

Ann Arbor, 9th of February, 1895.

My dear Mr. Dawes:

Imagine (IF you can) my chagrin on finding to-day, amidst a pile of CONFUSION on my desk in my "den", your letter of the 5th instant, counting from the post-mark. It came by the evening mail on the 6th, but I was from home that night, and my boy thought he had done his duty by putting the letter on my desk. It is a bit of my usual stupidity, and I may as well own it!

My chief regret is lest it should cause you to re-tell the tale of your first sight of the Pacific ocean! I can imagine your "feel" on the occasion.

If you had informed Mr. Leggat that you were hunting for one Dr. Sam Jones whom he remembers, that Clerk might have shown more alacrity. I have known the only surviving Leggat since 1860; and many are the books I have bought of them and "toted" to dear, old Englewood when I had far better have consulted my wardrobe and made a far different investment. The romance of your find is enhanced for me by the fact that you made it in Leggat's cellar; and I am sure it will please Mr. Leggat senior (?) to know that your luck has made ~~me~~ happy.

Now about the phase that will please your "Yankee mind." I do not know that the "Boston Miscellany" is so noted as to command the "fancy" price. I knew the history of it, and the paltry fact that even Emerson could not collect the pay for Thoreau's paper, because the unhappy editor "bankrapit", as Carlyle would say. I bought the first two volumes, untorn, for TWO dollars. But the party who found them for me failed, even after advertising, in finding the two numbers that preceeded the final "bust." I cannot learn of the existence of but one other copy; so its chief value is that it is a link in the chain of American Serial Literature. This fact, and the SIZE of the page will preclude its going into that Thoreau collection at Concord. It would be even sacrilege to mangle by disseverment this complete set that you have so fortunately unearthed, and I shall see to it that it finds a resting place in a proper library, for it will be invaluable for him who shall write the History of American Literature in the 19th century. Between my two volumes and your find I can get a PERFECT -- that is wholly untorn, set.

I believe the Rowfant Club is publishing a variorum edition of Omar Khay-



yam edited by Richard Le Gallienne. The variorum edition was, I believe, my suggestion, though Le Gallienne would by no means have been MY selection for the editorship. That office should have fallen to Justin Mc Carthy, whose prose translation of the Rubaiyat is worth its weight in gold to the lover of old Omar.

You know, I am only an honorary (?) member; so I felt a delicacy about subscribing for any copies -- they make a fad of "limited editions" and I hesitated to swell the number of copies. I do not regret my own non-obtainment of a copy, but I do wish YOU could have one. Now, do not misunderstand me, for I am going to venture on thin ice, and in this fashion: to FEEL gently and "devilish slyly" for you. If the name of the friend from whom you got your Bibliography is reserved from any considerations whatsoever that forbid my knowing it, in confidence, all right; but, as the Chairman of the Publication Committee enquired of me concerning him, it occurs to me that I could make an oblique reminder that would not in any manner compromise you or me. Use your best judgement, and "me too", as Mr. Pratt said.

My own booklet -- the Landor-Emerson Letter -- will soon be out, and I PRESUME (though I really do not KNOW) that they will give me some copies, as my editorial services are gratuitous -- which Mr. Le Gallienne's are not.

If, then, I am remembered, you will have a copy as sure as "the deil's in hell, or Dublin city."

But whether you get a Rowfant Rubaiyat or not, I will try and get you a copy of a limited edition that cannot be excelled. It will depend upon the sale. If the edition is exhausted, then my endeavor will go into the Limbo of "good intentions."

Macmillan and Co. publish the Letters and Literary Remains of Edward Fitzgerald in Three volumes, and THERE you have the best possible edition of the Persian poem. The notes and variorum readings are all and more than Le Gallienne can and dare publish. Aside from this, the three vols, are especially delightful. Did I ever tell you that I have the copy of the first edition of Carlyle's "Oliver Cromwell" with Carlyle's autograph inscription presenting it to Edward Fitzgerald, and on the fly leaf, "old Fitz's" signature. I bought it from the library of Shirley Brooks, erstwhile an editor of "Punch." My dear Mr. Hawes it is "manifest destiny" that you visit me some day and poke around at your pleasure in my dingy "den." We can outdo Wordsworth in plain living, but I can promise you no higher thinking than a second storey! We Stand it, and mayhap you can.

In regard to Mr. Salt's Selections from Thoreau the house of Macmillan and Co, wrote to my bookseller here. "Copies can be imported from England by private persons, but not for sale."



I do not know whether it is published yet or not. Mr. Salt promised me a copy long since, but up to date there is no appearance thereof: either it has not yet been issued or Mr. Salt is ill.

I fancy there is a ray of hope in the enquiry you made of Houghton's man. Thoreau is growing in importance to the publishers; that is, the books are selling, and they are always ready to put as many hooks on the line as there are fish to bite. I would dearly like to see a new edition for the sake of the corrections and additions that Mr. Salt can and would make.

I have not read a word about the mountains in California, having reached the time of life wherein one makes few ventures with new books but turns with increasing fondness to the old and tried; yet I should like to be immortal for the sake of having "time" to read everything.

You enquire about the DATE of Graham's in my copy of the unhappy "Bib." Alas! the right-hand margin of P. 33 shows very plainly that "someone had blundered" as well in book-making as in the battle of Balaklava!

I am confined to my den by a gouty bronchitis -- that is, I go to see only one patient in this terribly inclement weather -- and whilst looking over the Atlantic containing Thoreau's "May Days", I found a review of Page's "Thoreau: His Life and Aims" that should by all means be in the bibliography; BUT no one can ever be certain that he has ALL -- as Mr. Bowker feelingly testifieth.

The "notice" of Mr. Curtis will have the concluding portion published in the INLANDER on the 15th or thereabouts, and then parts I and II shall be sent to you. You will find me after your own heart in loving reverence for George William Curtis.

I must drop this thread to write to Morse the sculptor, whose library bust of Emerson, flanked by that Carlyle, is smiling on me as only Emerson could smile. Did your people meet this Sidney H. Morse when he visited the Blakes in Englewood sometime in the '70's! He is a genius in all the senses except that he could not join Charles Lamb in worshipping "the GREAT PLANT!"

Verily, the man who won't smoke here deserves to smoke hereafter! Of that there is no reasonable doubt! But I may possibly be prejudiced, as smoking is my "partickelar wanity."

Bending under a bankrupt sense of obligations I am,

Sincerely yours,

*Sauil A. Jones.*