

Ann Arbor, 15th of June, 1895

My dear Mr. Dawes:

As I have travelled in the editorial harness before to-day, you need not have explained yourself as you felt called upon to do. I can plainly see from your manuscript that you are pressed for time and I feel ill at ease whenever I write to you, knowing that your duties are imperative while my own are more at the mercy of the bad habits that I have so sedulously cultivated for some sixty years gone.

I had a smile at what you say about "the combative element." I must confess that dear old Mr. Blake has been pained by that very "element" in much that I have written about Thoreau. Alas it is largely due to a congenital lump behind each of my somewhat asinine ears, for one thing, and, for another, to the fact that Sanborn's misrepresentations were to me as a red rag to any other bull. Somebody had to blow a strong note for the dead author, and, however discordant it may be, that "element" expresses at once my convictions and the coarseness of my nature. I do not fancy the "sweetness and light" school, and I have more of Luther than of Melancthon in my make up. If you will read read this as explanatory rather than apologetic there will be no harm done.

I am really glad if the paper gave you any satisfaction. I owe much of the ^{of it} fact to one now dead, Mr. Horace Hosmer - once a scholar in the school kept by the brothers Thoreau. An accidental meeting with Mr. H. when I was visiting Concord, led to a correspondence, and his letters are just loaded with singular testimony - much of which has found its way, in a condensed manner, to Mr. Salt, and through him to the public. This is very true of the introduction to

his "Selections from Thoreau."

The verses in the bibliography were first written for the conclusion of a lecture upon Thoreau - unpublished. The continuation - which is feeble enough - was written for the Inlander paper.

The "Homer" was written some dozen or more years ago, and one Sunday morning. I had been reading him, and I can't for my life tell why, but the sound of the church bells occasioned it - and it was written at a heat; that is, it was flung off very much as a hen's egg is flung out: though, it is only fair that I should tell you, there was no accompanying cackle. It will not bear critical reading, however.

But so much has been written about the "I" that you'll begin to think I am an ophthalmologist - drat the first personal pronoun, anyhow!

If your paper comes back to you from the "Atlantic" don't let that discourage you an iota. Mr. Scudder is not "stuck on" Thoreau, and a really good article from an unknown writer would stand no chance at all. "Kissing goes by favor" in the "Atlantic." I shall be glad to have a copy of it in any shape!

Did I let you know that "A Study of Thoreau" is the subject of a thesis for the degree of Ph.D. here, and that it is to be published - as, in fact, all such theses must be. I shall have the pleasure of mailing a copy to your address so soon as my allowance thereof - for I am helping to pay for it - comes to me.

Now don't feel under obligation to reply to this dull screed, AND don't let this to-me-pleasant correspondence end with only your valuable book-hunting services. My gratitude is not merely "a lively sense of favors to come," and I shall hope to hear from you whenever the spirit moves you.

Gratefully and sincerely yours,

Sam'l A. Jones.