

1-15-1852

Letter from Fredrika Bremer, to Anne Whitney, Boston, Massachusetts, 1852 January 15

Fredrika Bremer

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me true pleasure if you would. And
Anne, tell me of you, of your life, your
joys and sorrows my dear young friend,
tell me of Mrs. Cook my kind hostess and
friend too! Alas! for her!

Miss Anne Whitney
Watertown
near Boston.
Mass.

And now your love and God bless you
my dear Anne! And I do not mean
only but a true and strong man that
you can truly love! May you be
happy, and I may I hear of it. Write
to me dear Anne: Stockholm Sweden
over England and I will come right
to your loving and faithful friend
Pordiska.

Stockholm 15th Jun. 1854.

How is it dearest Anne that though
separated from you by seas and lands, and
several thousand miles I yet see your eye,
your smile, your bright face, and hear
your voice as if you were right before
me in this my Swedish home? Is it not
my young friend that we are not truly
separated, that we are still, and ever will
be in relation, in days and time rapport
to one another? Certainly it is so. It
must be so. Oh! my dear Anne, how
precious to me are the feelings of such
relations to friends I have used on
the other side of the earth, now that I
am become so lonely in my home, in my
native land. The last one of my dearly
beloved ties is broken, was broken when
I came home, my angel sister was snat-
ched away from me by death. You can,
if you wish hear from the Bygds more
of that trial. I will not go over the grass
plot ground again with you. I write to
you now, then I feel that I love you and
that you still love and ever will be much
to me. This time, a year since, I was
with you. You gave me your room, Anne,

and suffered cold and discomfort for
my sake. In the evenings you read to me
and made me acquainted with noble poets,
and with your own mind in reading them.
How much I did enjoy Shakespeares
Prometheus, and the noble minded chivalrous
Browning! How sweetly the evenings pas-
sed during the uncomfortable days of
New Orleans winter, & my dear Anne,
and how delightful to me to remem-
ber! When I go over again the scenes
of my life in the homes of the new
world I shall dwell on that as one of
the most pleasant. Still Anne, it seems
to me that that one, and yours, if also
more belong to English life than to
American. —

I am sorry not to have spoken more
with you about life in America as it
^{now} is apt to be prepared by the schools, espe-
cially for women, of what is good in
them and what is wanted. I have had
my thoughts over that, but do not re-
member if I spoke with you about it.
I know that you had your critical thoughts
too, over the schools for women, but
I did not get at them with clearness.
Would you not, dear Anne, speak with
me again over the matter, across the
ocean, and give me your views over
it?

female education in your country, and
private and public schools, their merits
and their wants? It would be precious
to me to hear the criticism of a young
mind like yours, who has gone through
the ordeal and can test it with a
spark of original promethean fire.
One of my most precious advantages as
a traveller in America is that I have,
in the homes of ~~the~~ the land, heard the
Americans criticize themselves, and have
among them found the best and most
judicious critics of their people. And
you, dear Anne, will you not even by that
criticism help me better to ~~think~~ ^{think} better
to judge on the subject of ^{Education?} ~~Education?~~ In your eye I
have faith. As to myself now see your
schools for women I would say: they are
good as — disciplining the intellect, but
still lack in philosophy for life. They give
more mathematics than true Philosophy
(of the Platonic kind!). The schools are good
to form mothers and teachers that will
make schools — superfluous: The best
schoolhouse for a girl must ever be
the home, but the home with the
great home enclosed in the little one,
not the narrow household-home alone. This
is very imperfectly said, I must leave but
I trust you will understand me and help
me out in the matter. It should give