

Burford St. June 27
London

Albion - I must write to you
for I cannot help doing so. I have
so wished for some message from
you for the past week yet I know
that perhaps I should not expect any.
I have tried to do as you would
to think myself less wholly yours but
oh! it is so hard. My heart clings
to the old dream, and it will not
give it up. Every effort to forget you
seems so wrong and I cannot
make it right when it seems
thus to me. Will you not write
to me Albion and tell me all
about yourself. Even if you can
give me no hope do write me.
It seems to me I know nothing
about you. Oh! if I might only
see you. I cannot write and
know it is so hard for you and
myself. I am at home. Yours
as ever

to-day. I was so tired, my head
and heart ached so that I could
not go and I have been just as
unwilling as could be now that
I was alone. Nine months since I
I left you Albin, and when will
I see you? Oh the thought that I
may never see you as my own
-gains nearly makes my heart stand
still with agony. It has been
sweet for me to be loved and to
and now to be alone again, to
up all my blissful dreams. Oh!
I cannot, I cannot. There is
Albin, must you say again -
"Would God I never had read it,"
I forget when I wrote to you
and yet I must write
School is all over and I have
to do. They will not hear of my
having, yet I don't believe I can
stay here another year. Mrs. G.
and Fred and Kate are going
weeks for a months visit among
their relatives and Ellen & I are to
keep house, but I expect to be
the worst company she can have
I cannot help it any way.
Dr. Stacey is married and gone
with his sweet little wife on a
bridal tour, so you see, I must
give up all those kind - brotherly
attentions from him which have
helped to while away some weary
I have written you of
engagement but I have written
so much to you within a week
that I have not said that I
tell what you have read or what
I know of it from the fact
acquaintance with him. I don't
know his wife, but I hope she
should be to be with
but I don't think
invitation to spend a part of the
with her but I don't think

I will go. I don't want to. The
remembrance of two nights there
more than a year ago, would be
too much for me. I don't know
what will become of me if you
still ^{say} that I must not hope. "Love
you" and I always must or for-
get to be Anna. It will seem
so wicked to part from you as
thought that I have been wont
to give you and when I try to do
it and at nightfall when I kneel
by my couch. Oh, Albin I feel so
unworthy to pray for you.

I know not what will become
of me if this must be, and Albin
Sorling (don't tell me I must not call
you his) you too. I know how terrible
all this is to you. God help us
both. I start back affrighted some-
times when I see my poor even face
in the glass and think that even with
the thought of losing you, all youth and life
will go fast out. I must not write to

God bless you
So write me soon, with your Anna

July 7
June 29/88



Albion W. Tourgee
Ashtabula Co. - Ashtabula,
Ohio

CHAUDQUA COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY 2013

June 29 / 18
Bushford

CHAUTAUQUA COUNTY NY HISTORICAL SOCIETY 2018