

Sunday Sept 20.

Opening my portfolio this morning  
Millie the first thing that met my eye  
was your unfinished letter. You can't  
know penitent it made me feel. — How would  
you not like to get hold of my Aronstache?  
Horror! I can fancy now that your fingers are  
beneath my nose and felt just now, the  
piteous twitch which seemed to eradicate all  
hope of hirsute attainments in that re-  
gion. No! no! no! — If you will let go I  
promise that I will never be so negligent  
or unfraternally toward you again — "never in  
this world, no never!" I remember a charac-  
ter in some tale that I read long since, who  
said that whenever he was about to do a  
violent or wrong act, he always felt the hand  
of his wife or Mother, — I forget which, — who  
had died some years before clasping his up-  
raised arm, and restraining it from violence.  
I believe that whenever I am about to do  
any thing particularly displeasing to you, I shall

feel your left-hand on my shoulder  
and your right stealing cautiously along  
my cheek while you say, blandly and coax-  
ingly, "O do! do let me pull them!" and  
while I hesitate to say "No!" you grab my  
poor little moustache as a lobster would  
a sea weed and set me at defiance.

I suppose that you and Jane, everytime  
you have thought of me during the past  
two weeks have wondered why Albion  
didn't write? Doubtless Jane has said  
often, "Well I don't care he's real mean  
for he knew we would be lonesome."

Oh bien, I am out of your reach and  
don't know how you could punish me  
unless it be, by writing me a good long  
letter immediately on the receipt of this.  
I have had a great deal of wishing to  
do since my return, and am getting to  
rather like it. Perhaps you have no very  
clear idea of the nature of wishing so  
I will give you a specimen. We will take  
it for granted that I am designated by my

<sup>my</sup> Fraternity to reach some one, say  
Young Latrall the son of the Commis-  
sioner, a prominent Freshman. The first  
thing to be done is to get an introduc-  
tion, if this cannot be compassed I in-  
troduce myself and play the agreeable,  
request leave to call upon him during  
the afternoon, make an arrangement as to  
the hour, exchange cards and wait till the  
time appointed. At two P.M. imagine me  
if you can - sitting at No 99, St. Paul, St.,  
welcomed by a swarthy Virginian of six feet  
two, an immense phiz with the nose  
wonderfully prominent, veiled by a slight-  
moustache and a great expressionless grey  
eye, resembling in countenance a terrier  
bulldog, and in appearance, i.e. demeanor,  
a "Short-Boy," or Heenanite. He is dressed in  
a luxurious Turkey gown and Moorish  
slippers of a curious pattern, he ushers me in  
to a finely furnished room, gives me a seat  
and a fine cigar, - and there we sit and  
talk and smoke. I make him talk as

possible, and watch him with a hawk's eye.  
I wish to ~~learn~~ <sup>learn</sup> how ~~far~~ <sup>far</sup> he knows  
what he knows, and where he learned it:  
what he does, what he can do, what he  
has done and what he will do. I feel I  
must find out his mind, his character  
and precedents - what he is and what he  
will be. While therefore he is telling me of his travels,  
as far as he has been everywhere, I am lounging  
on the sofa, and with my half shut eyes peering  
through the gray mist smoke, watching every mo-  
tion of his countenance, every glance of his eye  
I am making up my mind. My mental fac-  
ulties are all intensely alive but he must not  
sistrust my object. Thus the minutes go by and  
every one opens to me something new in the book I am  
studying. One, two, three, four hours slip by and I  
have scanned all its pages. I know him to be frank  
talented and fearless, but conceited aristocratic &  
immoral - He cannot be a C.T. The cigar has burn-  
ed out. I am satisfied, he has no suspicion. We part  
with compliments. Someday he will understand the  
game and cease his avowed frankness. "What is your opin-  
ion of 'rushing'?" Would you like it? Don't for the world  
let Jane hear anything about the cigar. She will lay up a  
- a - a bastinado for me if you do. I suppose your  
father is nearly at quite well now, he was so much better  
when I came away. I should have written to ascertain in  
reference to it before, but Emma said nothing counter to it  
and I inferred his continued convalescence from that.  
I don't know but I was blamable for doing so.  
All the boys I have not begun to study German yet but  
they will have to work or I'll beat them next  
July - I would like to be there to take dinner  
with you - about now, but as I cannot I  
will just subscribe myself - with sincerest regards  
to all - Yours fraternally  
Albion W. Lounge