

A. W. TOURGEE,
JUDGE.

Office of the Judge of the Superior Court,

SEVENTH JUDICIAL DISTRICT, N. C.

Goldboro
Greensboro, Jan 24th, 1878
11 oc P.M.

My darling wife:

I am afraid you will not
come down tomorrow and that I may have but
little time to write you before the train leaves.
I have had a very busy time indeed this week
and somehow have not felt at all like writ-
ting - and to tell the truth do not now. It
is something like feigning when one does not
feel like it. - very dull hard business. - and
an imposition upon you too for that matter.
So I will just wish you good night and
quit - Albion -

Jan 24 - 12.30. P.M.

As I found you did not come down. I sup-
pose you were just right but I can't help being
somewhat disappointed - how ever I did want
you to come so bad and almost thought you would.
I was seriously tempted to urge you very strongly
to come but witheld myself - It would make some
expense and I thought you might be troubled over
it, if I did. I shall have a lonely day tomorrow
and be terribly bored today no doubt - Only think

of it - in an hour from this time - only one
hour - I shall have to go to a terribly re-
spect dinner party at Mr. Dutch's - I would
rather go under fire and storm a battery -
I could do any deed without tripitation
at a royal reception or anywhere else
if I was only to be public and perform only
as a part of a great whole, but these par-
ties - dinners and tea-ing - are dread-
ful agony to me - You cannot imagine, I
fear how terrible they are to me. I do not know
of anything so fearful - All my self-conscious-
ness comes to the surface then and I cannot
even breathe without fear of a faux pas -
The rustle of a lady's dress nearly throws me
into spasms - Every nerve is in a quiver
and I am filled with a horror worse than
the spectre of sudden death - I would willingly
swap off any invitation for a railroad
collision, a broken head, the tooth ache, a con-
gestion chill or the small-pox, if I could - Why
was I not formed so as to ~~be~~ be able at
least, to endure these horrors? I have many
times thought of the unspeakable horror of a