

1874-03-17

SENDER

Ottilia Jacobsen

RECIPIENT

Carl Jacobsen

FACTS

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Copenhagen

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Copenhagen

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TRANSCRIPTION

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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& so forgive me. I am miserable
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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 it 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'm 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'm writing I know
nothing but that I am unhappy
do come on Sunday. Oh dear

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

alors le 22^e Mars 1874

Linda

Ottolinee Dreu le 19^e Mars hier
71 indentriol besvant Mars
le 16 Mars de la hier

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