

Ann Arbor, 23rd of June, 1895.

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 n't 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 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 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 enthusiasm for the MAN in Thoreau; but will that justify reprinting?

Sincerely yours,

*Saul S. Jones.*