My dear Smith,

I am a little anxious to hear how that young lady, friend of yours, is getting along. If Redfield Kellogg should be the means of winning two young protégés in stead, this may mean of his indifferent conduct. I should feel much obliged to write him a letter. I see that the two have come to America to make new the publishers who have been stealing his works. Have you read "Life's Handicap," and the story in the Century? It seemed to me that that magazine is making some stirring improvements. Redfield & Billings will make quite a change in the list of its contributors. It makes me state that they are making a mistake in admitting the better, unless the cheaper
his nearest; but then, I must be
unjustified against him must as adequate
reason. It always struck me, though, that
the was a trifling course for such a thing.

I shall finish the second part of the
letter, which will be most of the main
points, in the time left. I have written
a few letters to the newspapers, some
interesting, or directly
means of getting some done.

A Waverley Novels before a new novel
in the January Atlantic. It was, of course,
be good thing, and I believe to Jolm, if
I am not decided whether to undertake ano-
other so soon, I do not find much
time for reading outside of my present
work.

Jane Austen has been
fascinating all my time of late. There was
Park Twelfth, Mansfield Park & more.

so to follow Prof. Smith's promptings, almost all
of "Persuasion." I suppose I have spoken
of the before; I cannot remember
the was might what I have written in
a letter; be when you find a repetition,
and gently went over.

I went to Mrs. de Sauchey, who was
last Friday evening, I had a letter from
sister twice when I write. Found a
young Law Student, both from England, Mr.
Somer and Miss Vandere Long, Philip
Brook Workman, et cetera. He wants me to call on him. I am for some
time this week. I can find on money
rest on chocolate and cherries evermore.

rare. I did not set any myself,
though the worked very much earnestly.
Under that I huddled up with the
Prof. library, and set Bachelor for an hour
on French novels. She thinks they are
shocking in their immorality and
Lips I will not read them. They will injure me. This weird chatter is something that I was not made for. I can handle one person very well, but when I am to make myself equal to the multitude, I feel like a lost orphan. There was a dozen or so in the library wanting the same dudge (do to think) so I went out.

The simplicity and innocence, or naivete, was startling. I do not think she was trying to seduce me, however, her eyes were two rings and round. I do not remember mentioning her name, but she was apparently, going quite fond of me when I left her. The room to have a picture, a sort of self-portrait of a "lunacy, feeling of safety for the time being." She wore a white arborium on her bosom.

She is as J. in stone words.

Jane Robinson