

Mr. Arthur R. Gledhill,  
Plymouth,  
Mass.



PR 5750.12 (38)



Gardner, Sept 29-1894

My dear Fred Hill,

I feel that I ought not to put off your letter any longer, and yet I feel that I should do you a kindness if I kept silent until I found myself in a better mood. The post would have not been a pleasant one for me and for that reason I have let my pen be dumb.

As to your very kind and surprising invitation let me say to begin with that it will certainly be possible for me to accept it. Even if I were at liberty I do not think my conscience would permit me to stay with you for more than two or three days. You did not <sup>stop</sup> ~~stop~~ to realize just what you were saying. I fear if I should buy my big bag and my paper & stuff, you would be obliged to write down with you for two or three weeks. I am afraid that you would not want to see me again after I left you. I know what a house is worth a

being in it and am sure that I should not care  
to make a second edition by adding my own long  
presence. I thank you, all the same, and sincerely  
hope that I may find an opportunity to visit you  
in the course of a few years.

The next hour or four years must pass me for  
what I care. This is my opportunity and I doubt if  
I can get another. The future looks dark and a  
little too rough to suit me, but sometimes I think  
I catch a little glimmer of light - though it is so  
far away that I am not sure of it. A good friend  
or two here in London must make all the difference in  
the world, but as things are, I have to do my talking  
in letters - that is, most of it. Of course there are one  
or two fellows here who help things along to a great  
extent - but they are not the kind I most need.

Wagon & all work again with Wiley, but not for  
any other time - so Wiley told me the other day when  
I met him down the hill next him. I met her  
one week ago her wife that I'd never get settled  
remembered. I never see her now, but I like to have  
my old friend succeed. You seem to be the only one

of the Leap of those who bid fair to make any-  
thing remarkable of yourself. I do not speak disparagingly  
of Ed, but you know as well as I, that he never half  
learned his trade. And there are other things that make  
me think that he will not engage much. And you  
think by the way of me when I say that one of those  
other things is the fact that he allowed himself  
to submit to that wretched "Dark Secret" performance  
of immersion? The thing is altogether too suggestive of  
initiating something and I often find myself wondering  
how much the admira for me be. I am not  
unfazed by our ironclads, but there are a few things that  
I cannot stand.

Perhaps the answer I get on some of these, the  
idea it will be for good of me. This is one of those  
cold blowing days that makes a man wonder  
where his heart is. There is no possibility of  
keeping warm - not with a fire, which I have not - and  
for that reason I fancy my wounds may be as cold  
as my fingers. Don't judge me too hard by  
this, but look for something better in the near  
future.

I can not be reading much of anything lately

- only the Yellow Book and a book from here &  
there. Think I shall try Shakespeare this afternoon  
after I get something in my stomach.

Write when the spirit moves you and I  
will do my best to keep up my end.

Sincerely,  
[A.T.]