

Cardinal, Wc, Jun 18 - 1891

Dear Art.

What the devil do you mean by my melancholy?
 If you could see me now you would say that I was the
 very soul of jollity. 'Tis about ten o'clock P.M. and the wind
 is howling about my window in a most cheerful manner; I have
 just stowed away a terrible jay of sardines and apple-pie and I
 am most diabolically sleepy. In fact it is only with difficulty
 that I keep my eyes open to write this, but I cannot resist
 the desire that burns within me to protest against your charges.
 No, my friend, I am not melancholy - only a little despondent;
 my brain is tolerably clear, my digestion horrid and I weigh
 172 pounds (before shaving). If anyone should get hold of
 one of your letters they would put me down for a Timon, or
 at least an Alastor; but such is not the case. I find con-
 siderable of a life worth the living and smoke my pipe three
 or four times a day with infinite relish; the pipe is a
 wonderful agent of contentment; if I should go to college
 I imagine my atmosphere would take on a cerulean tinge
 the greater part of the time. If you still such the tubes
 don't, by (I told you I was sleepy - just in a "u") prepared
 mixtures - by burn the tongue like a Methodist's heel.

I guess it is about time for me to stop his business and
go to bed. Will write again sometime after I wake up
and try to be more rational. Don't call me unless
absolutely any more, and write me a few lines when you
have nothing else to do. Burn the copy after you
read it for I don't know half that's in it myself. I
shall not read it over - if there are any mistakes change them
to Hypnos.

Good night
E. W. Stearns