now to be able to put the name of the greatest living English poet on our list of publications." With reference to the 'contract forms' alluded to — I *presume* they will be such as I can sign all right — but if they sh^d involve any *explicit statement* as to Mr. Swinburne's generous consent to this Tauchnitz edⁿ *en ligne* with the 'Rossetti' & 'Morris,' what am to do? Do you think you could in any case prevail upon Mr. Swinburne to write the briefest line — *or to sign one written to you, saying simply "I consent to the preparation of a Tauchnitz vol. of selections from my poetical writings."*

I hope you can do this.

For the rest, I will in every respect do my utmost to fulfill well both the explicit & implicit trust reposed in me.

In haste, Yours ever, | William Sharp

P.S. I hope you may be able to let me hear from you on both matters at your earliest convenience.

ALS Brotherton Library, University of Leeds

To Thomas Mosher, May 31, 1901

c/o Mrs. Rinder | 11 Woronzow Road | St. John's Wood N. W. | Friday night¹

Dear Mr. Mosher,

I have only to-night received (on my delayed arrival in Midlothian on a visit) your letter of the 11th, (May, 1901) inst — for which, and its kindly expressions about my work, pray believe you have my thanks. I regret a lost pleasure, in the missing you — but, as a matter of fact, I am only rarely now on the East Coast, and except a periodical visit to friends still more rarely in or near Edinburgh.

I know your always dainty and sometimes beautiful little editions: and it gives me pleasure that you should wish to bring out "From the Hills of Dream,"² and the more so as my now many friends in America find it almost impracticable to procure it — (I think all my other books, save the latest, "The Divine Adventure," are in American editions) — and I am often written to enquiringly.

And I am glad, too, that you have not bought the sheets of the Edinburgh edition, but intend to print and produce in your own way — I trust the smallest practicable format, urging from my own preference.

The honorarium I would leave to your own good will and discretion, were it not that both for your sake and my own I would rather incur some editorial labour, not of revision but of omission and addition. There are some poems I do not wish to reprint: and there can be nothing but gain to an American edition in [the] cancelling (the) of what a maturer aft would rather ignore. There are some poems I should be willing to add. This would give you a copyright American edition. But as among these

¹ "June 1, 1901" is written at the top right of the first typed page in a script that is not Fiona's and may be Edith Rinder's. The first of June was a Saturday in 1901 so the letter was probably typed on Friday, May 31 and mailed on the first.

² Thomas Mosher (Portland, Maine) published Fiona Macleod's *From the Hills of Dream: Threnodies, Songs, and Other Poems* in his Old World Series in September 1901. It differed considerably from the first edition published by Patrick Geddes in Edinburgh in 1896. Mosher had worked out with Patrick Geddes during a visit to Edinburgh an agreement to publish another edition of the poems in America. The substantial changes made a U. S. copyright possible. The Introduction to this section of letters contains more information about Sharp's relations with Mosher.

are some unpublished poems — and as all I write, slight in output as that ‘all’ is, is well paid (by the way, if any poems of mine appear in Harper’s during the next few months, these specially commissioned poems . . . a sequence of mine . . . must not be included) I think I do not over-estimate my time and other interests — my verse I certainly do not — if I suggest to you a payment of (for the revised, part cancelled and re-arranged and augmented “From the Hills of Dream”) Twenty-five Pounds (£25).¹

I am glad that what has “so deeply impressed” you, as one of my readers to whom I most care to appeal, is what, of my own verse, my own surety confirms.

I shall await hearing from you before I do anything in the matter: but if an agreement be come to there shall be no needless delay in preparation of what would in a sense be a special edition.

You would, of course, courteously send me some copies on publication?

The address at the head of this letter is my best literary-correspondence address, of which please take note.

Believe me, dear Sir | Yours very truly, | Fiona Macleod

P. S. It would please me to have one or two copies of the Bibelot reprints of my verse to which you allude, and of which I have heard from correspondents

TLS NYPL, Berg

To North American Review, June 10, 1901

c/o Mrs. Rinder | 11. Woronzow Road | London N. W. | 10th June, 1901

Dear Sir,

A hurried acknowledgment to catch the mail. The dft. for £20 kindly sent in advance by Mr. Munro’s direction duly to hand, and receipt herewith.²

¹ Someone, perhaps Mosher, wrote at the bottom of the last sheet “^{1/2} on re’d MS. | ½ on book being pld.”

² This note acknowledged payment for “The Later Work of W. B. Yeats” which appeared in the *North American Review* in October 1902 (473-85). It was included later as “The Shadowy

Yours very truly | Fiona Macleod

ACS Wellesley College

To Thomas Mosher, June 19, 1901

June 19, 1901 | Edinburgh

Dear Mr. Mosher

Many thanks for your letter, which Mrs. Rinder immediately forwarded to me. I shall endeavor to send you complete copy within about a week from now — certainly without a day's unnecessary delay, both for your sake and my own, as I may be moving about in the remoter parts of the Hebrides in the later autumn and would like to receive and "pass" all proofs at as early a date as practicable.

F. M.

ACS NYPL, Berg

To Richard Garnett, June 23, 1901

Wharncliffe | Chorleywood | 23/June/01

My dear Garnett,

My delay in response to the friendly & welcome present of your new book¹ is due first to temporary absence, & then to a gradual because delighted reading of your beautiful verse. Some of the sonnets are of course old friends (their flavour all the finer I find) — and in particular that on "Age" — which ever since I came upon it when compiling my Sonnet Treasury I have always considered the finest poetic utterance on "the common doom" in our language — so far as I know, in any modern language. I think that after "Age" I rank 'Brevity', which both Emerson and Meredith might have been proud to

Waters" in Fiona's *The Winged Destiny, Studies in the Spiritual History of the Gael* (London: Chapman and Hall, 1904). See Fiona letter to David Munro of March 15, 1901.

¹ *The Queen and Other Poems* (London and New York: John Lane, 1901).

write. But between the splendid “Torches of Love & Death” and the delightful “Sonnet Concert” there is enough of enduring charm and art-won thought to make this little book always treasurable. I value it for the giver’s sake, and old friendship, and now shall always value it for its own beauty & distinction.

Ever cordially yours | William Sharp

ALS University of Texas at Austin

To Theodore Watts-Dunton, [July 5, 1901]

Wedny Night

My Dear Alwyn

The only possible time this week or next is on Friday evening this week. But could you make it early, at 7 at latest, & excuse me if I don’t stay late — as I am under pressure this week-end. As a good place to have room to sit quietly `a deux, & to chat over coffee &c., may I suggest the Café Monico as probably most convenient for you as well as for me.

Please let me have a line, fixing.

Literature said it would do its best, but perforce had to restrict length of article on account of next issue being already mostly in type, & because of U.S.A.

I suppose it was for this reason also that the “leading” was not their largest but second largest. I wrote to complain of this, & Traill I see is back, for I recd. the enclosed.

I hope that what I have written will be just such a pronouncement as you would like. Fortunately, *Literature* now carries great weight with its large circulation.¹

¹ In late April or early May, Sharp proposed to the Editor of the weekly magazine *Literature* an article on the poetry and prose of Watts-Dunton, and Sharp told Watts-Dunton in a letter of May 19 that *Literature* had responded positively. He proceeded to write the article with information provided by Watts-Dunton. Here he tells Watts-Dunton that the editors had restricted the size of the article. Sharp’s “Traill I see is back” is strange in that H. D. Traill, formerly the Editor of *Literature*, died on February 20, 1900. The current editor of *Literature* must have replied to Sharp’s complaint about the restrictions with a note on Traill’s left-over stationery or a form letter from the dead Traill. Either signals the confusion that descended on *Literature* following Traill’s death and of its imminent marriage with the *Academy*. The article

Ever affectionately yours, William Sharp

ALS Brotherton Library, University of Leeds

To Thomas Mosher, July 5, 1901

Friday 5th July/01

Dear Mr. Mosher,

I have unavoidably been delayed in the dispatch to you of completed 'copy' by this mail as I had hoped — in part because the revision, additions, and re-arrangement etc., have taken me much longer than I anticipated. I hope, however, to dispatch complete 'copy' by registered post by next mail, leaving here on Monday, when also I shall write. Meanwhile in haste

F. M.

ACS NYPL, Berg

To Thomas Mosher, 8th July, 1901

c/o Mrs. Rinder | 11 Woronzow Road | London N. W. | 8th July, 1901

Dear Mr. Mosher,

By this mail I have sent you from Edinburgh per registered book-post (the post-people tell me it is absolutely as safe, and that there would be about 10/ difference!) the complete 'copy' of the much revised, rearranged, here cancelled and here augmented new edition of *From the Hills of Dream*.

I do not know the limits in length of your "Old World Series," but presume you knew the length of my book when you asked for it. Although I have cancelled some 19 or 20 poems, and the whole of the end-section "The Silence of Amor," the book is now rather longer than before: though in every way I

was never published. Concurrently, Sharp was writing an article on Watts-Dunton and Swinburne which was published in the *Pall Mall Magazine* in December, 1901.

hope a much better book. In case, however, you wish to bring it down by say 25 pp. I add overleaf a Note of what could be cancelled, if really necessary.

You need not use the end-pages with quotations from Mr. Yeats and others about the "Hills of Dream" etc, unless you wish.

