

Brockport March 4/62
Tuesday eve.

Dear Brother

I am tired to night
have been bending over a pencilling
all day long and my shoulders
ache and my eyes ache and my
head aches and oh dear me don't you
think I am in nice trim for letter
writing? But I am going to write for
a while. I believe you have had letters
from me in all sorts of moods and
so if this is not a very good one it
will quite meet your expectations.
Besides all these aches the joints are
juddering away all manner of things
and I am just lither, wrougher

have my mind partly with them
and partly on my writing the instructions
medley before you!

You were real kind my dear brother
to write me such a nice letter and
so soon. Yes, my heart did rebel even
while penning the distrustful words
but some perverse spirit led me on to
say what ought never to have been things.

And now I am fully convinced of
the wrong I am going to act the coward
part and creep out of the matter without
giving any charge, reason for the
charge at all. There were some little
things not worth the telling or the
minding but which my sensitiveness
or some other quality which I would
not care to acknowledge as belonging
to my character, construed as very
unlike your older self and as it allows
myself to almost usurp the place
of that perfect confidence which you
have always had in me.

friendship for me. I'll be
the unworthy thought and the
of me along as your loving trusting
Let me assure you, you have a
welcome long and broad awaiting
you here. I heard of you in London
last week and as I'm hoping you
will continue to get better and that
will be no danger of your dropping
us. The plural number you see I use
and well I may for more than once
I have heard these like expressions.

We will have this thing or do it
as when Mr. Foreigner came in you
will come and make some good
long visit with you. I'll be
pounce and lecture along and
have you published in the paper
as a distinguished writer from the
West and after the first volume
you have read it to me
and I'll be sure to be
the other side of the

Congress in Rochester last week but
could not. The only literary gatherings
we have here are the weekly societies
at the College - they are passable - sometimes
quite interesting. I think I shall join
the Soc. next time. Am sure they can't
object - being one of the Faculty.

Don't you think Maria is very naughty
the naughtyest - she has ever been to me
for it is almost two months since I wrote
her and no letter yet. If you see her just push
her ear real hard for me. Lib is married
really. It seems to me they must look
very like the sword with the man attached.

I am expecting a letter from Angie to-
morrow - heard to-day however that it is re-
ported in Concord she is in Washington - a
lively story! I think I may safely expect the
letter. - Oh how the wind whistles to-night - don't
they make a sterner month? Last Sabbath we
buried a sister of the little wild boy Eddie - but
only the men could see the little coffin placed
in the grave. Such mountains of drift I have never
seen before. I fear this is a very poor letter
but will you let it pass for better - I shall be
tid every night for the next two weeks.

Am soon

Albion W. Tourgee.
Kingsville
Ohio.