

Roxford N. J. Jan 18th
Sunday P.M.

Albion

As you imagined I am
calmer than I was a week ago today
when in the first anguish of my heart
I wrote to you as I did for a day or two
last week I suffered an untold amount
of misery, and, as I could not but do
then, I wrote you a long letter which
I hardly thought I would send to you here
now I know I must not. I could
not help when you had written me from
my mind one moment either weeping
or sleeping. Tuesday I made a stern
determination to try and see what I
could do and not think of myself for
sorrowfully Albion. I drew my workbasket up
and found the first article that met my eye
was a dainty chemise band, for which I had
labored faithfully to learn some delicate trim-
ming, so that you might tell me sometime
that my basin with this pretty covering was
more costly than ever to you. Beneath it
was my dainty ruffled robe de nuit with

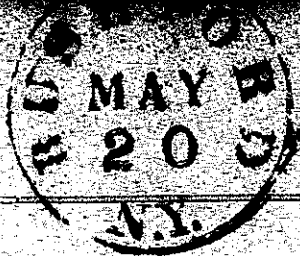
its "cunning socket" half finished. I could
not. I pushed my basket away with its con-
tents untouched. ~~Thus~~ my ~~face~~ in one
hand, threw the other on the table beside me
and there was one new dress half made
which had been pinned on account of
its light graceful pattern, knowing it would
please you. ~~It is~~ ^{it is} too much. I could
not stay. Occupations in my room ~~must~~ ^{are}
I went dark ~~at~~ the ~~house~~ was ~~just~~
any music scattered over it, and on the rest
the few pieces I had been learning because
you would like it. This was the last I will
endure, and I could have fallen on my
knees and prayed for forgiveness, that
for one single moment I had thought to
do as you desired, ~~and~~ thinking it would
be for my happiness, and oh! Albin you
will never ask it again, will you?
I will not ask to be your wife, only love
me and let me love you as I have
done for so many years. Do not let ~~it~~
of me disturb your peace and happiness.

If I am never to be your wife I am and
have been your betrothed, loved and cherished
all a woman could desire, and I will
thank my Heavenly Father for all this
in ~~an~~, and if I am to have ~~no more~~
I will strive not to murmur
to know your heart is soly tried and
I am sorry that I so thoughtlessly tried
I know I would not do it
if I would intentionally. I shall not fully
come home as I had wrote you. I shall
know with you it might not be best
for us. I know I never could leave you
again and as you think it wrong for
me to be with you I will not tempt
you to have it so. Can I do nothing
for you now? Oh I so wish I could
Would it make you happier to know that
you were free. That all the ties that
have bound us together so long were
severed? Tell me candidly, would it
be happier? If you would not be
so never in thought words or deed.

you live will I give your place in my heart
to another. It seems to me that it could
not be but all unworthy of the place
have recanted so long, let leave you
since you would be happier. My heart
will not break, but hope deferred
will let me love you as I have done.

I am not sorry, and shall never regret
that we have done as we have, that
I have been so much a wife. I know
that I have been very, very happy and
you so much so, and I could not
regret it ever. I must know all that
has come to me, & that may come
of evil, the more I know of it, I should
be glad to go back by you, and myself to
Albion, but I shall never forget that I
could do so.

If you wish, I will write some matters
to you, and answer to them, only that if you
being favorable do, I will not be so
cross, your words. Every one is
into the hands of strangers, and girls
are so badly that they have not
eye in a few words. Further no
the more we could be expected, she
so too much confused and broken
to write anything definite. The
idea is to get up, as from
shuffled, judge from all accounts. I know
but you will about it however. I don't
believe I ever want to go back and see
my dear home in the possession of
— Indeed, Albin you need not
wonder any to forgive your
writings, and bring it
if for my happiness, that you
then does not, I shall
let her. — Good Bye —
Amund



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