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To Arthur R. Gledhill - January 10, 1892

Edwin Arlington Robinson

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TO ARTHUR R. GLEDHILL

Harvard University.
717 Cambridge St.,
Cambridge, Mass., Jan. 10 1892

My Dear Art,--

It is now almost midnight, but I will drop you a line just to keep up our acquaintance. It has been so long since I have heard anything from you that it seems like writing to a stranger. But then, I guess you you were the last one to write, so I had better not begin to kick. I am in agony when I have nothing to kick against—and sometimes when I have. At present I have a "whoreson" complaint of some kind that is playing the very devil with my peace of mind and my avoirdupois likewise. It is something like the grip mixed with the "old-fashioned yellow jaundice" of which the venerable Giles spoke in the days of yore when I was perhaps a little bigger fool than I am now. I am not sure on that point however. When my dear friends ask me what I am "studying for" at Harvard and "what I propose to do Mr. Robinson", I say "Go to." I have fits of dreaming wherein I kill hundreds "in buckram" as said Sir John the mendacious and puissant—the Sir John[1] who fought Hotspur "a long hour by Shrewsbury clock"[2] and was pricked in the rump by the jovial Hal. <Something>

Sometimes I think of the time we wasted so magnificently during our term at the G.H.S. I know it is time to give over thinking of such things, but you know it is my nature to pick over any bones and growl. I also have a faint vision of Cooper's Virgil and sundry fires in the "Pines". But those days are all over, and there is no use in calling them back. They will not come, and <g> what good would it do if they would? One cannot always be a callow school-boy begging ten cents from his friends to buy a plug of "check"; no more can he always build fires in the laboratory and smoke juvenile pipes with Sawyer, Moore & Gledhill. I can almost see "Doc" now pulling that new T.D. out from under the vestry steps and waving it triumphantly in my face. "Gad, let's have a smoke!," he said. That was some time ago, and poor Doc has had a hard time since then. If we ever see him again—and I trust we shall—there will be a difference. I have been intending to write him a letter for the past two years, and if it were not so late would do it now. As it is, I will bring this affair to a close, as my eyes have an inclination to shut themselves in sleep, etc. By the way, how about that story you were going to write for your college paper? If you write it, don't forget to send me a copy. I have often thought of writing one for the Advocate, but have never succeeded in pinning myself down to the task. I do not find a great deal of time for such diversion—My English and French are about all that I can well attend to. And I will say here that you need not be a damned bit alarmed as to my mailing you French letters.[3] I may have said this before, but this will do for further emphasis. Well, good night, and let me hear from you whenever you see fit to scratch off a line or [too] two to your unsettled friend in Cambrigde. When I spell "two" with a double "o" it is time to stop.

Sincerely,
Robinson

HCL

NOTES

1. Falstaff. The allusion is to Sir John's obviously made-up story about his killing of conflicting numbers of "rogues in buckram" *1 Henry IV* 2.4. (SL)
2. *1 Henry IV* 5.4.143. (SL)
3.[a] EAR is of course making a *double entendre* here, but apparently he wasn't joking when he first said it. See his letter to Smith dated February 7, 1892.

[a] This is note 1 in WA's manuscript.