I think you will see that I have very greatly improved the book, having made it more organic, and also brought into more prominence the section that has most deeply impressed so many people. (That is why I added, for your consideration, the end page with Mr. Yeats' (a known severe and reticent critic) emphatic statement about "The Prayer of Women").

In a word, "From the Hills of Dream" is now practically a new book, for either American or English purchasers, and of course gives you absolute American copyright.

After much consideration, as I wished to make this edition worthy of the honour you do it and of its beautiful format, I decided to get back from Harper's the poems of which I spoke to you, with an offer at some later date to substitute something else (and probably, too, more suited for magazine publication). This request was acceded to, though for many months, at least, I must stand a loser in some £40 — and so I am able to add them to this edition, thus giving the book a finality it would not otherwise have had.

I do not of course suggest that this sacrifice of a large payment should be taken into consideration by you with respect to the sum you agreed to pay me, but I think that perhaps you may be willing to meet me thus far, namely by sending to me, over and above the promised author's copies, say 25 copies of the book on publication. In a sense I have no right to suggest this, as the sacrifice, for this edition's sake, is my own doing, and you are content without it. So I do not press the point but only lay it before your friendly courtesy. I hope you may accede, as I cannot afford to buy copies and yet would like to send copies to many distinguished friends, who from Mr. George Meredith to the youngest have been so deeply interested in my work in verse.

You say in your letter of 16th June "I shall see that you get copies of the book as soon as ready (6, or more if you desire them)." Will you let these author's copies stand at 10, then, please: irrespective of the foregoing. (Apart from private copies I find that I owe over 30 "return-courtesies" to nearly all my distinguished contemporaries!) Later I will send you one or two names of influential literary people in New York who will, I know, write specially on the book on its appearance. I do not think I have much more to add to this long letter, save the following points: —

(1) PROOFS (A) Please send these in duplicate.

(B) As my friend and literary-correspondence agent etc. Mrs. Rinder, will be abroad during August, and as at the end of July and during August I shall be visiting in Derbyshire, will you kindly direct that Proofs (and all other communications) during *August* be addressed thus

Miss Macleod | c/o Robt. Murray Gilchrist Esq. | Cartledge Hall |

HOLMESFIELD | by Sheffield / (England)

(2) You say you will send half the sum agreed upon, (12-10/ -0) on receipt of 'copy,' and the other £12-10-0 on my completion of proofsheets corrections. I am of course quite agreeable to this, but would only point out one advantage in my having the cheque complete on the first occasion, namely that I could safely receive it while in Derbyshire; and that from the last week in August and for the first three weeks of September I expect to be moving about (yachting) in the Hebrides, with too many chances of lost or seriously delayed correspondence. But this is only a consideration to be pointed out: I leave the matter entirely to your discretion.

(3) As to a Frontispiece-portrait — I must say "no," both from personal preference and for other reasons — but the less reluctantly as I infer from your kindly-put words that this is a matter you leave wholly to the author to decide. I have personally a very great dislike to publicity . . . but apart from this always dislike a frontispiece portrait. The only true portrait is in the spirit which informs the book.

Again thanking you for your courtesy throughout and all your kind expressions,

Believe me, dear Mr. Mosher, | Very truly yours | Fiona Macleod

TLS NYPL, Berg

To Thomas Mosher, July 9, 1901

Temporary Address (till mid-August at any rate) | Miss Macleod |
C/o Robt. Murray Gilchrist | Cartledge Hall | Holmesfield. | by Sheffield |

9th July, 1901

Dear Mr Mosher¹

¹ This letter was produced on the same typewriter used for other typed Fiona letters of this period. Unlike the others, it is single-spaced and somewhat sloppy in punctuation and other details. That suggests a typist other than the meticulous Mary Sharp.

After perusal of your charming catalogue, it has occurred to me that for one or other of your series you might care to consider one at any rate of the following suggestions.

With two exceptions all my books have been reprinted in the States — probably the early romance *Pharais* (in which *The Rune of Women* first appeared), *The Sin-Eater*, and *The Washer of the Ford* (issued by Stone & Kimball, or Herbert S. Stone & Co.) having gone the best. I know nothing of how *The Dominion of Dreams* (F. Stokes & Co.) has gone, though here it is in its fourth edition. My most recent and nature book, “*The Divine Adventure: Iona: and Other Studies in Spiritual History*” was not, however, separately issued in America: partly because Messrs Chapman & Hall (who brought it out in a format internally and externally designed by myself, that has been much admired) did not wish to delay publication, and partly no doubt because the contents were not “popular fiction.” There is nothing of mine that is at once so individual, so autobiographical, and that I would prefer to see in the hands of those who care for my writings, as the long “essay,” a small book in itself, called “*Iona*.” To quote the Motto I will use in the next edition or any reprint — from one of my favorite books, *Sesame and Lilies*¹ — “This is the best of me: for the rest I ate and drank, and slept, loved and hated, like another; my life was as the vapour, and is not; but this I saw and knew: this, if anything of mine, is worth your memory.”

Of the titular piece, “*The Divine Adventure*,” much was written in the press and literary reviews when it first appeared in the *Fortnightly Review*, and afterwards in book-form. Some of my readers rank it as the best thing I have done: others do not like the realism of the method of this study in the profoundest of all psychological problems: the ‘general reader,’ I fancy, either thought the author next thing to Mad, or the ‘*Adventure*’ unreadable — or both!

I can form absolutely no opinion as to whether “*The Divine Adventure*” would or would not reach even a limited American public. It was, I remember, declined by the Editor of Harper’s with the remark that no magazine in any country would venture to print it — immediately after which it was accepted by the *Fortnightly*, and there attracted much and certainly not unfavorable comment.

But I do think that “*Iona*” would go well as a separate publication. A great deal has been written about it here, both during its appearance in two or three sequent issues of the *Fortnightly*, and in book-form. Apart from all else that I have tried to make it, it is the most autobiographical and reminiscent of my writings.

¹ Mosher published an edition of John Ruskin’s *Sesame and Lilies* in 1900.

If I cannot get a copy in Edinburgh today, I will ask Mrs. Rinder to obtain and send you a copy of the book — which in any case I would like you to accept from me. I enclose the only three notices I chance to have by me, found in my own copy: one written by the Editor himself

in 'The Outlook,' the other by Mr. W. L. Courtney in the Telegraph: the third in the influential Spectator. Please do not fail to let me have these back.

I would like also to ask your opinion on another matter. Some time ago someone, in Boston if I remember rightly, wanted me to add a few pieces to the series of prose poems called "The Silence of Amor," in the original *From the Hills of Dream* (but now cancelled, as out of keeping with a volume of verse): and so enable a small volume, either unillustrated or to be illustrated, to be brought out. I was too unwell at the time to pay heed to the matter, and "for the time being" declined to accede to the suggestion. You have the original edn. of *From the Hills of Dream* and can judge: do you think it would be well to bring out a "Silence of Amor" (augmented and revised for copyright)? If so would you object to another firm's bringing it out (as part of the original "Hills of Dream")? If perchance you wished to have it yourself I should of course concur: but even if not, I should not like to do anything that might clash with the book of mine you are now bringing out. Or do you think the "Silence of Amor" had best be left in silence?

And now one more suggestion for your consideration — in connection with the only other book of mine that has not been reprinted in America. This book, in any reissue, I should call *Old Tales Retold* or else *Heroic Tales of the Gael*. The book was published as a Christmas book under the title "The Laughter of Peterkin" — a hopeless misnomer, and with much superfluous setting. The gist of the book consists of the three favourite Gaelic heroic tales, retold by me: the famous tale of Deirdre and the Sons of Usna (my play of "The House of Usna" was performed in London) — the Tale of the Heroical Quest of the Sons of Turenn — and the Tale of the Swan-Children of Lir: the first and last, in particular, in their Gaelic originals, having been loved by every generation of Irish and Scottish Gaeldom for over a thousand years. I have often wished to see these 'Heroic Tales,' in my retelling, issued properly, that is by themselves and severed from their superfluous and worse than useless "setting" and misleading and absurd title. If this should make an overlong book for any of your series, would you care for "Deirdrê" alone?

Deirdrê (in Scottish Gaelic Deirthrê, and Darthool) is the "Helen of Troy" of Gaelic Legend: and my retelling — I think the fullest, and most authentic — has been accepted by many good judges as the best. It was certainly a labor of love, and one of my few personal writings which I can reread without dissatisfaction.

I will ask Mrs. Rinder to send you the Deirdrê and "Children of Lir" for you to judge by ("The Sons of Turenn" I am keeping to revise and in part rewrite) — but please let me have these sections again.

Forgive so long a letter — though it was necessary in order to bring together the points in question for your consideration. You will of course not hesitate to say frankly if none of them appeals to you. My primary wish, after your friendly courtesy to me in the matter of *The Hills of Dream*, is to know your opinion and wishes, before I should consider any other proposal or myself approach any other publisher.

Believe me, | Sincerely yours, | Fiona Macleod

TLS NYPL, Berg

To Thomas Mosher, July 12, 1901

July 12, 1901

Please cancel (and destroy) the poem called “*Silis*” in the *Hills of Dream*.

