

heredity" he said. ⁽⁴⁾ "If a man
drinks and is immoral the law of
compensation furnishes him with
disease and ill-health, but the
law of heredity does more than
this - it furnishes him ^{by} in-
fecting upon the innocent ones
whom he brings into the world
his taints and warped nature.
He is forced to see reflected before
him daily his past deeds, ^{either} in his
child's weak moral nature ~~or~~ in
its actual physical or mental
deformity."

Is not that a terrible thought?

"Reflect", he continued, "every
time you do a wrong or abuse
your own nature, you hurt not
yourself alone, it is like a circle

To: Paul Lawrence Dunbar
[Congressional Library]
Washington, D. C.

From: Alice Luth Moore
[Dunbar]
Brooklyn, N. Y.

(1) [Jan. 15, 1898]
35 Poplar St
Saturday night.

My darling - Sleepy as a dog
and thoroughly disgusted with my
own laziness, for I've simply frit-
tered the whole day away, I ^{then} made
up my mind to write you as an
inspiration for ability to cor-
rect a lot of exam papers.

It is strange, dear, how I find
myself unconsciously loving you
now and now, and looking for-
ward to the days of the far future -
not the immediate time when
we shall simply marry, but the
days away ahead. I find myself
studying of about mothers of famous
men, about lovely homes, about
wifehood and all that it means,
about the best way to help you
in your life work.

(3)
higher, to study as you work, to
read and be restless until you
can survey the world from the
top of the ladder, this is what I
want my Paul to do.

Whatever ambition I may have
had for myself I have lost in
you. To stand by your side, urging,
helping, strengthening, encouraging
eyes is now my prayer. To be an
inspiration to you, as comforter
and a real help-mate, this is what
I want.

Some time ago I heard a sermon,
a peculiar one. It was written by a
young man and fairly delivered,
but there were some excellent senti-
ments therein, though crudely expressed.
"The law of compensation is not
nearly so cruel as the laws of

See not a great world you're carrying that you
think is medicine and that you are to cure
but to merely make a living. You are
not medicines and I will not let you be
content. I shall often see you in a whole
world which is that you work in quiet with
of hesitation. Your feet is your own, no one
can deny you that. Don't let me see what
pieces of the century said about you in a
private conversation. He said 'his cousin
is a literary man, not a colonial literary man
but one about whom there is no question;
you are so often thought that, and I want
you to live up to it. To be content with a little
world for medicine and vain - to aspire and

a veritable ⁽⁷⁾ Redoubt. My love
came out of it like a Phoenix from
the flames, strengthened, purified,
beautified. Impetuous passions,
mad desire, impatient for pleasure
have gone and I am as a infant
you now, true-hearted, constant,
as little now prudent, ambitious
for you and desirous that we both
get and maintain the proper position
before the eyes of the world.

Oh, my darling, be true to me,
love me and do not disappoint me.
Do not be impatient because I ask
you to wait. Your longing is not keener
than mine, for my lips long, and
ache and quiver almost with pain
for the touch and thrill of yours,
but let us ^{be} brave, we have the

power. It will be pleasant to bring that
thought of last June now, worth it? I
find myself increasingly wanting
to see the every moment, I spare of absence;
not in vain perhaps that - I do not kiss you in
spirit of dream come tender little day-dream
sometimes I get heartsome to touch your
hands when I am asleep; and I start to
find myself in the midst of a summer
time. I look forward to morning when I
can be alone and with you, even as poor
Peter Johnston in his dream looked forward
to nightfall when he could see and kiss
his Mary. ^{his} fantastic dreams. My long
suffering ^{love} last time nearly pleased me

future to think of.

Sometimes a thought comes to me like the chill of a winter night. Suppose he will take of you and many another instead? - Paul, Paul, you would not desert me, would you? It is weak to expect thus isn't it? But I love you so, life of my life, soul of my soul, heart of my heart, I love you so I cannot imagine an existence apart from you, or a life wherein you were not the chief element - I cannot even imagine Heaven without you. I wouldn't go there - better a Hell with you, than a Paradise without you.

Am I extravagant? It is all true.

There - I will stop.

Send me Agalea's letter back. How does the enclosed card strike you. You own wife -

in the water, ever widening, ever increasing, touching infinites as it were. You hurt the whole human race, for you rob your children, and through them human stir. You have no right to drag down the standard of humanity. You have a right to do as you wish to yourself, if you intend to die at once and childless, but otherwise you do a wrong against nature and humanity, and they will be revenged.

These were his thoughts - my words, of course. Paul, won't you keep all that in mind, dear? Some day when we can look with pride upon our children, who must be better, nobler, purer, farther advanced in every way than either