

From Paul Lawrence Dunbar

(1)

Washington - Mar. 19th 1898

To: Miss Alice With Deane
Brooklyn, N.Y.

My Sweet Wife:—

Why did you have
me read this horrible story:
it gave me a bad half hour
this morning. I saw it in the

Times which I had in my
hand last night, but did not
read it. However, I shall always
be true to you, and I won't lie
to you.

I am at work but my throat
is still very bad, and really
seems to get no better. But
enough of my ailments.

I cannot say that I am glad
yours were fancied, had rather
hoped— but I must wait I sup-
pose. You accuse your people,
wife, of being folks of one idea,
& it not a family trait? You
still think that honor and duty
should keep you away from your
husband? Oh love— please take
honor and duty. We want each other.

Washington Dec 10 1855
My dear Mother

I received your kind letter of the 7th and was
glad to hear from you and to hear that you
were all well. I am well at present and
hope these few lines will find you all the
same. I have not much news to write at
present. I am still in the city and
will be so for some time yet. I have
not much to do at present and
am spending my time in reading and
writing. I have just finished a
book and am now reading another.
I have also written a few letters
to my friends and am now waiting
for their replies. I have also
written a few lines to you and
am now waiting for your reply.
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am now waiting for your reply.

I am not so sure about making the world bow at any time as you are, dear. But I'm not going to argue and I'm not going to scold. I know malicious Washington better than you do, and later on when you see that I was right as you will see I shall take a fine dist satisfaction in saying: "I told you so."

I am feeling pretty "warm" this morning because I dreamed about you all last night - dreamed things that were sweetly naughty - real husbandly things in which there were two beds but only one of them came in for use. Well, you're my wife, can't I say this to you? My desk came last night, too. It is rather large, but is a beauty and I did lots of work at it until I went to bed to have those naughty and disturbing dreams.

[The page contains extremely faint, illegible handwriting, likely bleed-through from the reverse side of the paper. The text is too light to transcribe accurately.]

Really dear, no woman can be
 a substitute for your sweetness,
 but if you don't soon come, I
 will not be responsible for what
 I do. I am human and man
 human.

I wrote you that last foolish
 little letter last night just
 because I couldn't help it.

Kiss me and run away, now
 for I must go to work
 your devoted
 lover husband

Mrs. Paul Lawrence Dunbar.

I just started to address the
 envelope so.

[Faint, illegible handwriting on aged paper]