F. M.

ACS NYPL, Berg

To William Butler Yeats, July 26, 1901

Loch Fyne | 26 July 1901

Dear Mr. Yeats

In connection with my recent letter

- (1) Would you object to a complete reconstruction of the Rite, as for some reason we both still feel either an inveterate hostility or an insuperable difficulty. By a reconstruction I mean a Rite identical in end but wholly distinct in externals. In other words, has your Rite *finality* to you?
- (2) If you know or come across anything about “the Queen’s touch” or “the Fool’s laughter” in November, please tell me. By the way, be very careful this November. It is always a month of suffering and mischance for some of us and especially about the 21st. (the seven days before or after) — My

friend¹ recently has had five very singular visions, each unsought and abrupt. Three of these I have been able to verify, and am deeply impressed. Another I know to be a reflection of circumstances unknown to us yet. The sixth is of a warning nature, at least I take it so, though he is uncertain. “Put the four cups of light about you in the seven and seven dark days of the month of the curlew” (. . . i.e. November).

The steamer is coming down Loch Fyne, so I must hurriedly close.

Yours Sincerely | Fiona Macleod

Please answer through Mr. S. (who will at once forward to me) and cancel now the Miss Rea address — as she has gone abroad for some months — and also, please tell either Mr. S. or myself when the Irish Theatre performance is to be in Dublin this year.

His address just now — later, in a fortnight or so he will be in Argyll — is

Spa House | Cowley | By Chesterfield.²

ALS Private and LWBY 84

To Edward Dowden, July 30, 1901

¹ The friend was Sharp who, as both himself and Fiona, was assisting Yeats in the composition of rites for his Celtic Mystical Order. The Introduction to this section of letters provides some of the context for the exchange of letters between Yeats and Sharp/Macleod regarding the Order during the summer and fall of 1901. A much fuller discussion may be found in *CLWBY*, IV, 967-9, 974-80, and 982-4. Coincidentally, the date of this Fiona Macleod letter, July 26, was the day Edith Rinder gave birth to a baby girl.

² According to Sharp’s July 30 letter to Dowden, he and Elizabeth spent the month of July on a Moor-Farm in Derbyshire. Chesterfield is near Sheffield which is near Cartledge Hall, the home of Sharp’s friend Murray Gilchrist who knew Sharp was Fiona Macleod. So Sharp was on hand to take care of any Fiona correspondence that came to Cartledge Hall. Fiona letters in late July and August have return addresses first in the West of Scotland where Mary vacationed with her mother and then their Edinburgh home. Having recovered from her pregnancy, Mary was back transcribing and facilitating the Fiona correspondence.

My dear Prof. Dowden,

Despite the above address I write to you from a Derbyshire Moor-Farm, where we (my wife & I) came from London for a month for rest & better conditions of work — but we are now going north.

Yesterday I came across lines of yours which impressed me as very fine: and I write to you now to ask if you will kindly tell me if these lines, ending

For they had questions far more wise
Than our accustomed old replies;
And in their baby eyes I saw
The deeps of life, and in their breath
Heard the strong song of Death —

are in any volume of yours, and of so which. Like all your poetry, they ring true, and have the large touch.

I have been abroad a great deal in the last two or three years since I saw you — and am not sure if I have not missed something by you. Last autumn we spent again in Provence (long known & loved — & one literary outcome of which is the long essay on Modern Provençal Literature in the next issue of the *Quarterly Review*) and the winter & spring in Sicily, north, south, & central.¹ Then in the late spring, Florence & Spezia: then London (or rather our rooms at Chorleywood, near London, on the Chiltern spur.) We shall be in Scotland till October —about the middle of which month there is just a chance I may go over to Dublin for a few days. Shall you be at Killiney² then? If so, I should much like to see you again.

¹ Sharp's article entitled "Modern Troubadours" did not appear until the October issue of the *Quarterly Review*.

² A residential suburb on the coast south of Dublin.

ALS TCD

To Theodore Watts-Dunton, [August 1, 1901]

Thursday

Dear Watts-Dunton

I hope you will find yourself able to send off the article today, as I am much pressed by many things to see to & arrangements before we leave for Scotland on Sunday or Monday.¹ I have just time before our one post goes — to say that I fear there will be no possibility of use of any of the new poems, both because of the inevitable strict constrictions of an article such as this, & Mr. Halkett's explicit directions, & because I fear it would throw the article out of balance, the already quoted matter being the maximum to be used with tact. But I suppose the new book could be alluded to? (It is perhaps to appear in the October number, certainly in the Nov issue at latest).

¹ The Sharps were in Derbyshire and planned to leave for Scotland on Sunday or Monday, August 4 or 5. Sharp had been working there on the article which appeared in the *Pall Mall Magazine* in December 1901: "A Literary friendship: Mr. Swinburne and Mr. Watts-Dunton at the Pines." He had sent the manuscript to Watts-Dunton for a pre-publication review, and here he urged him to conclude his review so the article could go to George L. Halkett (1855-1918), Editor of *the Pall Mall*. Both born in 1855, Halkett and Sharp were boyhood friends in Glasgow. Halkett studied art and became a well known cartoonist. He joined the *Pall Mall Gazette* in 1892 as political cartoonist and writer on art. In 1897 he became art editor of the Magazine and then Editor in 1900. Over the next few years, Sharp wrote several articles about the home locations of famous writers for the *Pall Mall Gazette*. They were collected and published by the Pall Mall Press in 1904 in a volume called *Literary Geography* which Sharp dedicated to Halkett.

I should of course welcome any opportunity to write on your new poems elsewhere. Do you think Mr. (?) the Editor of *The Athenaeum* would entrust the book to me?¹

In haste | Yours ever | William Sharp

ALS Brotherton Library, University of Leeds

To Thomas Mosher, August 5, 1901

Springhill | Kilcreggan | (Argyll) | Scotland | 5th Aug. 1901

Dear Mr. Mosher

Thanks for your long letter of the 24th July, which has just reached me.² At the last moment I was prevented from going to Derbyshire (it is all right, however, about my proofs etc. addressed to me there c/o Mr. Murray Gilchrist of Cartledge Hall.) Till end of August I shall be at the above address (don't omit the 'Springhill', as I am only visiting) — but except for a day's possible delay it is all the same whether letters go to me there or to the other address.

Please note from 1st September till middle of October (i.e. for receipt) my best letter-address will be 22 Ormidale Terrace | Murrayfield | Midlothian | Scotland. Thereafter, it will be c/o Mrs. Rinder | 11 Woronzow Road | St. John's Wood | London, as before.

¹ Watts-Dunton was Literary Editor of the *Athenaeum* between 1876 and 1898. I have not been able to identify the Editor in 1901. Neither have I identified the volume of poems referred to here. It may have been a book by Watts-Dunton called *A Christmas Dream* which was published in December 1901, but I have not been able to obtain either a copy of that book or a description of its contents. Watts-Dunton had published a volume of poetry, *The Coming of Love*, in 1897 with which he initiated the addition of his mother's maiden name, Dunton, to Watts. The poems dealt with the lives of the Gypsies he had known in his youth in the west of England and Wales, as did his very successful novel, *Alwyn*, first published in 1898.

² This letter is entirely in Mary's Fiona Macleod handwriting, which suggests she preceded the Sharps to Kilcreggan, received Sharp's draft there, transcribed it, and mailed it before the Sharp's arrived on August 10 or 11.

My thanks for your promised prompt despatch of duplicate proofs. For convenience for me, also, I hope they may arrive complete: in any case there shall be no avoidable delay in return. And many thanks also for your courtesy in kindly sending the draft for £25, at once — the endorsement on which, with this acknowledgement that the said sum is payment in full, will I suppose be sufficient receipt.

Yes, I quite concur with you that it would not do to make this volume over bulky, and in your decision to cancel all the dramatic part. (Will you please return this portion — “Dalua” etc — to me by registered book-post.) Even were I not in agreement with you on this point I should have absolute confidence that you are right. No one can know your publications and not see that apart from the beauty and charm of your reprints in point of format, they bear the impress of your own individual love of and selection of beautiful things — in fact your several series would have been impossible but for central judgment, taste, and knowledge. This enhances my gratification at the generous words you apply to my volume of verse: and I can only hope that you will find sufficient number of people to go at least so far with you as not to let you be a loser by your own predilection.

You say you enclose a list of your announcements for the autumn and with allusion to “From the Hills of Dream” — but there was nothing in your envelope save the letter and the cheque. I should like to see it — and also please do not forget your kind promise about the Bibelots containing some selections from my poetry. I have to thank your friendly courtesy for the beautiful little volume of “The Blessed Damozel,” which I accept with pleasure. How you must enjoy your work! Everything from your press has individuality and distinction. With that booklet and the charming Book-Lists there was a leaflet of “Mimes.” It struck me a fragrant petal from what should be a beautiful flower. Presumably it is a book of translation? I remember reading a beautiful little volume of “Mimes” by Marcel Schwob.¹ I wonder if it is his work. In any case, please let me have a copy, with account for it and postage. You will have received before this, I hope, the copy of “The Divine Adventure” with my cordial regards.

I quite agree with you about end-advts etc. As to the other matters broached by me and alluded to by you all in good time. Meanwhile I look forward to the appearance of “From the Hills of Dream,” and again hope that you may be adequately supported — though alas I fear there are few who care for these or any other dreams in these days of the starless road.

