

Fib 27 1884

My Dear loveing Panchito Templay

You may think it a presumption in me to address you this letter, but I feel that the time has come when my future happiness—and, I trust, your own— depends upon a frank and honest declaration of my love towards you. I have long cherished for you a deep and faithful love, and have only refrained from telling you so in words that you might have time to see it in my conduct towards you, and so be enabled to examine your own heart, and judge whether you could return that love I have not tried to conceal my feeling. Your beauty, your sweetness of disposition, your strong good sense, and the many amiable qualities that endear you to your friends, have made you dearer to me than to any or all of them. I love you as a woman should love the man she wishes to make her husband, and I am bold enough to hope that this avowal will cause you pleasure, rather than pain. I ask you to be my husband, and I assure you, that should you consent to confer such a happiness upon me, the best efforts of my life shall be devoted to your happiness and comfort. I am not, as you know, a woman of wealth, I can promise a faithful and enduring love, and a home in which your happiness and comfort will be my chief aim. Will you not consent to make me the happiest of woman [sic] by letting me know that my hopes are not in vain, and by promising to be at some future, and I hope not distant, time my husband? I shall await your answer with anxiety, and beg that you will send it at your earliest convenience.

I remain, dear Franck
Your most sincerely,
Leap Year