

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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& so forgive me. I am miserable
myself. I do not care for any
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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'