Sincerely yours | Fiona Macleod

¹ Dante Gabrielle Rossetti’s *The Blessed Damazel* and Marcel Schwob’s *Mimes* were published in separate small volumes by Thomas Mosher in Portland, Maine, in 1901. *Mimes* was translated from the French by A. Lenalie.

To Thomas Mosher, August 20, 1901

Ormidale Terrace | Murrayfield | Midlothian

20th Aug^t 1901

Dear Mr. Mosher

I have today cabled to you as requested, having found no reason to make other than a few minor revisions and typographic corrections: — my telegram being as follows —

Mosher | Portland | Maine | Only minor revision

I now at once return proofs so far as received, and shall be as expeditious with following set. Of course I leave the rest in your hands, though I hope each poem will begin on a fresh page and not run on. In present set please draw attention of your printer to the extensions of second line in first verse of the 1st, 3rd, 6th, and 8th poems. If possible let the 6th and 7th run on in complete lines. Also please note the important textual change in 4th line from bottom of “The Prayer of Women” and elsewhere.

Yes, I am willing that you should reprint the “Celtic” essay in the *Bibelot*¹, though I should like to add a few words in the text, as a footnote, or prologue, because of a certain misunderstanding of my meaning which arose with some of my anglo-Gaelic critics especially in Ireland.

In haste for the post | Yours very Sincerely | Fiona Macleod

To Thomas Mosher, August 27, 1901

27th August, 1901 | Kilcreggan: Argyll

Dear Mr. Mosher

¹ Fiona’s “Celtic” appeared in *The Bibelot*, Vol. 7 (November, 1901), 351-84.

Since I cabled and wrote with returned proofs (so far as received) *on the 20th inst.* no further proofs or otherwise have reached me, or been received at Mr. Murray Gilchrist's in Derbyshire. I send this in case of any miscarriage — and also to remind you that from now till when later I give you a fixt address my letter-address is (without my forename, please, simply Miss M.) 22. Ormidale Terrace, | Murrayfield | Midlothian | Scotland

F. M.

ACS NYPL, Berg

To Thomas Mosher, September 2, 1901

Address | Miss Macleod | 22. Ormidale Terrace | Murrayfield | Midlothian | (Scotland)

2nd September

My dear Mr. Mosher

First set me attend to the urgent matter of proofs.¹

You will have received my cable (I presume you wished to know by cable in second instance as well as in the first) and will have understood not to set the remainder of the book in page-forms. The cancelling of the dramatic portion throws the previous arrangement into wrong relief: and indeed in any case too much monotony obtains in the late arrangement of contents.

I have also cancelled one poem altogether (the first of "Lir" on Galley 18) and another (on Galley X1) provisionally, as there explained in connection with an added Gaelic-English short poem. I would also like the book to end with the short MS poem now sent, at end of the galleys. I think you will at once see the very great improvement in this rearrangement, apart from the subtler improvement in harmony of collocation naturally not so obvious at first. One section of "Hills of Dream" comes first — then (with one or two poems transferred to later section) comes "Foam of the Past" — and finally the section now collectively called "Closing Doors". All necessary instructions are in text or in preliminary attached slip.

¹ Here the letter shifts from the Fiona Macleod script to typescript. The five paragraphs following are typed, and the remainder is in the Macleod script.

What a beautiful book “Empedocles on Etna” is.¹ It is a poem I have always cared greatly for — far beyond Arnold’s unemotional and unimaginative “Tristram and Yseult.” And now it will be a new pleasure to read it again. My best thanks for your friendly courtesy, as well as for the very welcome promise of an early copy of *Mimes* when published in October — which I shall read with exceptional if critical interest, as I believe re-creative translation to be as rare or almost as rare a gift as the original creative faculty itself. I am delighted with the *Bibelot*. What a charming little booklet! As for its preliminary matter, I can only say I am grateful, and glad. I write for a small clan, but words such as these splendidly recompense me.

Will you please (this is a ‘business request’ . . . and I have to put it this way to guard against your generous courtesy!) send me, with a/c and postage, when I shall remit,

12 copies of *The Bibelot* for Dec. 1900

One copy of the bound “Bibelot” vol. for 1900²

Subscription to the *Bibelot* for 1901 and 1902

I have read and reread your letter of the 16th August, and value it. I wonder if in any country there is another publisher who has so much to heart the rarer spirit and the finer things in literature. Apart from any personal consideration, there is matter of exceptional solace for me in what you write as to your wishing from now above all “to produce works of the spirit, of that inner life which is the only life.”

It is a very genuine satisfaction to me that you care for “The Divine Adventure” as you do. The reception of the book on the part of a very small public (I think only some 700 copies sold) was deeply gratifying to me — but of course a book such as that could have a very limited appeal — though I thought that after The Dominion of Dreams having gone into a fourth edition, the demand would be somewhat more. I am both sorry and glad . . . sorry, because for this book I would have had the largest possible public, because of what I hope and believe lives in the spirit which animates it; and glad

¹ Matthew Arnold’s *Empedocles on Etna and Other Poems* (Portland, Maine: Mosher), 1900.

² The December issue of Mosher’s *Bibelot* in 1900 contained “Lyrics from the Hills of Dream,” a selection of poems from Fiona’s *From the Hills of Dream* published in Edinburgh by Patrick Geddes and Colleagues in 1896.

because that [sic] so much of myself and of my actual life is in the book (in “Iona” particularly, and the shorter papers) that I sometimes shrink from the fact that in some measure I have opened the windows to even a few hundred readers! In a later letter, I will tell you about what I am now working at in prose and verse (a few of the poems included in this book are to appear in the Fortnightly for October,¹ if possible, an honour in its kind, for it is very seldom either the Fortnightly or the Nineteenth Century print verse). It is just possible too I may submit a proposal to you later: i.e., if neither the Fortnightly nor Nineteenth etc. will venture to print a ‘narrative’ called “For the Beauty of an Idea” (in a subtler sense, more spiritual than physical, but physical also, the *idée-mère* is that of Hermaphroditus).²

But now I shall miss the mail if I do not close, and as I have to go West again tomorrow morning.

Believe me, dear Mr. Mosher | Very sincerely yours, | Fiona Macleod

ALS and TLS NYPL, Berg

To Thomas Mosher, September 3, [1901]

Tues. 3rd Sept.

Dear Mr. Mosher

In my letter of last night, with returned Revised Proofs, I forgot to say that if (but just if convenient for you) there happen to be two blank-end pages (fore and back) on blank half pages, I should like the following printed in small italics near right-side top margin (l) of a forepage to book and (2) of an end page: —

(1) Ged tha thu ’n diugh ’a d’aibheis fhuar,

¹ A group of poems entitled “Through the Ivory Gate” appeared in the *Fortnightly Review*, Vol. 70 (October 1, 1901), 720-4.

² “For the Beauty of an Idea” became not a narrative, but the title of a group of essays on the Celtic Movement in Fiona Macleod’s *The Winged Destiny: Studies in the Spiritual History of the Gael* (London: Chapman & Hall, Ltd.) 1904.

Bha thu uair 'a d'aros righ —
Though thou art today a cold ruin,
Thou wert once the dwelling of a King.

(2) Gleidh sinn a glinn man diar
'Us a teigh nan diamha dubhra
Keep us from the Glen of Tears
And from the House of Sorrow.

P. S. Please note that in the Gaelic lines “Naoi Miannain” the last word of the 6th line begins with a “u” not an “n” (*uaine* not *Naine*). I add this as I forget whether these lines were written or typed — and as I find that u and n are so often misprinted. F. M. | 5th Sept. 01

ALS NYPL, Berg

To Thomas Mosher, September 13, 1901

Edinburgh | 13th Sept. 1901

Dear Mr. Mosher,

Herewith I send you preliminary matter for the “Celtic” reprint,¹ unless you prefer to issue the essay with a forward of your own, or simply to reprint it without comment.

Thank you for kindly saying that you will remit copies at the earliest practicable date. Please address these “Miss Macleod, 22 Ormidale Terrace, Murrayfield, Midlothian, Scotland,” where my friend will attend to them if I am in the Hebrides — where I want to be as late as I can this year, and the more so as I may have to go abroad again this winter for health’s sake, against our too gloomy and too trying winter-damp.

Please, however, let me have two copies by book-post (often days in advance of parcels post).

¹ Fiona’s “Celtic” appeared in *The Bibelot*, Vol. 7 (November, 1901), 351-84.

By the way, about the two cablegrams I sent to you, and concerning which you were so good as to say that you would make good the outlay. Please do not remit this small amount (14^s/- for the two, if I remember rightly, though perhaps the first was only 6/ = 13^s/ in all, if so) — but let it stand against the Bibelot copies and the Bibelot subscription etc. of which I wrote to you. If there is something over, let me have (if not one of the dearer issues — I have not your list beside me at the moment) a copy of Walter Pater's "Guardian" essays¹, which I have never read — or else an extra "Hills of Dream,": if "the other way round" please do not fail to let me know.

