

To: Miss Alice Ruth Moore [Dunbar]  
33 Poplar St.  
Brooklyn, N.Y.

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From: Paul Laurence Dunbar

Washington, D.C. 1/2/98.

Department.

My Darling:- I have just had a letter from my English publisher saying that the reviews of my book are many and favorable. He sends them, and if they are what he calls favorable I don't know where the sun would come in. I went through them like a wagon over a rutty road, front up and then down. Have the time I am so discouraged I feel like throwing down the pen with a good sound "dame". Every thing I do falls so far below what I conceive. I am only a mediocre wretch. I know and all I asked was to be allowed to work along quietly, making a living and no noise, but here I must be pulled out into the glare of public gaze

and stand where I more intended  
to stand on a level with criticism  
of men whose advantages and ante-  
cedents have been so much  
greater than mine. I am sick  
of it. I send you the reviews a  
little later.

I shall decline Mrs. Ruffin's  
offer with a great deal of pleas-  
ure. She shall not say I asked  
her for any thing or received any-  
thing at her hands.

I have had your letter only a  
short time, but I've read it over four  
or five times. It is a dense little  
scrawl. "Sas." Miss Lyons and  
come to me by all means anytime  
even now. I know I shall be  
happier and far more settled in  
mind when you are here.

This morning I have had a per-  
fect fit of acromiost hysterical nec-  
romancy. It seemed that I could  
not stay at my work. But I have  
shut it out and it is now 10 min-



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notes to brother, maybe the walk at home  
will do me good.

I have the plot in my head for  
a new short novel. It is a nice little  
sary, but sketching, I think. If I do  
anything with it, I shall attempt  
to publish it anonymously. I  
thought perhaps you might col-  
laborate with me on it. But,  
really, I've so many arims in the  
fire that the consideration of any  
other serious literary work ought to  
be put off until far into the future.  
Doesn't my change of base remind  
you of Aldrich's "Farewell to the Muse"?  
I simply can't let the pen alone.  
What would a Medford wedding  
cost us and when does love be-  
gin? Oh those d-d Lippincotts.

Your devoted husband

Paul

With love and kisses

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