

From: Paul Dunbar

Clayton, Ohio. Oct. 28th '95.

To: Miss Alice Ruth Moore
New Orleans, La.

Dear Miss Moore: Your last letter to me has not done very much toward allaying my enthusiasm for you. I must confess that your letter was not just, such an one as I expected. For after coming to my senses and realizing what I had done, I stood aghast at my own foolhardiness and wondered what you could or would say in reply. I did not expect to be dealt with in half as gentle, considerate or tactful a manner.

It is one thing to realize that one has been a fool and another and quite different thing to be made to feel this truth by some one else. You did not make me feel so. It was good of you. But I did not deserve the kindness.

In future I shall try to write as if you knew nothing of my feeling for you, and should ever a gleam of my real heart break out again, I can only trust that you will forgive me as you have in this instance, and treat me to another letter as sensible and kindly as the one which I now treasure.

I am working very hard, day after day to get out a new and larger collection of my verses. The initiative for which I want to name the volume is not yet finished though I have many more than I can publish in one book, ready at hand. I shall only use a baker's dozen of the verses from my former book, the remainder being all new.

I hope that your book has met with the success that its merits deserved and sincerely regret that I was not able to do more for its success. I had hoped to surprise you with a review of it in the Chicago News-Record, and for nearly three months past I have been fuming with rage that my contribution should be held over until all its timeliness had evaporated. What was my surprise when I learned that the managing editor who is my friend and to whom I had addressed the article in person, had seized

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his last arriving mail, literally bolted from the office, taken train for New York, and sailed thence for Europe. Where my poor re-
mains, I do not know. Whether it lies in some European waste-
basket or follows vainly and ever vainly the peregrinations
of this recalcitrant editor. This is the lot of the poor quill driver.

Have you ever sent any of your stories to the "Bo-
hemian" at Cincinnati? It is a new publication and is said to
accept on merit alone. You should try them with some of your
Louisiana heart-stories that you write so well. I am anxious

to see your work where it belongs, in some of the leading
white papers of the land, and it will get there too. I should
like much to know just what work you are turning out now
as the result of your summer thinking at Bay St. Louis or
is it too early yet for you to begin your winter work.

Another poem which I am trying to finish for my book is
to be called "Lone." It is a lyric narrative and is to be some-
what long. You see some how to be woven into the fa-
brie of it, but that is true of all my work now. This is
verging on, dangerous ground again so, I will warn my-
self away and close.

God bless you, my friend, helper and inspiration!

Sincerely Yours,

Paul Dunbar

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