

Bank House,
Penicuik,
Midlothian.
Aug 14, 1901

Dear Sir,

Pray forgive the unaltered intrusion of the enthusiast, but I have just finished your book "The Plea of Pan" and I have not been so touched by anything for a long time. I thought you would like to know that a brother journeyman of prose felt alongside you.

I think I have a larger Indian Reserve than most people. Indeed I am such a wanderer and goer-up-and-down-the-earth that I can scarcely be said to have any fixed abode, though my books have one - I mean the books I read not those I write - and I occasionally turn up to pick one from the shelf.

I don't think that very many will understand you, but I do - and there is something rare and fine, "not common grass for sheep" as you say, about Pan.

Pardon this word. My friend Bliss to whom I have already written what I think of your book, tells me you are to be found at the Chronicle Office, so I send this there.

Your fellow Iroquois,

S.R. Crockett
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