

ALBION W. TOURGEE,
Attorney,
AND
U. S. PENSION AGENT.

Raleigh, N. C.,

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My dear Mary -

I admit the justice of your reproach and yet I am not to be blamed, as you would readily admit did you know the facts of my case. You cannot imagine in what a stew I have been for months - I have had to fight the world, the flesh and the devil and the Administration and thus far, I believe they have all got the best of me - I cannot begin to tell you the ups and downs I have had and will not try - I did not write you, because I could not write anything that I wished to only what you already knew so very well - As things have gone on from bad to worse I have felt too bad to write at all since I could not seem to see any chance for writing what would give you pleasure. Even I thought there was a prospect and telegraphed - I have wanted to come and see you so much but there seems a poor show for it now - for I know not how long -

I feel discouraged and despondent enough - and the fact that I am not likely to see you makes

It makes me nearly desperate to think
that the pleasure I had so fondly an-
ticipated has been snatched away
from me - I suppose I shall have
to stay here and slave all summer.
I tried to arrange a trip north but am
not - as I see now -

Do not blame me for my silence
till I see you and explain it in full.
I have no opportunity to write to you
except at night when I happen
to be alone for a few minutes in
my office and then I cannot do it.
It is like thinking of a lost pleasure
so sweet that I cannot endure to
contemplate its loss - I will write to
you again soon - and more fully.
This is only to forestall your imagi-
nation or your sorrow as the case
might be - Regards to your people -
I hardly know how to think of you in Cal-
cutta. You are of Florida to me, in
memory, as I would you were again
in fact - Yours

Wm. L. Garrison