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5-22-1892

## To Arthur R. Gledhill - May 22, 1892

Edwin Arlington Robinson

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TO ARTHUR R. GLEDHILL

1691 Cambridge St.

**Harvard University,  
Cambridge**

May 22 - '92

My dear Gledhill.<sup>a</sup>

I have just written a weekly for English 9 on "John Ruskin's Humanity", and I am afraid that the job has not left me in a condition to write a very brilliant letter. But I will write something, for I feel ashamed of myself for my carelessness. It is a bad habit of mine, this neglecting of correspondence. You are troubled a little that way yourself I think, [though] I must must confess that you have done better than I since I came to Cambridge. I am living a very quiet, innocent life here now. I have been broke for a month and rather like it. The fact is, I have blown in

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altogether too much money since I came here and am now lying off. I shall not be able to get through the year for less than a thousand, the best I can do. Now that is entirely uncalled for from a man of my cloth and I feel a little guilty. To be sure that is about the average yearly expenditure here, but my case is a little different. I shall get through next year on 750 or \$800 at the most.

Well, I suppose by this time you have carved that cadaver you were speaking of a month or two ago. Did you find his pancreas? Or perhaps it was a female. If so I suppose you looked into country matters (Hamlet) more or less.<sup>1</sup> The whole thing seemed to me a kind of diabolical scheme, and what puzzled me the most

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<sup>a</sup> WA has a comma here.

was to think how you could get the damned thing legally. I know that is not always necessary, but I think the old League<sup>2</sup> would have hesitated before getting a stiff contrary to law. I am afraid if I keep on this letter will assume an immoral tone that was not intended; but as long as you have given up the ministry I suppose it will be all right. But burn it, for my sake, I should hate to have it in existence as a specimen of my work.

I have had a world of reading to do lately, but have not done half of it. I am now wading through Middlemarch and must confess that I find it a little tedious. When compared with

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[name omitted] I cannot see how George Eliot holds the position the world has given her. But I always was a partial critic I think and my opinion is not worth much. The opinion of a man who would place Black's "Macleod of Dare" above the "Bride of Lammermoore" cannot be of much value.

I have been reading Landor's Conversations a good deal lately.<sup>3</sup> If you want a little pleasant diversion, read "Boccaccio & ~~Pertraeh~~ Petrarch" or "Bossuet & the Duchesse de Fon{-}tanges". They are short and decidedly pleasant—especially the former.

Don't be disgusted at my long delay but write when you get a chance. I will try to reply after a little better fashion than this.

Sincerely  
Robinson

HCL

NOTES

1. Hamlet to Ophelia: "Do you think I meant country matters? . . . That's a fair thought to lie between maids' legs." III, ii, 124-126.
2. The League of Three, from high school days.
3. *Imaginary Conversations*, the principal prose work of Walter Savage Landor (1775-1864).