Let me try to give a verdict on the present state of the United States — a remoter or distant judgment. Some advantages over a nation, a great nation, of a magnificent superb character and able to give illusion to the nineteenth century. In its great bulk of great names, thinking like a constellation of stars, it will remain one of the brightest. The very best, the most splendid, the most intense, the most perfect, the most typical, age of the time. We are like the voyagers of a ship casting off for new lands, new countries, and new shores. We dwell in the old suffering and gray and gray, remember their good, pleasant era. Perverse only, and are worse more than before it is too late. Once impelled to jump ashore and stay where our fathers stood and live as they did.
My dear Walt,

Enclosed please find check for 10 payable to your order. This check is sent by the Charity he is so much pleased with his books.

As one getting on about in the usual manner - all well - I am pretty busy and think hope to get away long enough to make you all a visit.

Weather here just perfect for the last few days. Hal and Jeff doing the "Exploitation" work for just opened - they 20% this first class.

Glad to see that you are all right again - now a little rest in lost evenings paper writing the facts.

Have just received a telegram from Horace Greeley of New York (Mr. Long's nephew) noting that he would call on me later - shall be glad to meet -

All cordially

Jeff
To me Tennyson shows, more than any one I know, new or old, how near there is in verbalism. There is a charm in mere words, and in the voice ringing them which he has caught and retained, beyond all other men, in some of his lines:

"And hollow hollow hollow all delight"

in "The Passing of Arthur"; and all through, as in "The Desolate House" and "The Lady of Shalott."

His mannerism is great, but it is good and noble. His best work is to me is contained in the contents of the "Idylls of the King," all of them, and all that is grown out of them, enough indeed we can spare nothing of Tennyson, however small or peculiar. "Flower in the Crannied Wall" or "Lady Clare" or "Among the best," I often turn over and again, and again, are "Lusitania," "The Northern Farmer."
May be I am now literary and more
convention in this effusion about Ferguson
I want him to know that here
is a great nation who absorbs
his words and respect him, and
has an affection for him, far
almost for no other foreigner,
I want these words to go to the
old man at Harreeford as a
balm to breath something to salute
the life — for they tell no more
than the simple truth — and
that truth — a little shrivelled up — it also
the truth — the gift they convey
is no knell, one
anyone to Alfred
Thanks to Tommy soon — thanks in
American name!

I have written the paragraphs and should let them go at that...
The reader of out of nation of fifty millions of people is to him none of their most agreeable most harmless and health hours but he has entered into the forming influence of at least the 'gentle' character of the state not oriet our Atlantic city but in our West in Missouri, Kansas and away in Oregon in farmer house or miner's hut.