Believe me, dear Mr. Mosher, | Yours very sincerely | Fiona Macleod

In Typed Copy of "Forward" to *Celtic* please note to correct on

- Page 3. line 7, 'or' should be 'on'.
 lines 9-10 should be 'run-on'
- Page 5. line 7 "offshoot or tributary" (not "a")
- Page 6. line 2 'distinctively English' not ('distinctive English')
- Page 7. line 7 delete comma after 'but'
 insert colon after "ideals" in 17 line
- Page 8. line 5-6, delete 'to us' at end of line
 line 6-7, delete 'and direct' at end of line
 line 8, delete 'a' before enoble
- Page 8. Initial signature

ALS NYPL, Berg

To Thomas Mosher, October 1, 1901

¹ Walter Pater's *Essays from "The Guardian,"* (Portland, Maine: Mosher), 1897.

c/o Mrs. Rinder | 11. Woronzow Road | London. N. W. | 1st Oct. 1901

Dear Mr. Mosher

I do not know what you do about review-copies, or presentation-copies to those who would be specially interested and perhaps of service: but if you have not already sent copies of "From the Hills of Dream" to the following I would like very much if you would do so.

(1) H. M. Alden | Editor of "Harper's Monthly" | Franklin Square | New York City

(2) Mr. D. Munro | Ass^t. Editor | "The North American Review" | Franklin Square | New York (3) Mr. Bliss Carman, | whose present address I do not know, but which you probably do. If not, then c/o Editor of "Harpers"

(4) Mr. Chas. G. D. Roberts | Do. do.

(5) Mr. Edmund Clarence Stedman | Lawrence Park | Bronxville | New York

(6) Mrs. Loulse Chandler Moulton | Rutland Square | Boston | Mass.

(7) Mrs. R. W. Gilder | "The Century Magazine" | New York

(8) Mr. Hamilton W. Mabie | (whose address I do not know, but which you will either know or can easily find)

(9) Mr. Benj. W. Moore | 303 Welch Hall = New Haven = Connecticut U.S.A.

(10) Mr. Richard Le Gallienne | (I do not know Mr. La Gallienne's American address — but if you do not know it send | c/o Editor *Harper's*.)

(11) Mr. Burlingame | Editor "Scribner's Mag." | New York City

(12) The Editor | "The Atlantic Monthly" | Boston | Mass.

By the way, I would of course have remitted for the "Bibelot" vol (a most delightful one in all respects) but for the Contra cablegram items as explained. The best way will be to send me an account for all due over and above the outlay on the two cablegrams — unless you accept the additional "Celtic" essay matter sent by me as payment? If so, this would simplify matters — I trust fairly (but if not convenient from a business standpoint I trust to you not to hesitate to say so) — and also enable me to have the one or two books I want very much the Pater "Guardian Essays," the promised "Mimes" etc. and if possible another copy of "The Bibelot" for 1900.

ALS NYPL, Berg

To Algernon Charles Swinburne, [early October], 1901

Murrayfield | Midlothian

Dear Mr. Swinburne

I have not yet received copies through the customs & Baron Tauchnitz's agent — but a friend in Germany has posted me an early copy, which I have this morning received, and have the pleasure in at once sending on to you.¹ I have taken the liberty to cut the leaves of the latter part — mainly to see if certain proof corrections had been effected. All seems right, and I hope is so: though in one or two instances "from so-and-so" has accidentally been omitted, as in the lovely song at p 253, & the not less lovely lines on p 213.

Altho' I made it my rule to avoid excerpts, I had to break it once or twice, as in that exquisite fragment from "Lochrine" ('What the Birds Sing') on p 254; and in these lovely lines from "Loch Torridon" on p 213, already alluded to (and to which I ventured to give present title) — and, again, the unforgettable 'Sappho' lines from "Anactoria".

There was a horrifying misprint in proofs — fortunately now corrected. The 3rd line of "The Nympholept" was made to end "through the frondage . . . the sunbeam smelt!"

Believe me | Most Sincerely Yours | William Sharp

ALS British Library

To Henry Mills Alden, October 22, 1901

Wharnccliffe | Chorleywood | Herts | 22/Oct/01

My dear Alden,

Herewith I send you my selections etc. from Swinburne, which I told you Baron Tauchnitz had asked me to undertake (of course with Swinburne's consent) only a few copies are allowed to come thro' the English Customs House — but fortunately some copies were sent direct to A.C.S. & so my few got through all right. Out of these I have had pleasure in reserving a copy for you, old friend.

¹ *Selections of Poems by A. C. Swinburne*, arranged by William Sharp (Leipzig: Tauchnitz, 1901). Swinburne's response to this letter (*Memoir*, 336-7), dated October 6, 1901, takes issue with some of Sharp's selections.

I have not yet got over my disappointment at not getting to New York etc. this autumn: though I quite recognise the imperativeness of the counter-order from my physician. However, perhaps the fates will [be] propitious next year. [We shall be in London till early in Dec., and then leave again for Sicily (Taormina).]

You ought by this time to have received from our common friend Miss Macleod (per Mr. Mosher of Portland, Maine) a copy of what is practically a new book, tho' nominally a reprint of "From the Hills of Dream" — for apart from the cancelling of a score [of] poems, & the addition of forty, the whole has been rearranged and many poems have been rewritten. You will notice that the opening 10 are those which Miss Macleod sent to you — but which on your inability to use them she at once sent to the "Fortnightly," where they appear in the Oct. number, — & also arranged for their inclusion in this book. They have already brought her several editorial requests — but these things can't be "turned on".

Altho' sent to you as a private copy, it just occurs to me that possibly you might be able to have a word said of it somewhere. No matter, however, if this is in any way inconvenient or now out of your way.

I am sending a business note to your office. So here let me ask if, as I hope, all goes well with you in your new life. I think often of you. I wish too I could see you to tell you of a strange, of a fantastically strange, and to me deeply moving development of that old romance of boyhood which I confided to you one evening before the fire at Metuchen.¹

Well, if we are to meet again, we are to meet. And I believe it.

All my well wishes to those near and dear to you — & to you the love of your dear friend

William Sharp

ALS University of Delaware

¹ Born in 1836, Henry Alden was appointed Editor of *Harper's Weekly*, later *Harper's Magazine*, in 1869 and held that influential position for more than forty years. Sharp met Alden, his wife, the former Susan Foster, and their three daughters during his visits to New York in 1889 and 1891. The first Mrs. Alden died after a long and debilitating illness in the early summer of 1895, and Alden remarried in 1900. During his visit to New York in the fall of 1896, Sharp stayed with Alden at his home across the Hudson in Metuchen, New Jersey, where he confided in Alden about an "old romance" in which there has been recently a "fantastically strange" and "deeply moving" development. He cannot describe that development in writing, even in this personal letter, but wishes he could see Alden to relate it in person.

To Thomas Mosher, October 23, 1901

Address till further notice | Miss Macleod | 22 Ormidale Terrace | Murrayfield | Midlothian

23rd.Oct. 1901

My dear Mr. Mosher

I was in the Highlands when your letter reached me, and now have come to Edinburgh for a couple of days. My sincere thanks for the generous supply of books, of the "Hills of Dream", all safely delivered at my private secretary's address at Murrayfield. The book is beautifully printed and bound, and it is a pleasure to see one's work in so artistic and satisfying a guise. Do not think me carping if I add that, to my mind, the effect of artistic harmony would be very greatly enhanced if the headings of all the poems were uniform in placement throughout. Look, for example, at the gain in typographical beauty, if say at pp. 46-47 or at pp. 6-7, "The Rose of Flame" and "The Undersong", and again "The Valley of Silence" and "Dream Meadows", were, titularly, exactly counterpoised. The right effect can be seen at p. 78-79, with "Nine Desires" and its opposite. I am sure this is worth your considering in the future: and all the more so as your publications are invariably so beautiful in format and witnesses of a very rare and scrupulous taste. There are a few misprints, but only one is annoying, namely on the last page, where nonsense is made of the final line of the Gaelic verse. It should not end Gu hrath . . . but gu brath, the difference in Gaelic being very considerable! The other misprints are at p. 125, where the 4th line should begin, not 'schuir' but 's chuir, and where in the 3rd line of the poem itself "of" is printed "af". At page 79, the end of the 6th line is printed "Ahe green Mantles," instead of "the Green Mantles", and in the last line of the Gaelic version opposite, anama is spelt arama. Elsewhere I noticed one other, in "The Washer of the Ford" (where "whirling hand" is printed for "whirling brand"). Fortunately, as to the Gaelic misprints, only a few persons will notice them — and though over here our Gaelic purists are rampant over any such slips (and more in proportion as their acquaintance with Gaelic is slight and recent!) those likely to be hawk-eyed will be dissuaded by preliminary MS. correction!

I would have preferred if "Fatis accede deisque" had been on a page by itself, both for itself and the simplicity of the upper heading. And now I don't think I have anything more to say after these very slight comments than to express again my pleasure at this beautiful reprint and my appreciation of all your care to conform to certain troublesome requests. I like the title page very much — and think the parchment cover design in every way charming.

Many thanks also for so kindly sending the Pater volume and R. L. S.'s beautiful little essay,¹ which I am delighted to have in this form. I love everything he has written, and the "Letters" most of all.

¹Mosher published Robert Louis Stevenson's *Francois Villon: Student, Poet, and Housebreaker* in 1901.

