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ati aboi My dear Mr. Dawes: a lliw 1 badat doo at atasay . G .49 tadt nedW

ing. Please don't forget this!

BOLT WA

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 n't an admirer of Thoreau - how could be 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 read-

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 Phillistine 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 Terrence 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. England is full of misery - but has Pater any crumb of comfort for any poor drudge? 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 imaginings as I look upon her likeness, which, thought taken late in life, shows a face of singular for beauty. It is enough to make one realize the pang that

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 Osgood, D.D. 1842-1892. 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 enthusiam for the MAN in Thoreau; but will that justify reprinting? trace on increase idea astrored visioners, sincerely yours,

ot, at all. I also know that Mr. Sondder is at o Total to be, and THT be the editor of the Atlantic? eds em anes bloom now date I bus susuanest ou of years mon bus Ifais I date of your reading of it, the name of the Club, and the place of the reading, Please don't lorget this!

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