F2650/104 Any Dear Paul! I mote a long litter to for and the formal it was mining in IT ryme and I know That have and to the Show any fish mij own annalysis of myself is Jush & am a Jobl, Since & have mail The papers of The last from days I have come to That conclusion, I almost mich I had anon loved and thad a mite, and had children or wather that I had never had been bonn Did you have mad The hins . popus. a pior lille man

orho's name in Samp and 673 Who by dink of circumstance mus shetid to The Smale Collis on all The book namer he can the kof. Drun Kurd, Kicker of a Whon house distanest to Are and says both The Dimecrated and on any Browch The artole Brond stand in mits m. That they much all be removed in order to got into The rottenous of This Institution und publishes This in grad Houdilines in The Times popers. Orher The Dopie Culled an mp I only Said Po little Lamb lik my finds anon for me. Of how Emich & could got from mudis bat now I and

Feb 5, 19061174 fight and Show read For prem over and over Stringht for The fight !! may he & will get although I am very mate non I have them siere for but I have been better for The last how days not withstanding & ough to have been in drid, I tal to gat up, Hak committee of Ingistature here donon So hove some one to talk When The buttle comes. Poor Bry gree were criting 2 any. mik you had to fight like I do, you

Feb 5, 1906 675 model for get you war had other some one Callel Fuburenlasis I began my first letter to you This even grith "You poor black diemorn ged dying month, & sany your you had The power to put inthe comme statch a pucture foir 15 view, Buch one, & place victore IT a vicious nut. with none to see byt say god, But lit the performant forthing so. yet. I am nut duringed, for if all The good & how done mill not make amende for any faults. my heat braks. Then this is no further to Say noting of micy; Don't let one more

Jon, of I more a Catholic !! I orwald go 15 my Prist but in brind ness, put fin pitates. I do not them any one Claim to The Throw Than you, Jo & Signed Special. He mbo stale They perse stals Trash bit mane tere Por Cittle Land. I any it in pitty, As knows not what he does the This The came only be Full by trang some one down. Whatever may happin to me don't be surprised of about Brand Arthal Courts John mocket low to su gove achtomice selfishin me, hus crouplusmise count How that that diamer chard mila ago & tak alla

[7 el 5,1901 677 to the york. In mith Siz. on of The Inot menons The mitton of hisald pupile. the said deant tales any on on propile. Our fried Said & mont you IT Ture mins Tity play. alice Said pupa what shall & play, I Told her a little They. the said is That good play Jome mon. I The Tola his to pluy "Rignation which is dup Telefficithe It Said "That's yours also, She did not him, I Smid gr. It suid I Jute you why is that There to so much Falmh from The most alice milis he geve his time The time chepangs for and in addition give

7 203,19061 her take to operate to to Ohe sigs populations fish lite you so tind, and he is The must or ouder full man, I did not say so 15 his, but my mply aralle to brance she is The much mon dorful girl. In This connection what pour of all sit to. Fill me, and alice mile do it to please you amone than any you how had yet. good, night. Fit are hear form 1m. Mon another com an Harry

Paul I amit mad This vour. you have pluty of time. So I and the you decephen it and correct the skilling and the gramar -PL. Dunbar Papers, Ohio Historical Society

## H.A. Tobey to PLD Feb. 5, 1906

"My Dear Paul, I wrote a long letter to you and then tore it up because I found it was running Éand I know that is not my (foot?)Éin such I have come to believe I haven't any (food?). My own analysis of my slef is just I am a fool, since I have read the papers of the last few days I have come to that conclusion. I almost wish I had never loved and had a wife and had children or rather that I had never had been born. Did you read the newspapers. A poor little man who's name is Lamb and who by dint of circumstance was elected to the Senate calls me all the bad names he can think of. Drunkard, keeper of a whore house, dishonest, &c. &c. and says both the Democrats on the Board are not Democrats, that the whole Board stand in with me. That they must all be removed in order to get into the rottenous (sic) of this institution and publishes this in great headlines in the newspapers. When the papers called me up I only said "Po little Lamb" but my friends answer for me. Oh how I wish I could get from under, but now I must fight and I have read your poem over and over "Strength for the Fight". May be I will get although I am very weak now. I have been sick for ten days. Fever, spitting blood, aching all over, but I have been better for the last two days not withstanding. I ought to have been in bed, I had to get up. Had committee of Legislature here. I won this, made them my friends so have some one to help with the battle comes. Poor Boy you are resting easy. Wish you had to fight like I do. You would forget you ever had what some one called Tuburculosis. I began my first letter to you this evening with "you poor black discouraged dying wretch, I envy you." You had the power - put on canvas stretch a picture fair to view. But me, I plod victim to a vicious nod with none to see but my god. But let these sentiments all go. If I had more of the practical I would not be fretting so. Yet, I am not discouraged, for if all the good I have done will not make amends for my weaknesses, I will not say faults, my heart breaks, then there is no justice, to say nothing of mercy. Don't let me worry you. If I were a Catholic I would go to my Priest but in (?) perhaps. I do not know any one closer to the throne than you, so I pour out my heart. You know (?'s) speech "He who steals my purse steals trash but he who filches my good name &c &c. "Poor little Lamb" I say it in poetry. He knows not what he does. He thinks he can only be full by tearing some one down. Whatever may happen to me don't be surprised if about Sunday you may see Mr. Brand Whitlock and John (Macket?) down to see you. Ambitiousness, selfishness, unscrupulousness, cannot break that (divine?) chord of love. But something of the practical, three weeks ago I took Alice to New York. We went to see one of the great museums there with one of his old pupils. He said I can't take any more pupils. Our friend said I want you to have Miss Tobey play. Alice said papa, "What shall I play," I told her a little thing. He said is that yours. I said yes. "He said that good play some more. I then told her to play "Resignation" which is dark and difficult. He said "That's yours also." She did not hear. I said yes. He said "I (ask?) you, why is that there is so much talent from the West?" Alice smiles he gives her (?) the time she pays for and in addition gives her tickets to operas &c. &c. She says Papa he's just like you so kind, and he is the most wonderful man. I did not say so to her, but my reply would be because she is the most wonderful girl. In this connection what poem of your would you, of all others rather have music set to. Tell me, and Alice will do it to please you more than any you have had yet. Good night. Let me hear from you. Your mother can write a few lines for you. H.A. Tobey Paul, I must read this over. You have plenty of time. So I will let you decipher it and correct the spelling and the grammar.

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