

**1874-03-17**

**AFSENDER**

Ottilia Jacobsen

**MODTAGER**

Carl Jacobsen

**FAKTA**

Dokumenttype:  
Brev

Sprog:  
Engelsk

Afsendersted:  
København

Modtagersted:  
København

Arkivplacering:  
Carlsberg arkiv

**DOKUMENTINDHOLD**

Et meget klynkende brev fra Ottilia Jacobsen. Ottilia har tilsyneladende har gjort Carl vred, og hun jamrer nu over sin egen ringe person.

**TRANSSKRIFTION**

Tirsdag 17 Marts 1874 ? [tilføjet med blyant af Carl Jacobsen]

Dear Mr Jacobsen

If you knew how much pain your letter has given me. I dont think you would have written such an angry one. I never doubted your honor but you know me so very little and if you found out afterwards that you were mistaken in me, had thought me a nice girl and found out how many faults or bad sides I have afterwards it would be dreadful. I am sure nobody will ever be happy with me, I am good enough for anybody. You dont know how horrible I am. I wish you were not angry with me, it makes me so miserable I dare say you will hate me now. I must tell you one thing that always makes me afraid og myself. (I do not mean to hurt you so please forgive me if I do). You are rich and that is what often terrifies me and makes me think what people would say "She took him for money". Do forgive me. I am miserable my self. I do not care for any one so do not think me so bad

but I do not think care ... enough for you and therefore I could not act a living lie and say that I do.

I wish I could die and then I would sit be only a grievance to other people and myself.

Tuesday 17 March 1874?

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much pain your letter has given me.  
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such an angry one. I never doubted  
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that you were mistaken in me, had  
thought me a nice girl, & found out  
how many faults & bad sides I have  
afterwards it would be dreadful. I am  
sure nobody will ever be happy with  
me, I am not good enough for  
anybody. You don't know how horrible  
I am. I wish you were not angry  
with me, it makes me so miserable  
I dare say you will hate me now.  
I must tell you one thing that  
always makes me afraid of myself.  
(I do not mean to hurt you so please  
forgive me if I do.) You are rich  
and that is what often terrifies  
me & makes me think, what  
people say. "He took him for money  
& forgave me. I am miserable  
myself. I do not care for any  
one but do not think me so bad

but I do not <sup>think</sup> <sup>that</sup> care enough for you.  
and therefore I could not act a  
living lie and say that I do.  
I wish I could die and then I  
would not be only a grievance to  
other people & myself. Will you  
forgive me? I wish I could have  
spoken to you & I could have told  
you everything much better.  
Another thing I must tell you  
when I see you to speak to.  
I am afraid you will be angry.  
Mamma wishes me to ask you  
in on Sunday. I implore you to  
come. as I have not told anyone  
to come. I know I have no right  
to ask you to do anything for me  
please don't hate me. if you  
knew me better I dare say you  
would. for few care for me who  
do. but I cannot be happy unless  
you will care for me. I hardly  
know what I am writing I know  
nothing but that I am unhappy  
to come on Sunday. Adieu



Every time I read your last I get  
more miserable. My first letter  
must have sounded unkind but  
I did not mean it to be. I only  
wish to do what is right.  
You know how young I am & how  
little occasion I have had as I  
said before to try myself, and unless  
I could say with my whole heart  
& soul You & only you. I think  
it would be wrong. You are so  
clever & stand so much higher  
in every way than me.  
You would find me so stupid  
I'm afraid. & perhaps get tired  
of me. now don't get angry  
again. There is no use twisting  
any more. I'm afraid you won't  
believe me.

Linda

altes de 22<sup>e</sup> March 1874

Linda

Ottoline Nør af 14<sup>e</sup> March har  
j'identifical besvart Mand.  
de 16<sup>e</sup> Marts dette besv.

er sikkert skrevet Tirsdag  
d 17 Mart eller Onsdag d 18'