

Gardiner Nov 9th 1890 -

Dear Friend Smith;

As long as I am not in Brunswick to-day I suppose that the least I can do is to sit down and try to write something to take the "cuss" off, to use a mannerism of polite society. Nothing would have pleased me better than to have carried out your proposition, but circumstances would hardly permit it this week, though I may possibly come down & see you next Saturday A.M. if agreeable. Please let me know as soon as you get this as I should feel like a strayed rover to go without hearing from you and find you had gone to a Sunday-school convention or a mill-pond baptism.

This is ~~not~~ about as mean a day as the Lord ever made. The sky is about the color of a dirty shirt and the air is impregnated with a sort of frigid clamminess that is anything but bracing; and what with the fact that I am blessed with a "whoreason" cold in the head and that the Bros. Barstow are at Ithaca (so that there is no one for me to smoke a pipe with) render the state of my mind anything but amiable. Long-fellow assures us that "Behind the clouds is the sun still shining", but there is little consolation in that while

we can't see him (the sun) and feel his grateful rays crawl down the back of our neck. Poetry is a good thing, provided a man is warm enough.

Do you have a chance to read the Atlantic when you are? If so I think you would like an article on William Tell in the November number. It seems to make William a nonentity, and reads him a myth with his counterpart in the folk-lore of a dozen countries. Nor can the genealogists find any Gessler that could possibly have had the position of the one in the legend: the whole story (to use another manuscript) goes to pot. Besides the article there is a translation of the 4th canto of the Inferno in the original terza rima. It is a fine thing and must have taken a world of time, patience & care on the part of the translator. At times the meter is a little shaky and identical rhymes are a little too frequent, but considering the nature of the work we can surely overlook these defects. Frank R. Stockton's "House of Martha" also begins in the number and bids fair to be a good thing.

My fingers are as cold as proverbial charity and I feel that, if I have any desire to behold the summer of another summer, I had better stop writing ☺ and shake

myself. There is a barrel of cider in the barn, but I have
no desire to tamper with it. This will prove to you
that my indisposition is no affectation. Write and let
me know if you can to harbor me over next Sunday
and I will try to come if you feel that you need me.

Vale —

Edw. A. Robinson