

Shrewsbury

May 11. 1859. Sun.

My dear wife: I will try and send you on Monday, a letter and an article for the Press. If they have you as far as to say that I think you can get them. It will be a great triumph if you do and would take such a burden off my mind. I can probably manage to scratch along and get \$100 or so a month outside and if I could rely on \$200. of steady work we could be comfortable. Then Lizzie could go to leave the wife you proposed and sometime about Aug or Sept - after the black flies are gone - we could take over.

I worked yesterday on an article for the Congregationalist and will finish it today. I am so busy I have hardly time to breathe but if I can only provide for the comfort of my loved ones, I shall be just as happy as the day is long. It is only your unhappiness that causes mine and I know that mine is a chief element of yours. So our very love brings pain.

The weather has been very sultry here for a few days, fairly blistering in fact. Today it is somewhat cooler. The lawn is studded with dandelions, the trees in full leaf and the grass perfectly beautiful.

We have had a birth in the family and have now abundance of milk.

I am afraid the Reception, Exhibition or, was not as gratifying as you expected as you say a little about them. You must not be too sanguine any more now expect too much even from our daughter. Fame is a long level hill and few nature as strong enough to clamber to the top. Toughness counts quite as much as aspiration or strength and it is in this quality that most men - times fail. We must be patient and let the daughter wait

There is no other way. The young is good and the blossoming very fair indeed but success in any form of art, means crucifixion first.

I am afraid I have planned too much copying for you if you are intending to do much sewing before you return. Are you not afraid of the summer heat in that unhealthy city? I am glad holiday time ends so soon and wish it were cut short a fortnight.

Good bye my love.

Tell the daughter that her Auntie laughs a great deal about her paper stealing into the parlor for a look at his daughter.

Yours Albin.