My dear Mr. Dawes:

My post-office box was a great delight to me this morning. Two letters, one from Concord and the other from England, and two packages—yours and one from Mr. Hosmer. Your letter inside the Thoreau paper was an "extra,"—and I am thankful "for all these mercies."

Your paper has just been re-read, and I am glad to get it even if the Atlantic did not care for it. You may be sure that nothing but a "pull" can get an unknown writer into that severely Bostonish publication; so don't do the "De profundis" act, at all. I also know that Mr. Scudder is not an admirer of Thoreau—how could he be, and yet be the editor of the Atlantic?

I shall add your essay to my Thoreauana, and I wish you would send me the date of your reading of it, the name of the Club, and the place of the reading. Please don't forget this!

While I have every book that Arnold wrote, I am not a disciple of his by a long shot. I heard him lecture, too, and was not pleasantly impressed. When it comes to the choice between Pharisees and Philistines, I go with the goats. A Philistine is what he appears to be; a Pharisee is only what Omniscience knows him to be. If the Millennium has a Matthew Arnold for its announcer, I most certainly am "not in it."

I have every book that Walter Pater lived to see published, and while I am better pleased with him than with Matthew Arnold, I see in both the unhealthy consequences of over-culture. If scholarship can only put one farther away from the heart of the people, I prefer crass ignorance and freedom from any of the "alienum" of which Terence wrote. I do not believe that "the end of life is not action but contemplation." Goethe taught the opposite, and Carlyle emphasized the teaching. What has Walter Pater's life amounted to? A few books that require a special education for the enjoyment of them.

Mr. Hosmer's package has in it a photogravure of the lady whom Thoreau loved. Her identity is no longer a secret. She was a Miss Ellen Devereux Sewall. She married the Rev. Joseph Osgood, Pastor of the First Parish Church, Cohasset, Mass., and she died on the 8th of Dec'r, 1892. I have some strange imaginations as I look upon her likeness, which, thought taken late in life, shows a face of singular beauty. It is enough to make one realize the pang that

Ann Arbor, 23rd of June, 1896.
Thoreau must have carried in his heart.

The publication that has the portrait in it is a memorial entitled "A Fifty years Pastorate. Rev. Joseph Cogswell, D.D. 1842-1882. Boston, Mass: Printed by A.T. Bliss & Co., 111 Milk Street." Whether privately printed or not, I cannot say. Mr. Hosmer is trying to get a picture of her in her young womanhood, and also permission to copy it. I hope he may succeed, for she most certainly justifies Thoreau's choice. But I am boring you!

When that Ph. D. Thesis is published, I will see to it that one finds its way to you.

By the way, I actually contemplate reprinting "Thoreau: A Glimpse" with an Appendix correcting the errors I was led into by following Sanborn. I am led to think of so doing because I am all the while receiving applications for a copy. Tell me frankly and PLAINLY if you think it worth while. I ask because I can see in it only a bit of earnest and honest enthusiasm for the MAN in Thoreau; but will that justify reprinting?

Sincerely yours,

[Signature]

I have made a few notes. I am not a philosopher, and it is a long time since I have read any. A few months ago I heard a lecture on the "Philosophy of the Unphilosopher." I am afraid the speaker was not a Philosopher. I am not a Philosopher, and I am not afraid of being called a Philosopher. I am afraid of being called a "Philosopher," and I am afraid of being called a "Philosopher." I am afraid of being called a "Philosopher," and I am afraid of being called a "Philosopher." I am afraid of being called a "Philosopher," and I am afraid of being called a "Philosopher." I am afraid of being called a "Philosopher," and I am afraid of being called a "Philosopher." I am afraid of being called a "Philosopher," and I am afraid of being called a "Philosopher." I am afraid of being called a "Philosopher," and I am afraid of being called a "Philosopher." I am afraid of being called a "Philosopher," and I am afraid of being called a "Philosopher." I am afraid of being called a "Philosopher," and I am afraid of being called a "Philosopher." I am afraid of being called a "Philosopher," and I am afraid of being called a "Philosopher." I am afraid of being called a "Philosopher," and I am afraid of being called a "Philosopher." I am afraid of being called a "Philosopher," and I am afraid of being called a "Philosopher." I am afraid of being called a "Philosopher," and I am afraid of being called a "Philosopher." I am afraid of being called a "Philosopher," and I am afraid of being called a "Philosopher." I am afraid of being called a "Philosopher," and I am afraid of being called a "Philosopher." I am afraid of being called a "Philosopher," and I am afraid of being called a "Philosopher." I am afraid of being called a "Philosopher," and I am afraid of being called a "Philosopher." I am afraid of being called a "Philosopher," and I am afraid of being called a "Philosopher." I am afraid of being called a "Philosopher," and I am afraid of being called a "Philosopher." I am afraid of being called a "Philosopher," and I am afraid of being called a "Philosopher." I am afraid of being called a "Philosopher," and I am afraid of being called a "Philosopher." I am afraid of being called a "Philosopher," and I am afraid of being called a "Philosopher." I am afraid of being called a "Philosopher," and I am afraid of being called a "Philosopher." I am afraid of being called a "Philosopher," and I am afraid of being called a "Philosopher." I am afraid of being called a "Philosopher," and I am afraid of being called a "Philosopher." I am afraid of being called a "Philosopher," and I am afraid of being called a "Philosopher." I am afraid of being called a "Philosopher," and I am afraid of being called a "Philosopher." I am afraid of being called a "Philosopher," and I am afraid of being called a "Philosopher." I am afraid of being called a "Philosopher," and I am afraid of being called a "Philosopher." I am afraid of being called a "Philosopher," and I am afraid of being called a "Philosopher." I am afraid of being called a "Philosopher," and I am afraid of being called a "Philosopher." I am afraid of being called a "Philosopher," and I am afraid of being called a "Philosopher." I am afraid of being called a "Philosopher," and I am afraid of being called a "Philosopher." I am afraid of being called a "Philosopher," and I am afraid of being called a "Philosopher." I am afraid of being called a "Philosopher," and I am afraid of being called a "Philosopher." I am afraid of being called a "Philosopher," and I am afraid of being called a "Philosopher." I am afraid of being called a "Philosopher," and I am afraid of being called a "Philosopher." I am afraid of being called a "Philosopher," and I am afraid of being called a "Philosopher." I am afraid of being called a "Philosopher," and I am afraid of being called a "Philosopher." I am afraid of being called a "Philosopher," and I am afraid of being called a "Philosopher." I am afraid of being called a "Philosopher," and I am afraid of being called a "Philosopher." I am afraid of being called a "Philosopher," and I am afraid of being called a "Philosopher." I am afraid of being called a "Philosopher," and I am afraid of being called a "Philosopher." I am afraid of being called a "Philosopher," and I am afraid of being called a "Philosopher." I am afraid of being called a "Philosopher," and I am afraid of being called a "Philosopher." I am afraid of being called a "Philosopher," and I am afraid of being called a "Philosopher." I am afraid of being called a "Philosopher," and I am afraid of being called a "Philosopher." I am