

LIFE: 1890

In the first two months of 1890, Sharp recorded his activities in a diary, parts of which his wife preserved in the *Memoir*. In early January he was working on the Browning monograph and attempting a novel, *The Ordeal of Basil Hope*, which he never completed. He was also writing articles for the *Scottish Leader* and “London Letters” for the *Glasgow Herald*. In mid-January he went to Hastings to work on the Browning book free of the distractions of London. Excepting a brief visit to Coventry Patmore, he worked steadily on the book in Hastings. He returned to London in early February where the Browning manuscript and “Basil Hope” continued to occupy his attention. He also wrote a play, “The Northern Night,” that eventually appeared in *Vistas* (1894) and “The Last Journal of Piero di Cosimo” for the March issue of the *Art Review*. During these winter months, he sent two more “London Letters” to the *Glasgow Herald* and began selecting poems and writing the introduction for *Great Odes: English and American*, a Canterbury volume that appeared in the summer. In the spring, he began to read extensively in contemporary French, Belgian, Italian, and American literature and produced literary articles for the *New York Independent*, the *National Review*, and the *Fortnightly Review*. For Walter Scott’s Masterpieces of Foreign Authors series, he prepared a selection of Sainte Beuve’s essays that appeared later in the year. In May, his *Life of Browning* was published in Walter Scott’s Great Writers series.

During a weekend in Surrey in the summer 1887 or 1888 with Sir Walter and Lady Hughes, friends of Elizabeth’s mother, Sharp met Walter Severn, the painter, who asked him to write a biography of his father, Joseph Severn, who had accompanied Keats to Rome and cared for him there through his final days. When Sharp agreed to undertake the project, Walter Severn turned over to him a large quantity of unpublished manuscripts written by and related to his father. After working on this project intermittently, Sharp began concentrated work upon finishing his Browning biography in the Spring of 1890; and he determined to complete the manuscript before leaving for Germany and Italy in the fall. Through his work on this book in the summer of 1890, Sharp came to know John Ruskin and W. W. Story, the British sculptor.

On June 24, after a three-year residency, the Sharps gave up the leased house they called Wescam in South Hampstead. After many months of sustained writing and editing, Sharp was tired and frustrated. The workload and the busy pace of their lives in the city led the Sharps to forego a permanent London residence, divest themselves of their routine writing, and “begin literary life anew” (Sharp to Stedman, June 17, 1890). They decided to

travel and devote themselves exclusively to serious literary work. Their need for money prevented a complete realization of that goal. Sharp retained his Canterbury Poets editorship and continued to work on the Severn biography. But he transferred to Elizabeth the post of London art critic for the *Glasgow Herald* and resigned his lucrative, but time-consuming post with *The Young Folks' Paper*.

After leaving Wescam, the Sharps went to Hampshire for a week's vacation and from there back to London where they stayed with their close friend Mona Caird. In late July they went to Scotland — Clynder on the Gare Loch — to visit Sharp's old friend, Dr. Donald Macleod, editor of *Good Words*. While in Argyll they met George Cotterell, poetry editor of the *Yorkshire Herald*, who became a close friend.

After this annual visit to Scotland, the Sharps returned briefly to London in early October where they stayed with Elizabeth's mother. Then, on October 13th, they crossed to Antwerp, visited Bonn, and went on to Heidelberg, where they stayed for six weeks. While there, Sharp went alone to Stuttgart to meet the American novelist Blanche Willis Howard who accepted his proposal to write a novel together. Serious work on this project did not get underway until September, 1891. In mid-December the Sharps left Heidelberg and traveled via Verona and Florence to winter in Rome where they settled into a small apartment at the summit of the Quirinal Hill. There Sharp planned to spend all his time writing. He described various works he hoped to write in a long letter to Catherine Janvier. Of those, he began a lyrical drama, "Bacchus in India," and a blank verse tragedy, but neither was completed. In December he wrote "Reminiscences of the Marble Quarries of Carrara" which appeared in *Good Words*.

LETTERS: 1890

To Ford Madox Brown, January 1, 1890

17a Goldhurst Terrace | So Hampstead | NW | New Year's
Night

My dear Mr. Brown,

I cannot tell you how touched and gratified I was, as well as pleased, by your most kind present. It is very beautiful, and, I need hardly say, will now and always be among the most treasured possessions of my wife and myself. How earnestly we both wish you and yours all prosperity and happiness in 1890. I have written so often about, and felt such an artistic delight in, your work that I am pleased beyond measure to have something from you - - although I already have one or two things by you; among others, one of our most valued ornaments in our drawing room (and always admired by visitors) being the framed etching of your "Entombment" -- the same that, despite its shamefully stupid hanging, impressed me so much as anything in all the Exhibition at Manchester.

We had a pleasant Xmas down in South Hampshire with the Keeley Halswelles.¹ This evening several friends looked in upon us, with the result that not only my two remaining bottles of champagne but (several of them being Scotch) our store of whisky have gone the way of all flesh. One French gentleman, whose English was very shaky, departed with extreme difficulty, and not till he had said impressively to my wife, "Godam, my dear madame, your visk is superbe, magnifique." In fact his "Godams" became rather excited. But we had a jolly evening, and the only little cloud since was my dear wife's catching me kissing our handsome house maid Kate under the mistletoe. I explained that I felt full of fatherly love, but somehow Mrs. S. did not see it. As somebody says in Dickens, "women is rum's devils".

Mrs. Caird² also looked in earlier, and the Americans, the Harlands.³ By Jove, how Mrs. Caird did, so to say, jump upon Harland, who tried to "do" her with witticisms.

And now I must be off to bed. I'm in a repentant mood, for last night, I much regret to say I threw back my arm in my sleep and not only gave my sposa an unpleasantly impressive salute on the nose, but woke her from her dreams of meeting me as an angel in heaven by calling out (as she declares) "Ireland for ever! Hell and Blazes!".

Our love to Mathilde -- and best greetings to Mrs. Brown and yourself. And again

¹ [Identify]

² Mona Caird, girlhood friend of EAS and outspoken advocate of the rights of women.

³ Henry Harland (1861-1905), an American-Anglo novelist, short story writer, and editor, was born in Russia. In 1894 he founded *The Yellow Book* in London and remained its literary editor for the three years of its existence. Under the pseudonym "Sidney Luska," he wrote several sensational novels, but his best works, *The Cardinal's Snuff Box* (1900) and *The Lady Paramount* (1902), were published under his own name.

accept my warmest thanks. Hoping to see you soon, & to find you in your old visions.

Ever sincerely yours, | William Sharp

You are not meant to trouble about readjusting the stretching of the etching. I'll see to that.

ALS Private (Transcript of manuscript sold by Sotheby's on December 18, 1995.)

To Thomas A. Janvier, January 4, 1890

London. | January 4, 1890

Many thanks for the *Aztec Treasure House*,⁴ which opens delightfully and should prove a thrilling tale. I don't know how you feel, but for myself I shall never again publish serially till I have completed the story beforehand. You will have seen that I have been asked and have agreed to write the critical monograph on Browning for the *Great Writer's Series*.⁵ This involves a harassing postponement of other work, and considerable financial loss, but still I am glad to do it.

The Harlands spent New Year's Day with us, and the Champagne was not finished without some of it being quaffed in memory of the dear and valued friends oversea. You, both of you, must come over this spring.

Ever yours, | William Sharp

Memoir 159-60

To Arthur Stedman, January 4, 1890

4th January 1890

My dear Stedman

I hope the New Year has opened well for you and yours. May it bring prosperity and happiness to each of you.

I am immersed in work, and would that the days were thrice as long and that eyes and brain could stand the strain. The Harlands have got quit of their colds, and are becoming acclimatised. They spent New Year's Day with us.

I am uncertain whether anything of my small fund remains, or even if I am not in your debt: but in any case please let me know, after you have added to your many kindnesses by sending me a book recently published at a dollar by Harper's, "*The Odd Number*," by Guy de Maupassant, with an Introduction by Henry James.

⁴ *The Aztec Treasure-House: A Romance of Contemporaneous Antiquity* (1890).

⁵ *The Life of Robert Browning* (London: Walter Scott) was published in April or early May, 1890.

You will have seen that I have undertaken to write the critical monograph on Browning, for the *Great Writers* series.

Ever yours, | William Sharp

ACS Yale University

To Hall Caine, January 6, 1890

Monday

My dear Caine

I was delighted to hear from you and most heartily reciprocate all your good wishes for 1890. I envy you at Keswick. Very glad to hear about your book, and about your play. What a far reaching audience you now have! Well, I am sure no man deserves success better.

I can send you only a brief line today as I am not only very busy, but have neuralgia in my eyes.

I was with George Meredith at Browning's funeral, and there I met and shook hands cordially with Watts.⁶

Still — what a *poseur* he is! His article (interview) in the *Globe*, à propos of Browning, has several misleading assertions and even inveracities. However, it doesn't matter. He is a good fellow below it all — and we have, each of us, our own weaknesses and shortcomings.

I am deep, deep, deep in a multiplicity of things — magazine-articles etc., etc., etc. The two or three big undertakings I have on hand have to stand over meanwhile, as I have been asked and have agreed to write the critical monograph on Browning for the *Great Writer* series. I have a curious kind of article (one of several appearing in various quarters) on the Lost Mural of Piero di Cosimo in "The Art Review" for Jany.⁷ By the way, I should particularly like you to read the long stanzaic elegiac poem on Browning which I have written for the February issue of "The Art Review." Poor old Dr. Westland Marston⁸ died last night; of Bright's disease.

Again with all good wishes for you and yours

Ever yr affectly | William Sharp

⁶ Theodore Watts-Dunton.

⁷ "Fragments from the Lost Journal of Piero di Cosimo" appeared in the June, 1890, number of *The Scottish Art Review* (later *The Art Review*). Sharp's poem "On Robert Browning" also appeared in that number. Sharp's poem "In Memoriam: Robert Browning" appeared in the January 1890 number of *Belford's Magazine*.

