

Cambridge, Mass., Oct 18 1891

My Dear Smith,

Your letter has made me quite ~~nervously~~ uneasy; it seems to me that I am most anxious that the Columbia business should turn out all right, as you can be yourself. I have always had an idea that you were intended for something above the common herd, and shall continue to stick so far some time to come. Write and let me know how things are looking in that direction.

I have fallen into quite a nest of Bowdoin boys though of course I do not know them. Hubbard ('90) has the next room to mine. He is the only fellow in the University that I am any way acquainted with, thus far. They are a devilish queer lot; I have of course had some conversation with quite a

a number but I have not yet seen
one that I have at all attracted by.

This is my nature, and it will probably
play the very devil with me out through
my life. But as for cultivating familiar-
ity with Tom Dick & Harry whenever one
may be, it is out of the question in my
case. I shall probably come across
someone after a time, with whom I can
smoke a pipe and talk of Matthew Arnold
& Andrew Lang & Co, but he has not appeared
yet. My "ballad" is in the last Advocate,
will get on to-morrow and send ^{it} to you.

This is your own request, remember.

I do not think the college papers are
very well patronized here. It is a rare
thing to meet a fellow with one in his hand,
and the very fact of my contribution being
accepted & printed when two weeks of my
coming here would go to prove there is no
great delay of manuscripts submitted to
the editors. I have submitted ^{for} to the Ad-

weeds and the Monthly, but I doubt if I ever appear in the latter. It seems to be a medium for airing the work of its editors. There is not an article in prose or verse (excepting the alumnus' spring paper on Dumas, fib) that is not contributed by one of the staff. However I think I shall spring something on them pretty soon, to see how it will work.

Here is a pleasant quatrain (barring the rhyme) from the Lampooner:

In Boston town her sons may drown
 Their ~~care~~ cares in sweet oblivion;

But coppers here snipe keep of beer
 And at the station divvy 'em.

I have come to the conclusion that it will be for my interest to drop Anglo-Saxon, for two reasons: First, because it will take at least ten hours work

every week that could be spent far more
profitably upon French and English.

Second, because my eyes are going back
on me and the less glossing, hunting and
German consultation I have to do, the better.
And more than that I think I am practically
wasting time, considering the fact that I am
to have but one year in college. But
the question is: can I drop it? I shall
know by to-morrow night, I hope.

I have just read three pages of L'Abbé
Constantin. I have to guess at half the
words and all the tenses, and for that
reason do not make very startling headway;
but I think in a few weeks I shall sur-
pass myself. At least, that is what War-
ren + Surchace say - so the case, not sure.

I have got to write an essay on Sydney
Smith, English as I have been taught, + on
the first two chapters of Hild's *Philosophy* before
next Saturday. It has been so long since
I have written anything like a theme that
I feel a little nervous about how first

those. Sydney Smith is a gentleman for
of whom I have no particular regard, and
I anticipate a ~~dry~~ rather dry job. As for
the other two I had ought to make some-
thing from them

We have almost finished the first act of
Hamlet and I have a better idea of
the characters (especially Horatio) than I ever
had before. I am anticipatory great
sport in this course, though ~~but~~ there will
be a good deal of hard work combined
with it. Prof Child is a curmudgeon. I
cannot conceive of a man's head being so
pecked with vermin as his. The only
trouble is that he is old and hard of
hearing. And speaking of ears, I
went to see Dr. Green yesterday. He thinks
it is looking a little better and gives

me a little encouragement. There is a possibility - that the operation may not be necessary. If it is so, it will mean a good deal to me, I can tell you. The idea of not syringing it out in the morning for a week to come makes one want to dance.

Rum was rampant last night. The very buildings and trees were drunk. There will probably be some hot times here before Spring, and if the Parental Committee mind their business they will be sadly afflicted with compulsory insomnia.

It may be an insult to write such a servant as this, but I will start in to write a substitute with something like care, and forget all about it in ten seconds, relapsing into my customary jokiness.

If you do not need it you will live quite as long as if you had. My Muse is drowsy. Yours very truly

717 Cambridge St.

Robinson.