

remembers Du Bois in a most friendly way, and
beg that you will remember me to him. If he ever
comes this way, tell him that I shall have a welcome
for him, as I will also have for Mrs. & Miss
Stoddard. Goodbye. Love to Sam, and believe me to
be

Cordially and Sincerely Yours,

William H. Ridgway.

I send you some numbers of the Companion
containing a pretty little serial of Wm. Black.

YOUTH'S COMPANION

Sept. 30/82.

My dear Charles:

I was very glad to receive your letter, and still
more glad to hear that you are happy. Exceptional and
most fortunate being, you are alone among millions if you
be at peace and unembittered by disappointed ambitions
and the futility of life. As for me, I am eternally
unhappy. The curves of the world are always cutting into
my sensibilities, and the refrain of Aldrich's song is ever
in my mind - "I wonder what day of the week, I wonder
what month of the year!" I have had a great deal of
unavoidable sorrow in my life, and I must confess that
I have added to it of the follies, which are strewn behind
me like dead leaves. Since I last saw you, I have suff-

perceives much from insomnia. The least excitement puts
me off my sleep, and every social pleasure is followed
by the aguish which shattered nerves alone can inflict.
It is not use, however, I cannot ~~live~~ live like an
eccentric; I must have my coffee and ale, though
the demon of sleeplessness usually discards my
enjoyment. — Materially, — that is as far as salary
and duties go — I am pleasantly situated in Boston. I
came here about six months ago after spending eighteen
months in England; and I have almost lost my old
attachment to New York. My principal claim here is
J. B. Millet, a brother of Francis, and I hobnob
a good deal with the witty J. B. Aldrich, who
arrived home from a trip to Russia etc. last Monday.
Every town in three minutes I run into New York, and

there I see among others Edgar P. and Frank Saltus.
Frank Saltus is an invalid — no wonder! — but he
laughs in the face of his skeleton Maker, and will
depart this life with an epigram. Edgar is fat and
two persons — much given to choice dinners at the Union
Club and subsequent brandies at Delmonico's. I
called with him to see Oscar Wilde a few weeks ago
— that insincere and calculating Mountebank who
affected an interest in you. I dislike that fellow — there
is such an evident vein of humbug in him, but he
is tremendously clever, — an immeasurably clever man
and an immeasurable humbug combined in one. You
probably know better than I do what you are likely to
see him. — This is the longest letter I've written in
an age, my dear boy, and I must close it. I

My dear Charles:-

I was very glad to receive your letter, and still more glad to hear that you are happy. Exceptional and most fortunate being - you are alone among millions if you feel at peace and unembittered by disappointed ambitions and the futility of life. As for me I am chronically unhappy. The corners of the world are always cutting into my sensibilities, and the refrain of Aldrich's song is ever in my mind - "I wonder what day of the week, I wonder what month of the year!" I have had a great deal of unavoidable sorrow in my life, and I must confess that I have added to it by the follies which are strewn behind me like dead leaves. Since I last saw you I have suffered much from insomnia. The least excitement puts me off my sleep, and every social pleasure is followed by the agonies which shattered nerves alone can inflict. It is not (no) use, however. I cannot live like an ascetic; I must have my cakes and ale, though the demons of sleeplessness usuriously discounts every enjoyment. Materially, that is as far as salary and duties go - I am pleasantly situated in Boston. I came here about six months ago after spending eighteen months in England; and I have almost lost my old attachment to New York. My principal chum here is J. B. Millet, a brother of Frank's, and I hobnob a good deal with the witty T. B. Aldrich, who arrived home from a trip to Russia, etc. last Tuesday. Every two or three months I run into New York, and there I see among others Edgar F. and Frank Saltus. Poor Saltus is an invalid - no wonder! - but he laughs in the face of His Skeleton Majesty and will depart this life with an epigram. Edgar is fat and prosperous - much given to choice dinners at the Union Club and subsequent b and s'as at Delmonico's. I called with him to see Oscar Wilde a few weeks ago - that insincere and calculating mountebank who affects an interest in you. I dislike that fellow - there is such an evident vein of humbug in him, but he is tremendously clever, - an immeasurably clever man and an immeasurable humbug combined in one. You probably know better than I do whether you are likely to see him. This is the longest letter I've written in an age, my dear boy, and I must close it. I remember Du Bois in a most friendly way, and beg that you will remember me to him. If he ever comes this way, tell him that I shall have a welcome for him, as I will also have for you. My dear Stoddard, goodbye, write soon, and believe me to be

Cordially and sincerely yours

[Charles Warren Stoddard]

William H. Rideing

I send you some numbers of the Companion containing a pretty little serial of Wm Black.

Rideing, William Henry (1853-1918) b. Liverpool. Author and editor. He was associate editor of The Youth's Companion, 1881-1918; managing editor, North American Review, 1888-9, and on the staff of the New York Times. He was a friend of Mark A. DeW. Howe, to whom I sent a copy of this letter.

Charles Warren Stoddard (1843-1909) author and poet, was at the date of this letter living in Hawaii.

b and s'as [brandies and sodas]