

New-York, March 17, 1850,

Dear Harry:

Safe home again at last, and  
am the worse for my adventures - for adventures  
I have had, for the first time in my life. A cordial  
greeting to Sarah and the two little ones, and the  
"Post" people generally.

I write hastily, in behalf of an unfortunate  
poet-friend of mine - R. H. Stoddard, whose ad-  
mirable poems you have no doubt seen now and  
then. He has been sick and unable to work at his  
trade (an iron-moulder,) and is at a hard extremity.  
I think he could write you very spirited and  
readable letters from New-York. If you have  
no correspondent, why not try him, at least?  
Any little aid of this kind would be to him a  
most needful kindness.

I ~~am~~ hard at work on my book. It will be  
out in about 20 days, in two volumes, superbly printed  
and with a number of original illustrations. I shall  
send you an early copy. Let me hear from you  
soon.

Yours ever truly

Bayard Taylor