⁸ Dr. Westland Marston, was the father of Sharp's close friend Phillip Bourke Marston, the blind poet, who died in January 1887. For more about Dr. Marston see note to July 28, 1881 letter to Dante Gabriel Rossetti .

P.S. I was out of town, staying with Keeley Halswelle,⁹ or should have looked you up before you left Victoria St.

P.S.2. [On back of envelope] I suppose you know that Buchanan¹⁰ has been & still is very seedy, and has been ordered away for some time to a milder climate.

ALS Manx Museum, Isle of Man.

To Louise Chandler Moulton [mid-January, 1890¹¹]

My dear Louise,

I have been from home — hence my delay in acknowledging your most kind and welcome present of “In a Garden of Dreams”¹²: and now I find myself enforced to a brief note, having (in addition to great pressure of work) an oncoming cold which I fear is at least a first cousin to the Influenza from which Lillie and my sister-secretary are already prostrated.

But all the more reason for acknowledging at once and however briefly your kind present.

The book is beautiful indeed, externally. But what is of more importance is that its contents are more beautiful still. The beauty and poetic power of these lovely poems must win you a host of new friends and admirers, here as well as in America. Some of the lyrics are simply exquisite, particularly those with something of the vague Elizabethan charm in them. I think that “Eros” and “If There Were Dreams to Sell” are my favourites — but then, I immediately remember others of like haunting grace and beauty.

The Sonnets make a very remarkable sequence. Every one without exception is good, and some have a weightiness of poetic message and poignancy of poetic emotion combined with exquisite art that place them in the front rank of recent Sonnet-literature. I envy your having written many of these lovely and noble poems.

For the last section of the book I care less: partly, I may add, because of the outworn *media* themselves. All the same you have written the only triolet which I think worth remembrance among the myriads of these objectionable trifles which have been perpetrated — the altogether delightful little “Thistle Down”.

I have written a review of the book for “The Scottish Leader”— the most literary of the big dailies — and when it appears, which may not be till next week (Thursday is Review

⁹ The Sharp’s spent Christmas with the Keeley Halswelles in South Hampshire.

¹⁰ Robert William Buchanan (1841-1901), a Scottish poet, novelist, and playwright, is known for his attack on Rossetti and the Pre-Raphaelites, “The Fleshly School of Poetry,” in the 1871 *Contemporary Review* (see Sharp’s March [17?], 1881 letter, note #5). After a controversy, he withdrew his charges and dedicated his novel, *God and Man*, to Rossetti.

¹¹ Postmark on envelope indicates receipt in Boston on January 27, 1890.

¹² Louise Chandler Moulton’s *In the Garden of Dreams: Lyrics and Sonnets* was published early in 1890.

Day) or *possibly* even the week after, I shall send you a copy.

So the poor old Doctor¹³ is gone. I did not see him, at the last, or at all for nearly a ½ year past. I got no word from anyone of his funeral — but in any case my cold would have prevented my going. None can lament his death — which must have been a release.

I hope we may calculate on seeing you here with May or June. It is wretched weather just now: you are well out of London. Next winter we hope to be settled in Rome. I am tired of living in this abominable climate, and of so much pot-boiling. I want to retire for a year and devote myself to original work.

You will have seen in the Papers that I have been asked and have agreed to write the “Life of Browning” for the *Great Writers* series. The book should be out either in April or at latest in May.

Again, heartily thanking you & Sincerely Congratulating You I am,

Always Admiringly and Affectionately Yours

William Sharp

ALS Louise Chandler Moulton Collection, Library of Congress

To Hall Caine, January 23, 1890

10 Caroline Place | Hastings

My dear Caine

Will you oblige [me] and my friend Mr. J. Dykes Campbell¹⁴ by some information respecting Coleridge. In the letter you printed in the *Athenaeum* you alluded to some interesting marginalia in the copy of the *Biographia Literaria* in your possession: but did not give it, then or later?

Did you incorporate it in your Coleridge book in the *Great Writers* series?¹⁵ Or has it been printed elsewhere? If not, have you the book in your possession? If so, would you care to part with it, and what wd. you expect for it?

Please let me have a line by return — as my stay here is uncertain.

I came here a short time ago, and am getting on well with my “Life of Browning.” It will have more novel biographical detail than I anticipated. It will be published in the late

¹³ In his diary, Sharp says he heard from Dr. Garnett on January 6 of Dr. Marston’s death the night before (*Memoir* 162).

¹⁴ James Dykes Campbell (1838-1895) was a Scottish businessman and a self-taught literary scholar and critic. His most significant contribution to literature was his biography of Coleridge, *Samuel Taylor Coleridge: A Narrative of the Events of His Life* (1894), which set a new standard for biographies of literary figures.

¹⁵ Caine’s *Life of Samuel Taylor Coleridge* was published in 1887 as number 2 in Walter Scott’s Great Writers Series.

Spring. My “Life of Heine” is having a big sale in America and abroad, by the way.¹⁶

Hope you like your new quarters.

Best remembrances to you & yours

Affectly | William Sharp

P.S. Just going off to dine with Coventry Patmore.

ALS Manx Museum, Isle of Man.

To John Lane,¹⁷ [February 14, 1890]

My dear Sir

I have just come back, and am under extreme pressure finishing my “Life of Robert Browning” for the Great Writers Series. In a couple of days — perhaps ten — I shall send you the information you want.

In haste, | Very truly yours, | William Sharp

ACS Princeton

To Richard Watson Gilder, February 22, 1890

17a Goldhurst Terrace | So. Hampstead | London N.W. | 22:2:90

Dear Mr. Gilder,

Herewith Receipt, with thanks. I am pleased you care for “Remembrance”.¹⁸

Next October I am going to leave England for six months at any rate, and perhaps for 18, and return to my well-loved Italy. I am sick of pot-boiling, and wish to get on with purely original work. The Drawback is — heavy pecuniary loss. However, I feel I must do it, now or never.

Is there anything you would care to commission me to do for the *Century* in Italy: article say on Contemporary Italian Literature (Salvatore Farina, etc) or Art, or National Ideals & the present outcome, or descriptive of any kind? It would be of material service to me, if practicable for you to do so.

Sincerely Yours | William Sharp

ALS University of Delaware Library

¹⁶ Sharp’s *Life of Robert Browning* was published in April/May, 1890 in Walter Scott’s Great Writers Series; his *Life of Heinrich Heine* had appeared in the same series in 1888.

¹⁷ John Lane (1854-1925) founded, with Elkin Matthews, the Bodley Head publishing Company in 1887 and became its sole proprietor when the partnership dissolved in 1894. Also in 1894, he began *The Yellow Book*, with Henry Harland as editor. Lane contributed “George Meredith and His Reviewers, 1895-90: A Bibliography” to Richard Le Gallienne’s *George Meredith: Some Characteristics* in 1890, and this note responds to a note from Lane to Sharp asking about Meredith.

¹⁸ A poem published in the *Century* in December, 1891.

To [John Lane], February 22, 1890

17a Goldhurst Terrace | South Hampstead | N.W. | 22:2:90

My dear Sir

I can now snatch a spare moment in which to reply to your note of the 13th last.

Yes — you are right in believing me to be a (profound) admirer of George Meredith — whom I also know well personally. I have written about him two or three times, but with one important exception I cannot remember when or where. But last year I wrote an article on him as a poet, which was a good deal commented on. It appeared in “The Art Review” (then called “The Scottish Art Review”) just a year ago, that is, in Feby 1889.¹⁹

I remember that I was asked by the Editor of the *Athenaeum* — no, the *Academy*, to review his “Poems and Ballads of Tragic Life”. For some reason it was impracticable, and it was done by a friend of mine, Mr. John M. Gray,²⁰ Edinburgh. This would be in “The Academy” for the autumn of 1888, I suppose, or perhaps in May or June. It was not very appreciative, if I remember rightly.

I do not know if your bibliography is to be so complete in method as, say, the Browning Socy’s. If so, you will insert particular allusions as well as articles, I presume. In my shortly forthcoming “Life of Browning” (*Great Writers Series*) — the following occurs in Chapter VI.

“Only two writers of our age have depicted women with that imaginative insight which is at once more comprehensive and more illuminative than women’s own invision of themselves — Robert Browning and George Meredith. But not even the latter, most subtle and delicate of all analysts of the tragi-comedy of human life, has surpassed “Pompilia”. The meeting and the swift uprising of love between Lucy and Richard, in the “Ordeal of Richard Feverel”, is, it is true, on the topmost peak of the highest altitude of prose romance”, but (then about the distinction between the prose method and the poetic).

Again, in the 9th Chapter, in alluding to Browning’s funeral in Westminster Abbey, I say: “All of his peers, all who would be of his Brotherhood, who could be present, were there, somewhere in the ancient abbey. One of them, one of the greatest, loved and admired by the dead poet, had already put the mourning of many into the lofty dignity of his verse:” (and then I quote G.M.’s sonnet, which appeared in the Pall Mall Gazette).²¹

If I remember rightly, R. L. Stevenson has one or more allusions to G.M. in his article

¹⁹ “George Meredith, ‘Reading of Earth,’” *The Scottish Art Review*, I (Feb, 1889), pp.263-5.

²⁰ John M. Gray’s review of *Ballads and Poems of Tragic Life* was published in *The Academy*, XXXI (June 11, 1887), p. 406. A literary and art critic, Gray also served as curator of the Scottish National Portrait Gallery. His works include *George Manson and His Works* (1880), *David Scott, R. S. A., and His Works* (1884), and *Memoir and Remains* (1895).

