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My Dear Paul!

I wrote a long letter to you and then tore it up. Because I found it was missing in my room and I know that it is not my foot, in fact I have come to believe I haven't any foot. My own analysis of myself 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 ~~have you~~ read the News Papers. A poor little man

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who's name is Lamb, and  
who by dint of circumstance  
was elected to the Senate  
calls on all the bad  
names he can think of.  
Drunkard, Keeper of a  
Whore house, dishonest &c.  
&c. and says both the  
Democrats ~~on~~ on my Board  
are not Democrats, that  
the whole Board stand in with  
me. That they must all  
be removed in order to  
get into the rottenness  
of this Institution. and  
publishes this in ~~the~~ great  
Headlines in the news  
papers. When the paper  
called on me I only said  
"Po little Lamb" let my friends  
answer for me. Oh how  
I wish I could get from  
under, but now I must

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fight and I have read  
you from over and over  
"struggle for the fight".  
May be I will get although  
I am very weak now.  
I have been sick for  
seven 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  
them, made them my friends.  
So have some one to help  
when the battle comes.

Poor Boy you are acting  
easy. Wish you had to  
fight like I do, you

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would forget you ever  
had what some one  
called Tuberculosis.

I began my first letter  
to you this evening with  
"You poor black discouraged  
dying wretch, I envy you"  
You had the power to put me  
~~the~~ canvas stretch a picture  
fair to view, but one, I place  
victims to a vicious mad.  
with none to see but my God,

But let this sentiment  
all go. If I had more of the  
practical I would not be  
foisting so. Yet, I am  
not discouraged, for if all  
the good I have done will  
not make amends for my  
mistakes, I will not say  
faults. my heartbreaks. Thus there  
is no further to say writing of  
mine. Don't let me worry

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you, If I were a Catholic  
I would go to my Priest  
but in business, ~~perhaps~~  
perhaps. I do not know anyone  
closer to the throne than you, so I  
pour out my heart. You know  
~~eyes~~ to speak. He who steals  
my purse steals trash, but  
he who filches my good  
name, &c &c. "Poor little Lamb"  
I say it in pity, He knows  
not or hat he does. He thinks  
he can only be full by  
travelling some one down.

Whatever may happen to me  
don't be surprised if about  
next Sunday you may see me  
Prand what look John Mackel  
down to see you. Ambition  
Selfishness, unscrupulousness, cannot  
break that that dinner chord  
of love - But something of  
the practical. There  
order a go I took Alice

To New York. We went to  
see one of the Great American  
Theatre with one of his old  
pupils. He said I can't take  
any more pupils. Our friend  
said I want you to try  
and try 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  
deep & difficult. He said "That's  
yours also." She did not hear.  
I said yes. He said "I  
take you. why is that, there  
is so much talent from  
the West." Alice writes he  
gave her five the time she pays  
for and in addition give

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her tickets to opera, &c. &c.  
She says Papa has 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  
yours would offer, 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 —  
over

H. J. [unclear]

Paul I want read this over.  
You have plenty of time.  
So I will let you decipher  
it and correct the spelling  
and the grammar —



## Partial Transcription

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 notwithstanding. 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 Tuberculosis. 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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