Bethlehem
Sept. 4. 1870

Regina Cara, If you think you can pass here that last note of yours fired every drop & fibre of me, — you dare! and if I try & tell you, and you think you understand me, you won't! But I shall not try. I might dare to tell you though, that I had sun in print that you were very ill, — & that the news so pitted my instinct of alarm at not hearing, that I have been for a month as sure of all you tell me, as I am now that I read and re read and reread it, with constant increasing — Oh you blessed glorious vital woman! How you triumph and conquer. No wonder we who may love you as we do — with the love we have for women & the love we have for men, set into one love unlike all others. My Queen Cordelia — I do not believe you will come to Newport. I cannot believe in anything so blessed. Will I hold it under lock & key. I had not quite said I would go back myself, though I have in the bottom of my heart felt sure that I should. All my old cronies are

tender woman in many ways, with all his strength;
brave too, and merry in midst of his long hard life.
Ah I know you will be sure friend of him; and
it will be California to him to have you there.
You know they are not like people in Newport:
most do not read — still live think. Some one of
ideas is startling in that air: I wonder if you
will bring enough with you to live on all the
year round. I get on because I have time in
the house to drive with — and I go to New York also
for odd works, many times in the winter: moreover
I am study much of the time. But I am afraid
you will be shocked at things I did to you. Still I
do not know many of the people: I may do them a
little less than justice: they are chiefly conservative
high church people, & I confess I don't understand that
kind of creature. You will see. I am so selfish
though, I don't care a farthing if you are bored!
I want you so to come! At least one winter
will not weary you. The truth is, wicked New York
is the only place in America! Look in — [illegible]

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Come for the winter, and I will
bring you home I should think 13
a side dish of oysters: but I need
hate go. Ha! I think I see
my old friends under any other sky,
than the one over your head, when
that was another day. Oh,
shall I come daily & sit at feet
of you? The year since you drove with
dear with being married of me,
I write today — you note come
Wednesday, — & that sweetest of dolls,
Fourteenth Beginning, to ask their
& make questions immediately about
a house, and write telling you all
things. You see I do not mean
to go back myself till Nov. 1st —
and I should not be content if he
time, should not be content if he
take the more than unlucky: he
had had such bright for you &
come: I more than he had
said "oh, do you really believe the
love with?" — Will you keep
ready & love with a little for
you dear? in the beginning, Regina,
after the beginning, you dear? said
me sure sake letter: but I stop —
have you will have a forever time
a little in the output, as I did
to be frank & radical,
and so frank, & we a gentleman;
and more boring of mere; the a

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unless you have the lungs of a polar bear, and can speak Hebrew; in which case you can breathe Boston east winds, and attend the social gatherings of the Enlargement of the Brain-Club!

Darling Gem — I am a little flighty you see. Never mind. I shall get used to thinking that you are coming, by and by. How shall I show you Bessie, I wonder! Will you let her love you? The poor darling has been looking this summer! I ache for her! All things have gone badly with her while I have been floating on rosy clouds of content. Another year perhaps you will come and look at my Bethlehem. The air is wonderfully clear and invigorating. Nothing like it this side of the Colorado plains. Agassiz is here, resting his brain, & going fast. Mrs. Agassiz I greatly like. The Goddards have been here — and Mrs. Rutland the new Editress of that odious "Revolution" — also the "Independent" managing Editor & his wife, dear simple souls. Beyond these the crowd has been alike: forty five and fifty in the house! too many! but it is

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you now thank Heaven, and we all quiet. My dear Woolseys from New Haven have come for a month, and we shall "do" the autumn gloriously.

Regina — think of my having actually earned every cent I have spent this summer! — I am saving all my income for a great venture in the fall, which I will tell you when you come: but I feel as proud as a mare or a peacock to think I could support myself for three months! —

Col. Higginson will write to you about the houses. I am afraid that nothing under $1200 or $1500 a year will be large enough for you. Will that be too dear? Furnished houses are costly luxuries in America you know. Oh for the luxury of "apartments" such as one finds in Europe! — There is no possible boarding in Newport, I think which would suit you. You couldn't live a day in the little plain quakerish house where the Higginsons & I sun ourselves. I couldn't either, except for my dear little sittingroom with a bay window on the sun all day long, and an open fire. — Oh to think that you will sit in my arm chair. I feel like a baby 2 years — a cry baby, to fancy it. —

Once we get you here — that wonderful Russian with his electrical currents will clear every trace of trouble away from your dear body. There is no sham or cheat about him. — I have seen with my own eyes the old lady of whom Mrs. Botta wrote you. She must be seventy years old and has no physique at all; it is a miracle to think of her being cured.

Now — this letter is as long as it should be. If it tells you one thing, that is enough. Then you can just tell me the good news over again: I shall grow less and less credulous of it day by day.

I suppose I should send my warm regards to Dr. Gully: but I dare say he has forgotten that I existed, and dared to so far violate the bienséances as not to be-

the [illegible] entire benefited by the [illegible] treatment. to
Dr. Perrin also, my cordial remembrances, and to the
dear good Dobneys & my mother I hold in warm recollection.
Goodbye. God bless you, and bring you. Perhaps you
& Miss Young will kiss each other for me — and
Mrs. Cuckman too! Will the Count me among
those who are friends? Regina Cara I love you.

Ever Hunt.