(I wish you would print say 25 or 20 of the most fascinating and interesting of the letters — and the same might be done, by the way, in the instance of Keats). I confess that Pater's book disappoints me. It is delightful to have it: but we have not here the Walter Pater of the "Leonardo" and "Giorgione" essays, of "Marius" and the "Greek Studies", but simply Mr. Pater "our valued contributor to *The Guardian*".¹ Much of the book is obviously written out of kindness rather than from intellectual predilection or from compelled critical consideration. Still, there are pages where the real Peter stands revealed, passages informed with beauty often, with distinction often. But is he (Saintsbury also) not wrong in speaking of "the other beauty of prose"? I thought Dryden's words were "that other harmony of prose." However, I am probably mistaken. But, after all, there is nothing vital or rememberable in this book, whereas there is not a sentence in the Stevenson essay that is not vital and might well be remembered.

I hope you will not forget your kind promise to send me the "Mimes." I much look forward to that book. The original has all the delicate craft of Pierre Louÿs, with a worthier art. Do you know one of the loveliest recent writings, D'Annunzio's "Sogno d'un Mattino di Primavera"? I have recently been rereading it along with the (MS. and I believe as yet unpublished) translation by my kinsman and intimate friend Mr. William Sharp, whose name you will know (it is his sister I may add, *in private*, who acts as my typist and private secretary in Edinburgh, while Mrs. Wingate Rinder sees to matters for me in London) a translation which he made for his article on the Dramas of D'Annunzio in the *Fortnightly* about a year ago, but was then unable to use intact? mainly because of copyright I understand. And that reminds me: — Mr. Sharp has just sent me two copies of his just published "Tauchnitz" selection from Swinburne — made with Mr. Swinburne's concurrence — (one from abroad, and one since arrival in London — the second "lest the first should have been confiscated or have miscarried") — and it gives me pleasure at once to send one of these copies to you, begging your acceptance of it from me as some slight acknowledgement of your courtesy with regard to "Mimes" etc. I must close this long letter without replying to your question about what I have on hand, and project, — I find. But I have so much to do, in my limited time, with the dispatch of these copies — and, too, want to be sure of catching this mail — that I know you will excuse what after all is only a postponement till (probably) next mail, or as soon as practicable.

¹ "Leonardo da Vinci" and "The School of Giorgione" first appeared in *Studies in the History of the Renaissance* (London: Macmillan and Company, 1873). *Greek Studies* (London and New York: Macmillan and Company) was first published in 1895. The book Mosher sent to Fiona Macleod is Pater's *Essays from the Guardian* (1897); Mosher had also published Pater's *Marius the Epicurean* in 1900.

So again thanking you for these beautiful books, and for the kind promise about the copies of “Celtic” — of which I am very glad —

Believe me, dear Mr. Mosher, | Very sincerely yours | Fiona Macleod

ALT NYPL, Berg

To William Butler Yeats, October 31, 1901

Midlothian, Scotland | 31 October 1901

My dear Mr. Yeats

Now that at last I have an address to which I can write to you with surety I wish I could do so on magical matters; but that, I truly regret, is not possible yet. I have never known such continuity of hostile will, of which I am persuaded: and though, owing to the visionary power of our common friend [William Sharp], much has been seen and overcome; and much seen and avoided, there is still something to avoid, something to overcome, and something to see. But very soon now, possibly in this very month of November where the dark powers prevail (and if so, a double victory indeed!) that which has been impossible may become possible. Even yet, however, there is much to work against: and not only here: for you, too, move often into the Red and the Black, or so at least it seems.

So now I have only to send you a copy of the much changed, cancelled, augmented, and revised American edition of *From the Hills of Dream*. It is, in effect, a new book, though there will be much in it familiar to you. But even here there are changes which are re-creative — as, for example, in the instance of “The Moon-Child,” where one or two touches and an added quatrain have made a poem of what was merely poetic.

The first 10 poems are those which are in the current (October) *Fortnightly Review*.¹ But when these are reprinted in a forthcoming volume of new verse, (perhaps in January), they will have a

¹ The series of poems entitled “Through the Ivory Gate” appeared in the October 1, 1901 edition of the *Fortnightly Review*.

changed sequence, with other (and I think better) additions: and the present 10th will be transposed to its right place in the “Dirge of the Four Cities.”¹

In the new book in question (which will also contain some of the 40 ‘new’ poems now included in this American edition) the chief contents will be the remodeled and re-written poetic drama “The Immortal Hour,” and with it many of the notes to which I alluded when I wrote last to you. In the present little volume it was not found possible to include the lengthy, intimate, and somewhat esoteric notes: among which I account of most interest for you those pertinent to the occult myths embodied in “The Immortal Hour.”²

You will see, however, that one or two dedicatory pages — intended for the later English new book — have here found a sectional place: and will, I hope, please you.³

Believe me | Your friend truly, | Fiona Macleod

¹ The “present 10th” poem was entitled “Requiem” in the Mosher edition of *From the Hills of Dream*. In the next English edition of *From the Hills of Dream* (London: Heinemann, 1907) which was prepared by EAS after Sharp’s death according to his instructions, the poem is entitled “Murias.” It is the fifth and last poem in the series called “The Dirge of the Four Cities.” Sharp prefaced that series with the following quotation from *The Little Book of Great Enchantment*: “There are four cities that no mortal eye has seen but that the soul knows; these are Gorias, that is in the east; and Finias, that is in the south; and Murias, that is in the west; and Falias, that is in the north. And the symbol of Falia is the stone of death, which is crowned with pale fire. And the symbol of Gorias is the dividing sword. And the symbol of Finias is a spear. And the symbol of Murias is a hollow that is filled with water and fading light.” Yeats identified these as the four cities from which the divine race, the Tuath De Danaan, came to Ireland. The Fiona poem portrays Murias as a “sunken city” where a golden image dwells beneath the waves. The four cities and their four symbols were key features of the rites Yeats was constructing for his Celtic Mystical Order.

² Fiona’s poetic drama, “The Immortal Hour” was not included in the Mosher 1901 edition of *From the Hills of Dream*.

³ The reference is to a lengthy dedicatory note, “To W. B. Yeats,” which precedes the section of the volume entitled “Foam of the Past.”

P.S. I should much like to have your opinion as to the title of the new book of verse — whether

(1) For a Little Clan | (2) The Immortal Hour: and Poems | (3) The Silver Flutes

Partly in Memoir 334. Text from LWBY 91-2

To Grant Richards, November 3, 1901

Edinburgh 1901 | Sunday 3rd Nov.

c/o. Mrs. Wingate Rinder | 11 Woronzow Road | London. N. W.

My dear Sir

I am sorry for the delay in response to your letter — but I have been away for some time, and only yesterday, on my arrival in Edinburgh for a day or two on my way west, found your note among many others awaiting me.

I have been much occupied at times with the pros and cons of this Anthology. Some months ago I thought it was done — but on looking at the material put together I was wholly dissatisfied. The idea-in-view was too ambitious to be fulfilled save very slowly, with long and scrupulous thought and judgment. At present, it stands thus: I cannot promise to forward the completed copy before next summer — unless you are willing that the original scheme be modified to a collection *wholly* of poetry, and of poetry in English only. But perhaps you do not care for this, and wish a mixt book like “The Open Road”? If so, I can only say that I cannot see my way to complete it sooner than next summer (early June at soonest, though I now think I could promise it then). If of verse only, as in some ways would certainly be the more preferable, would it not? I think I could let you have it by the end of December. Please let me have a line from you in return, as my movements are very uncertain, and I should like to hear from you at once so as to arrange accordingly.

Believe me, | Yours very truly, | Fiona Macleod.

TLS Stanford

To Benjamin Burgess Moore, November 12, [1901]

(Letter-Address)

Miss Macleod | c/o Mrs. Wingate Rinder | 11 Woronzow Road | London | N. W.

12th Nov.

Dear Mr. Moore.

You will before this have proof that I have not forgotten you — that is, if Mr. Mosher has done as I asked, and sent you a copy of the new American edition of the much revised, rearranged, much cancelled and more augmented “Hills of Dream.” I hear from our common friend that you have had a delightful time in Greece and Italy. The fortune of health may take me there also for this winter and spring. I hope, above all, for leisure: that to me is, with sunshine, the great desideratum.

I would like you to get a copy of the little *Bibelot* for November pubd. by Mr. Mosher (my augmented essay “Celtic”.)

I can write but a brief letter: but it carries friendly thought and much good will.

Most sincerely yours, | Fiona Macleod

ALS Huntington

To William Butler Yeats, November 12, 1901¹

12th Nov. 1901

Temporary address:

Miss Macleod | 22 Ormidale Terrace | Murrayfield | Midlothian

Dear Mr. Yeats

I have been hoping to hear from you — but as I have another little book to send to you (the augmented reprint of an essay²) I would like to know if you are still at the Dublin address

(8 Cavindish Place?) Row?

Yours sincerely always | Fiona Macleod

¹ On the verso of this single-page letter, Yeats made notes dealing with the Celtic Mysteries. There is a list of six numbered items as follows: 1. spear -- [illegible] | 2. sword. [illegible] | I become sword. | 3. [illegible] | 4. fasin[?] -- [illegible] | 5. flight over [moon?] -- [illegible] & long life | a long [illegible] | 6. flight under water -- net

² *Celtic: A Study in Spiritual History* (Portland, Maine: Mosher, 1901).

To Thomas Mosher, November 12, 1901¹

Letter-Address: Miss Macleod

c/o Mrs. Wingate Rinder | 11 Woronzow Road | London N. W.

