

FROM ALBION W. TOURGEE,

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Feb'y 5 1879

VS.

My dear wife: I have come over from the office, just to write to you before the mail goes out. I am determined that you shall not complain of any neglect again. I wrote you a news-sheet last night but thought I would send you another. It is such a luxury to write to you, and think that I give you pleasure by doing so.

Everything is in the bustle of preparation for the ball tonight. The day is rainy and muddy and I fear the ambitious wife of the new Governor will have her anticipations damped. The ball is to be at Tucker's hall and a very gay assemblage is expected. I have been importuned to go very strongly. Mrs. Jarvis insists that I must go, as escort to my late neighbor and would not hear a word of excuse on the ground of a lack of a tail coat. So I have been obliged plumply to decline. I was called in last night to inspect the ball-dress - on the wearer in it - I don't know which. Both were superb. However, I am out of favor now, for lack of appreciation, I suppose. I don't know how I got out safely for the temptation was terrible to me. I think I am entitled to a great deal of commendation thus far. I think I shall be about the only one left in the hotel tonight from present appearances.

I hope you are not having such dull, bad weather today. I wish I could fly away to you cara mia - I am so hungry for you. If I could only clasp and kiss and see and feel you, I think I shall be a perfect fool over you when I do come. It does not seem to me that any one could wish for another as I do for you. Everything else seems trivial compared with that delight. Oh darling, I kiss you a thousand times -

I looked over a lot of your letters this morning and cannot find a single query which I have not answered. However, I will offer you a compromise. If my letters are unsatisfactory, I will promise to let you catch me at any length when I come to see you next month - Just keep an account of my delinquencies and I will make them all up at that time -

God bless you darling of darlings - I must hie away to work and leave my pleasant dream of you till tonight, write as often as you can. Kiss that little pomp with the buckskin breeches, ever so many times for me

An revoir - Feb 10 -

Alv. Toungay