

Ann Arbor, 29th of June, 1895.

My dear Mr. Dawes:

I am not an Archbishop, as you can readily believe, and if any proof were needed I should find it in the fact that I read your letter of frank expression with much pleasure. If we could see ourselves as others see us there were no satisfaction in reading criticisms, and the fact that we can not gives an honest opinion its only value. I am not "stuck", as the elegant word is, on anything I have written. In fact I cannot bear the "return" upon myself, as Matthew Arnold puts it, with any sort of complacency. If any of my bantlings happen to have anything of worth in them I must have strong assurance of that from someone other than myself before I can believe it. Possibly, and also very probably, this self-distrust is natural in one who never had scholastic training. Be the reason what it may, I only know that it is a genuine -- I think I may call it, humility. And further, I know it is a decidedly fortunate state of things, for a "swell" is neither ornamental nor useful.

I appreciate your allusion to the ancient Book, but didn't you forget for the moment Him who drove the money changers out of the Temple with a scourge? You know the Catholic declaration, "Erasmus laid the egg, but Luther hatched it." Where would the Reformation be to-day if Melancthon had been the directing genius? And who made the Scottish Mary weep and tremble - was it John Knox, or a Matthew Arnold? You see, the picture has its obverse, and I am only calling attention to that.

When the "Glimpse" was written, the adverse opinions regarding Thoreau were the RULE. Perhaps Higginson had written the strongest word FOR Thoreau; but had he neutralized the venom of Lowell's review (?) of Thoreau's posthumous publications. Even Emerson had indulged in the "faint praise" that that is a stab in the back. Emerson had PATRONISED his moral superior and his mental. Emerson was an omnivorous reader, he gathered the materials from which his spun his gossamer fabrics. Thoreau THOUGHT; Emerson READ: the more original output is not Emerson's.

is, beyond doubt, a time and a place and a work for all, and only each man can do his own work. If this be true, it follows that each must do it in his own manner. Now if you think there is the stuff for an Archbishop in me, bring on your See; I'm in for it!

Did it ever occur to you that the blunt, outspoken man is he who receives a criticism the kindest, and who gets the real benefit from it. I really believe that I can bear out the truth of this; you couldn't "nettle" me by telling the bitterest truth about me to me; I could grieve at my falling-short, but that is the only nettle that has a sting in it - and the very sting is righteousness, because it is DESERVED !

Alas! Miss Knapp, the lady essayist whose Thoreau paper I was to send you, fell ill from over-work and nervous apprehension of her tormentors, the small professors who MUST show a trembling pupil how much THEY know instead of trying to find out what the pupil knows rather than does n't know. She could not take her final examinations, and the degree-giving is postponed. It will come, however, and the thesis will be published, and you will receive a copy. All things come to him who waits.

This very day Mr. Hosmer is at a place called "Spencer" making enquiries in regard to the early life of Miss Sewall - the lady whom Thoreau loved. He is also after two unpublished sonnets by Thoreau. They were refused to Mr. Sanborn, but Mr. Hosmer is so sincere and so honest that I think he will succeed. The mis-representations of Mr. Sanborn have made real lovers of Thoreau shy of him.

Never fear but that, if a great, hungry book-want stares me in the face, I at once will bethink me of the sleuth-hound who ran down the "Boston Miscellany."

I really believe that I miss the pleasure of ransacking the old bookshops in New York even more than I do "the old, familiar faces." Are not nearly all of them "gone over to the majority," and I loitering down here in the mists? Yea, of a sad verity.

My wife has a copy of Holmes's "Last Leaf" on the fly leaf of which I find written,

The last, lone leaf must fade and fall,  
The rose forsakes the fairest cheek,  
But Memory lingers last of all  
And Sleep comes when she falters to speak.

Talk of "mysteries" - what is this life but the mystery of mysteries. I am now reading Lamblichus on the Mysteries, and I haven't found so much real religion inside the covers of a book in long years. A new edition of Taylor's translation is just published by Bertram Dobell - but, good Gracious, are you alive after this interminable scribble!

Ever sincerely yours,

*Sam'l A. Jones.*

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Mr. Salt and my little self have done more than all the past towards bringing about the Riverside edition of Thoreau's Writings, and this by the noisy asseverations that, in my case, have been far more pronounced than polite.

I suppose we are especially "built" for the part we are to perform, and if we were all of one pattern the music would be deuced monotonous. Better yet, there