

Ann Arbor, 11th of February, 1895.

My dear Mr. Dawes:

I have just seen my bookseller, and he has ordered Thoreau's "Week", "Walden", and "Miscellaneous Essays", from Walter Scott, of London, sent to your Reade Street address, by mail. You should receive them in at least four weeks, provided the ocean storms do not frustrate all calculations. If NOT on hand in SIX weeks, please let me know. *[No c.o.d. on this.]*

I want you to have these because of the Introductory Notes of Mr. Dircks. He does not feel the personal interest in Thoreau that makes Mr. Salt so delightful, but he has the critical insight, and he sees Thoreau from a point of view that is inaccessible to Mr. Salt.

Turn now to your copy of the Thoreau bibliography, and under EACH year, I will designate what I deem the most desirable of the criticisms.

- 1855. DUYCKINCK. (Interesting as the first view of the rising moon.)
- 1863. ~~EMERSON~~. (Even he did NOT realize Thoreau's actual WEIGHT.)
- 1866. ALGER. (He entirely misreads Thoreau.)
- 2 1871. ~~LOWELL~~. (A splenetic outburst. Unjust because untrue. The first reading of this paper made Emerson downright mad.)
- 1880. ~~HIGGINSON~~. (Al! And he progs Lowell under the fifth rib.)
- 1882. NICHOL. (Wrong; but to be read, by all means.)
- 1886. ~~STEVENSON~~. (Read this by all means.)
- 1887. WILLIAMS. (Write to Geo. H. Ellis and see if you can possibly get a copy. It is invaluable to the Thoreauite.)
- ,, RICHARDSON. (Read this by all means.)
- ✓ 1888. SALT. (Pronounced by one of Thoreau's associates the best of all papers on Thoreau.)
- 1889. ~~BURROUGHS~~. (Read this, Burroughs is jealous of Thoreau in his line.)
- ✓ 1890. ELLIS. (Read the book by all means.)
- ,, WOODBURY. (Remarkable as showing Emerson's regard for Thoreau.)
- ✓ 1891. GRAHAM. (Well worth reading, though Graham is somewhat of a Philistine, according to Mr. Salt.)
- 1892. CURTIS. (Always to be read!)

You now have the fat-bringers amongst the ANA, so we will turn to the Reviews.

1849. LOWELL. (Read this, as it shows Lowell's opinions before he had the falling out that spoiled his last review.)
1854. BRIGGS. )A pint-cup trying to comprehend a gallon!)
1862. ~~X~~ALCOTT. (Tender, as it was written to cheer Thoreau's dying bed.)
1865. ~~X~~CONWAY. (Good; but Emerson says Conway is unhappy in not being able to tell the EXACT truth.)
1877. COLLINS. (Interesting, considering the place of its writer.)
1878. O'CONNOR. (Interesting as seen through Catholic spectacles.)

The rest are needful only to the student who is bound to exhaust the subject.

I often feel half wild to get into the Tribune office and beg permission to inspect their file for 1849. George Ripley was probably the most sympathetic critic that ever cut the leaves of a new book, and as he was just heart sore from the failure of the Brook Farm dream, he must have "stared" when that new planet swam into his ken in the pages of the still-born "Week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers." It were worth some years of an ordinary life to know how Ripley read between the lines of this book.

I cannot get that rare vision, Leggat's cellar out of my mind; and I shall not die happy without a descent in company with Mr. Leggat himself!

You cannot possibly conceive how weird one's life looks in the retrospect. Shadow and sunshine blent, and mysteries on every side; and the greatest of mysteries right before one!

I should not have the courage to live it over, but, with all its pitiful errors, I am glad I have lived it so far. In dear Englewood, I was just going through the last third of the perilous Werterian period in a young man's life; and only a love of books saved me. As you have before written, I saw Englewood when its fields and woods were haunted by fauns, and hamadryads, and the young ladies from Dwight's Boarding School -- and the stolen walks in the narrow, cedar lined lanes between the several farms, and the risky moonlit walks when the good Dwight Brothers were "getting in their work" at the Prayer meeting in the little stone church on the hill. O Time, you Thief, what have you taken from me! O Death what canst thou give in recompense!

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The evening mail is just laid before me - a letter from Mr. Salt and one from the English publisher and bookseller, Bertram Dobell. Even the green paths of old Englewood fade as I cut into the letters. Blessed be Cadmus forever; he invented "letters" and did n't have to pay postage!

Sincerely yours,

*Saml a. Jones.*