Ann Arbor, 20th of June, 1896.

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 give 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 de- cidedly fortunate state of things, for a "swelled is neither ornamental nor useful.

I appreciate your allusion to the ancient Book, but did n’t you forget for the moment Him who drove the money changers out of the Temple with a scourge? You know the Catholic declaration, "Erasamus 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 "false 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.

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 assertions 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
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 gee; I'm in for it!

Did it ever occur to you that the blunt, outspoken man is he who receives a
criticism the kindliest, and who gets the real benefit from it. I really believe
that I can bear out the truth of this; you could n'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 pro-
fessors 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 al-
so 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? Yes, 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 forsake the fairest cheek,
But Memory lingers last of all,
And Sleep comes when she 's to speak.

Talk of "mysteries" - what is this life but the mystery of mysteries. I am
now reading Tannhäuser on the Mysteries, and I have n't found so much real re-
ligion 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,

 Jame D. Jones.