

2-4-1851

Letter from Fredrika Bremer, to Anne Whitney, New Orleans, Louisiana, 1851 February 4

Fredrika Bremer

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Recommended Citation

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to make it burn where you
go. And so I love you, but
not altogether so, but also for
the kind woman's heart
you bore to me, for the
sweet moments you gave
me. God bless you for
them! I feel their seed
was no earthly one, and
will bear flowers both
here and hereafter!

Let me be with you as
one who is very near you
in thought and heart, and
your affectionate friend

Fredrika Bremer.

P. S. I have passed ~~many~~ many
hours with Jenny Lind
here. We have ^{truly} never met more
truly as under ^{the} palm trees of
Cuba.

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[Feb. 4, 1851]
Havana 4 Feb. 1851.

Yes, my dear young friend,
yes, it is delightful indeed
to be here, and see and feel
the wonders of nature, it is
to behold a glimpse of pa-
radise, of a new heaven
and a new Earth! And how
glad I should be to have you
here to behold these things
with me! At other things
here, I knew that ^{that} ~~your~~ ^{your} ~~curly~~ ^{curly} ~~hair~~ ^{hair} of yours should
soon be up, and even I feel
that curling in me, ^{internally}
still it is amusing and ^{into} ~~resting~~ ^{resting}
~~resting~~ to see, at three days
distance from the United States
at once transplanted about
three centuries back ^{in time} and
see "state of things" in Church

and state yet belonging to
the life and style of the
middle ages. Such contrasts
arouse all the powers of
the mind, and let the thoughts
start up and run on railroad
from age to age, from world
to world, from deep to deep.
And thus, this air, these flowers,
these trees, oh! how they
make us look deeper in
the stores of the Creator
and feel how rich he is,
and — we! Then all his
is ours — we are his!
I walk about and sit under
the Palms, and trees whose
names are still Mysteries
to me, I look upon the
flaming flowers who as
the glowing tongues come
out of the earth to make
love to the sun, I look upon
the little lizards run-

ning about on their stems and
sunning themselves, I look
upon the rising moon, who
in this pure air appears
a globe of transparent mat-
ter, all ready to be lighted
up by the flame of life,
and I think of "Prometheus
unbound" on that most beauti-
ful and true vision, seen by
the "spirit of the hour," and
I think of you who made
it known to me, ~~off~~ our
beautiful evenings — of you
dear soul and kind sweet
friend, and I am happy in
you, with you, and thank
God for you!

I shall see you again, but
meanwhile you will ever
be with me in my heart
and mind — a little pure,
Promethean spirit lit up
by his fire, and made

Miss Anne Whitney.

New Orleans.

