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717 Cambridge St.,

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My dear Mr. -

It is now about midnight, but I will drop you a line just to keep up our acquaintance. It has been so long since I last heard anything from you that it seems like writing to a stranger. But then, I guess you are more than half out to work, so I had better not begin to kick. I am in a way when I have nothing to kick against - and sometimes when I have. At present I have a "horror" complaint of some kind that is playing the very devil with my piece of mind and my academic career. It is something like the grip mixed with the "old-fashioned yellow jaundice" of which the venerable files spoke in days of yore when I was perhaps a little bigger fool than I am now. I am not sure on that point however, when my

Dear Friends ask me what I am "studying
for" at Harvard and "what I propose to do
Mr. Robinson", I say, "go to." I have fits
of dreaming wherein I kill hundreds "in buck-
ram" in aid Sir John the mendacious and
pusillant - the Sir John who fought Hotspur
"a long hour by Shrewsbury deck" and was picked
in the rump by the jovial Hal. ~~Something~~

Sometimes I think of the time we wasted
so magnificently during our term at the J.H.S.
I know it is time to give over thinking of such
things, but you know it is my nature to pick
over any bones and frowl. I also have a faint
vision of Casper's Virgil and sundry fens in the
"Pines." But their days are all over, and there's
no use in calling them back. They will not come,
and if what god would it do if they would? One
cannot always be a callow school-boy begging
ten cents from his funds to buy a plug of
'cheek'; no more can he always build fens in
the laboratory and smother juvenile papers with
Sawyer, Moore & Shilcutt. I can almost see

"Doc" now feeling that man T.D. out from under the vestry steps and waving it triumphantly in my face. "Gad, let's have a smoke!" he said. That was some time ago, and for Doc has had a hard time since then. If we ever see him again - and I trust we shall - there will be a difference. I have been intending to write him a letter for the past two years, and if it were not so late would do it now. As it is, I will bring this affair to a close, as my eyes have an inclination to shut themselves in sleep, etc. By the way, how about that story you were going to write - for your college paper? If you write it, don't forget to send me a copy. I have often thought of writing one for the Advocate, but have never succeeded in pinning myself down to the task. I do not feel a great deal of time for such diversion -

My English and French are about all that I
can well attend to. And I will say here
that you need not be so damned & alarmed
as to my making you French letters. I may
have said this before, but this will do for
further emphasis. Well, just right, and
let me hear from you whenever you see fit
to scratch off a line or two to your unsettled
friend in Cambridge. When I spell "too"
with a double "o" it is time to stop.

Sincerely,

Robinson