Dear Art: -

I read your letter yesterday dated Nov. 22. It must have been delayed in your way or she mislaid it in the office up to that time, but I found it at last and was mighty glad to do so, as I had adverted to the conclusion that you had

me further use for the New acquaintance.

I suffered by this time all year's reads of yours through college have dissolved and your sternorian voice will never fill the dormition of learning again or your foreboding prose with elastic style. the forevemal mood of the campus, but it's

I have annoy myself for the past few days
I always was a devil of "literary nature."
(Don't think that I am in this letter out of pedantry — it is only because I know no better) and have to be humorously according to what you called me. I have just been designated by the character (x) and am a quantity doctor. I am afraid that I shall have to advertise in the Police Gazette when I get toward matrimony. If you would do this "if you are of good character and amorous spirit in this Newfoundland, Doubtless he was right; those old fellows generally knew what they were writing about, and that is more than I can say at the present moment. But you must pardon anySCAN
hear and see, must from 110 to 125—and that her face must clean. She must be of an amiable disposition and not fond of sorrowing, as she never knows the ebullient love at first article of food. The field is now up—can he ever doubted? I wish that would fetch one, but?

It is as cold as the winter and frosty when I am writing and my fingers are sensibly stiffening; and if I had no much longer this rigor mortis [more freezing] and have me stretched out a cold corpse.

Give my regards to the unknown at the turkey dinner and don’t get married until spring. Write when you can.

Earnest Robinson.