

1716 Camb. St.

Undated

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HARVARD UNIVERSITY,
CAMBRIDGE.

Feb (5) 93

My dear Smith:

Now I will try to write you
a letter, though I am feeling about as miserably as
a mortal can, and so religious. I have had a
terrific pain in my left lung for the few days
or these days and now I am "broken out" in
big blotches both fore and aft. I have no idea what
it is, but will consult on Wed. to-morrow. I do
not find myself on my strong lungs, and if there is
any thing the matter with them I shall feel rather
down in the morning. I hate to keep, but it
seems as if the doctor kept something in store for
me all the time to keep me in hot water.
After that long struggle with my ear which no one
can approach but myself, this thing comes on

like a cannibal after a massacre. It may
be a cancer or a lupus; if it is, I shall drop
the exams. in English Lit and Philosophy (Logic and
Psychology) on general principles, and so gain something.
Last night the thing acted so that I went
down to the square and got a Jones plate, which
I fancy relieves it somewhat. In order to drive
the pain away I read Emerson's essays on Love
Friendship, Prudence and Heroism, but am afraid
I did not get much out of them.

As you have already seen, I did not go to town
last night; but stayed in Cambridge. Schuman failed
to turn up at the gathering in Jarvis room but the
others were all there. Peter got drunk, as I expected,
and made a lamentable use of himself. He was Bob
Ingersoll, Coppie, Omar Khayyam, and so Ely is
a Country Churchyard as only a drunken man can. The
audience seems well amused, but there is something
rather degrading in it, after all. Perhaps Schuman

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would have enjoyed it more if I had drunk some-
thing, but I have practically given it up, if I were
drunk enough to say that. The Yefe does me very
well. I will send you the Nation
with this. It contains some rather hard remarks
on Blaine, I think, but here the Post is a dem-
ocratic paper as much as the Boston Herald and the
party spirit must show itself in dealing with such
a prominent character. There is something very pathetic
to me in Blaine's Landsman man. I suppose you
read of it in the papers. — I have been reading
more Thoreau Thomson, and Perry's Eighteenth century
Literature in preparation for the English VII examination
but have found it pretty hard work with the
devil in my chest. He is digging away at

my back now for a change, which is not altogether disagreeable. To-morrow at this time I hope to know what is the matter with me. I think I am inclined to look upon the bright side of things after all, and hope for favorable news. Since beginning this work I have thought of carbuncles, but hope I am wrong. They are the devil's own joy and will "have none of them" if I can help myself - which I probably cannot.

Met Monday in Lycin a German journal entitled "Einer Weiss Stiration" (Our must marry). If the funny speech is a sample of the whole, I think I shall have trouble with it. I wonder why it is that every new German book seems like another language?

Took the Fine Arts examination last Thursday and enclose a list of the questions I think you would like the course - in fact, I know you would - for

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You have a fondness for the better things in life,
which I ~~must~~ sometimes think may be a mis-
fortune rather than a blessing. Wholesome, healthy
ignorance and indifference is a thing to be envied.

Well, I think I will sleep now and make a
few days before going to bed. Hope to get
a letter from you Tuesday.

Sincerely,

E. A. R.