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Arthur R. Gledhill,
Canton,
N.Y.

PR 5750.12

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Gardiner, Wt., Dec 7 - 1890.

Dear Friend Art.

Whether I am to apologize to you, or you to me, for not writing before, I cannot say, but my impression is that my studious friend in Canton, N. J. owes me a letter; but, as you are probably aware, I am rather a peaceable mortal and not much of a fighter, I will let that all go by and try to write you something to let you know that I am still among the living and still breathing in prodigious draughts of the bracing Maine atmosphere, which, by the way, is especially bracing to-day.

It snowed about six or seven inches day before yesterday but Nature was evidently not quite satisfied with her job and gave us three inches more last night. The wind is blowing now like the very devil - Mercurial! What have I said! The fact is, Art, that writing to a divinity student is entirely a new thing for me and if I slip in my writing occasionally and make use of a semi-unpious expression (I never swear out-right) you must try to pardon me. You know that I am not given to wickedness - wantonly, I mean - and am inclined to be wonderfully kind withal: did I ever refuse you a chew of tobacco in our U.S. day? No; by the way, no!

Nor did you ever refuse me. I wonder how many of those
tags are left in the belfry now? When I went to school,
after you had moved to Spencer, the boys in the senior (!) class
used to wear them for badges on their coats. O sacrilegious dogs!

Every now and then I think of the Latin poetry you wrote
in those days, and that always gives me visions of the old belfry
with its scuttle open two or three inches open to make an outlet
for the unhallowed smoke that arose from ~~our~~ our clandestine
symposia. Of course, speaking from a practical standpoint,
the time spent in that manner was wasted, but I believe,
and I find myself that I am not altogether a fool, that in
after years, when we are fairly established in the arena (if
we ever are) that memories of those days will come back and we
will regard them, not with contempt, but with a finer sense
of realization of contentment than we have ever known yet.

I may be wrong, but what would life be worth if it was
all absorbed in this furious drudgery of business. Now ~~we~~
don't think that I am one of those ~~stagnant~~ ethereal, bubbling
fellows that think the main idea of existence is to sprawl out
under a tree in summer and shapewige when the setting sun
etc., I am not; but I do believe that a man should have
breathing spells, so to speak, when he may throw off the yoke

of the dollar and take a glance at what is given him to hold
with a mounting compensation

Three weeks ago to-day I spent Sunday with Smith at
Bowdoin. It was a new thing to me and awoke all my latent
desire for a taste of college life. For the past two or three
months I have been harboring an idea that I may take a
year's course next fall in something (I have not decided what)
at Harvard. * You may remember that I was "contemplating"
three years ago. Of course this may never come to pass, but
~~but~~ I can see nothing now to hinder it.

I have been reading Ehnafjall's "Donovan". It is a fine thing,
being an intense character study. "The Trio", a kind of sequel, I have just
begun, which seems to be more of a study than a story. I believe you
mentioned it to me sometime ago in one of your letters. (It has been
so long since I have received one that I can hardly remember what
was in them.) Now, Art, don't be so devilish chary (there
I go again) of your correspondence, but write and let a
fellow know what you are doing and I will try to
answer you. Hoping there may not be a second "hiatus"
as long as this first has been, I am

Yours as ever
E. A. Robinson