

THE MAIL AND EXPRESS,
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May 11th 88.

My dear Mr Bates;

I enclose in this scrawl
a printed slip, which explains itself, and which
the literary critic of the "Courier" may be willing
to insert (on the substance of it) in his column.

You are hardly old enough, venerable Sir, to have
read any of Mrs Stoddard's novels, or what
she tried to make novels; but, between ourselves
and the Calceum light (which used to be the
Lamp-post), there are great qualities in them.
Born, like myself, in Massachusetts, she is
all at once, and I in Hingham (which
figures in "Hingham in Hingham") - she
understands our New Englanders inside and
out. I think you will feel so, as I do when I
read Eliza's wife's Salem skeletons. Forgive
this reference to the dead, if it pains you.

Thanks for your kindness to my boy,
who seems to have done fairly well in
Boston, and to have had a sojourn, which

is the need but things it.

I got your volume of poetry, & your
volumes, for the book was double-barrelled,
as you intimated to me, and with a P.
about the new edition, copying, as I remem-
ber, one of the sonnets towards the end,
perhaps the last of all. I also copied (I
think in the same year of our Salvation
Army journal), a Rondeau of yours, in a
rather long notice of Mr. Gleason White's
collection of ^{the} artificialities of that ~~and~~-
ed French with the new English bell-
marks. And I suppose you don't see, or
deem, care much for, such things. If you
can help than I do, you are a good man,

Yours truly,
R. H. Stoddard