

Ann Arbor, 11th of May, 1895.

My dear Mr. Dawes:

You are a lucky Biblio-Nimrod, and your regret for not having secured a "first edition" cuts no ice. You have gotten the first issue of the very edition I wanted, for it is a modification of the actual editio princeps, and it is a decided improvement thereupon. I shall give the copy I had to my friend, as she has no edition mania, and also as my copy is the newer-looking of the two. I only regret that the circumstances make a "second-hand" affair of it.

I enclose a postal money order and the old, bald-headed, threadbare "Thanks!" (A chestnut is n't so oily as a walnut, but, even then, a surfeit of chestnuts!)

Did I inform you that Mr. Salt has an edition of Thoreau's Poems in hand? The proposing English publisher thereof is now in America, and with Mr. Sanborn is to make the necessary arrangements with Houghton, Mifflin & Co., in order to publish without violating the copyright. The volume will either be edited jointly by Salt and Sanborn, or each of them will write a separate introduction. It is not purposed to make a c-o-m-p-i-l-e collection; but snatches of verse will be aggregated, getting the fragments from his volumes wherein the bits are now scattered, and the whole will make a desirable handful.

On Thursday last I attended the class exercises under my friend Prof. Damon: Thoreau being the subject. This occasion was one of great delight to me.

The essayist - a lady who is doing post-graduate work for the Ph. D. degree - certainly read a fine paper. It was not three-quarters of an hour "in passing a given point", as Artemas Ward said of his Fourth of July oration, at Baldwinsville, but it was a little over forty-five minutes "rammed" with acute observations. The essayist is severely "up" in Philosophy, and I smiled inwardly to hear her point out "relationships" to Fichte, Comte, Fourier "and sich." But, to hear Thoreau "classified" with the starched and buckramed (is that spelled rightly, or should I go another way on it?), "philosophers, was indeed a novelty. Eleven students in the "Section" followed with criticisms, and I tell you, I enjoyed that part vastly. You see, they had actually studied Thoreau - especially the ladies - and their comments had both a freshness and an originality that did my heart good. I was struck by the superiority and genuineness of the ladies' observations compared to those of (please read "with" instead of "to") their pantalooned competitors. Are not women, as a rule, the more sympathetic

critics, and therefore of deeper and truer insight? I think George Eliot's purely critical papers will bear me out in saying *Yes*.

I am making the attempt to get that Thoreau paper into cold print, and if I succeed, you shall have the pleasure of putting your nose between the leaves of it.

There is the possibility of my failing in my pium desiderium, to wit: the writress may make it a part of her Thesis for her doctorate, and if so I do not know how I can get the Thoreau portion printed; but let us see what the gods ordain.

Did I tell you, farther, that "Sam Staples", Thoreau's quondam jailer had died at his orange plantation in Florida? I am real glad now that I saw Mr. Staples and had a long chat with him. I got the history of that memorable imprisonment from his own lips, and he rolled out his statements unctuously as if the matter had gotten an extra flavor from lying in his memory all those years. I put him down after Boswell (a long way after), and I shall write it up one of these days. At least, I hope I may, but there is looming up a prospect of my having to resume work in a professorship - for we have knocked out those who aimed to destroy the Homoeopathic college - and if that prospect comes, I shall indeed regret it, for the little time that I am to spend can be better spent than by lecturing on Materia Medica and Therapeutics as my time grows shorter. I more and more fully realize what was the meaning of Thoreau's desire to be a FREE man. Well, there's a long stretch of eternity ahead and, I also hope, a breathing spell for the over-worked poor devils of Time and Space.

You will pardon a somewhat abrupt termination to this screed, but if I am to have my "vesper service" at the Club - which means zwei biers and a smoke - I must incontinently bid you Good Night! Let me add the hopeful "Auf Wiedersehn!" and remain, with every good wish and untold obligations,

Sincerely yours,

*Saml A. Jones.*