My dear Art,

I received your letter this morning, and must apologize for not writing during the past month. I have kept putting it off, and you see the result. This is all I can say in my own defense, but I trust you will not be hard on me, as I think, though it seems ungenerous for me to say it at this time, that you have done the same thing in times past.

As the spring comes on they begin to feed us on eggs at Memorial Hall. It [=I] suppose it is because they are cheap this time of year, but a person of lewd mind might find a chance for a mild joke considering the fact. Don't think by this that I have anything but a pure mind. Some of my friends probably noticed too [=the] possible humor of the thing and I have transcribed it here. Those same eggs have given me a headache. I ate them in a hurry between 1 & 1.30 P.M. and washed them down with divers glasses of milk. Such a diet ought to make a man grow fat and strong, but if he varies it with a pipe every hour through the day, perhaps he ought not to expect much benefit. I am feeling first rate though on the whole, and have no reason to complain. I
smoke too much, however, and ought to stop, but somehow I keep right on. I have just written a French composition and my friend Johnson from Kentucky has copied it for his own benefit. There is nothing like associated effort in Colleges. It begins to look now as though I might read an ordinary French novel or play without any great trouble by the end of the year. What I think of doing is to read all summer (four or five novels, say) and come back here in the Fall. Then I shall take Course "1a" in French, which is a reading course especially intended for [those] who do not expect to continue the study of the language. Shall also take German and one or two courses in English and one in History. But this is counting eggs in advance, and I will switch off.

I never supposed that I could be surprised at anything you would do if you took a notion; but I must admit that your latest scheme for amusement staggered me a little. There is nothing really startling about cutting up a stiff for diversion but the idea is a little uncanny to a man of sensitive temperament. I doubt if I could do it. Your picture is on my mantel now and I look to it for inspiration. Whitney & Barnard were in night before last (Sunday) and W. took it up and began to examine it. He did not recognize it at first, but after a moment he rolled his eyes around towards us and...
said, "Jesus Christ!"—You had better take them off.

Have I ever said anything to you about a thesis I am to write on "Pendennis"? I don't think I have, and now I will say that the time has come and I feel rather uneasy. The thing will cover 40 or 50 pages, and as I have never written anything of the kind, I do not feel quite sure about it. Will have to go to work to-morrow, however, and see what I am good for.—Went to hear Patti last Saturday in "Traviata". Never realized what grand opera was before. The diva was in a very good humor and sang "Home, Sweet Home", after the second act. She received several bunches of flowers and Sigs. Del Puede and Vallero lugged them off.

Yours most sincerely

Robinson