

incident that lingers as a sort of perfume from a fragrant past. No wonder you have Grace King and Geo. W. Cable, no wonder you will have Alice R. M. I long to see the old town, to roam about its streets, to plant foot in its historic places and to see some of the ~~old~~ old creole houses, if any now remain. I do not so much want the New Orleans as the old Orleans, - and you as its interpreter.

A possibility has just occurred to me. Go on and be

From Paul Dunbar
To Alice Moore New Orleans, La. (1)

Dayton - O. 2/16 - '96.

Dear Miss Moore: The question with me in sitting down to write to you today, is shall I proceed to thank you for your last delightful letter or to tell you how provoked I am that you have not sent me the photograph you promised. In short, shall I be agreeable or disagreeable. Whichever my qualifications for the former are, I can be the latter with a vengeance. But I am unable to decide on any course

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so I go on writing at random.

It is such a bright sabbath day that one hates to stay in the house; but it is at the same

time so cold and windy that one dreads going out. So that instead of being in church attending to the admonitions of my spiritual adviser, I am here by my fire, among my books writing to you and dreaming of a thousand

things. Hold yourself fortunate that I cannot put these dreams down on paper.

But I have noticed have not you? - that dreams delightful as long as they are ~~days~~ denizens of the brain are

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apt to lose local color and effect when transferred to paper. It is a way that dreams have.

Your determination to content Cable for his laurels is a commendable one. Why shouldn't you tell those pretty cosset stories as well as he? You have the force, the fire & the artistic touch that is so delicate and yet so strong.

Do you know that New Orleans - in fact all of Louisiana seems to me to be a kind of romance land. Its very atmosphere must be with stories and its streets and by-ways be redolent of dramatic

of my epistles, it was because
I destroyed the first letter I
wrote in which I had put down
what I felt and wrote a substitute
in which I hid my feelings.

Forgive me for boring
you and believe ever
Your devoted Friend
Paul L. Plunkett

come famous, and some
day you may be able to save
me from starvation. How
you ask? I have to laugh
softly to myself at your very
density. Why, - can't you see,
someday when for years my
poems have been helping to
fill the scrap-baskets of editors,
and when I have grown poorer
and poorer - just as the
last crust has been eaten
(softened by my tears, I believe
is the proper phrase) then will
I lie me forth and sell the
autographs from your letters

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which I received in the early days
and with the proceeds thereof
will I buy me bread - and ink.

Ah my dear little girl it is
so easy for us to jest about
these things, but we never
know how soon we shall flit
"From jest to Earnest."

But I am writing on long-
er than I intended to and
I know that you have been
bored long ere this, and
if you have not stopped
reading it is because you
were too polite or - too curious.

Alas I ever acknowledge the
continued receipt of "The Leader"
and the pleasure its perusal

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gives me? If I haven't done
it before let me do it now,
with thanks for your great
kindness. One favor let
me ask. won't you review my
book in its columns when you
have sufficient leisure? I
think your favorable comment
will do the volume good.

The sale has already been
unexpectedly rapid.

When I hear from you
again I hope also to receive
your photograph as per promise.

I want to say - for it seems
that I cannot quit writing -
that if the letter before this
was particularly bad, poorer
even than the general run