

Mrs. Emma K. George  
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Erie

Penn<sup>a</sup>

FROM ALBION W. TOURGEE,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

No. 9 MAHLER BUILDING,

Raleigh, N. C.,

March 9th 1879

VS.

My Darling wife: Your noble letter of the 6<sup>th</sup> is rec'd. I will not stop to discuss the matter which distressed you. You have already received my letters showing that I did not intend anything as blame to you. I did not mean to blame you for anything. I was only so intensely anxious to do something for your good and happiness. You know how I have clung to the hope of redeeming myself on that property, &c. You can imagine how wrong I get when I strike back on that infernal old repetition. Please pardon me, my beloved. I am now fully satisfied that your happiness demands that I yield all such notions, and I have no sufficient inducements here, to do otherwise. I will come to you as soon as I can get the book out of the way and in all probability, will stay. I shall leave things here, so that I can close matters out without returning; if I find it advisable so to do. You will not cook up something to do, not at present, at least. Unless there is some extraordinary thing occurs, I will come next week, and will know pretty much what is to be done then. How do not be afflicted any more, darling. You know we must not be discouraged. I got hold of \$25 yesterday and I send you a P. O. order for \$50 herewith. I think I shall get some more this week. I think it is very strange for Angie to take her mother there. Her board is now paid by the place and she is comfortably situated. She cannot and shall not live in the same house with you and Sodie, not even for a week, that is, I mean I will not consent to her doing so, and will do everything in my power, to prevent it. There is no use of discussing that matter. Neither you nor Sodie shall live with her, if it

can be prevented. Of course Angie will do as she chooses. If things result so that I must stay here, and you remain there, I cannot exclude the thought of your being with her. I ~~dread~~ almost as lief know that you were dead. It would be a constant nightmare to me. I could not sleep in peace or wake in pleasure.

I am very sorry I distressed you. The very intensity of my love, seems to do more to make us miserable than I can ever do to secure our happiness. I think I am the most unfortunate constituted man alive and you are without any doubt the most unfortunate woman on earth, in being bound to me. I think I have cursed and poisoned your whole existence, as I seem to blight everything that I love or enjoy. I will do all I can, dear, but I am afraid that the more I try to win happiness for you, the worse I shall succeed. However, I will try, as earnestly and steadily and truly as human being can. I have tried. But I think every attempt has only brought distress. I think I am thoroughly worthless and do not see why I was ever given an opportunity to annoy and injure others. I love you so, I want to make you happy but my very love brings your most poignant distress. Do not let it, dear. I am not worth your consideration, much less your sorrow. If I could only die for you I would be happy. I am satisfied that the little pittance you would then receive would be worth more to you than my life, weak and worthless as it is. I even dread to see you, lest I add to your sorrow and pain. Why will not God be merciful to you and take me away? I cannot understand it: I suppose ~~that~~ He knows but I have no conception of it. Others can make a wife and children happy, I only make mine miserable - There seems to be a fiendish mockery in it. Only think of it. I fairly

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go distracted, in my eagerness to do something that will make you comfortable and happy. In the intensity of my anguish, that I have not done so I write to you about it and that very letter causes you the bitterest grief. I have sometimes doubted that God had made a devil but I think he has given me all the requisites for one so for as torture to them about me is concerned.

I doubt seem to be bad, but it seem as if a fate even more infernal than that which bring over Eelipus followed and haunted me. I can see no hope nor light and I have prayed and prayed until I hate the name of prayer. "Night after night, day after day, I have bowed and wrestled, agonized with God that he would bring you and soothe peace and joy; that he would strengthen my hands and guide my feet so that you might find happiness. I do not ask - I have never asked anything for myself. I would willingly be nothing, - I would welcome annihilation, if I could know, for but one moment, before everlasting darkness came, that you would be happy thenceforth. But He will not hear my prayer.

I think I will not try to pray any more - it only seems to put further from me my desire.

I will not write any more - I cannot - I will go and walk - The Spring time

is coming on beautifully - I walked for hours last night in the balmy air and heavenly light of the Spring moonlight here - I was thinking of you, loving, blessing and hoping for you at every step; devising all sorts of pretty little foolish plans for your surprise and delight. Oh I was so happy. Every body else, everything else was happy and glad and I was too. I have dreamed and hoped that I might make you so, I was a fool. The devil who pursues me had only let go a moment to take a former grip. I am thoroughly hopeless but while I live I will not cease to try - in any way - in any place, in any field - earnestly - sincerely - unceasingly - but I cannot labor hopefully. I don't believe there is any hope for me.

I will come to you Emma, just as soon as I can complete the index, or even sooner, if I can get away and leave it in shape - for printing. I shall not go to Chatham Court - You may look confidently to see me before the 20th, I think, if nothing prevent - I will send the order for \$50 - today and if I cannot come next week, some more

Yours

Albion