

*Ann Arbor
April 17th 1898*

Ann Arbor, 3rd of April, 1898.

My dear Mr. Dawes:

I take "right kindly," as our Southern friends say, to an even long row of ~~?????????~~, provided they are healthy -- and all yours have passed the Quarantine.

The Burroughes and Torreys and "sich" make me "tired." To go to them for the bread of life as it is in sound criticism, and to get ---- sawdust!

Franklin, Webster, Lowell, Gladstone. I share your aversion, but I never stopped to ask, why do they repell me? Now my solution is that each of them is to some degree a "trimmer," - an in-sincerity, a speciosity. Franklin I detest particularly, and M. Arnold's laudation of him always "flabbergasted" me.

Am I not a lucky "cuss"? I put my ♀ at you because I turn round from this typewriter and on one shelf I see three "first editions" of the "Week," two of which were bought directly from Thoreau, and have in them pencilled MS. matter in Thoreau's hand-writing !!! Now you'll surely forget all about your hip!

But, wait; there are also in my possession six unpublished autograph letters from Thoreau, four from his sister Sophia, one from William Ellery Channing and one from Sanborn, F. B. -- the last six all written after Thoreau's decease.

Catch your breath, for here comes another "stunner;" in the glass case with all these lies a dauguerreotype that Thoreau had taken for the friend who GAVE all these to me. Ah, your eyes would be bigger than Spanish onions if you could only see all the Thoreau material that is in this dingy room where I "loaf and invite my soul."

Have you got your "second wind?" Well, sir, that sheep bound royal octavo volume is the copy of Lemprière's Classical Diction that "David Henry Thoreau" used in Harvard College, as the autograph of the first page testifieth.

I'll stop right here, but I have by no means exhausted the list. Poor! God bless you, I'm a multimillionaire, "and don't you forget it."

If you had bought that copy of the "Week" at \$22.50 you would have had just \$2.50 the best of that bookseller. My copies with the Thoreau writing in are valued at \$50.00 each. They are going to be donated to a Thoreau collection in the University of Michigan, with all that I have pertaining to him.

The "Harvard Magazine" for Dec'r 1897 has a fine paper on "The Idealistic Basis of Thoreau's Genius" by Daniel Gregory Mason. He sent me a copy with an

enquiry about a new edition of my Thoreau bibliography. I could make a new, enlarged, revised, and corrected edition that would throw the Rowfant edition far into the shade, but the Rowfant Club holds the copyright, and my correspondence with one member thereof has made me feel that the Club is reluctant to allow the publishing of a new edition -- their own book would not be such a "rare" volume. It is a dog in the manger job over again.

My only correspondent in the club has not answered a letter written nearly one year ago, and I do not care to disturb him with any question about permission to publish a new edition.. So there it rests.

"Caviare to the multitude." I used the word "multitude" as being in no need of interpreting to the Nineteenth century reader. A Seventeenth century reader would need an interpretation of "multitude" (in the sense in which I used it).. I have forgotten which of the dramatic critics of the C. Lamb order has treated of Shakespeare's meaning in using "the general" for that which we understand by "the multitude."

Thoreau's love affair. Only yesterday I received a letter from Mr. Salt, and I tell you that same love affair gets harder and harder to understand.

For instance, Emerson says the poem "Sympathy" refers to Thoreau's ladylove. Per contra, Sophia Thoreau told the gentleman who gave me Thoreau's letters that Henry had in mind his brother John when he wrote that poem. Of course, I accepted that statement as authority. But after writing the statement to Mr. Salt he springs upon me a heap (if one can "spring" a heap) of chronological data, and by Jove! I don't know where I'm at.

Only one thing seems clearly settled, namely -- the lady did n't love either John or Henry.

Thoreau's correspondent who gave me the letters had his attention called to Thoreau's writings by reading George Ripley's review of "Walden" in the N.Y. Tribune. I cannot find that review. A friend in Boston has sought for it, but he is not an educated man, and therefrom qualified to make such a search. It would be glorious to see that review, for you and I remember the tone of Ripley's review of the "Week."

I wish I could get enough admirers of Thoreau together to join in REPUBLISHING some of the rarer early papers on Thoreau that are now practically inaccessible. I have just gotten a type-written copy of Edwin Morton's early review of Thoreau's books. See Bibliography, p. 68, Anno 1855.

I have also got a splendid paper in an old copy of the "Harvard Magazine" for May 1862. The writer is alive and I have written to him asking permission to republish it. Have had no reply yet, and that looks ominous.

Did Mr. Gobeille give you a copy of the "Lowell Lectures on English Poets" which I edited for the Rowfant Club? It is the rarest of all the late Lowelliana. Lowell's literary executor, Prof. Charles E. Norton has consigned me to h..., but I shant go, "just the same."

Faithfully yours, Saul A. Jones.