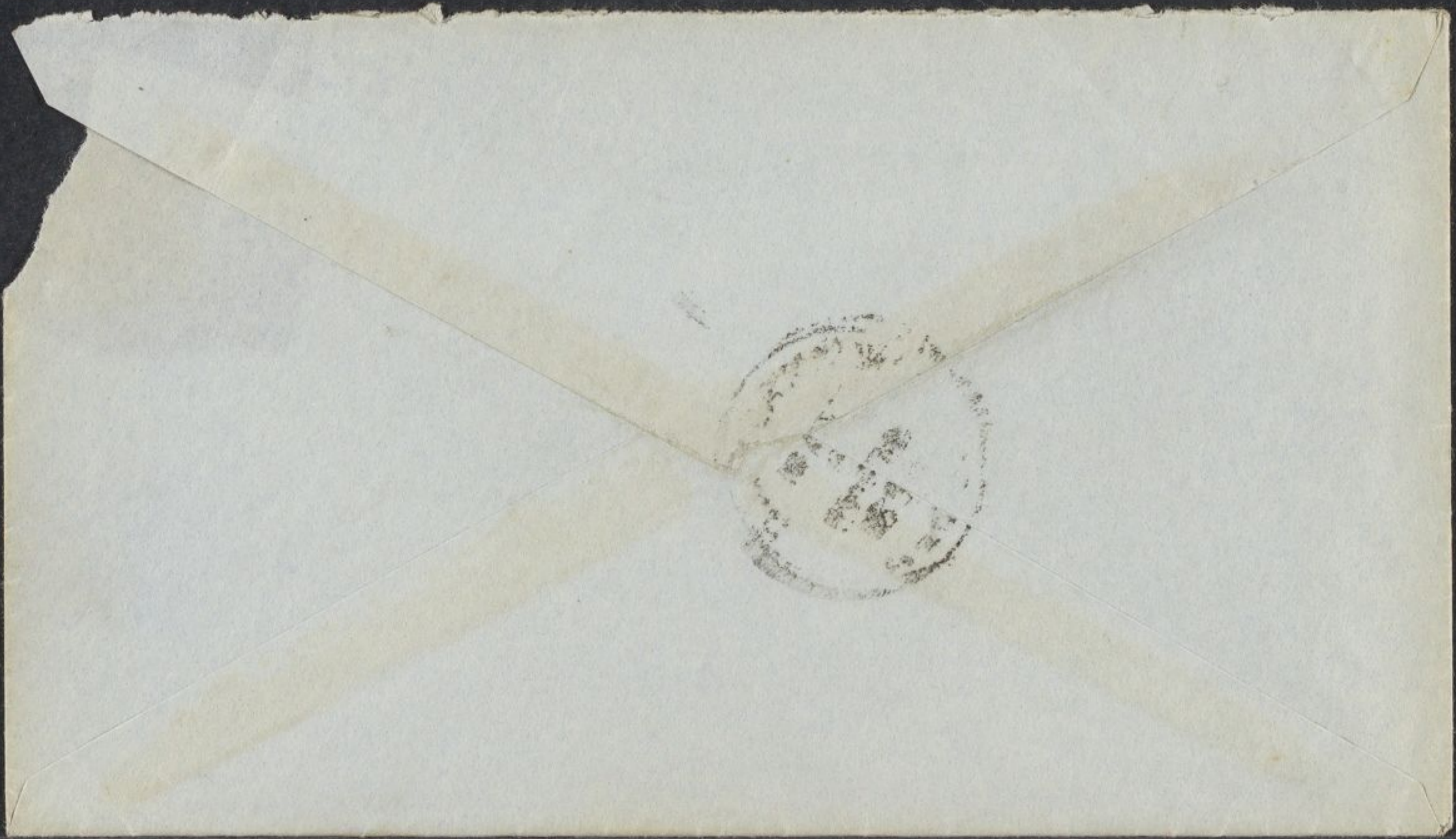


C/

Mr. H. De Forest Smith,  
Puckland, Maine,  
—







Harvard University - Houghton Library / Robinson, Edwin Arlington, 1869-1935. Edwin Arlington Robinson letters to Harry de Forest Smith, 1888-1936 (inclusive), 1890-1900 (bulk). MS Am 1512 (2-137). Houghton Library, Harvard University, Cambridge, Mass.



My dear Smith,

The French book came yesterday and it is very nearly what I expected. Some of the selections (Le Grand des Impresions and Dr. Maffre's *Le Paris* - please, for example) surprised me a little as examples of different French, but Zola, Proust + Dr. Ginepro - are where they belong. The book will do a good deal for me if I have a mind to make a study of it this summer, and that is what I intend to do. I am very much obliged to you and will regret to have to charge the cost to my account. I enclose postage.

Yesterday afternoon I finished my first complete reading of the Excursion. A man must read that poem before he knows Wordsworth; it is the man himself done over into words, and magnificent words, too. I shall take up the Prelude next time and then the Prelude. These poems are to be read slowly and not in a hurry, for the same reason. A man must not be in a hurry, for the same reason apply to Montaigne. Spenser of him, but is an article in the Red Chap-Book by Maurice Thompson which is refreshingly worth reading. It puts the old fellow the best of any that I have ever seen. I think, and I sincerely hope that the story of the nuts and the little girl may be true. I can infinitely more for them



then for the man with the three dogs and  
the giant fireplace. - In the same number  
there is a poem by John Cowan which has an  
unquestionable touch of goodness in it. And there  
is a sonnet by Henry W. Culler which has nothing  
of the kind. The thought of it is either an un-  
fortunate accident or a conscious dilution of  
the passage in Keats's Lamia:

"He awakened, bending to her open eyes,  
Where he was mirrored small in Paradise."

I have been doing some labor of late - too much,  
I think. This (Sunday) morning I was up at  
five o'clock. As usual before, I was at work in  
that cursed workshop out of doors and at half  
past seven I had breakfast. It is impossible  
now for me to sleep much after four o'clock in  
the morning and almost impossible for me to keep  
from getting up. I sleep well enough the first  
part of the night though, and that is when sleep  
counts - at least - so say the medical men.

At last I am the ~~same~~ owner of Herb's Foundation  
of Thelma and I feel much better. If I could  
now get hold of the person who walked away  
with my Thelma itself, I should feel still  
better. I have a great faith in the profes-  
sion judgment - and I have seen the man and  
been his father. So his looks are perhaps

most new to me than they are to you. - I have finally changed  
the title Christmas Eve about you as advised to that which I mentioned  
"The Prince of Bohemia". The last folks who did and I rather like  
I think, thought it is not so good as the Black Rattle, or the Horse  
across the water.

This is a fine day, not so nice of my change. There are no stars  
in my hand and I think the answer I got just as sent to the letter  
the letter I sent to you for me and me alike. - Did I see anybody  
resemblance of the second Bushman? I enjoyed it very much, thought I had  
what I can see most for Prof. Pick's party. The thought was all  
at mail & travel.

Yours, most affectionately,

E. A. R.