TO ARTHUR R. GLEDHILL

Gardiner Feb. 23 - 1889 [1899]

Dear Friend Art:—

I rec'd your somewhat confidential letter some time ago and would have answered it sooner if I could have found time. It's all right old man; go ahead. I think I have mentioned to Gus, before I received this epistle, something to the effect that your affections were captured—perhaps you may have done so yourself—but you need not be alarmed by the fear that I shall break the confidence that you have placed in me. I had just returned from Herman's hymeneal symposium when your letter was handed to me. I must confess that it seemed a trifle strong at the first reading—I doubt if you could repeat it now—but still I had no inclination to laugh at your rather tempestuous rhetoric. You know I am different from most people;—Is that why you wrote it? If she goes back on you, Art, all you will have to do is to lay back and become a skeptic, misanthrope, misogynist and pessimist and let the whole race of womankind go to the devil, or "dree your weird" through the lonely years consoling yourself with the poet's lines (not mine)—

"'Tis better to have loved and lost

Than never to have loved at all."

I wonder what the effect would be if I were to be caught in the same trap as yourself?—Basta! Basta! as Bulwer's Pocket Cannibal was wont to say in "What will he do with it?"

—Did you ever read it? 'Tis one of the best things everwritten.
At present I am keeping time for the Oakland Ice Co. and my time is pretty well taken up. I have had the very devil of a cough for the past week and I assure you that it has been no pleasant affair to get up at 5.00 and go down on the river to shiver all day. "But the jingling of the guinea helps the hurt that honor feels"—sore-throat as well.

Tacing that Shakspeare aphorism "The course of true love will be contradicted in your case I remain the same old anchorite. Don't leave off smoking.