

Andover, Ms., Dec 20 - '93.

My dear Latham,

I don't suppose you care
a "tinker's dam" for anything that I or any
one else may write you, but I am going
to run the risk and hope for a reply
before long, and so find out something about
what you are doing and how your thoughts
are drifting - but no, I must take that
back. No man or woman under God's hand
could ever know that

In the first place, let me tell you
that my thoughts are marvellously busy.

Burnhams are in much the same condition

as when he used to discuss about them
last year. He is feeling better generally how-
ever. As for me I have no particular fault
to find except as concerns my eyes. I have
not been able to see them any since the
first of July. I have some glasses now
that improve things very much, but still I
cannot sit down and read for more than
ten minutes at a time without feeling
the greatly unusual effects in such cases.

If you have never had trouble with your
eyes, you cannot appreciate your good fortune.
When you do, don't make the use of your
eyes that I did, and for what a price after you
need them.

Portland is a small place, relatively, but

It contains a good deal of character at certain
seasons of the year. In the past week since
since my return from Cambridge - the place
has been a frozen hell to me. When I am
shut in by myself want only one or two good
fellows in town - but I can see enough of
my folks for (and who, in town, can do about
as much for me) with no prospects except of
the most shadowy nature, and hardly enough
interest in the general political affairs of things
to work at interest at any period without
ending my brain more than I should over
a proportion in Boston. I do not mean to
say that I consider myself totally an ass,
(though it is true) - but merely that I lack
a general interest in the practical side of
things that may play the devil with me

figures on the little group to find answers
when, when we are all making just now.
I am afflicted with a kind of foolish pride
that stands in my way every day of my life
and which I am continually making heroic
efforts to kick out. But it is "no go"
I keep on much as I began, and I find
up a firmness gent full of golden tre-
asures of fame and riches. I shall not lay
all the blame, if due to them in the mat-
ter, to myself; I shall not feel that
I all might have been different, had I
changed my opinions and actions a little
when my mind was young and flexible.

My philosophy does not swallow the teaching
of our good old grandfathers who worked six-
teen hours a day and sang psalms and praises

learn that a life is what we make it. And
let me beg you that you may not permit any
of your ambitious pupils to write "essays"
of on "Every man the architect of his own fortune".

Some of them will cry to do it - unless your
office is in something higher than an ordinary high
school - but make them compromise upon something
more of the "The Value of an Education".

I have struck into the second chest as if
I were sure that it was going to be read. Now
I doubt I am an half inclined to wonder
if you will ever open the envelope. Or am
I mistaken, and is your apparent indifference
to humanity one of the "fakes" that make
life interesting. Let me tell you that I feel
sure and just sure of something, surely - that is
that you are in truth in something

of which you proposed not to speak, when
you covered such a hopeless "ground" but just.
I do not know what it was, but I hope
that this letter may find you in a dif-
ferent frame of mind.

When you receive this you
will probably say to yourself "What the
devil is he writing to me for?"

Outraged
that, I will now say that I am writing in
the hope of getting a reply. If I cannot
take words from a person, I should like
very much to receive a letter from you
once in a while telling me what you are
reading, and how you find a pedagogical life.

If you do not answer this, I shall
take it for granted that you have "no fun

t. color was for me". I hope that is not the
case and you will be satisfied.

Your most sincerely
E. A. Robinson.

P.S. How do you find "The Last Words of the
Savior" or has your school work got out all such outside
matters? I suppose you have read "The
Cliff-Dwellers". Prof. Weston says it is a great
thing. Tryon likewise.
R.

I have your address from Wheat.