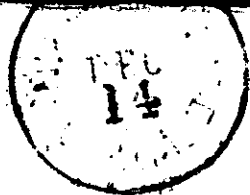


Dec 12



Mrs. A. W. Tourger
No. 227 West 6th St.
Erie
Penna.

CHAUTAUQUE COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY 2013

Greensboro, N. C.

Dec 12th 1878 -

(It is really 13th but I
forgot the date)

My Darling wife:

Your letter of the
11th, came tonight and has made me
just as happy as I can be, - not that I
shall allow you to come back, but be-
cause it is so like my dear, unselfish
darling wife. I am so glad I wrote to
you last night, for I think that letter
will give you some light as to how I
have been and how I have felt. I
know you will realize somewhat of
my situation and forgive ^{me} my dormant
business for having allowed myself
to have such feelings. I could not help
it. I have fought very manfully against
all these things here in my isolation and
think I am entitled to a little credit for
keeping down my bad spirit until I
could muster him as I have done.
Ever since my letter of last night the

world has seemed brighter to me than it has for a long time and your letter tonight is like the sunshine breaking through rippled clouds. It did seem to me, when you wrote of Lodie's sickness that the measure of my miseries had run over. I thought I could not live unless I could raise the money to have you come South, somewhere, if not here. Even now, if I could get hold of funds, I think I would have you take the chick to Florida for the winter. I am so afraid that it may prove too much for her there. Even then though, I did not forget to thank God that my dear, noble wife was spared from affliction. In all my trouble darling I have not grown bitter and have not ceased to struggle against despondency. I have sometimes smiled at the conceit that my earnest prayer for you and Lodie at any

hour for retiring, must bring you a pleasant dreaming fancy, if nothing more. But you must not think of coming back. You will see that I had arrived at that conclusion before getting your letter. It is true you could help me greatly in the indexing but it would disarrange everything for you to come and, like you, I am afraid you would be unhappy. I never wish to see you in the state of mind you have been for a long time before you went away. I am sure you will not get so, while you are in Erie, and things will come more favorable but somehow, and somewhere and some time, I am sure. The delay in the printing seems inevitable. They only get off 60 copies a day and at that rate it will be nearly February before they will be through with the copies. We will have the copy all ready by Christmas, at the furthest. Then I shall only have the copy to

reel at night, and the index to prepare. I shall have the cases all indexed - i.e. the slips all prepared, before the printing is done. They cannot be arranged, however, until that is over. I think I can arrange them, in a week, I may be able to devise some plan by which it can be done sooner. After the copy is done, I hope to get time for the Fools' Errand. It is evident, however, that I cannot leave here, for some months. At the same time, you must not think of my surroundings as altogether unpleasant. I have become so used to my work that I do not mind it, and I take good care to get a tolerable allowance of sleep. When I don't have the neuralgia I get about six hours. Last night, I got seven, and did not eat breakfast until 10 o'clock. Your mother has about concluded to let my affairs alone,

So I have my cup of coffee, (I had to fight for cream as she would go and put milk in the pitcher but when she found I would take all the cream there was in the hour every time she did it, she quit, and not a word was said), - a piece of steak or fish which Rosa will cook just as I want it and some nice potatoes. Then I have about the same at dinner and get along very well - we have plenty of milk and you know that goes a great way, with me. I seldom have any one to eat with me because of the hours of my meals. Mary is here and is as good as ever. I suppose your mother dominates over her but she is afraid to further Rosa much - Sundays, I usually treat myself to oysters - since the weather is cool. So I get enough of good food and keep up at

My work wonderfully. I never
had such a tug before but do not
think it has affected me at all, ex-
cept some bad pains in the eye.
That is very variable but I favor
it all I can and think it will
do its work. If it does not stop in
a few days I shall certainly get the
type writer - That will save it wonder-
fully in composition which is now a
chief part of its work - As soon as
I can begin to get through this work
I think I shall see the light. You stay
there now, like a good, dear, wife and
I will make the very best out I can
here - When this is done I will come at
once to see you and have a good rest
— or something else — and in the
meantime talk over the future with you.
My eye warns me, that I must stop -
God bless you, dearest and best of earth
and bless the day in your arms Albion