

Ann Arbor, 5th of March, 1895.

My dear Mr. Dawes:

You have a good right to consider me dead, or at least, moribund, from my inspired flash of silence. The Truth is I am in the thickest of a "pathy" fight. The old school is trying to extinguish the college that I left the East twenty years ago to found. The authorities in the university of Michigan would close the doors in a moment were it not that the Legislature holds the purse strings, and as the PEOPLE want the Homoeopathic college sustained, I have been flooded with letters from our Solons anent the situation. As the first dean of the college, they naturally apply to me for opinions, and the burden of writing has used up all my spare minutes: yes, and many more than I could SPARE -- but I do not want to see the college sacrificed at the shrine of old school bigotry. Enough for that.

The Landor Letter is the rarest of all "Emersoniana", and the chief value of the Rowfant edition is that it RESCUES a pamphlet that the conjoint friends of Emerson, Landor, and Wordsworth joined hands in a very successful endeavor to suppress. I do not know of but one copy of the original in America.

I was pleased to learn, through Mr. Hosmer, that F.B. Sanborn stood in the store where Mr. Hosmer is employed half an hour reading it, and then borrowed it to take home and finish. The pleasing(?) fact to me is that, so far as I can learn, the Rowfant Club does n't care much for its latest baby! At least, the editor has not had even the shadow of a thank you (or even a be damned to you) for his pains. This frank avowal reminds me that I must at once tell you I do not know your friend Mr. Gobeille. I am surely "not in it" for a copy of the Rubaiyat!

The copy of that poem which I was desirous of getting for you has evaded me from the fact that the edition is out of print. Four hundred copies were published by T.B. Mosher, of Portland, Maine. I bought mine from a bookseller here, and he wrote, at my request, for two more copies, thus learning that the limited edition is exhausted. Through the same bookseller I made application for the three Thoreau books published by Walter Scott, London, England, containing the introductory notes by Mr. Dircks. Mr. Scott replied that, as the matter is copyright, the books could not pass the customs, but that "a private buyer might be let off without confiscation." A hint that shows the elasticity of "business" morality.

When I bought my copies the American copyright holders had not "caught on." I found these publications first of all readers in these parts, for I watched the English catalogues for everything pertaining to Thoreau; and I know that copies were on sale in New York at one time. Browse around in Leggatt's shelves: you MAY find even a first folio Shakespeare there!

I was greatly pleased with what you wrote about Higginson's fine little paper. Does n't he "sock it" to Lowell nicely. It will "pay" you to look up the Massachusetts Quarterly Review just to read Lowell's first review of Thoreau. THAT was written before Thoreau "sat down" on Lowell for omitting a passage in "Chesuncook." The rebuke rankled, and, I am sorry to be obliged to add, it deflected the straight beam of Lowell's criticism, as shown in his last utterance in the North American Review. Mr. Ricketson informed me that after reading Lowell's last paper, Emerson was the nearest to DOWNRIGHT mad that he had ever seen him. Lowell never suspected the deep seriousness that underlaid what he deemed only Thoreau's "fad". Thoreau was the last man to indulge in a fad, and the more you read into him, the more will a conviction of the truth of this FILL you.

Mr. Salt's "Selections from Thoreau" reached me on the 27th ult. I am more than delighted with his "Introduction". It is a masterly presentation of Thoreau, "nothing extenuate nor ought set down in" fulsome praise. It shows how very completely Mr. Salt has "digested" his material; and it will make some readers declare, "Now, really, I must read Thoreau again; I'm afraid I've misunderstood the fellow." Well, I assure you, Mr. Dawes, Thoreau is fast passing the "fellow" period. . Landor wrote, "As the pearl ripens in the obscurity of its shell, so ripens in the tomb all the fame that is truly precious." It is true of Thoreau.

Mr. Salt has also made his "selections" with exquisite taste, and his Thoreau tid-bits are so tempting that he is sure to increase the growing army of Thoreau's readers..

Have you seen Mr. Sanborn's paper on "Thoreau's Poems of Nature" in the last Scribner's? The Thoreau letter is fine, indeed, and it throws a search light upon his serene soul..

I promised a stricken woman some time since a copy of a book, and, lo! it is "out of print". If you would like to aid me in finding a balm for a bruised heart, please look around (ONLY when it is perfectly convenient) for a copy of ,

"O Mother Dear, Jerusalem! The Old Hymn Its Origin and Genealogy. Edited by William C. Prime. New York: Anson D. F. Randolph. 1864." (1st. Ed.) Third in 1864) ANY edition will do, though I should dearly like to own a "first". Will you now feel, like Job, a desire to curse the day in which you first wrote to me! O you much-suffering man, I shall die one of these days; courage, and patience!

Sincerely yours,

*Sam'l A. Jones.*