

TO HARRY DE FOREST SMITH

Harvard University,
Cambridge.

Jan. 31/92[=1893]

My dear Smith,

You must excuse the light character of my correspondence this week, but I will try to do better next time. I say this almost every time I write, but this time I mean it. There will be no excuse for my not writing a half-decent letter, at least as far as length is concerned, on next Sunday. Until then my time will be pretty well taken up, as it has been all the week. This forenoon I took the mid-year in German, and read about 120 pages of Hauff in preparation for it. I killed the translation, but am not so sure about the composition. I always split here in languages. Next Thursday Fine Arts comes and it will be nothing but read, read until then. Wish you were here to see Lady Windermere's Fan. I sent programme with Nation, which may interest you. Friday night Saben holds a literary smoke (and drunk for those who feel the need of it) and Schuman <th> is to be there. Wish you could be present. There will also be a Mr. Mohun an Englishman and Mr. Knight a grey-haired Boston lawyer who quotes Homer and Horace in the original. Rather good company I think don't you. All

I am afraid of is that Saben will get drunk and do all the talking.

Sincerely

Robinson.

These Columbus stamp[s] <reminding> remind me of the time I wore a porous plaster on my lungs for a cough. I think the country will be tired of them before Fall--though I must confess I rather like the look of them.

R.