TO HARRY DE FOREST SMITH

[Gardiner, Maine
November 26, 1895]

My dear Smith,

You will, I fear, threaten to strike me off your list when I tell you that I do not yet know how either of Saturday's games turned out. I did not think to get a Sunday paper, there was nothing about them in our delicious little daily, and this morning I forgot it again. And yet I deny all relationship with your five year man. This makes me think of the morning after the New York state election when I met Sumner Soule on the hill. "Well," he said, "how did she go?"—"What?"—"New York."—"Don't know."—"Well my God, young man! . . . ."

I hope you will keep on sending me Crimsons whether I acknowledge them or not. They fill a little place in my life that would otherwise be empty. They seem to take me back somehow, to the time when I used to sit and smoke in my room at Beelar's and hear Saben come pounding up the stairs, or maybe Latham with some damned sour-bellied criticism of Andrew Lang.

I had a small letter from Hubbell soon after my arrival in Gardiner and one from Ford, who tells me that he will spend Sunday with me if I want him. It makes me feel good when such a fellow is willing to ride five hours in the cars and back again for the sake of a few
hours with me and my notions and I am wondering "as to how" I shall be able to entertain him. I have decided
to let him entertain himself—and me at the same time.
Nothing like a little ingenious forethought.

I ought to ask your pardon for running my friends
into your letters as I do, but when Latham writes me
that he is not reading anything but Greek, and stuff
pertaining to Greek I know you must have a kind of bro-
therly feeling for him. He thinks Moulton goes alto-
gether to[o] far in his mechanical dissection of tra-
gedy and comedy and I am inclined to agree with him—
though I only looked through that portion of the book.
—I have stopped Antigone on account of my other work,
but you need have no fears of my stopping it altogether.
If, by any strange chance, I manage to do anything to
live a year or two, it will be that Greek play—that is,
unless I am tremendously mistaken.

Your letter last evening did me a world of good
and I only wish that I might give you a decent return
for it. But I cannot to-day, and God only knows when
I can. What little faculty I ever had for letter writ-
ing seems to have have left me this fall. Perhaps it
is on account of the hard pull my pomes are giving me.
If that little book ever goes out, I am half afraid
that I shall go with it. Never had such a damned time
in [my] life with anything as with some of those verses
which ought to go like bees and things and which want
to go like camels. It is hunting for hours after one word and then not getting it that plays the devil with a man's gray matter and makes him half ready to doubt the kindness of the Scheme.

I had already read the clipping you sent me. It was copied in the Reporter-Journal. Sometimes I wish the tiny town on the Kennebec and all the people in it (myself included) could be blown up among the Asterids or picked off with one of Jules Verne's comets. When I feel that way I almost always go and have a smoke which doesn't taste right. I am glad you are coming home pretty soon because I want to see how you look. You seem to be enjoying Harvard, and I am glad of that, too.

I see by one of the Crimson's that Jamie is trying for the Advocate. Hope he'll get it, for it would put him in the way of meeting some very good fellows. He must have talked through his hat about my song, for he never heard it. But then, he thinks I am something pretty strange just now and is a better friend to me than he will be in two more years. There is a pathos in a younger fellow's friendship that well-nigh kills the pleasure of it.

Yours most sincerely,

Robinson.

P. S. You will find the Thomas Hardy sonnet in the Critic for November 23--Holiday Number.