²¹ “On Hearing the News from Venice, *Pall Mall Gazette* (Dec. 14, 1889), p. 1.

on “Romance”, in the first number of Longman’s Magazine.²²

No doubt you know the now rare stories entitled “A Tale of Chloe” and “The House on the Beach”? And of course you know the American Memoir and the vol. of Selections from his prose and verse? The latter I brought over with me from New York recently.²³

By the way, if you do not know of it, I could transcribe for you a very interesting “essayette”, or “opinion” upon the essentials for authorship, which G.M. has contributed to a forthcoming book by (I forget whom at the moment — but I have had advance sheets sent me to look at).

I also forgot to say that I included his fine sonnet on “Lucifer in Starlight” in my “Sonnets of This Century” (with a note upon G.M. as poet and novelist, in the Appendix, where I also include five of his “Modern Love” and ‘undated sonnets’, Nos. 16, 29, 43, 49, and 50). I think this was in the 1st Edn, certainly in all which have followed, 10 or 11. In a forthcoming edition (May) of Great English Odes I shall include his “France”.²⁴

I don’t suppose any other subject than G.M. would have drawn so long a note from me — which must also be my excuse to you.

Wishing all success to what should be a most interesting book, I am, dear Sir,

Yours faithfully | William Sharp

P.S. I quite forgot to add that I have dedicated my forthcoming volume of Essays from the French of Sainte-Beuve with a study of S.B.²⁵ — to G.M. in the following terms: ”These Few Essays / By The / Most Brilliant and Profound Critic of France / Are Inscribed To / George Meredith / The Most Profound and Brilliant of / The Novelists of England.”

ALS New York Public Library, Berg Collection

*To James Mavor, March 18, 1890*²⁶

My dear Mavor

Very sorry that the extreme pressure I am under (with, too, Scott’s printers waiting for me, & cursing deeply) that I cannot manage the Glasgow trip. It is very doubtful if I can run thro’ for an hour or so even: if I can it will be tomorrow afternoon — but it is very doubtful.

²² “Gossip on Romance,” *Longman’s Magazine*, I (Nov. 1882), p. 75.

²³ *A Tale of Chloe* (1890) and *The House on the Beach* (1877). The “American Memoir” may be William Morton Fullerton’s “An Interview with George Meredith,” published in the *Boston Advertiser*, Dec. 17, 1888. Fullerton’s “Some Notes in Regard to George Meredith in America” is included in the second and later editions of Le Gallienne’s *George Meredith: Some Characteristics*. The volume of “Selections from his prose and verse” is probably *The Pilgrim’s Scrip: or Wit and Wisdom of George Meredith*, with selections from his poetry and an introduction by M. R. F. Gilman (1888).

²⁴ *Great Odes: English and American*, selected and ed., with an introductory note by William Sharp, The Canterbury Poets Series (London: Walter Scott, 1890).

²⁵ C. A. Sainte-Beuve, *Essays on Men and Women*, ed., with a critical memoir by William Sharp, Masterpieces of Foreign Authors (London: David Scott, 1890).

²⁶ Date from postmark on card addressed to Mavor at 93 Hope Street, Glasgow. Mavor was editor of *The Art Review*, formerly *The Scottish Art Review*.

You might leave word at yr. office as to yr. movements, if you have to be out: in case I can manage.

Wedmore, I understand from him, is anxious, as a Browning specialist, to review my R.B. somewhere.²⁷ Wd. you have any objections to letting him do it for the A.R.²⁸ An unsigned notice wd. hardly do there, on account of the connection. What say you?

I'll try tomorrow.

W.S.

P. S. No, I find I shall not get into Glasgow at all. I shall be here till Monday.

ACS University of Toronto Library

To [Bliss Carman?²⁹], [March 21, 1890³⁰]

Friday

My dear old fellow

I am in Edinburgh for a few days — having somewhat hurt eyes & head with extreme literary work over Browning etc.

I shall write you shortly — but cannot delay to send on my heartfelt congratulations on your appointment.³¹ I am as glad as if some good fortune had befallen myself. Don't overwork yourself — & take in all the fresh air and exercise you can — live out of New York if possible — and above all don't let the poet disappear in the editor, & remember too that another overwrought poet and editor has always a loving remembrance of you.

In great haste, | Always yours, | William Sharp

You shall have one of the earliest copies of my “Browning.”

ALS Pattee Library, Pennsylvania State University

To John Lane, [March 21, 1890]³²

Edinburgh | Friday, 20th

Dear Mr. Lane,

Please come on Sunday after next, that is, on Sunday evening the 30th, as I cannot be

²⁷ Fredrick Wedmore (1844-1921), an art critic for the *Standard*, was best known for his writings about James McNeil Whistler. He corresponded with Robert Browning in the 1860s and was a member of the Browning Circle.

²⁸ *The Art Review*

²⁹ Sharp met Carman, a Canadian poet and man of letters, during his trip to Canada in August, 1889. Carman moved to New York in 1890 to accept a position as an editorial writer for *The New York Independent*.

³⁰ Although “March 21” is written after “Friday” in a different hand, it is accurate since the 21st was a Friday in 1890.

³¹ Sharp wrote again to Carman in May of this year.

³² “20th,” following Friday, may have been added in another hand. In any case, March 21 is the correct date since it was a Friday in 1890. Since Sharp had to stay in Edinburgh until the following Monday, he would not be “at home” on Sunday the 23rd. Having asked Lane to attend one of his “at homes,” Sharp here notifies him that he has to remain in Edinburgh until the following Monday and suggests he come on the 30th.

South this week after all.

In haste, Yours sincerely, | William Sharp

ACS Princeton

To Frederick Wedmore,³³ [early April, 1890]

Saty

Hope this will catch you. I find that some of my corrections were not given effect to, owing to the “rush” with the proofs at the last.

I enclose the “Errata and Addenda” Slip which is to be sent out with each copy issued.

Glad to find that the Browning ‘circle’ themselves are so pleased with the book -- indeed, I am more than gratified by the letters I have received already.

Hope you will have a pleasant time in Paris.

Sincerely Yours | William Sharp

ALS University of British Columbia

To John M. Gray [early April, 1890]

Saty

My dear Gray,

Yours being one of the first half dozen copies printed off, for ‘advance copies’, it had not the “Errata and Addenda” slip which accompanies each copy sent out. I enclose it herewith.

I am delighted to find that the Browning ‘circle’ is so pleased with the book — indeed, I am more than gratified by the letters I have already received.

In haste, | Sincerely yours, | William Sharp

The book is too near me yet for me to feel if I have impressed the man and the poet upon the reader’s mind — but to judge from letters I am hoping I have succeeded.

ALS Stanford University Library

To J. Stanley Little, April 16, 1890

Wednesday | 16 | April 1890

My dear Little

Many thanks for your kind invitation. Later on (after my return from Paris, abt 12th or 15th, whither I go about the 3rd or 4th) it will give us both much pleasure to pay you and

³³ See Sharp’s March 18, 1890 note to James Mavor where Sharp identified Wedmore as a Browning specialist who wanted to review Sharp’s biography of Browning and asked Mavor if he might do so in *The Scottish Art Review*. Wedmore had received a review copy of Sharp’s Browning book, and here Sharp sent him the errata sheet.

your brother³⁴ a brief visit.

Please remember that we are always (which means ‘always’ except, as it happens, either May 4th or 11th) at home on Sunday evenings, and delighted to see any friends who will look in informally.

You know — or I fancy you do — what a sincere admirer I am of your brother’s work. It is hard that good work should find so many things in its way. You may be sure that whenever it is practicable for me to put in a spoke anywhere “will” shall not lag behind “can”.

What you tell me about his “Lap of Winter” interests me much. I shd. be much obliged if you wd. send me a P|C saying when the 19th Century Art Socy has its Press View. Why does not your brother try Glasgow — now the most ‘selling places’ & rapidly becoming an art-centre. I’ll do what I can for him in the Glasgow Herald, the chief paper there & in Scotland — of which I am art-critic and correspondent.

I have been frantically busy — as usual: but am now slacking off a bit. My “Life of Browning” for the Great Writers series was a stiff pull. It is going splendidly — already abt 10,000 copies disposed of.

Hoping to see you soon (send me the P|C!) & with best regards, congratulations, and, if he will allow me to say so, encouragement to your brother,

Always Sincerely Yrs, | William Sharp

ALS Princeton

To Bliss Carman, [mid-May, 1890]

17a Goldhurst Terrace | So. Hampstead | London N.W.

My dear Carman

I have just returned from Paris. I send you (in my amanuensis’ very legible handwriting) a brief article which I think your readers will find entertaining — that is if you care for it and are able to find room for it.

I should have posted it to you a day or two ago but I delayed till I could get a copy of a poem which I thought you would care for: and this, “The Coves of Crail”,³⁵ I enclose also.

I hope you are flourishing, in health and otherwise. We give up our London house a few weeks hence — and I shall be very far from sorry to leave London. It is far too big a

³⁴ George Leon Little

³⁵ “The Coves of Crail” was published in *The New York Independent*, 42 (July 3, 1890), 409. It was subsequently included in the “Poems of Phantasy” section of *Flower o’ the Vine* (New York: Charles Webster & Co., 1892). That volume constituted the American publication of Sharp’s third volume of poems, *Romantic Ballads and Poems of Phantasy*, which was published in England by Walter Scott in 1888 and reprinted with some revisions in 1889. “The Coves of Crail” is a brief haunting lyric about the corpse of a man with “pale gold” hair and white lips and hands floating in the water. He was lured to his death by a mermaid’s song about mermen weaving their rings on the reefs.

town, and life in it is a weariness to the spirit and an unhealthy toil for the body. We will go to Scotland for the early autumn — then to the Rhineland (headquarters, Wiesbaden) for two months — and then south to Rome, where we are going to settle for a time.

The above, however, will remain as my address till the end of July. After that my letter-address will be 2 Coltbridge Terrace | Murrayfield | Edinburgh.

By following mail I shall send you a copy of some “Odes: English and American”³⁶ I have edited. In the preface I allude to your fine Matthew Arnold Threnody.

