

Ann Arbor, 9th of March, 1895.

My dear Mr. Daves:

"Echoes of Harper's Ferry" is received, and is none the worse for the pencillings of the abolition enthusiast, who was in all probability a negro: at all events, I shall keep the mutilated remainder of the volume as a memento of his zeal.

I this morning received from Mr. Hosmer a photo of Mr. Blake, Thoreau's friend, correspondent and editor. It is a disappointment to me, for when I saw Mr. B. in 1890, he was white haired, and such a picture of purity as I had never before seen in any of my own sex.

It is singular, but in all who knew Thoreau in the flesh, and who were at all intimate with him, I can but observe a certain queerness, as if the whole brood was "Marked".

It is singular indeed if one's conformation makes him either a sinner or a saint! But there IS something in the FACT.

Of course, this means that Structure determines Function, and that also makes us the creatures of Circumstance; and that, again, tells upon our responsibility: and THAT opens a dark territory wherein one cannot see clearly. The solid ground slides from under one's feet, and the Universe seems only an inscrutable enigma. BUT Duty shines like a polestar, and we can DO THAT according to the best that is in us and does it not all end at that?

Forgive me; I am sliding into a poor preachment when I started once again to send you only empty THANKS for yet another obligation.

Please don't mention the dirty dollars and cents phase of this service that you are so generously doing me.

I think I MUST make one visit to New York before I make my exit, and if I do I shall go into Leggatt's cellar and hold a prayer meeting with you. Until then think as kindly as you can of one who has given you so much trouble.

Gratefully and sincerely yours,

Saml A. Jones.