Dear Mr. Mosher

What a lovely book *Mimes* is! It is a pleasure to look at it, to handle it. The simple beauty of the cover-design charms me. And the contents . . . yes, these are beautiful, too. I think the translation has been finely made, but there are a few slips in interpretative translation, and, (as perhaps is inevitable) a lapse ever and again from the subtle harmony, the peculiar musical undulant rhythm of the original. It seems to me a mistake to put accentual signs on certain Greek names, either familiar or obvious (and certainly so when, as in at least one instance, the accent is placed wrongly, with cruel effect!) In a creative translation, the faintest jar can destroy the illusion: and more than once I was rudely reminded that a foreigner mixt this far-carried honey and myrrh! Yet this is only 'a counsel of perfection,' by one who perhaps dwells overmuch upon the ideal of a flawless raiment for beautiful thought or dreams. Nor would I seem ungracious to a translator who has so finely achieved a task almost as difficult as that set to Liban by Oisin in the Land of the Ever-Living, when he bade her take a wave from the shore and a green blade from the grass and a leaf from a tree and the breath of the wind and a man's sigh and a woman's thought, and out of them all make an air that would be like the single song of a bird. Do you wish to tempt me? Tempt me then with a proposal as to "The Silence of Amor" (though I think now that "The Silence of Love" would be better, every way), to be brought out as *Mimes* is!²

The short prose-poems would have to be materially added to, of course: and the additions would for the most part individually be longer than the short pieces you know. Or, if you do not think this would justify your devoting a book like "Mimes" to it (and the expense must be considerable), what of the poetic drama called "The Immortal Hour" with or without the short prose drama "The House of

¹ Sections of this letter were published by Mrs. Sharp in the *Memoir*, 333. She probably used Sharp's original draft, and she dates the letter November 12, 1901. The present transcription has been made from the undated manuscript in the Fiona Macleod handwriting which was sent to Mosher.

² *The Silence of Amor* (Portland, Maine: Mosher, 1902).

Usna" [somewhat crudely printed in *The National Review*, and produced at the Strand Theatre in London by the Stage Society].¹

Once more, how would such a "short book" as this do: to be called, say, *In This Kingdom By The Sea*, and to consist of the more strictly *personal* parts of "Iona" (and one or two papers in *The Divine Adventure* volume) with some added early reminiscent matter. In several ways I would much prefer this. But alas, my circumstances (and the more so as it is now settled that I must not risk the middle-winter in Scotland, but must go abroad, probably to the Mediterranean) make it imperative that I take up no work, however gladly, that is not in some measure remunerative. [of the other matters of which I have before written to you I am not in a position at present to say more. At all times a slow worker, reasons of health make that slowness still tardier.] Every day now (and while I am still in Edinburgh, I hope) I expect the "Celtic" essay copies, as the *Bibelot* is published on the first of the month, is it not? The *Hills of Dream* has, as to its format, been greatly admired, and I know of at least two or three instances of the book being ordered from U. S. A.

As I have much to arrange, please let me hear from you as to the "Iona" proposal (or other) at your early convenience. And, by the way, after this (till the Spring) it will be quicker to address me as at the top of this letter.

Believe me, dear Mr. Mosher, | Most Sincerely yours | Fiona Macleod

ALS NYPL, Berg

To Francis Marion Crawford, November 13, [1901]²

¹ *The House of Usna: A Drama* (Portland, Maine: Mosher, 1903).

² Marion Crawford (1854-1909), a popular American writer, was the only son of the American sculptor Thomas Crawford and Louisa Cutler Ward and the nephew of the American poet Julia Ward Howe. He was the author of forty-six romantic novels, over half set in Italy, and seven books of non-fiction. Following their marriage in 1884, he and his wife (the former Elizabeth Berdan) settled in Italy where they purchased a substantial house in Sant' Agnello, near Sorrento, which they named the Villa Crawford and where they entertained many well-known and well-connected American and British guests. That house remained their principal place of residence until his death.

Wedny | 13 Nov.

15 Grossfield Road | South Hampstead | London N.W.

Dear Mr. Marion Crawford

When we met at luncheon with our common friend Alec Hood last July [a meeting I recall with great pleasure] you kindly said that I was to let you know if we should chance to be within reach of you. At that time we intended to go to the Basque provinces — but several reasons, primarily health & relative isolation for work, have decided for a return to Sicily. We intend to spend (from Xmas or soon after) all January and till mid-February at Taormina, & then to go for a long stay with Alec Hood at Castle Maniace [where we were last February & which you know also]

We think of leaving London about the 7th-8th December — to go first to our friends Mr & Mrs. Eugene Lee Hamilton | Villa Benedettini | San Gervasio | Firenze and stay there about a week. Then my wife and I intend to go South, but would be very glad to break the journey at Sorrento if we thought we could see something of you & Mrs. Crawford. Will you be at Sorrento about the date in question [probably about the 20th or 21st Dec.]? Hoping you are well & happily at work

Believe me | Very Sincerely Yours | William Sharp

PS I find I have omitted to tell you with what great pleasure I am now reading (and all but finished) your beautiful romance of Venice. 'Marietta' ought to delight your great circle of readers.

ALS Yale

To William Butler Yeats, November 23, 1901

Midlothian, | Scotland | 23 November 1901

Dear Mr. Yeats

I send you a reprint of my "Celtic" essay, which has been so widely read and discussed — with a new introductory part which I would much like you to read. I believe you do not care for the "Celtic" essay: for that I am sorry, for I think it of my best, and that it will sink deeper and go further and last longer than anything I have written. Well, 'the star-crowned' will see to it, whether it go out on the flow or disappear on the ebb.

I hope to hear that you have found something to care for in the book I sent you and in what was addressed to you.¹

Your friend | Fiona Macleod

LWBY 93

To Thomas Mosher, November 26, 1901

26: 11: 1901

Dear Mr. Mosher

I am still in Edinburgh, having been detained by a severe chill. Many thanks for the advance 12 copies of "Celtic" which came four or five days ago. I suppose the others of the number promised, and the Special copies you kindly wrote to me about, will follow soon.

In haste | Sincerely | F. M.

ACS NYPL, Berg

To Dr. John Goodchild, [December 1901]²

. . . I had hoped by this time to have had some definite knowledge of what I am to do, where to go this winter. But circumstances keep me here. . . . Our friend William Sharp, too, is kept to England by the illness of others. My plans though turning upon different issues are to a great extent dependent, later, on his. . . .

I have much to do, and still more to think of, and, it may be, bring to life through the mysterious resurrection of the imagination.

¹ The Mosher edition of *From the Hills of Dream*.

² Mrs. Sharp states in the *Memoir* (337) that this letter was written from Argyll.

What long months of preparation have to go to any writing that contains life within it. — Even the slightest, the most significant [sic], as it seems. We, all of us who live this dual life of the imagination and the spirit, do indeed mysteriously conceive, and fare thereafter in weariness and heaviness and long travail, only for one small uncertain birth. It is the common law of the spirit — as the obverse is the common law of womanhood. . . .

Life becomes more and more strange, complex, interwrought, and *intentional*. But it is *the end* that matters — not individuals. . . .

[Fiona Macleod]

Memoir 337-8

To Thomas Mosher, December 12, 1901

Thursday 12th Dec^r 1901

My dear Mr. Mosher,

I began a letter to you here in Skye three days ago, and two days ago found that it was washed into nothingness by having been left near an open window into which the rain and sea-spray from a sudden gale had been flung! So I saw it swirl away across the rocks below the old house whence I write to you, and disappear amid the foam of these churned seas as though it were a flattened gull! But this forenoon I have an opportunity to send a package of books, letters and proofs to my typist in Edinburgh — and so shall enclose this to be posted there with other notes — . . . partly because I am “stampless” at the moment.

How friendly and good you are to me! What pleasure I had in opening the packet that reached me a few days ago, brought by a boy on a pony almost as wild and shaggy as himself, who complained too with sad lamentations in Gaelic against the weight of the parcel on a day when decent folk were all indoors! And the pleasure of finding the two Bibelot vols and the superb edition of Walter Pater’s masterpiece was enhanced by the friendly gift of your photograph, which I am sincerely glad to have, as that not only of a publisher for whom I have in all ways a high regard, but of one whom I feel to be, and look upon, as a friend. And now I feel so more than ever, which is the best thing one can say after acquaintance through a photograph, is it not?

I hope that which I sent you (as I explained — reluctantly — necessarily only on loan, and even thus on certain conditions) duly reached you.