Always, my dear fellow, cordially yours, | William Sharp

ALS Fales Collection New York University

To [Bliss Carman], [mid-May, 1890]

Cher Ami,

I forgot to enclose for you, if you care for it, one of a series of unrhymed lyrics I am writing. I think *you* at any rate will like this ‘Paris Nocturne’.³⁷ Of course I shd. expect more for it than the nominal £1 or 30s|- which seems to be the *Independent’s* payment for short poems. My terms to any magazine here for anything save a very short poem are 5£. However, I am content to take what you can fairly allow.

Yrs in haste | William Sharp

P.S. I had to send off my letter and article without enclosing this. Perhaps, indeed, this may miss the mail.

ALS, Private

To W. Kinton Parkes, [May 29, 1890]³⁸

Grosvenor Club | Bond Street W.

Dear Mr. Parkes

I am sorry to have missed you. I am afraid I am not ‘findable’ again till Monday afternoon next, *probably*: except Saturday (see overleaf).

Tomorrow afternoon I have to go to a Matinee (Mrs. Augusta Webster’s play),³⁹ and have promised to look in at an ‘afternoon’ elsewhere — so I can’t well be at the Brit. Museum. It was *today* I half expected to be there — but I could not manage it.

I have only rapidly glanced thro’ your MSS (for the very neat and workmanlike

³⁶ *Great Odes: English and American*. Selected and edited, with an introductory note by William Sharp (London: Walter Scott, 1890).

³⁷ “Paris Nocturne” was published in *The New York Independent*, 42 (Dec. 25, 1890), 1825. It is in the “Poems (1889-1893)” section of Sharp’s *Songs and Poems, Old and New* (London: Elliot Stock, 1909).

³⁸ Since the play mentioned in the second paragraph of the letter (see following note) was performed as a matinee on Friday, May 30, 1890, this letter was written on May 29.

³⁹ Augusta Webster (1837-1894), whose work was influenced by the Brownings, was a poet and dramatist. Her writings include a translation of *The Prometheus Bound of Aeschylus* (1866), *A Woman Sold and Other Poems* (1867), a translation of *The Medea of Euripides* (1868), *Portraits* (1870), *The Auspicious Day* (1874), and *The Sentence* (1887). “In a Day” was performed at Terry’s Theatre on May 30th.

condition of which allow a worried editor to thank you) but am well satisfied so far. I hope, and think, it will be a taking book.⁴⁰

As I think you know, the series is now issued every alternate month. The next vol is just finishing at the printers and binders: i.e. the July volume "Owen Meredith."⁴¹ Yours I have arranged to come next, to be published on August 25th as the September vol (one of the best months to issue in — for *our* purposes *the* best).

Personally, I am quite in favour of the large paper edn. It has been done only twice before: once the experiment was a disastrous failure, once a reasonable success. I'll see what the publisher has to say to it.

Yours very truly | William Sharp

The publisher will want to see the Rossetti and other copyright letters of publishers. So far as I can tell, I shall be at home on Saturday, between two and three o'clock, if you particularly wish to see me:

W.S.

ALS Pierpont Morgan

To James Mavor, June 12, 1890

Wescam | Goldhurst Terrace | So. Hampstead | Thursday, 12 June, 1890, A.D.

My dear Mavor,

Firstly, let me draw your attention to the fact that this note is fully dated:

Secondly, I send herewith a letter from Mrs. Emily Hockey, the poet etc. Kindly answer it direct.

Thirdly, please note that we leave our house "for good and all" on Monday the 23rd of this month. Thereafter, till 15th July (when we go to Scotland, then or thereabouts) we shall be staying with Mrs. Mona Caird. My address will therefore be | C|o J. A. Caird Esq | 3 Lyndhurst Gardens | Hampstead | London N.W.

Fourthly, are we to have the pleasure of seeing your Phiz. in London this summer? If not we must meet in Glasgow or Edinburgh. We shall certainly be in Glasgow for a visit at some point (probably in September). I fancy that when we go north it will be, first, for two or three weeks somewhere on the East Coast.

Fifthly, I wish you could be with us this coming Sunday. Stepinak,⁴² F. Bate,⁴³ and others are coming to tea, and a good many later on. 'T will be the last of our 'Sunday

⁴⁰ *The Painter Poets*, selected and edited, with an introduction and notes by K. Parkes, The Canterbury Poets Series (1890).

⁴¹ *Poems of Owen Meredith, the Earl of Lytton*, selected, with an introduction by M. Betham-Edwards, The Canterbury Poets Series (1890).

⁴² [Identify]

⁴³ [Identify]

evenings' here.

We both hope you are flourishing and send you our affectionate regard,

À vous, cordialement | William Sharp

ALS University of Toronto Library

To Edmund C. Stedman, June 14, 1890

14 June|90

My dear Stedman

Your long letter most welcome. I hope to write to you next mail. We are breaking up our home in London, and are at present in great confusion. Meanwhile I send you a copy of a little book I edited: a vol. of great odes.⁴⁴ As you will see, I have included your "Pastoral Romance." It has been widely noticed & praised (I mean your ode). I hope it is all right in text: it had to be "read" in proof by someone during my absence in Paris. If not, let me know, as next edition will be out in Autumn. Love to you all.

Affectly yours, | William Sharp

ACS Columbia

To Edmund Clarence Stedman, June 17, 1890

17a Goldhurst Tce \ S.H. London | 17th June:'90

My dear Stedman

You will ere this have received the copy of the little book of "Great Odes: English and American" which I sent to you. It was really a "loop" volume, having to be done swiftly in default of something that fell through on the part of an editor: yet it has been unexpectedly well received. I think I told you that your own beautiful "Ode to Pastoral Romance" has appealed to many people, and will, I hope and believe, send new readers to you, among the new generation, as a poet. Please do not lend it to any one for reviewing, as the latter half is copyright in the States.

I have time for only the briefest letter — as we are in all the discomfort of leaving our house, and I have enough to do and look after within the next few days to drive one half frantic.

Well, we are breaking up our home, and are going to leave London for a long time — probably forever as a fixt "residentz platz." Most of my acquaintances think I am very foolish thus to withdraw from the 'thick of the fight' just when things are going so well with me, and when I am making a good and rapidly increasing income — for I am giving up nearly every appointment I hold, and am going abroad having burned my ships behind me,

⁴⁴ *Great Odes: English and American* (1890).

and determined to begin literary life afresh. But truly enough wisdom does not lie in money-making — not for the artist who cares for his work at any rate. I am tired of so much pot-boiling, such unceasing bartering of literary merchandise: and wish to devote myself entirely — or as closely as the fates will permit — to work in which my heart is. I am buoyant with the belief that it is in me to do something both in prose and verse far beyond any hitherto accomplishment of mine: but to stay here longer, and let the net close more and more round me, would be fatal. Of course I go away at a heavy loss. My income will at once drop to zero, and even after six months or so will scarce have risen a few degrees above that awkward limit — though ultimately things may readjust themselves. Yet I would rather — I am ready — I should say we are ready, to live in the utmost economy if need be. We shall be none the less happy: for my wife, with her usual loving unselfishness and belief in me, is as eager as I am for the change, despite all the risks.

There are too many examples of the ruin that comes from yielding to a cheap vogue: Andrew Lang,⁴⁵ for instance, brilliant and able fellow though he is, has quite run to seed, and will never do anything now. Among the younger writers few have the surely not very high courage necessary to give up something of material welfare for the sake of art. As for us, we are both at heart Bohemians — and are well-content if we can have good shelter, enough to eat, books, music, friends, sunshine, and free nature — all of which we can have with the scantiest of purses. Perhaps I shd. be less light-hearted in the matter if I thought that our coming Bohemian life might involve my wife in hard poverty when my hour comes — but fortunately her ‘future’ is well assured. So henceforth, in a word, I am going to take down the board,

WILLIAM SHARP GIVEN UP BUSINESS. MOVED TO BOHEMIA. PUBLISHERS AND EDITORS NEED NOT APPLY. FRIENDS CAN WRITE TO W.S. c/o “DRAMA” “FICTION”, OR “POETRY” LIVE-AS-YOU-WILL QUARTER, BOHEMIA
--

and substitute

WILLIAM SHARP LITERARY MANUFACTURER (all kinds of jobs undertaken)
--

⁴⁵ Andrew Lang (1844-1912), a journalist, poet, folklorist, editor, historian, and translator, was born in Scotland. His works include *XXII Ballads in Blue China* (1880), *XXXII Ballads in Blue China* (1881), *Letters to Dead Authors* (1886), *Letters on Literature* (1889), *Homer and the Epic* (1893), *The World of Homer* (1910), *Pickle the Spy* (1897), *Custom and Myth* (1884), and *The Making of Religion* (1891).

This day week we leave our house for good. My wife and I then go into Hampshire, to breathe the hay and the roses for a week at a friend's place 7 miles across the downs north of Winchester: then back to London to stay with our friend Mrs. Mona Caird | 3 Lyndhurst Gardens | Hampstead | N.W. | till about the 20th of July. About that date we go to Scotland, to my joy: and will be by the sea or among the hills, and in Edinburgh, till close on the end of September. Thereafter we return to London for a week or so, and then go abroad. We are bound first for the lower Rhineland, and intend to stay at Carlsruhe (being cheap, pretty, thoroughly German, with good music and a good theatre) for about two months. Then, about the beginning of December, we go to Rome, where we intend to settle: climatic, financial, and other considerations will decide whether we remain there longer than six months, but six ideal months at least we hope for — “Mihi sex menses satis sunt vitae: Septimum Orco spondeo”.⁴⁶

Neither the *sex* nor the *septimum* to be taken too literally, you know.

