

My dear Gledhill,

When I tell you that I have just spent nearly a fortnight - in Boston without letting you know that I was there, you will perhaps think a little strange of it - and wonder what the devil is the matter with me. About all I can tell you is that - my trip took a different turn than I anticipated and all of my plans were so thoroughly stirred up, that I had no courage to send for you; for I knew well enough that if you came, you could not possibly be satisfied with me, and I knew on the other hand that - you would not feel in any way offended when you found it out from this letter. Before long I hope I may be in a condition - or rather position, to be a little more agreeable to my old friends, Mexican friends all, as you know, more so than most fellows. I may not be very pleasing when I meet them, but I feel the worth of them all the same, and sometimes fall to wondering how long they will stand my apparent indifference. There is a day coming, sometimes, I had, when all will be

difficult, and when I shall find myself
somewhere and feel that I am playing
some part in the world, as long as I
am travelling in the dark I cannot feel
as I should in the presence of the fol-
lows who are done with all childish ex-
periments and outlandish ideals. I hoped
that such sentiment - as this shows they get
- would not be the whole scheme of ground-
work, but I cannot help that and I
am in a way to give up trying.

Now, I think I see a possible chance
to do something in a small way and I
am making, I fear, altogether too much
of that chance. I try not to let my
expectations get the upper hand of me,
but we are all children in a way and
it does not take so very much to start
no one way or the other. But I feel
that I am nearing a time when I must
do something or go to the wall - as far
as all I care for is concerned, but for
that reason am not much complaining
for man or beast. If a volume of
my verse reaches you sometime during
the next twelve months you may find

that I have put out a notice for some time,
but if you get nothing of the kind you may know
that I am still sleeping away as one thing or
another. And now the time has come that I
must do some thing the same that I am trying for
and will however give that is, that I have the same
old feeling that it is coming like changes to come, and
as long as I have such a feeling I am all right.
And I believe it is true, the more trouble of my things, and
as long as I am to give the more to my things, the
is all right, according to my philosophy. There is no
need of getting down in the mud, and no sense
of getting discouraged, as long as one is steadily
in mind and body. So write me a letter or two
you feel like it - and I will make some ac-
knowledgment more or less direct. Really do in the
world to do nothing to anyone about the booklets -
I have nothing and about me.

Edwin
to Houghton, 1897

Chas. Swain,

E. P. P.

Mr. Arthur T. Gledhill,
Plymouth,
Mass.



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