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AE's Last Letter

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AE's LAST LETTER

July 5, 1935

Dear Dick:

I have given up my flat in London and am here until further notice at a nursing home, a lovely place with garden, trees, beside sea where if anywhere I should get strong. But as a matter of fact in spite of specialists and doctors I am getting feeblerr every day and can hardly lift myself out of a chair. I feel that I am coming to the end of my work in this world and I have no fears or regrets. I find it difficult even to bring myself to write a letter. And I lie and doze or sleep on a couch nearly all day long. So you will understand, dear Dick, that I cannot write long or lively letters and have the feeling that the world is receding from me [—] the world where I had so many good friends and which I once thought in my vanity I could move in the direction of the heavenly city. The doctors do not despair of me. But if they are wrong and my intuition is right give my kind regards to any of my American friends if you hear of my collapse. Goodby dear Dick. You have always been a good, kind friend.

Yours ever

AE

* This is a transcription of the letter (see reproduction facing this page) which is believed to be the last letter written by AE. It was addressed to Judge Richard Campbell and arrived at his New York office almost simultaneously with the press accounts of the death of AE.
To Miss Florence Anges

22nd March

Cheddarlea

Bournemouth

England

Dear Dick, I have been at a very flat in the city of

Amersham and have been unable to write a running home, a

lovely place with garden. I am beside my wife or my bed

and feel strong. But on a matter of fact in spite of

the weather, I am writing letters every day and

can hardly lift myself out of a chair. I feel that

I am coming to the end of my work in this world.

I have no energy or strength. I find it difficult
even to bring myself to write a letter, and I

lie range a shroud on a bed in a corner nearly all day.

So you will understand, dear Dick, I

have no energy or strength, or even to bring myself to write a letter.

Annie and the feeling that she would be missing him

the more were I to leave. I had so many good friends

which I was afraid of my friends. I could

move in the direction of the hovering city

The doctors do not think of me. Now of late

are many. I am certain that she must give my

kind regards to any of your American friends

if you hear of my collapse. Goodbye, dear

Dick, you have always been a kind friend.

Yours ever,

AE

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Bust of George Russell
by Oliver Sheppard