

A. W. TOURGEE,

JUDGE.

Office of the Judge of the Superior Court,

SEVENTH JUDICIAL DISTRICT, N. C.

Wentworth,
Greensboro, March 20th, 1872.

My Dear Wife:

I am of all men most miserable!
Let the most desolate town in the known world hold-
ing a court where I have to give way to two po-
litical meetings, with nothing to read, drunk-
en men enough to make a regiment and the cold
chertless, windy days of a late spring - to confound
any solitaire - I know that you sympathize with my
afflictions - The Court is progressing fairly notwith-
standing numerous interruptions. I have gone in
to the Bench-warrant business in some of the
complex cases and have a fair prospect of
making some headway toward the work
crimes of that organization in this county.
Last night they sent word to Judge Little that
these prosecutions must be stopped or
there would be another Stephens affair here
in Wentworth before this morning. The sun
rose on us all in good health notwithstand-
ing - The evidence taken from accomplices
shows that they did lay for me on the Snow

works Road - that night when I drove home
from this place, after dark, as I then deemed that
they would and have always believed they
did. It also shows that a plan was laid
by which a company of men were to come
from Stokes County, headed by Sterling Adams
- the Senator from that County - and take
me out, and hang me, here at Wentworth.
They decided however that it would not do
to undertake it with less than 300 men
and they did not get that number ready
in time. Again - they laid a plan, that
one Brouddell - a thief - should come in
to the Court room pretending to be drunk
and should insult the Court, and if I sent
him to jail, there should be a row and that
I should be shot in the row - He came in and
made some remark, which I did not hear.
And I packed him off to jail - instantly, and
I now remembering noticing that when I
gave the order Gen. Soules became as pale
as a ghost. I knew then that it meant some