

Greensboro N.C.

Nov. 6<sup>th</sup> 1878.

My dear Wife:

6-P.M.

I am terribly beaten.

There is no redeeming feature in the whole matter - I think every county has gone against me - Guilford about 600 - I cannot understand it - I am fearfully smitten - I can see nothing before me now but the most pinching and hopeless poverty - I am utterly cast down - There seems no way out and nothing to hope for - I dare not pray - I have prayed so much and so earnestly for help in this struggle, and now it has all come to naught - I cannot see any light or life - all is a black dull night - I thought I was right - I labored so hard and my friends stood

by me nobly, but the majority  
against me, is almost un-  
numerable - My friends are in  
tears - Strong men and brave  
men come to me weeping over  
my defeat - God bless them - They  
do not imagine what I have to  
face. I try to be brave, but I can  
not and to make it all worse  
there are you and Lottie - Why  
- why have I lived to bring you  
such grief? Oh my punishment  
is greater than I can bear - Why  
did I not die in the campaign?  
Why did I not die years ago?

Oh Darling, if I could pray at  
all it would be for death - It  
does not seem possible that I  
should live - But I cannot  
pray - I am just dumb with  
the terrible stroke - God bless  
you -

Albin

8 P.M.

I have been trying to think  
better and quieter of what has been  
but I cannot - I just wish to die -  
That is all - I can see nothing to look  
forward to - nothing to hope for - I  
have ended a life of bright prom-  
ise in utter ruin - And the worst  
of it all is that I have linked your  
life with mine in any downfall -  
Pity me darling and forgive me.  
I never meant to do you ill or bring  
you suffering - Now, I am broken down  
penitent and dispirited - I only wish  
to die - I can see nothing to hope, to work  
to live for - Everything has failed - I  
have tried and tried and the more I  
have tried the worse off I am -  
There is nothing more - It seems  
a mockery even to write God bless  
you when every good wish or de-  
sire of mine only ripens into  
a curse - Albin -