

Ann Arbor, 27th of April, 1895.

My dear Mr. Dawes:

I am thankful that you did not misunderstand my few tentative suggestions, but I disagree with your statement that you could not have supplied the few synonymes yourself. Fresh from the forge, a strange eye can soonest discern the uneven hammer-strokes, but once let the metal cool, and the artisan himself will make the judicious use of the file.

I read Ripley's review of the "Week" with avidity, and it impressed me strangely to remember that you doubted its being Ripley's, while I heard the voice of him in every period of his part of the paper.

Did you know that Ripley was a frequent visitor to Englewood in its early days? He was an intimate friend of Mr. Jonathan Fowler's who lived by the pond on the road to Schraalenberg. Ripley used to come up on Saturdays and stay over Sunday with Mr. F., who always spoke of "Ripley" with a peculiar delight. I was Mr. F.'s family physician, and I could easily have met George Ripley, but, alas! I read only medicine and love letters in those days, and I did not dream that there was any chance of entertaining angels unawares in Englewood in the years of my green-goslinghood.

It is a great mercy that we are not permitted to know what superlative fools we are about  $\frac{7}{8}$  of our time: I have much to be thankful for on this score!

You will be interested to know that Ripley visited Thoreau whilst the latter was resident in the "shanty." A dead friend of mine was clerking in a Concord variety store in those days, and he well remembered that on Ripley's second visit to the re-  
cluse by the Pond, he came into the store and provided himself with an ample lunch, as Thoreau's cuisine was entirely too Spartanish for his stomach!

I am greatly pleased with Ripley's notice of the "Week" and I feel that he put his arrow fairly in the clout when he mildly arraigns the brash Pantheism which Thoreau parades with somewhat of vanity, as it seems to me. Ripley was too much in earnest to sit idly when anyone merely played the Iconoclast for effect; and when he objects that Thoreau is not well enough acquainted with the Bible to speak ex cathedra, I in the heart of me hear an echoing assent to the reproof..

I cannot express my deep sense of obligation to you for finding this review, for it is worth infinitely more than Lowell's Massachusetts Quarterly sky-rockety paper.

If I am enabled to publish one more edition of the Bibliography with its sad errors corrected, I shall include Ripley's review, as well as others; and thus let posterity see Thoreau "as others saw him" in those early days. May I say "Thanks!" yet once more without nauseating you with the "damnable iteration"?



Now for your enquiry about the mysterious lady whom both the brothers loved. Both Mr. Sanborn and the Misses Hosmer - no relations to A.W. Hosmer - know her name, but they are strangely reticent, and declare it not "proper" to divulge it. She is still living and it must fill her with strange thoughts to recollect that her father - a clergyman - did not think the Thoreaus "good enough" to marry into his family. Both the brothers loved her; Henry assured himself of his brother's affection for the lady, and with a love surpassing that of a brother's he stepped aside. The fact that the clergyman objected is the reason that Henry did not push his suit after his brother's untimely death. While Thoreau did not play the "pale lover", there is no doubt that it changed the current of his life - if that may be said of us mysterious creatures of circumstance. I have often wondered if Thoreau as pater familias would have preached the same philosophy; and I have wondered still how he would have modified it.

There is no valid objection to your using any information I have given you in re Thoreau's one love affair, but don't say anything about "the match", for it did not get so far as that with either brother. They were in the "fix" of the Hebrew gen-try mentioned by Dr. Watts:

"So to the Jews old Ganaan stood,  
While Jordan rolled between."

And an irate "Daddy" doing picket duty on the farther side. Alas! why do I jest; for "slighted love is sair to bide." But the heartache was soothed at last, and so many years ago! Mr. Dawes, if every grave on this earth could tell the story of its occupant, what would the young in heart think? Blessed be God for the benignant silences!

My dear Mr. Dawes, I cannot couple the names of Whitman and Oscar Wilde. I did once abhor old Walt, but I do not now. I can see wherein he could write all that he did and be without Sin; but do not take this as an oblique reproof. It is only that as I get older I get a broader charity, and I could call the poorest prostitute on earth "Sister" without defiling that dear name. When the white light of Eternity is shining into one's eyes, the sight gets clearer, and, of a verity, things are not what they seem." Ibsen impresses me as holding up the mirror up to Nature - our nature - and if the picture is loathsome, we must remember that it is drawn ad natu-ram!

Have you received the Salt "Selections from Thoreau"? The book has not had a wide sale in England; but Thoreau will never be widely read, for he speaks a tongue that Mammon can not interpret, and he speaks to the few.

Do not let my unavoidable delay in replying to your previous letter deter you from writing whenever you are in the mood; and do not forget that I count upon a meeting with you before I cross the Great Divide, please God.

I am, dear Mr. Dawes,

Sincerely and gratefully yours,

*Sam'l A. Jones.*