

Goldsbore - Jan 6/73

9-P. M. -

my dear wife: I received your letter of yesterday and thought I would surprise you again by writing you another today - I wrote you yesterday - which you will get to-morrow morning - I believe that I wholly forgot to tell you of my tea at Mr Dentch's - I went according to appointments on Sat. night and found a little party - only two of the one for but few of them are on good terms with Mr Dentch and the family - his young wife two daughters there and the wife of one of them - It is a fine house and seemed to be a pleasant family but the party was too large to be familiar and too small to be formal - So I got one of my absurd, awkward bumping fits and if one even did show off to little advantage it was yours or

I am sure, I never was so
embarrassed and ashamed in
my life hardly - I could not
think of anything to say and
could not muster courage
to hold my tongue - When we
came to go out to tea - Mr. D -
did not ask me to escort his
wife and I could not make
up my mind whether I ought
to do so or not and so after
an awkward standing up
for a minute the ladies filed
off by themselves and we mus-
cicians followed after stay-
fashion - I talk myself an en-
tirely - Then when we got in
the supper-room the head of the
table was at my right as I
came through the door & Mrs
D - was standing there to intro-
duce another lady - and she
called out Mrs. M - I looked
around to my blind side a night-
ly astonished and could not
imagine for a long time what
the woman by her side was
putting down her head and
swinging her skirts about

When I made it out I was too
dumb - fuddled to know what
to do - so I only opened my mouth
an inch or two wider and did
nothing - After a time - with a
heap of pulling and pushing
and directing I got on a chair
Then I was so confused that I took
tea instead of coffee, passed my
little supper-plate for soup - put
celery ~~and~~ ^{salt} on my oysters - and
turned silly generally - Miss Mary
sat on my left - a big fat girl of
16 - I thought I would say some-
thing to her but could not think
of her name - I tried to find some-
thing to say but couldn't - She fi-
nally spoke of a newspaper where
one of the ladies had a costume
made of news papers - Somebody
said that was a new mode of rep-
resenting the press - Another said he
would have been willing to be the "dev-
il" of that journal - Then I had a
bright idea and solemnly remark-
ed that I would like to have
"made up" that issue - Every body
looked grave - I hastened to amend
it by saying she ought to have been
an elegant "form" - Granger said the
papers were all printed that very

day - so said I she was "damp
from the press" - Every one looked
shocked - and ladies blushed
terribly - Then we had a long silence
my head began to swim - Thought
I would hold my tongue and keep
out of trouble any more - Then I
looked at my plate and found I
was eating sturgeon caviar while others
were on the next course - Changed
plates and took everything that was
offered me - Found that I had
light bread, ^{two kinds of} breads, waffles, two
kinds of crackers and four kinds
of cake piled upon and about my
plate - Tried to eat it up to get it out
of the way and on looking up
found all the rest were done
and I was eating for dear life -
I quit and got back to the parlor some
how - Then we all smoked - Ladies
came in after a while - I stepped
on Mrs. D's dress brush Miss Mary's
ears with my cigar, dropped a glass
of water and sat down on the
back-springer board - Then I got into
a corner and amused myself by
snoking through my nose - All the other
gentlemen kept on smoking so that was
no brush up cigarette -

The bus waited for me to give
the signal to go - I waited for
them - wishing all the time that
I was in purgatory with some one
kicking me - I finally got off
after breaking a lump - ~~thru~~
putting on my cloak and changing
a worn hat than my own - no
sweater was in face of the
house than Orange informed
me that "press" was the polite
term for going in this low coun-
try - That explained the solemn
silence that greeted my joke -

It's no use my dear. I
never can get along in society.
I grow worse and worse -
If I ever go out again I hope
I may be hanged - You must
do your part and mine too -

You have been asked this
time - I'll read the Herald
and go to bed too -

Yours
Albion