

TO ARTHUR R. GLEDHILL

Gardiner Nov. 21 - 1889

Dear Art:-

I recd your letter yesterday dated Nov. 4th. It must have been delayed in some way or else misplaced in the office up to that time, but I found it at last and was mighty glad to do so, as I had about come to the conclusion that you had no further use for Pine Tree acquaintances.

I suppose by this time all your early ideas of going through college have dissolved and your stentorian voice will never fill the the atrium of learning again, or your jocund feet press with elastic step the the <fo> vernal mead of the campus. Be it so.

I have [been] amusing myself for the past few days in making a poetical (?) translation of Vergil's third Eclogue--Palaemon.² I think it was this one you illustrated so carefully in your Cooper during our post-graduate course, when Prof. Stuart took us so kindly under his scholastic wing and led us for a second time through the maze of elemental instruction in loco parentis. Giles was not such a bad fellow after all.³

I have been thinking myself of having you come and eat a turkey with me on Thanksgiving but under the circumstances stated in your letter of course I must resign all claims. "Amor omnia vincit" saith the amorous ~~David~~ ^{Ovid} in

[Vergil's?]

(Ovid)

his Metamorphoses. Doubtless he was right; those old fellows generally knew what they were writing about, and that is more than I can say at the present moment. But you must pardon any vagaries in my composition for you know I always was a kind of "lusus naturae".⁴ (Don't think that I sling in this Latin out of pedantry--it is only because I know no better--) and have to be humored accordingly. I think that I shall have to go down to Miss Turner's and and look at your girl's picture,--by the way, what is the fair one's name?--You have never told me. My girl is still designated by the character (x) unknown quantity doncherknow. I am afraid, Art, that I shall have to advertise in the Police Gazette when I yearn towards matrimony. How would this do; "A young man of good character and unquestionable ability having wearied of his hitherto <cl [?]> celibate life has decided to appeal to the affections of the gentler sex through the columns of this periodical. The person in question must be blessed with a liberal education, have dark hair and eyes, weigh from 110 to 125 and keep her finger nails clean. She must be of an amiable disposition and not t[oo] fond of soused tripe, as the writer draws the culinary line at that article of food. The field is now open--Correspondence solicited."

Think that would fetch one, Art?

It is as cold as the weather will permit where I am

writing and my fingers are sensibly stiffening; and if I keep on much longer the rigor mortis (more Latin) will have me stretched out a cold corpse.

Give my regards to the unknown at the turkey dinner and don't get married until spring. Write when you can.

Yours

E. A. Robinson