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JACKSON, HELEN HUNT  
A. L. S. to BREWSTER, ANNE HAMPTON  
26 Oct. 1809  
11 July 1809

ANNE HAMPTON BREWSTER  
COLLECTION

BOX 1, FOLDER 33

Bushy-syden

July 11<sup>th</sup>

1869

Write me, I will not Page, of any  
letter to me, at least. Why  
do you not speak to me? I  
said I did not believe you  
would - and you reproached me.

I want to know when to  
think of you, and to see a  
bit of your writing, with the  
beave seal, lying about.

How you brought air and  
light into my room last  
winter. I think of you,  
dear, with the flowers  
that came & stood by my  
bed, some days. There were  
so many people crowding &  
jostling you all the time,  
then, that we did not  
half comprehend what a  
miracle it could be when  
you came in, or went out,  
in that little gray corner

where  
I am  
such  
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No

and if the story grows. In the Eve.  
Post now I think I see "Anne Brewster  
writes to the Philadelphia Bulletin" &c - There  
I always see your little warty with  
the gold tassel hanging; - Each such quo-  
tation in this paper doubles your value  
to the Bulletin we know. - I have not  
done much work; a few verses - and a  
few short letters - but much more is to  
come: I am overwhelmed with the  
things I want to write - and shall stay  
here quietly alone for two weeks now,  
and chat the boards! - Shall I see you  
this fall? - I find no interest of it: - I  
am afraid not. Please don't stop re-  
membering me. - I kiss your dear  
gray eyes - and am also off -  
Your loving Helen Hunt,

Munroe & Co. Paris - for we may be on the  
move again in a fortnight, or sooner. -  
This is a Paradise; - but no apples in it, &  
one must eat!

where I so manly died.  
I am never found in any  
such stiffle as that, again;  
~~And~~ <sup>Even yet</sup> I find myself drawing  
in long breaths now & then  
to think of it. — Yesterday  
Col. Higginson sent me his  
Greek Goodness, in from Atlantic.  
I hope you will see it. It  
is such a poem — such a tribute  
to women: — also come a great  
bundle of newspaper extracts  
from our best mens Speeches  
at the Free Religion Association  
— the air where you had  
would help you, today, dear  
sweet woman! — if your  
warm heart had not grown  
too ruthless in the cold: but  
I am not sure that it is  
not better to be as you  
are — Catholic heart, & Rational  
albeit head — if only one could  
manage it. —  
Do tell me where you are.

and of the story grows. In the  
Part now & then. In the  
writing to the "Nicodemus" & the  
I also see the "Nicodemus" & the  
"Nicodemus" & the "Nicodemus"