It was such a pleasure to hear from you again. Often I think of you and yours: my wife, indeed, declares she knows you all intimately. The Harlands are flourishing: the Janviers are having a good time of it down by Aries and Nimes and old Roman France. We are hoping that they will join us in Rome for the winter. I am so glad that the “Dictionary” is at last off your hands.⁴⁷ If a copy can be conveniently sent, it wd. need to reach London before the 25th of September at latest. Address: C|o J. A. Caird Esq, 3 Lyndhurst Gardens, Hampstead, N.W. You are to give us more of yourself yet — though your gift is already so extensive and so treasurable. My love to Arthur,⁴⁸ and I am sure Mrs. Stedman will let me send my love to her also, since my wife joins in it, and as it includes you. The memory of you all is as fragrant as hawthorn-blooms.

Always gratefully and affectionately yours, | William Sharp

ALS Huntington

*To [John Lane], [June 20, ?1890]*⁴⁹

17a Goldhurst Tce | S.H.

I forget if I told you that I had decided to dedicate another & later (original) book to

⁴⁶ “Six months of life are enough for me; the seventh month I solemnly promise to the underworld [or the god of the underworld, or death].” This is a line of poetry quoted by Cicero in *De Finibus*, 2.7.22.

⁴⁷ *A Library of American Literature from the Earliest Settlement to the Present Time*, ed. Edmund Clarence Stedman & Ellen Mackay Hutchinson, 11 vols. (1889-1890).

⁴⁸ Stedman's son.

⁴⁹ The Sharps vacated their house on Tuesday, June 24. This letter was written several days earlier.

G.M.⁵⁰ instead of the St. Beuve,⁵¹ which is to be dedicated to Paul Bourget.

We leave this house “for good & all” next Tuesday. My letter-address thereafter

The Grosvenor Club | New Bond St.

Best regards | William Sharp

ACS New York Public Library, Berg Collection

*To James Mavor, July 7, 1890*⁵²

3 Lyndhurst Gardens | Hampstead | N.W.

My dear Mavor

I shd. be much obliged if you wd. direct Constables (“or others”) to send me the two numbers of the *Art Review* containing my “Piero di Cosimo.”⁵³ All my books etc. are stored — and I particularly want these. I suppose the A.R. doors are now closed.

We shall be here till the 29th — & then off to north Berwick or elsewhere.

À vous toujours, | William Sharp

You sent Mr. Stevenson⁵⁴ to 17a Goldhurst Terrace & we missed. However, I hope to see him on his way back from France.

ACS University of Toronto Library

To J. Stanley Little, July 10, 1890

3 Lyndhurst Gardens | Hampstead N. W. | 10:July:90

My dear Little,

The stars in their courses fight against us in regard to our looked-forward-to visit. The moving from our late residence, and the infernal weather we have [been] enduring, have played the mischief with my wife. If practicable we should leave London at once for a quiet haven in Scotland (whither we go about the 25th or shortly after) but this I cannot do. So my wife is going to friends in Hampshire, to rest and recruit: though I am so busy that I cannot even run down to join her for a day or two. I am afraid, therefore, that I must postpone our visit, even my single visit, to a more favourable opportunity (not, I trust, *Ad Er. Kal.*).

⁵⁰ George Meredith.

⁵¹ Sharp's edition of C. A. Sainte Beuve's *Essays on Men and Women*. On February 22, 1890, Sharp had told Lane the Sainte Beuve volume would be dedicated to Meredith.

⁵² Date from postmark on card.

⁵³ Sharp's “Fragments from the Lost Journals of Piero di Cosimo” appeared in two numbers of *The Art Review* in June 1890.

⁵⁴ Robert Allan Mowbray Stevenson (1847-1900), a first cousin and close friend of Robert Louis Stevenson and a painter, was well known in the art world of Paris and London in the 1870s. After his marriage in 1881, he found his inheritance nearly exhausted and turned to teaching and writing about art. He last exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1885. He spent his later years as the art critic for the *Pall Mall Gazette*. He wrote two important books on Velazquez (1895 and 1899) and one on Rubens. See note to Sharp's April, 1889 letter to Mavor.

On the other hand, I *may* have to go on business of a literary kind in connection with my "Severn Memoirs"⁵⁵ to Surrey, for a day, somewhere between the 17th and 24th. If so, I shall *try* to spend the evening with you: but I cannot promise. I have a great deal to do within the next week or two: far more than I at present see my way to accomplishing. Yet I am anxious to see you and your brother. If I can see my way I shall write or telegraph.

Meanwhile all good wishes for you both.

Cordially yours, | William Sharp

ALS Princeton

*To Kineton Parkes, July 13, 1890*⁵⁶

3 Lyndhurst Gardens | Hampstead N.W.

Dear Mr. Parkes,

Herewith I send you editorial revise of your Introduction.⁵⁷ I regret to have to trouble you, but it will require great recasting -- perhaps, indeed, it would be easier to rewrite it and reduce it considerably. To be candid, it might be better to omit the Introduction altogether: particularly if the notes are voluminous.

You no doubt wrote it under pressure and so allowed many things to pass which your better judgment would rectify.

Please return the proofs of the Text direct to the printers -- Mr. Walter Scott, {Publisher, Felling (R.S.O.) Co Durham: but the Proofs of Preface & Introduction to me, at above address.

Please revise the Proofs of Text with all due care. In glancing hurriedly here and there, out of curiosity, I noticed e.g. "Lake Berva" for Lake Bewa" on p. 68 & 'melts' for 'melt' on p. 69; 'Song' for 'Songs' on p. 91; lack of a comma in last line of first stanza on p. 93; 'Compo' for 'Campo' on p. 96; semicolon after second word in Louise Jopling's very poor stuff on p. 112, & 'yearnings' for 'yearning' on same; 'slip' for 'step' at p. 114; defective last line p. 117; 'thought' for 'though' at p. 132; check 2nd line of 3rd tercet on p. 134; "South land" instead of "southland" p. 142; 'as' for 'are' in sestet of Rossetti's sonnet p. 156; & 'waves' for 'wave' in R's [?] on p. 157. In Index. A. Easts's poem shd be -----Bewa (not Berva), & "Selwin Image" shd be Selwyn."

I shall be at above address for the next fortnight (my old address is cancelled) -- thereafter my letter address for a long time will be c/o Miss M. B. Sharp | 2 Coltbridge

⁵⁵ Sharp's *The Life and Letters of Joseph Severn* was published in London by Sampson Lowe, Marston & Co. in March, 1892.

⁵⁶ The date, written in pencil on the first page of the manuscript, may have been taken from the postmark of the envelope which is missing. The content confirms the date approximately.

⁵⁷ *The Painter Poets* which Parkes was editing for Walter Scott's Canterbury Poetry Series. Sharp was general editor of the series. See letter dated May 29, 1890.

Terrace | Murrayfield | Edinburgh.

Yours very truly | William Sharp

P.S. The long & short of your essay shd be that a painter shd be a painter and a poet shd be a poet -- and that the only interconnection is the fundamental one of authentic (rhythmic) emotion. Rossetti himself would have laughed at the idea of a poetic 'motif' saving an inferiorly painted picture.

ALS, UWM Library

*To William Wetmore Story, July 15, 1890*⁵⁸

2 Coltbridge Terrace | Murrayfield | Edinburgh

Dear Mr. Story

Did you know Joseph Severn in Rome: and if so have you ever written about him anywhere? I am anxious to get all information as I can, as I wish to finish the "Severn Memoirs"⁵⁹ before we go abroad for the Autumn and Winter (the late winter we shall spend in Rome).

The family put the papers in my hands 2 or 3 years ago, but various things have hitherto delayed me. If you can give me any hints or reminiscences or direct me in any way I shall be indebted.

Excuse a p/c in haste. The above is my letter-address, as I have given up my house in London.

Sincerely Yours, | William Sharp

ACS Harvard Houghton

To E. C. Stedman, July 21, 1890

c/o Miss M. B. Sharp | 2 Coltbridge Terrace | Murrayfield | Edinburgh

My dear Stedman

The enclosed letter has evidently been sent to me by mistake: and perhaps the "Notes" on *Great Odes* also. I read the latter with much interest, thinking they were meant for me: but it struck me that perhaps they were not.

I am too unwell with lumbago to do more than say how very sorry I am that you are so seriously indisposed. My consolation is that you are at Kelp Rock and in good hands.

Don't dream of writing to me about *Great Odes* or anything else for months to come, as you love me. Perhaps Arthur will kindly send me a P/C about you.

Affectionately yours | William Sharp

⁵⁸ Date from postmark. A note in a different hand at the top right of this postcard reads "Ansd Au 26.90."

⁵⁹ *The Life and Letters of Joseph Severn* (1892).

I leave town in a week for Scotland, I am unutterably thankful to say. The above will be my letter address for a year.

ALS UC- Berkeley

To Bliss Carman, July 25, 1890

25|7|90

Dear old Boy

Herewith my latest — which I hope you will like.

I hope you are going to have a good holiday.

I say — I think you shd. now bring out a vol. of poetry. Publish simultaneously if possible here and States. A small edn. here, say even only 150, wd. serve your purposes that is, if no one wd. take it up — a rare thing even with well-known writers. I could arrange, I think, for it to cost you a small sum — say £10 or £12.

Love to you — and may the muse be with you.

In two or three days now I'm off to the Scottish Coast — after a bit to the neighborhood of the Coves of Crail! Thanks for the slips. Will you kindly send me a few of the same when my *Paris Nocturne*⁶⁰ comes out.

Yours ever | W. S.

ALS Smith College Library

To James Mavor, [mid-July, 1890]

My dear Mavor,

Good-bye — take care of yourself —& come back soon: & if you come to Broadhurst Gdns⁶¹ again so much the more pleased we shall be.

