

2

Portland, Jan 15, 94.

My dear Smith,

I wrote you yesterday and sealed the letter. This morning I burned it. You can judge from this statement that I was not in the mood for letter writing and I fear that my condition has not improved a great deal yet. I have been lonely since you went away, although I have not had much of Guyon's "depression"; but I know well enough of how the man felt when he wrote me that little note I showed you.

You see you are the only man around here that I get through at home with,

and I must confess that you did not
seem that you did not much of the time
during your last visit home. I trust
you will come around all right by next
summer and hope for some pleasant
sessions. I am sorry that I cannot join
you in your tramps across the country,
but I will say for once for all, that
such a trip gives me absolutely no
pleasure not only that but is positive
suffering for me while it lasts. It is
unfortunate that I am not a more enthu-
siastic pedestrian but I cannot get
over my dislike for long walks in

hot or sun warm weather. Late in
the fall after school has begun and you
are not available, I find some pleasure in
a tramp though the road is not so good, but until
then I pass my days under a tree.
There is an energetic streak in you that has
no companion in my make-up. I am abnormal
ly lazy in many directions, albeit my mind
is active the greater part of the time, and
yet somehow I thoroughly enjoy the most harm-
less, unexciting labor conceivable - and as saw-
ing wood or the lumpy part of gardening.
Trimming trees and thus trimming the limits was
always a delight to me, and I am fond of
gardening especially from small trees. I like to
watch other people gather them from big

tree. But then remarks are a trifle
out of season and of no particular value.
I am writing this chiefly to let you know
that I cannot be a partner in your philo-
sophical excursions for the reason that it would
be punishment to me. If a pup and
a wolf under a tree is as much a punishment
to you, for God's sake tell me so and we
will try to find you some kind of a con-
promise. You will remark one evening a let-
ter over a week ago that you would rather
have climbed through the woods and swamps
after flowers than have done as you did (ap-
parently to please me) but the many Sundays
that I have been accustomed to look back upon
as the bright spots in a rather dingy
prospects in an entirely new light. Still,

I cannot believe that you would martyrize
yourself to just deal for me or for anyone
else. I fancy you remark was one of the
fruits of a comparatively recent enthusiasm
I had a very pleasant surprise last
Friday in the form of a letter from Latham,
one of my college friends whom I thought had
gone back on me. Perhaps I had better say
"back-thought" for I never saw him up. I
knew well enough that I should hear from
him sometime. He writes me that the
Principal of his school (Delaware Literary
Institute, Franklin N.Y.) is a man from Auburn,
Maine. He further adds, however, that if he
had not seen other men from Maine he

would not think much of the state.

He is teaching Latin Greek & History. He spends his spare time in reading French and German with one of the assistants as an advantageous way of passing an evening.

She is a graduate of Cornell and has been in Germany two years. Latham a few remarks concerning his sister and rather hard treatment of her and shows how the man at heart I have always believed him to be. He also writes "I find a new satisfaction in Ritualism" and goes on to quote Matthew Arnold to the effect the best part of religion is its unconscious part. (Excuse my colloquial paraphrase). L. is one

of those complex men whom we can never understand, he has more than his share of trouble which looks with a kind of unactional (I might say abnormal) pride, under confidence almost impossible. - But I forget that every man lives in his own world and that Latham is only a name to you. I may never see him again in my life but I never shall forget him. I think almost all of the few men he knew went back on him. Let us, you know of for a week - but no. Latham I could not do it. His remarkable intellect may have saved him for me. Though disallowing in any sense of the word he was "pated" upon every thing and weighed everything with Matthew Arnold's faith for a balance.

Forgive me for writing so much and say-
ing so little but will intend you, and
keep up the regular weekly correspondence if
pleasant to you. I believe there was nothing
said about it this time.

Sincerely,

E. A. R.