I am so glad to have that beautiful edition of “Marius the Epicurean.” It is indeed good of you to send it to me. I am going to re-read it during these long winter nights. What a library of beautiful things you have published altogether! Among the many desirable things are a few more beautiful renderings

of beautiful foreign things, as *Mimes*. And I think I have already suggested (from my own wish) a volume of just the finest of Stevenson's letters, and, again, of Keats's. Have you ever read the lovely *Book of Orm* of Robert Buchanan?¹ It has always seemed to me singularly beautiful. And, at least, a Bibelot could be made to comprise the most wonderful thing in it, "The Dream of the World Without Death" (and "The Last Man"). And have you ever thought of a selection of the finest part of Swinburne's "Tristram of Lyonesse"?² A good translation of an ideal selection from Gerard De Nerval³ would also be very welcome. And how I wish you could give us a good Catullus, a good Theocritus: or a fine . . . but oh, I must write no more: already you will be saying, "if Miss Macleod were not a privileged friend I would say confound her and her suggestions etc. etc. etc."!! I wonder if you ever know such gales at Portland as we have in Western Scotland and above all in the Atlantic Isles? Last night the sea was like a jungle on fire, filled with howling beasts of prey — so vast was the roar of the furious waves, so shrill and various and inexpressibly wild and melancholy and savage the multitudinous cries of the wind. This morning the wild coast is strewn with wreckage, and close upon a score of sea-fowl lie dead, having been dashed against the rocks or these old walls, blinded by the beacon-light always set aflame on nights of storm. Even now clouds of spray are in the air, it is all a white world, — the mountains in snow, and the sea a mass of foaming billows.

Well, I send a breath of the mystery and wonder of the north to you

Ever most cordially yours | Fiona Macleod

ALS NYPL, Berg

To Thomas Mosher, December 15, 1901

Dec 15, 1901

¹ Buchanan's *The Book of Orm* (London: Chatto and Windus), 1882. Mosher did not publish this book.

² Swinburne's *Tristram of Lyonesse and Other Poems* was published in London by Chatto and Windus in 1882 and then by Mosher, without the "Prelude," in 1904.

³ Gerard de Nerval (1808-1855), known also as Gerard Labrunie, was a leader of the French Romantic Movement of 1830. Among his works are *Sylvie* (1853); *Le Reve et la Vie* (1855); and *Les Illumines* (1852).

My Dear Friend,

Please do not think me ungracious. I am sure you know me well enough to be sure that neither a foolish 'fad,' nor still less any ungraciousness towards a request so natural and from one whose friendship I value, is responsible for my asking you not to press the point of my photograph. It is not merely a superstitious idea with me, but has thrice been so disastrously confirmed (mere coincidence possibly, but I'm afraid that is neither here nor there with me) that I could not accede without a continual subsequent nervous apprehension, in itself very bad for work and well-being.

I may add that I was very unwell, and that the doctors could not understand the serious nervous drain which affected me, during that period I sent you my photograph and its return.¹ [It is not, however, wholly "a morbid idea" of my own, it is only fair to add.] I feel refusing you as much as I did a like refusal to my venerated friend Mr. George Meredith: and others with as much right to ask.

If I should die, one will go to you. Again, if this idea should be overcome — or I should feel that distance and circumstances made your instance less perilous (laugh if you will, but also understand and sympathize) then I promise to send you one. I hope you will understand that I am truly sorry not to gratify you in so slight a thing, and that you will trust to my promise to send it when I can.

Your friend, | F. M.

ALS NYPL, Berg

To Thomas Mosher, December 16, 1901

16: Dec: 1901

Dear Mr. Mosher

I am sending this with other letters to Edinburgh — the others to be typed and this one to have an international Postal Order for Ten Shillings enclosed in it, as I cannot get that in the remote place whence I write. After deducting $3\frac{5}{8}$ / (75 cents) for my subscription to the *Bibelot* for 1902, please send

¹ Sharp must have received from Mosher during the past two or three days the photograph of Edith Rinder he had Fiona Macleod send on loan as a self-portrait.

me what I note over page. If, by the way, I am wrong in estimating the shilling as equivalent to 25 cents, let me know.

I want the following single *Bibelot's*

From Vol. III.	No 9. Botticelli etc.	6 ^d net
	No 11. Odysseus etc.	6 ^d net
“ Vol IV.	No 2. Verlalne	6 ^d net
	No. 9 Giorgione	6 ^d net

[If by any chance there are odd copies of Nos. 6 and 10 in Vol. V I should be very glad to have them.]

In the Old World Series | No XII. (Modern Love etc.) | 4^s / net7

7/

Foreign Subscription to *Bibelot* for 1902 3/

10^s /.

You may remember promising me last autumn a special number of the November *Bibelot* “Celtic”, partly in lieu of the new copies to be done larger size on vellum. The latter may not have proved to be convenient, and the former matter you may have very naturally overlooked in so kindly sending me a dozen on publication — or these may now be on their way — but I draw your attention now simply lest there has been any miscarriage. I see that the *Hills of Dream* and other vols in same series are also issued at a dearer price on vellum: does this mean a larger format as well as being on vellum?

There are several things I would like to order from your seductive list, including the earlier *Bibelot* vols, but alas I dare not — as my uncertain health with prospect of having to go to Italy or somewhere for the first three months of the year now necessitates a scrupulous economy in all that is not really essential — a difficult virtue for me, alas!

I must close abruptly I find.

In haste (the steamer is due)

Ever Sincerely yours | Fiona Macleod

To Grant Richards, [mid-December, 1901]

(Letter-address meanwhile)

Miss Macleod | 22 Ormidale Terrace | Murrayfield, (Midlothian)

Dear Sir,

Although I am now well advanced with the anthology “The Hour of Beauty,” it will be impossible for me to finish it till next Spring at earliest — for I find our Scottish climate, not only in Edinburgh, where I seldom am, but in our milder west, much too trying for me now in its continual damp: and it has just been decided that I am to go abroad at once for the winter. Inconvenient as this is for me, as regards my literary work on hand and also for other reasons, I am fortunate in that I am to go with friends in a yacht for an intermittent winter-and-spring-cruise in the Mediterranean, Adriatic, and Greek seas; with the pleasant prospect, too, of a visit to Sicily, first to friends who live in the interior, and afterward, to Mr. and Mrs. William Sharp at Taormina, where indeed they probably are by this time, or else en route.

I very much regret the delay, for my own sake as well as for any possible inconvenience to you: but, on the other hand, regret it the less since, when I do return, it will not now take me long to finish what is so far advanced.

Pray excuse a type-written note, as I am not at present allowed to use my right hand (the doctor threatens this may be for 7 or 8 months, possibly for a year!)

Believe me, | Yours very truly, | Fiona Macleod

P. S. As I am just about to leave, and am indeed now awaiting a telegram which will probably involve my leaving tomorrow morning, I may add that any letter will be at once forwarded to me, though probably (unless posted tomorrow) it would be surer (travelling as I am with no immediate certain addresses) to address to me on this occasion, Miss Macleod, | c/o Il Duca di Bronte, | Castello di Maniace, | *BRONTE*, | (SICILIA).¹

¹ It is very unusual for Sharp to state that Fiona will be at a specific residence – here Alexander Hood’s in Sicily – he visited often and to which he would soon travel. Sharp must have assumed Richards was unaware of his annual visits to the Castle Maniace.

To Mrs. J. H. Philpot, December 20, 1901¹

Hastings | Dec. 20, 1901

Mr Dear Friend,

You would have enjoyed "being me" yesterday. I had a most delightful day at Rye with Henry James who now lives there for many months in the year. I went over early, lunched, and then we went all over that wonderfully picturesque old Cinque Port. A lovely walk in a frost-bound still country, and then back by the sombre old Land Gate, over the misty marshes down below, and the flame red Cypress Tower against a plum coloured sunset, to Henry James' quaint and picturesque old house to tea. It was in every way a memorable and delightful day, and not least the great pleasure of intercourse with that vivid brilliant and alive mind. He is as of course, *you* realise, an artist to the finger tips. *Et ils sont rares ces diables d'esprit*. I wish it were spring. I long to hear the missel thrush in the blossoming pear tree: and the tingling of the sap, and the laughter in the blood. I suppose we are all, all of us ever dreaming of resurrections. . . .

[William Sharp]

Memoir 338

To Louise Chandler Moulton, December 26, 1901

72 Inverness Terrace | Bayswater | London | [Hastings] | Boxing Day²

My dear Louise

¹ Mrs. J. H. Philpot was the author of *The Sacred Tree or the Tree in Religion and Myth* (London and New York: Macmillan, 1897).

² This is the home of Elizabeth Sharp's mother who was very ill and being attended there by Elizabeth. Sharp had also been ill and was in Hastings recuperating before leaving for Italy by himself during the first week of January.

It is only illness that prevented my writing in time for Christmas — but now that I am at Hastings ‘convalescing’ I can send a brief line.

No, all idea of a visit to America had to be relinquished, & for several reasons, perhaps the most immediate being the dangerous illness of my mother-in-law, which kept Lill tied to a sick-bed.

We were ourselves to have spent Xmas in Florence en route for Sicily — but alas!

And it was from there I hoped to send you a small Xmas present in the guise of a copy of my recent Tauchnitz selection from Swinburne. I can’t get copies here — & so must now wait till I do get abroad before long.

I am very glad indeed you liked FM’s “From the Hills of Dream.” I felt sure you would when I asked her to send you (or rather to ask Mosher to send you) a copy. I wish she were stronger: at present she is far from well, though now fortunately on her way to the sunshine lands.

Pour moi, in a week hence I shall be able to leave for abroad. I shall go first to Bordighera for 10 days or so, & then hope (or soon after) to meet Lill at Genoa & so together to Sicily till the end of February & then to Rome: I am a wretched correspondent, but I am a leal friend & don’t forget! So let me send you much love dear Louise, & many many hopes & wishes for you in 1902.

Ever Your Affectionate Friend, | Will

ALS Louise Chandler Moulton Collection, Library of Congress