Wedmore's notice is very kind.⁶²

Yours ever, | William Sharp

P.S. When you are writing next on A.R. matters, you might remind them that I have not yet recd. cheque for *Piero di Cosimo*⁶³

ALS University of Toronto Library

⁶⁰ Both "The Coves of Crail" and "Paris Nocturne" were published in *The New York Independent*, for which Bliss Carman was an editorial writer. See note for letter to Carman dated mid-May, 1890.

⁶¹ Mavor, who is leaving for a holiday in Ireland, must have been staying in Broadhurst Gardens, a street in north London not far from where the Sharps were staying with the Cairds in Hampstead.

⁶² On March 18, 1890 Sharp asked Mavor if Wedmore could review his Browning book in *The Art Review*. The review appeared in early July.

⁶³ Sharp's "Piero di Cosimo" appeared in two numbers of the *Art Review* in June, 1890.

To James Mavor, [early August, 1890]

1 Lorne Square | North Berwick

Glad you had such a good time of it in Ireland, & hope you are much the better for it. I think my wife has already written to your mother telling her of our plans & thanking her for her very kind invitation. We shall be here till the 14th & somewhere else on the East Coast till Sept. 6th or 7th — then I, at any rate, shall be west for a day or two. By the way I never recd. the two nos. of the A.R. (containing “Piero di Cosimo”) which you kindly said you wd. direct to be sent. Could I have them here?

Yrs ever | W.S.

ACS University of Toronto Library

To [Eric Sutherland Robertson]⁶⁴, August 15, [1890]

2 Coltbridge Terrace | Murrayfield | Edinburgh | Friday 15th Augt.

Dear Old Fellow,

Most heartily do I welcome you back again, and hope that you will have a delightful visit. I should say “we” but I understand that Elizabeth is writing you on her own account. We are both looking forward to seeing as much of you as practicable, which I trust will be a good deal. What a lot we have to talk about! I have often missed you, for, as you know, I was strongly drawn to you from the first, and look upon you as one of my very few “deep” friends. My most intimate friend since you left is Theodore Roussel, the French painter, who now lives in London.

We go off today to the West Highlands, (Mrs. Wm. Murray’s | Otterburn, | Tarbert-on-Lochfyne, | Argyll) and if we find the accommodation etc. to our liking we shall remain

⁶⁴ See Sharp’s letter to Eric Robertson on his birthday (February 18) in 1886. Sharp and Robertson were close friends in the mid-eighties, before Robertson left in the Spring of 1887 to fill a chair in literature and logic at the University of Lahore. Recommended by Robertson, Sharp succeeded him as editor of the “Literary Chair” in *The Young Folk’s Paper*, a post that provided the Sharps a regular income for the next three years and increased his visibility and influence in the London literary scene. With the 1886 letter to Robertson, Sharp enclosed two birthday sonnets which EAS printed in the *Memoir*. The letter contained a second enclosure, presumably a sad and bitter poem which Robertson may have destroyed and for which Sharp set the context as follows: “There are two ‘William Sharps’ – one of them unhappy and bitter enough at heart, God knows – though he seldom shows it. This other poor devil also sends you a greeting of his own kind. Tear it up and forget it, if you will.” Whatever morose thoughts this “greeting,” now lost, contained, the passage clearly demonstrates that Sharp, by early 1886, had begun to think of himself as two different people. Here the duality is defined principally by mood; one W. S. is happy and outgoing, the other unhappy and bitter. Sharp was using the notion of two different people inhabiting his body as a means of explaining and coping with the intense mood swings that plagued him throughout his life. In this 1890 letter to Robertson, Sharp enclosed “a line” from a reader of *Young Folk’s Paper* which contained “something pleasant” about Robertson and then asked him to destroy it. The content of both letters and their missing enclosures support Sharps’ statement that Robertson had been Sharp’s “most intimate friend,” a place now filled by Theodore Roussel. Robertson surely met the Sharps sometime in the next month, but no record of their meeting has surfaced.

there till the 6th or 8th of September. How delightful it would be if you could look us up there: it could be done easily per the “Iona” or “Columba,” either from Oban or from Glasgow or Edinburgh.

On the 8th till the morning of the 12th we go to some friends Mrs. Wilson | South Bantaskine | nr. Falkirk (or rather Lillie will be there that time, as I shall be in Glasgow from the 8th till the afternoon of the 10th & then together – staying probably at 4 Elmbank Crescent). From the 12th till the 16th we shall be at Mrs. Elder’s | St. Margaret’s | North Queensferry | [Fife] about half an hour’s journey from Edinbro’ via Forth Bridge (with lots of trains) & so within easy reach if you are in Edinburgh on the 13th or 14th.

On the 17th we go to Aberdeen or Banchory for a few days – and then again at my mother’s here in Murrayfield on or about the 22nd for a few days.

We shall be about a week in London at the end of Sept or beginning of October, *probably*, before going to Heidelberg: at | 72 Inverness Terrace | Bayswater | W.

There, now, I have given you all my movements. It would, of course, be most delightful if you could join us while we are at the West Coast, as we should see more of you: but, at any rate, let us see as much of you as possible.

I enclose a few verses of mine which appeared in an American weekly:⁶⁵ also, a line from a *Young Folk’s Paper* correspondent, with something pleasant about yourself - which please destroy afterwards (at least so says Panting!)

With love from us both | Affectionately Yours | William Sharp

ALS, private

To Louise Chandler Moulton, August 23, 1890⁶⁶

Mrs. Wm. Murray|Otterburn|Tarbert|Loch Fyne|Argyll|Saty

My dear Louise,

Just time for a hurried line, though even this may be too late for the post, and there is none now for a day or two. No, I know nothing of Philip’s⁶⁷ Swinburne letters, or of any others. There was nothing in the Secrétaire: Dr. Marston went through it with me before it was dispatched, secret-drawers and all: and I had occasion afterwards to have it thoroughly cleaned and done up, and all the drawers were taken out in my study.

Surely such valuable letters can not have gone astray? I have a vague idea that they and o[the]rs from Rossetti etc. etc. were in a scrap book. Was this so? Were there not

⁶⁵ “The Coves of Crail” appeared in the July third issue of *The New York Independent*. See mid-May letter to Bliss Carman.

⁶⁶ Date from postmark on envelope. The Sharps were in the west of Scotland from mid-August until mid-September. See itinerary in Sharp’s 15 August letter to Robertson.

⁶⁷ Philip Bourke Marston, whose desk Sharp inherited after Marston’s death in January 1887.

several things missed during the last year of Philip's life? I fancy Dr. M. told me so. Perhaps the same individual has taken the Swinburne letters who walked off with the copy of "Villon" which Philip destined for me but which I have never seen to this day!

A loss of this kind is most annoying: though I still hope you may find them. I suppose all Dr. M.'s receptacles have been carefully overlooked?

We shall be here and elsewhere in Scotland for some time yet: but though we go abroad at the beginning of October (first to Heidelberg) there is, I am sorry to say, no chance of our being in Paris. our, when the tide-rush permits)

Love from us both (we are going off in a fishing smack across Loch Fyne in half an h

Yours affectly ever | William Sharp

ALS Louise Chandler Moulton Collection, Library of Congress

To Edmund Clarence Stedman, September 22, 1890

2 Coltbridge Terrace | Murrayfield Edinburgh | 22nd Sept. 90

My dear Stedman,

The above address is only my letter address, for I am writing this at a lovely place above the Firth of Forth. I hope that it will reach you on the morning of your birthday,⁶⁸ but of course it may arrive a little earlier or later: but in any case you must know that you have my most affectionate good wishes for your coming year — which I hope will be a golden time of rest, intellectual enjoyment, and poetic vigor. How I wish I could look in upon you to give you my good wishes in person — though selfishly I don't like to think of you in a house I do not know! You are one of the few men who need not deeply regret the advent of birthdays: for though we all deplore the ominous milestones on the highway of life, you are of the happy company who are essentially young and will be young even into old age. It was my own birthday a few days ago (Sept. 12th) and I can sympathise with you in the feeling of lost opportunities and shortening time which a birthday inevitably brings with it: but otherwise it is so well to be alive, and to have a life so full of interests — as is the good fortune of each of us — that these annual visitants should really be high festivals.

I shall not be in a position to judge aright of the immensity and value of your undertaking in the "Lib: Amer: Lit"⁶⁹ till I return to London a fortnight or less hence. Meanwhile I have gone through the last volume with extreme interest and pleasure: and find in it much of great significance and importance. The keen critical taste, and exquisite literary flair, displayed by you and your collaborator, have triumphed over difficulties that hitherto

⁶⁸ October 8th.

⁶⁹ *A Library of American Literature from the Earliest Settlement to the Present Time* (1889-1890).

proved insurmountable. More about this — in MS and print — later on.

I want you to give my love to Mrs. Stedman, whom I often think of with affectionate remembrance. I kiss her hand from afar — tho' I would rather kiss her lips — in the words of the old Scots song, "her bonnie lips, her bonnie eyes, her bonnie face and a'!" And to Arthur,⁷⁰ too, remember me fraternally. I hope he'll come over some summer soon and enjoy London even half as much as I enjoyed my stay in New York.

I append a little birthday-lyric for you — and remain now as ever, my dear Stedman,

Affectionately and Cordially, | Your friend, | William Sharp.

Erelong you will have the Janviers in New York again. They sail from Naples shortly, and will probably be in N.Y. about the beginning of November.

P.S. In three weeks now we leave for the continent. From Oct. 13th till end of November, our address will be c/o Frau Rath Nebel, Karl Strasse 16, Heidelberg, Germany. Thereafter, via Florence and Siena, we go to Rome. But my Edinburgh address is always sure to reach me: or that of my wife's mother, 72 Inverness Terrace, Bayswater, London W.

ALS Columbia

To Theodore Watts, [early October, 1890]⁷¹

72 Inverness Terrace | Bayswater | London | W. | Monday Evening

My dear Watts

Have just arrived in London. Among my letters one of Friday last (in answer to my latest,

with your message) from Dr. Macleod.⁷² As the quickest way to explain I enclose a note. Will you kindly answer him direct at Messrs. Isbister, 15 Tavistock St., W.C. — or call, as may be most convenient. I hope to see him tomorrow, but cannot dine with him as he proposes.

