

A.W.T. PAPERS Jan-Feb 1879

CHAUTAUQUA COUNTY NY HISTORICAL SOCIETY 2013

Jan 1

Miss Lodie Tourya

No. 227 West 6th St

Eerie

Penn

LECTURES

SEASON 1875-'76:

The Coming Crusade,
 To-day in Account with Yesterday,
 "Out of the Strong-Sweetness,"
 The Ben Adhemite Era,
 Southern Humor.

FROM ALBION W. TOURGEE,

Author of *Toinette*, &c.

-LATE-

JUDGE SUPERIOR COURT NORTH CAROLINA.

GREENSBORO, N. C., January 1st 1879.

My dear little girl: I promised you the very first letter I wrote in this new year, and here it is, with a Happy New Year to my little snow bound lone bird by the bank of the far northern lake. I suppose you think you have about the worst papa in the world, because I have not answered your letter before. But in truth, darling, your papa has to write so much on his old book which he is trying to get through with (and it seems as if the harder he tried, the longer it got and the further away the end was) that he is almost unable to write any letters. It is now 12 o'clock and papa has written 91 cases and corrected four long galleys of proof today. You may guess that he is pretty tired, for mamma can tell you that is quite a job for one day. Your letters do me a heap of good, and I am glad you write about everything, as you do. I am afraid mamma would get too smothered there in Erie, if she did not have you along to keep her toned down. I am mighty sorry to hear that Santa Claus did not bring you that bill of goods you ordered. I the old rascal must have lost it somewhere skylarking around over the roofs and going up and down so many chimneys. Or perhaps it dropped out of that unladen sleigh of his while he was pulling in those maneuvers of his. Now I think of it, he may have had to switch the off leader for trying to kick the icicles off the rich one's beard and get up and among the snow drifts, just about the time he should have gone down the chimney of No. 227. If you may find it somewhere about the square, when the snow goes off. Such things do happen. I got upset in that way once and lost a sweethearth - just tipped her right out and never could find any more of her till spring opened. Then I found half a whalebone corset, two thingumbobs, a hoop-skirt and 29 hair pins. I put them in an allopathy box and buried them at the foot of a slippery elm tree and mourned for her many days. That's what makes the hair turning gray over the

think of my left ear now. Oh it's a terrible thing to spell things,
is a sleigh - I'd look around if I were you after the snow
goes off. There's strange things under the snow. I tell you - strange
things houses and houses and oaks and mice and hopes and
promises and - perhaps your pocket. I think I saw the
old scoundrel when he got down here ^{Santa Claus, I mean}. You see he struck a train
about the time he crossed the Palomas and it was hard sledding
for them little reindeer along down through where the army was
"stuck in the mud" a few years ago. I think it must have been a
brisk Sunday when he got down here. You see his like these book
peddlers, - makes his deliveries to his best customers first. I had
gone over on the hill, beyond the brush where you planted your
ring, just to straighten my legs and get a sniff of fresh
air, where you used to run about while mama and I built
"gay castles in the clouds that pass". I might have been asleep but
I don't think I was, when all at once from somewhere came
a squeaking little sleigh over the dry ground and I saw a
little old customer with the reddest face you ever saw and
his coat off just a larrupin, a little spike beam that I
thought at first was Tommy Keogh's goats, but it "moat" then
been those reindeer of old Santa's. They were awfully fog-
ged out though - didn't care any more about good square
lickin' than a bumble-bee does about cream. He kept busting
the little ~~over~~ things and sweating and tugging himself. He
had his coat off and the sweat was running down his beard
like water off from a Gothic roof, or it may have been that
the icicles that froze about his ears up about Eric were just
beginning to throb out. I think the old scinner was using some
sort of curse-words about the weather, but I couldn't
quite make it out - I reckon it was some sort of Polish
gibberish they use up about 90 North St. The reindeer on
the heels, whichever they were, must have understood it, I
reckon, but they did not seem to earn a fig for it. Oh

The Coming Crusade,

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The Ben Adams Era,

Southern Humor.

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JUDGE SUPERIOR COURT NORTH CAROLINA.

GREENSBORO, N. C.,

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Reminded to me mightily like "Lich = long = hen = duck = burn = ye
 limber-legged = mud = splashes" — but I don't suppose it was — Now
 I come to think of it, I'm positive it was old Nick himself because
 I'll tell you, he was just loaded down with second hand "Christ-
 mas gifts" for niggers and pure white folks. Sure as you ^{live!} ~~live!~~ He
 had more'n ten bushels of one legged dolls and one armed
^{and one-eyed chum cuts and dogs,}
 monkeys, and marked tin whistles, and three wheeled carts and
 plaster paris candy and mock oranges, and paper soled
 shoes and gold breast pins made of brass bigger'n a terra-
 pin and wormy chestnuts and leathery limber-twiggs enough to
 gin every durkey baby on the continent the color! Oh I know it
 was him come down here to make his second hand deliv-
 ies. Having a hard time of it he was too — You know he used
 to come here on Old Christmas (which is twelve days
 before the regulation one) in old slave days, and that's the
 way he got in the habit of being behind here. You know
 he always lutes a week longer through here because I
 suppose it's so apt to be had ~~out~~ sleighing down
 here. Perhaps he was a little later than common this
 time which will account for his being out of temper.
 And by the way, it has just occurred to me that the old
~~post~~ may have had your order, I believe I did see it
 now — let me see what was it? Writing desk-pain ^{of late}
 girl's v-e-l-o-c-i-p-e-d-e — I guess that must have
 been it — looked like it anyhow — It was something like a wheel
 barrow and a shingle machine and a buzz-saw and a spinning-wheel
 all-in — Turns on a string a straddle
 looked something like an hour glass and something like a saddle!

Is that what-it's-life? Then that was it. I was hung on the
backside of that old frozen and thawed humber's sleigh and
was just a tearing up the mud as he went along across that
a canvas-back ^{duck} pulling wild ebery in shallow water. It'll
be a sight that ~~tra-la-o-u-g-h-scary-he-i-~~
~~pa-e-a-d-e~~ will be, when he comes to
deliver it on his return trip. I don't suppose he'll
get around through South Carolina or Florida
and so on much before Spring. Though that'll be
time enough to use it I suppose, when you want to go swim-
ming over to the Island. I expect that's what it's for ^{indeed}
it! Some sort of a life preserver. It looked to me like
a picture of a sea horse, I remember. Now you may
miss it after all. The Kullus may get that old fellow
in South Carolina, just like ^{them} to ~~use~~ him of being the
bellum that seized Hampton's rudd and ~~thru~~ the brute
threw him off and break his dexter locomotor. If they
get that notion they'll string him ^{run}! If they don't, ten to one
if he don't lose himself in the everglades! By the way, I know
now the reason you didn't get it. The bundle was directed
plain to "Sodie J. - Carpet-bag-bodge". You just took it by being
away from home - Carpet baggers should be wandering off
up in that country, if they don't want to lose their Christmas gifts.

Good morning dear and many kisses
from your papa

Alfred W. Morgan
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