

Ann Arbor, 24th of March, 1895.

My dear Mr. Dawes:

You will consider every pen mark on the enclosed typescript as a suggestion strictly sub judice; just as informal as if I sat by your side while we "talked over" your essay together. I am not assuming <sup>any</sup> seniority in years business, or trying to do the "patriarchal" pose, and you will treat every suggestion just as cheaply as it deserves. I have full confidence that you are enough of a Thoreau yourself to allow these emendations a moment's consideration. If I named them after the spirit that prompted them I should call them Amen-dations, so fully do your views find that word echoing in me when I read your paper.

It seems to me that "Thoreau's Humanism" expresses a subtle difference from the humanism of Thoreau. The first asserts that he had humanism, despite the question to the contrary; the second title suggests (to me) that the humanism of Thoreau was something sui generis, and, to my mind, the former title is the broader claim, and the best reply to Emerson's suggested "stoicism."

Your paper has had a wide reading out here, and Judge Harriman says it presents Thoreau to him in an entirely new light. You have made a fine statement for Thoreau, and you did n't get on your belly to do it!

By "privately printed", I mean put it out in a pamphlet, like my "glimpse." Such a presentation is said to be "printed, but not published", for they are not hawked over a counter, and are the choicest of literary morceaux. When these are presented to any literary man, you are on his books for a return compliment when he puts out anything in print; they also find a place on the library shelf. Print a somewhat limited edition; send a copy to the Rowfant Club (for instance) and see if you are not remembered in return. Verbum sap.!

Ask G. P. Putnam's Sons to let you see a copy of their "Little Journeys to the Homes of Good Men and Great" and you will see just the most exquisite pattern to follow in your printing.

Your query regarding Ripley's review of Thoreau's "Week" set me to searching for the source of my statement, but it eludes me. I got the fact in 1889, a direct statement from someone, NOT a deduction "from circumstantial evidence", and I am disposed to "tiet to" the article you have found as Ripley's. Ask O. B. Frothingham about it; he wrote Ripley's Life in the American Men of Letters Series. It is needless; I have just searched again, and in Sanborn's Life

of Thoreau, p. 250, you will find the point-blank statement made on the authority of F. B. Sanborn .

If the Librarian of the Astor library will allow a typewriter to copy Ripley's review - carefully collated - I have the filthy lucre that will satisfy the said typewriter.

The other day Mr. Hosmer sent me a reprint from the Transactions of the Essex Institute,, - I should write the "Historical Collections" - Vol. XXII, p. 53, a paper on "Thoreau, Flagg, and Burroughs", and it is singularly good reading. It is by a Mr. W. G. Barton, and he is the only one beside yourself who has laid stress on Thoreau's humor. The man who does that is one who can "read between the lines". You know John Burroughs says that Thoreau has "no humor" - God save the mark - and such a critic! The fact is, Burroughs is jealous of Thoreau, as a rival near the throne.

When you shall have read the typewritten copy of your paper which I return for your perusal, will you not kindly send it back to me IF you do not print it in some shape or the other? I would not be without it for a good deal, and I am desirous of sending a clean copy of it to Concord for the delectation of some good souls who knew Thoreau in the flesh.

It is manifest destiny, Mr. Dawes, that you and I are to meet in Concord some halcyon day. Eh, mon!, as Carlyle would say, that visit will perfume your memory forever; I've tried it!

Hopelessly in your debt, grateful beyond all words, and waiting for a meeting, I am,

Sincerely yours,

*Samuel A. Jones.*

April 15th.

Many matters have combined to prevent the sending of the above and your typescript. I paused first, because I feared you might think my MS. suggestions impertinent. Then there is the FIGHT still on, and the old school are likely to consummate their nefarious designs. Lastly, I have moved my office (after 15 years in one place), and the arranging of some four thousand volumes of medical books - mostly lies - is no small chore!

As news, Mr. Salt is to edit, in England, an edition of Thoreau's Poems, selecting the best. It will be put out in a limited edition and rather sumptuously.

I have just learned through Mr. Hosmer that "Sam Staples", the man who locked up Thoreau, is being buried to-day, he having died suddenly in Florida, whither he had gone for his health. I hope he has met Thoreau by this time.

The ice is not yet out of our lakes, and I am feeling stupid and shivery to-day.

S. A. J.