I have no time now to thank you for your most friendly and encouraging letter: but believe me I value it. I think it is my wife's intention to ask you and Eric Robertson & Mr. Meredith and one or two others, to afternoon tea on Saty: if so, she will write tomorrow as it

⁷⁰ Stedman's son

⁷¹ This letter and the next, though undated, were written when the Sharps were staying briefly with Elizabeth's mother at her home on Inverness Terrace after returning from Scotland and before leaving for Germany in early October, 1890.

⁷² EAS (*Memoir*, p. 168) said they went to Clynder on the Gareloch, Argyll, during their visit to Scotland that summer "to be near my husband's old friend, Dr. Donald Macleod, who, as he records in his diary, 'sang to me with joyous abandonment a Neapolitan song, and asked me to send him a MS. from Italy for *Good Words*.'" Norman Macleod started *Good Words*, a Scottish church paper, in 1860. When he died in 1872, Donald Macleod (1857 -) took over the editorship and began to include more illustrations and fiction and fewer sermons. Sharp had spoken with Macleod about the possibility of his publishing, perhaps serially, Watts's *Aylwin*, and he now forwards Macleod's response to Watts.

is too late, & she is tired tonight. And I hope you will come.

Meanwhile, in great haste | Ever Sincerely yours | William Sharp

P.S. You will see that Macleod wd. not want the story till winter of next year.

ALS Brotherton Library, University of Leeds

To: [Thomas Robert] Macquoid, [early October, 1890]⁷³

72 Inverness Terrace | Kensington Gardens W. | Friday Evening

Dear Macquoid

My aunt -- Mrs. Sharp -- with whom my wife and I are at present staying, is having some friends in to dinner tomorrow (Saturday) evening at 7 o'clock.

If you care to come over (& you can get a train almost to the door, by coming to Queen's Road, Bayswater) she as well as my wife and I would be glad to see you -- and I shd be able to talk over a Canterbury volume with you. I don't know if you are acquainted with Miss Mathilde Blind: she, I fancy, will be the only one of the four or five guests whom you are likely to know.

With kind regards to your father & mother

Yours very truly | William Sharp

ALS private

To Edmund Clarence Stedman, October 11, 1890

bei Frau Rath Nebel | Karl Strasse, 16 | Heidelberg | 11|10|90

My dear Stedman,

We go to Germany (till the end of November) tomorrow, and I send you this P/C to say that besides one or two primalistic 'expatiations' on it I have written an article on the L.A.L. for the *National Review*.⁷⁴ I arranged at first with the Fortnightly, but several months wd. have to elapse ere appearance of the article, so it is to appear in the National Review, probably in December number, though possibly the Editor may not be able to squeeze it in till a little later. I think it will please, and interest, American readers.

By the way, can you send me a line of introduction to Blanche Willis Howard,⁷⁵

⁷³ Macquoid (1820-1912) was a painter and editor who worked for several periodicals, among them *Graphic* and *The Illustrated London News*.

⁷⁴ "American Literature," *National Review*, 17 (March 1891), 56-71. This is a review of Stedman's *Library of American Literature*.

⁷⁵ Blanche Willis Howard (1847-1898), an American novelist, married Dr. Julius von Teuffel, court physician of Wurtemberg, in 1890. She continued to write under her maiden name and collaborated with William Sharp in *A Fellowe and His Wife* (London: Osgood & McIlvain, 1892). Her other works include *One Summer* (1875), *Aunt Serena* (1881), *Guenn: A Wave on the Breton Coast* (1883), *The Open Door* (1889), *No Heroes* (1893), *Dionysius the Weaver's Heart's Dearest* (1899), and *The Garden of Eden* (1900).

saying something as to my being a fellow-scribbler. She lives in Stuttgart, I understand, and I have to be there at any rate and would like to meet her. I shall write a little later, from Germany.

Love to all, | W.S.

P.S. I wrote you for your birthday, & hope you got my letter. It requires no answer, however.

ACS Columbia

To Theodore Watts [-Dunton], [October 11, 1890]

bei Frau Rath Nebel | Karl Strasse, 16, | Heidelberg | Germany

My dear Watts

By the time you receive this we shall be en route for Heidelberg, where we shall remain till the end of November at any rate: going to Rome, via Florence and Orvieto, sometime in December. I send this brief note partly to say how sorry I am not to have seen you before our departure, as I had hoped and so far arranged: and partly to give you a word of friendliest greeting from us on your birthday, which, if I remember aright, is on Sunday. We shall drink your health in Rhine-wine at Bonn, if there in time: and we shall wish all good things for you — health, and weal, and new friends and admirers.

I am wondering if anything came of the interview with Dr. Macleod. In any case I hope Aylwin won't now be long delayed.

Again thanking you for the welcome and friendly letter which you sent me some time ago.

In haste | with love in which my wife joins | Affectionately yours | William Sharp

ALS Brotherton Library, University of Leeds

To James Mavor, October 18, 1890

Frau Rath Nebel | KarlStrasse, 16, | Heidelberg | 18|10|90

My dear Mavor,

We are very comfortably settled here in a romantic old house adjoining the Castle grounds — and with interesting literary associations. Goethe himself wrote one of his poems in the balcony of the quaint picturesque room I occupy.

The Vintage is not yet over, and all is movement & excitement among the vineclad hills above the Neckar. The Student life is this week in full swing for the winter: and Heidelberg is almost without English or other foreigners, the season being over, & the early

So. German winter at hand.

Hope you are flourishing. Remember me kindly to your mother & sisters when you see them next.

Yours ever, | W.S.

ACS University of Toronto Library

To _____,⁷⁶ [October 1890]

. . . The real charm of the Rhine, beyond the fascination that all rivers and riverine scenery have for most people, is that of literary and historical romance. The Rhine is in this respect the Nile of Europe: though probably none but Germans feel thus strongly. For myself I cannot but think it ought not to be a wholly German river, but from every point of view be the Franco-German boundary. . . . Germany has much to gain from a true communion with its more charming neighbour. The world would jog on just the same if Germany were annihilated by France, Russia and Italy: but the disappearance of brilliant, vivacious, intellectual France would be almost as serious a loss to intellectual Europe, as would be to the people at large the disappearance of the Moon. . . .

Memoir 169-70

To Edmund Clarence Stedman, October 22, 1890

Karl Strasse 16 | Heidelberg | 22 October 1890

Just a hurried p|c to acknowledge safe receipt of your welcome letter. Shall write in a day or two. The above is our best address till the end of November.

W.S.

ACS Columbia

To Mrs. Oliphant,⁷⁷ October 30, 1890

Heidelberg | bei Frau-Rath Nebel | Karls Strasse, 16

Dear Madam

(Or I may be mistaken in thinking that Mrs. Oliphant is still Editor of the "Foreign Classics") would you care to have, from my pen, in your series a volume upon Sainte-Beuve, the most influential and the ablest of critics of literature. I have for years made a special study of Sainte-Beuve, as critic, novelist, poet, & historian; of his predecessors and his circle;

⁷⁶ This fragment of a letter to a friend appears in the *Memoir* (169-70) where it is introduced by Mrs. Sharp as follows: "Early in October my husband and I crossed to Antwerp and stopped at Bonn. The Rhine disappointed William's expectations."

⁷⁷ Margaret Wilson Oliphant (1828-1897) was a well-known and prolific writer of fiction and an editor. She is best known for her seven novel series under the general title *Chronicles of Carlingford*. See Elisabeth Jay, *Mrs. Oliphant: a Fiction to Herself* (1990).

and of his direct and indirect influences. More and more attention has been paid to him in Great Britain of late years, particularly since the emphatic eulogies of Matthew Arnold and John Morley.

When Mr. D. Stott recently prepared to undertake a volume of selected essays from *Sainte-Beuve*, he commissioned me to write a short critical study of the man and his work — but of course I could but skim the subject in the space at my command, and had to leave much unsaid. The book (“Essays upon Men & Women, by Sainte-Beuve”) was published a few weeks ago by Mr. Stott, in his Masterpieces of Foreign Literature Series — and, if you would like to see it, I could direct him to send a copy to you. Unfortunately, I have no copy here, save an early mutilated one.

I could not set about the book at once, as I have important literary work on hand, but I could begin it shortly, and would probably finish it in Rome (where I spend the winter and spring). In Rome, I should have everything to hand, though, as a matter of fact, my voluminous notes already cover the whole of Sainte-Beuve’s career.

If you should be inclined to entertain the idea kindly let me know from you as to terms and as to the approximate date when you would wish to receive completed ‘copy’.

Believe me, | Yours very truly | William Sharp

ALS National Library of Scotland

To Edmund Clarence Stedman, November 4, 1890

Heidelberg | 4th November|90

My dear Stedman,

I send this P|C at once to acknowledge with thanks the receipt of your introductory letter to the “Frau Hof-Arzt von Teuffel.”⁷⁸ I have sent it on to her, and asked if I might have the pleasure of seeing her someday in the latter part of next week. But, you wicked sinner, I go *alone*. My wife is too much occupied here to care to leave Heidelberg meanwhile, though I am cutting about a bit, to Carlsruhe, Mannheim, up the Neckar, and so forth: and am going to Frankfurt at the end of the week to hear Wagner’s “Rienzi.” *Mon ami*, it is only too easy to be virtuous here. The women — ah, “let us proceed!”

Please note that we have decided to leave here on the 25th inst. Our Italian address till I send you a definite Roman one will be | i.c. Mrs. Smillie,⁷⁹ Villino Ellera, | 5, Via Michele di Lando, | Florence.

Hug the Janviers for me. Love to you all; and, by the way, I am of course most

⁷⁸ Blanche Willis Howard.

