

Ann Arbor, 29th of January, 1895.

My dear Mr. Dawes:

For any oversight in reading your letter of the 17th you will pardon me if you recollect that your "find" had made me beside myself with delight. My head is a poor one at best, but I lost it entirely on that occasion. I am sorry to be obliged to confess that I really cannot promise any more sensible behaviour for the future; I am "built that way", and it is entirely too late for any "constitutional amendments."

I have just written to Mr. Hosmer to send on ALL his recent purchase of Atlantics, for I am emboldened to try and duplicate the collection for the Library of the University of Michigan. Please, at your liesure, send on the two remaining Atlantics you mention and the "Graham's Mag." for March. It puts fat on my ribs just to handle them!

NOW FOR THAT U N I O N M A G A Z I N E. If it is complete, I would prefer to buy it intact. I do not care about its being in "good preservation"; if it is all there, I will have it cleaned and bound intact. IF IT IS INCOMPLETE, I will cheerfully give TWO DOLLARS for the Thoreau material alone.

I must tell you frankly that I am ill at ease in regard to the demand all this is making upon your time and -- patience! For Thoreau's sake, my dear Mr. Dawes, do not for one moment hesitate to be as divinely blunt as he was: no Thoreauite will ever misunderstand you - and who need care for the misunderstanding of any others?

I am in all tee pangs of labor preceeding the "delivery" of my new ROWFANT book, and when that agony is over, I will send you a list of the best of the Thoreauiana.

Are you at all interested in Curtis - George William, of course. If so, I will send you a recent bit of my night work concerning him.

When next you are in A. S. Clark's place will you be so kind as to ask him if he has a copy of Bidpath's "Echoes of Harper's Ferry." It contains the first publication of Thoreau's "Plea for Captain John Brown", and the collection needs a copy.

I was out in a blizzard, some seven miles from home, last Friday night, and in that awful cold I began to suspect that Hell might not be so bad a climate, after ^{all} - but don't tell this to any clergyman: he might think I'm prejudiced.

With many thanks, I am,

Sincerely yours,

Sam'l A. Jones.