⁷⁹ Elizabeth Sharp’s aunt.

pleased about the poem in the *Independent*.⁸⁰

Yours ever, | W.S.

ACS Columbia

To Frederick Langbridge,⁸¹ November 13, [1890]

Heidelberg (Germany) | Karls Strasse, 16, | 6 Frau-Rath Nebel | 13th November

My Dear Langbridge,

Your letter of the 27th Oct must have wandered about after me, as I received it only today.

I write at once to tell you with what extreme regret I hear of your heavy pecuniary loss. So true a poet and charming a writer deserves better hazard from circumstances — but I do trust things will be so wrought for you that the disaster will not be so overwhelming as it must now seem.

I do not learn from your note or the prospectus *where* your book is to appear: and anything I might be able to say about it may now be too late. Yet I'll think it over, and try one good quarter at any rate. And when it appears — though I shall be abroad — in Rome — I will do what I can in reviewing. Meanwhile I can give a *small* lift (alas, that I can do no more, now especially that I and my wife are wandering Bohemians again — for I have left London to gain greater freedom for literary work of a congenial kind, with naturally unsatisfactory pecuniary, if otherwise pleasant, results) by begging you to reserve for me five copies at the subscription price. One of these please send to me c/o Messrs. Maguay Hooker & Co., 20 Piazza di Spagna, Rome. If, however, published before the end of the first week of week of December, then to me c/o Mrs. Smillie, Villino Ellera | 5, Via Michele Di Lando, | Florence | (in this case do not post till the 1st. Dec.) As for the other four, they must be sent to quarters where special attention will be paid to them. In each you might insert a slip, with written thereon “Sent for favour of a review, at special suggestion of Mr. William Sharp.”)

- (1) Bliss Carman Esq | “The New York Independent” | 251 Broadway | New York
- (2) John Reade Esq | “The Dominion Illustrated” | St. James St. | *Montreal* | Canada
- (3) A. B. Symington, Esq | Editor “the Sun” | c/o Mr. A. Gardner: Publisher | *Paisley* | N. B.
- (4) Rev. W. W. Tulloch | c/o Editor “The Weekly Citizen” | St. Enoch Square | *Glasgow*

⁸⁰ “The Coves of Crail,” which appeared in July, 1890.

⁸¹ The Reverend Frederick Langbridge (1849-1922) was a Church of Ireland clergyman in Limerick, and also a poet, novelist, and playwright. The author of many novels, among them *The Dreams of Dania* (1897), he was also a successful dramatizer of novels. His adaptation of *A Tale of Two Cities* (*The Only Way*) had a long run in London in 1899. Sharp is attempting to gain notice among reviewers and readers for one of Langbridge's publications.

I shall be here for about a week yet: then to Munich for a few days, & then southward by Verona to Florence. We have been staying in Heidelberg for some time past, but it is now becoming too cold and damp.

Again with sincerest sympathy and all good wishes

Your friend | William Sharp

ALS Northwestern

To Horace Scudder,⁸² November 15, 1890

Heidelberg | Germany | 15 Nov:90

Dear Mr. Scudder,

Thanks for your letter. I have to leave an unfinished reply till the next mail, or at any rate till this evening — as I have an important engagement today. Briefly, however, I may say at the moment that I shall send you some valuable new material of some kind.

In case of any miscarriage of my evening letter (and I am under great annoyance at present from loss of a dozen or more valuable letters, through Post Office Stupidity and Red Tapism here, for tho' the authorities know of me well by this time a whole week of last month's & some of this week's correspondence has gone to Berlin, and thence been returned to "a' the airts.") I send you a definite address for the winter and Spring, from 1st Decr.: — c/o Messrs. Maquay Hooker & Co. | 20, Piazza di Spagna, | Rome | Italy.

With kind regards | Yours faithfully, | William Sharp

Permanent London Letter-address | c/o Mrs. Sharp | 72 Inverness Terrace | Kensington Gardens | London W.

ALS Harvard Houghton

To Catharine Janvier, December 1890

Dec. 1890

... Well, we were glad to leave Germany. Broadly, it is a joyless place for Bohemians. It is all beer, coarse jokes, coarse living, and domestic tyranny on the man's part, subjection on the woman's — on the one side: pedantic learning, scientific pedagogism, and mental *ennui*; on the other: with, of course, a fine leavening *somewhere* of the salt of life. However, it is only fair to say that we were not there at the best season in which to see the blither side of

⁸² Horace Elisha Scudder (1838-1902), editor, biographer, and juvenile writer, was a general editorial assistant for the publishers Hurd & Houghton (later Houghton, Mifflin) and edited *The Atlantic Monthly* from 1890 to 1898. His works include *Seven Little People and Their Friends* (1862), *Dream Children* (1864), *Stories and Romances* (1880), *Noah Webster* (1882), *Men and Letters* (1887), *George Washington: An Historical Biography* (1890), *Child hood in Literature and Art* (1894), and *James Russell Lowell: A Biography* (1901).

Germans and German life. I saw a good deal of the southern principalities and kingdoms — the Rhine provinces, Baden, Württemberg, and Bavaria. Of course Heidelberg, where we stayed six wet weeks, is the most picturesque of the residential places (towns like Frankfort-am-Main and Mannheim are only for merchants and traders, though they have music “galore”), but I would rather stay at Stuttgart than any I saw. It is wonderfully animated and pleasing for a German town, and has a charming double attraction both as a mediaeval city and as a modern capital. There, too, I have a friend: the American novelist, Blanche Willis Howard (author of *Guenn*, *The Open Door*, etc.), who is now the wife of the Court-Physician to the King of Württemberg and rejoices in the title “Frau Hof-Arzt von Teuffel.” Dr. von Teuffel himself is one of the few Germans who seem to regard women as equals.

But what a relief it was to be in Italy again, though not just at first, for the weather at Verona was atrocious, and snow lay thick past Mantua to Bologna. But once the summit of the Apennines was reached, and the magnificent and unique prospect of Florentine Tuscany lay below, flooded in sunshine and glowing colour (though it was in the second week of December) we realised that at last we were in Italy. . . . When we came to Rome we had at first some difficulty in getting rooms which at once suited our tastes and our pockets. But now we are settled in an “apartment” of 3½ rooms, within a yard or so of the summit of the Quirinal Hill. The ½ is a small furnished corridor or ante-room: the comfortable *salotto*, is at once our study, drawing-room, and parlour.

We have our coffee and our fruit in the morning: and when we are in for lunch our old landlady gives us delightful colazioni of macaroni and tomatoes, or spinach and lentils, or eggs and something else, with roasted chestnuts and light wine and bread. We have our dinner sent in from a trattoria.

In a sense, I have been indolent of late: but I have been thinking much, and am now, directly or indirectly, occupied with several ambitious undertakings. Fiction, other imaginative prose, and the drama (poetic and prose), besides a lyrical drama, and poetry generally, would fain claim my pen all day long. As for my lyrical drama — which is the only poetic work not immediately modern in theme — which is called ‘Bacchus in India’⁸³; my idea is to deal in a new and I hope poetic way with Dionysos as the Joy-Bringer, the God of Joyousness. In the first part there is the union of all the links between Man and the World he inhabits: Bacchus goes forth in joy, to give his serene message to all the world. The second part, ‘The Return’, is wild disaster, and the bitterness of shame: though even there, and in the Epilogue, will sound the clarion of a fresh Return to Joy. I transcribe and enclose

⁸³ “Dionysos in India” was published under the pseudonym William Windover in August, 1892, in the first and only number of *The Pagan Review*, a periodical Sharp edited under the pseudonym W. H. Brooks. He wrote everything in the volume under various other pseudonyms.

the opening scene for you — as it at present stands, unrevised. The ‘lost God’ referred to in the latter part is really that deep corrosive Melancholy whom so many poets and artists — from Dante and Durer to our own time — have dimly descried as a terrible Power.

At the moment I am most of all interested in my blank verse tragedy. It deals with a most terrible modern instance of the scriptural warning as to the sins of the father being visited upon his children: an instance where the father himself shares the doom and the agony. Then I have also schemed out, and hope soon to get on with, a prose play, dealing with the deep wrong done to women by certain existing laws. Among other prose books (fiction) which I have “on the stocks” nothing *possesses* me more than a philosophical work which I shall probably publish either anonymously or under a pseudonym, and, I hope, before next winter.⁸⁴ How splendid it is to be alive! O if one could only crush into a few vivid years the scattered fruit of wasted seasons. There is such a host of things to do: such a bitter sparsity of time, after bread-and-butter making, to do them in — even to dream of them!

Memoir 170-2

To [Bliss Carman],⁸⁵ [?late December, 1890]

19 Via delle Quattro Fontane | (piano, 2.) | Rome, Italy

My Dear Old Man,

This is but a brief word to send you from Italy — but more is impossible for me at the moment.

But this carries with it my love and heartiest greetings, and friendliest belief in and earnest wishes for your success as a poet. May the high Gods have you in charge, Dear Son of Apollo!⁸⁶

Here we are anchored for a time, perhaps for some months.

Your affectionate, | William Sharp.

Letter-address had best remain c/o Messrs. Maquay Hooker and Co., 20 Piazza di Spagna, Rome.

ACS Nicholas Salerno

⁸⁴ Sharp may have had in mind here the story that became *Pharais: A Romance of the Isles*, which he would have defined as “philosophical” fiction and which he published in 1894. It was the first work he issued under the pseudonym Fiona Macleod.

⁸⁵ This card constitutes the “brief Greeting” Sharp referenced in his January 10, 1891 letter to Bliss Carman.

⁸⁶ In a letter dated July 25, 1890, Sharp encouraged Carman to publish a volume of his poems first in England. Carman’s first volume of poems, *Low Tide on Grand Pré*, was published in New York in 1893. The reference here must be to the appearance of one of Carman’s poems in a periodical.